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Collier's

APRIL 4, 1942

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS
IN CANADA

COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



HOW TO CATCH A TROUT
BY EDMUND GILLIG

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How YOU CAN HELP WIN THE WAR!

NOT ALL OF US CAN SHOULDER A GUN OR MAKE A PLANE, BUT ALL OF US CAN DO SOMETHING TO BACK UP THE BOYS AT THE FRONT. BELIEVING THAT EVERYONE, YOUNG AND OLD, IS ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHAT TO DO, THE MENNEN COMPANY VOLUNTARILY SUBORDINATES ITS OWN ADVERTISING TO FURTHER CIVILIAN WAR EFFORTS. HERE ARE A FEW WAYS YOU CAN HELP—

RENT SPARE ROOMS TO WAR WORKERS. INADEQUATE HOUSING IS HAMPERING PRODUCTION IN MANY AREAS. PHONE OR WRITE PERSONNEL DIRECTORS OF PLANTS IN YOUR VICINITY.



GIVE A LIFT TO OTHERS. IT COSTS NO MORE TO CARRY SEVERAL PEOPLE - AND SAVES PRECIOUS TIME AND TIRES. WORK OUT A "SHARE-THE-CAR" PLAN WITH NEIGHBORS AND FELLOW WORKERS.

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR OUR BOYS!
ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMED SERVICES ARE USING LARGE QUANTITIES OF MENNEN SHAVE PRODUCTS TO MAKE LIFE A LITTLE EASIER FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN. DON'T BLAME YOUR DRUGGIST IF HE HAPPENS TO BE TEMPORARILY OUT OF YOUR FAVORITE MENNEN SHAVE PRODUCTS.

Post this page on bulletin boards of offices, plants, schools, churches, clubs, etc.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE



① WHISKERS OFF!

Mennen Brushless. It's the fastest-growing Brushless. In tubes or glass jars.

Lather, plain or Menthol-iced (best-seller of its kind).



② FACE PEPPED-UP!

Skin Bracer — America's best-selling shave lotion. Cools, refreshes. Everyone likes its manly odor.



③ PERFECT FINISH!

Talcum for Men. Neutral tint, doesn't show. Most popular men's talcum.

The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Toronto



CARRY PARCELS TO SAVE GASOLINE, OIL, TIRES, AND MANPOWER ON DELIVERY TRUCKS — YOU'LL BE HELPING TO DELIVER MORE BOMBS ON THE ENEMY.

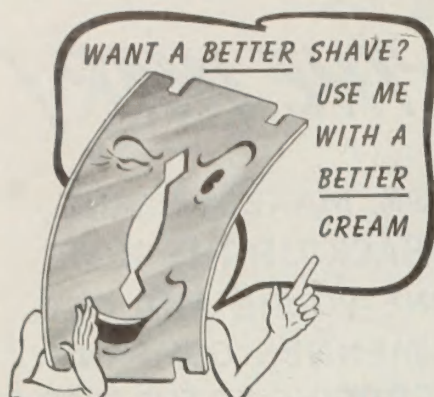


SAVE EMPTY TUBES FROM SHAVE CREAM, TOOTHPASTE, ETC. THEY HAVE A HIGH CONTENT OF BADLY NEEDED TIN. LEAVE THEM WITH YOUR DRUGGIST WHO WILL FORWARD THEM TO A CENTRAL DEPOT.

GROW VEGETABLES

IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD FOR YOUR FAMILY. START A COMMUNITY-GARDEN MOVEMENT TO MAKE VACANT GROUND PRODUCE. THIS WILL RELEASE FOOD FOR OUR FORCES AND ALLIES.





DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream with the same blade you were complaining about! No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Brushless and Lather

GIANT VALUE

Prices of other well known brands have jumped way up. This famous quality brush—still at yesterday's low price!—is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL

-Only 23¢

WALTER DAVENPORT
AIMEE LARKIN
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
KYLE CRICHTON
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Politics
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Fiction
Fiction
Fiction
Art
Fine Feathers
Humor

DENVER LINDLEY
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CLARENCE H. ROY
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JIM MARSHALL
ROBERT McCORMICK
IFOR THOMAS

Articles
Articles
Syntax
Far East
Near East
Articles
West Coast
Washington
Photographs

ANY WEEK

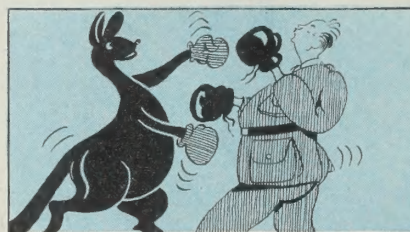
THROUGH Mrs. Gail W. Milligan of Victoria de las Tunas, Cuba, we are kept in touch with the activities of Negro society in the British West Indies. In turn Mrs. Milligan is informed by Professor Leonardo Bryan in his excellent column in the Havana Post. This time it has to do with a concert which was "given under the auspices of Moss Mills' Day School, leaving nothing short of what was anticipated despite the inclement weather. Gaiety, rhythm, drama and melody beamed in their supermost splendor intermingling incessantly with laughter and meditation. The musicians deserved much praise and this was not minced . . ." This does not remind us of an invitation we received in Boise, Idaho, from Judge Hooker (Sawtooth) Fingree. The judge was throwing a soiree to celebrate the election of James K. Polk to the Presidency. This honor to Mr. Polk was somewhat belated, the party being given in 1936. But the judge explained that he was celebrating the elections of all our Presidents, one a month, and had started eleven months before: "You are invited with fervency to assist with measured dignity, liquidly and vocally, in celebrating the election of the Honorable James K. Polk, eleventh President of the United States. A collation provided anxiously by the guests will be freely offered. If your presence is not accounted for on the stroke, the brethren will come and procure you."

AND Mr. Jonathan Rollicks of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, knows a lady who has been taking first-aid training against the day when many of us may be very glad that she knows what to do for air-raid victims. Her enthusiasm knew very few bounds. Nobody in all Sewickley, no matter how insignificant his ailment, was quite safe from her. Driving home from a lecture on artificial respiration, she saw a man lying face down on the sidewalk. She leaped from her car and pounced upon the fellow. He came to with flattering alacrity. Rolling away from the manhole he was peering into preparatory to making some repairs below, and tossing his first-aider off, he roared, "Lady, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, attacking a married man in broad daylight."



IT WILL be good news to the readers of this magazine that W. B. Courtney,

who quit being one of nature's noblemen to become a war correspondent, has departed for journalistic duties with our armed forces beyond our shores. This means that we don't know just where he will fetch up—only that he is going by sea. We helped inspect his equipment before he left and may say that he has a sufficient variety of gear to match any climate and meet any geographic emergency. We noticed however that Mr. Courtney had a list of last-minute purchases on which was the note, "One set of boxing gloves." When we asked why, Mr. Courtney explained that he might get to Australia and meet a few kangaroos which, he said, were enthusiastic boxers.



SOME TIME ago we published a letter from Corporal Cyril William St. Brave. The corporal asked that American girls write to him. Therefore he sent his address: Tillsbury Service Flats, Hyacinth Gardens, East Fleury, Herts, England. Miss Rosie O'Grady of Riverside, California, wrote to the corporal. Six weeks later the letter returned to Miss O'Grady stamped: Insufficient Address. Miss O'Grady would like to know how much address the British post office wants. "Next time," complains she, "give the English post office something to work on. What's the number of his room? Does he share a bed with someone? Let's be specific. If you can't tell me exactly where this St. Brave gent lives, never mind. Some time ago I was given the name of an American soldier, told to drop him a line. I dropped him four patriotic pages, closely written. His reply almost collided with my letter. This boy was on his toes. I will quote his reply in full: 'Thanks for your letter, baby. What gives with you? Let me know quick. My outfit is moving soon. Be nice and I'll bring you a Jappie to wear on your hat. I mean quick.'"

NO MATTER what they tell you, don't believe too completely that this conflict is wholly different from the first World War. We, for example, have received not fewer than a dozen letters informing us that the war will not last more than six months because So-and-So, who never held a job for more than that, is now in the Army.

(Continued on page 63)

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

THIS WEEK

APRIL 4, 1944

SHORT STORIES

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Thunder Road. Hawaiian love—with an ending postponed.

RODERICK LULL
The Way Back. There's a bit of ism in every good dog.

HURD BARRETT
Rush Job. Only love dares lead top sergeants.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Clean Slate, by Hugh M. Kahler.

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Moving Finger. The second of parts.

PEARL S. BUCK
China Gold. The ninth of parts.

ARTICLES

PAUL SCHUBERT
Battle Damage. What it is and it does to fighting ships and men.

EDMUND GILLIGAN
How to Catch a Trout. Don't now-you-have-him-now-you-fisherman.

KYLE CRICHTON
Born to Act. Maria Montez and the most of her mission.

ALICE LEONE MOATS
Heart of Poland. General Wlad Anders and his 150,000 avengers.

RUTH CARSON
Gay and Easy. Shoemanship—ter of sound footing.

OUR FIGHTING MEN.

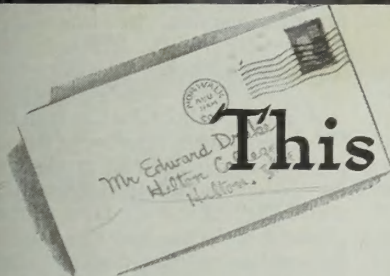
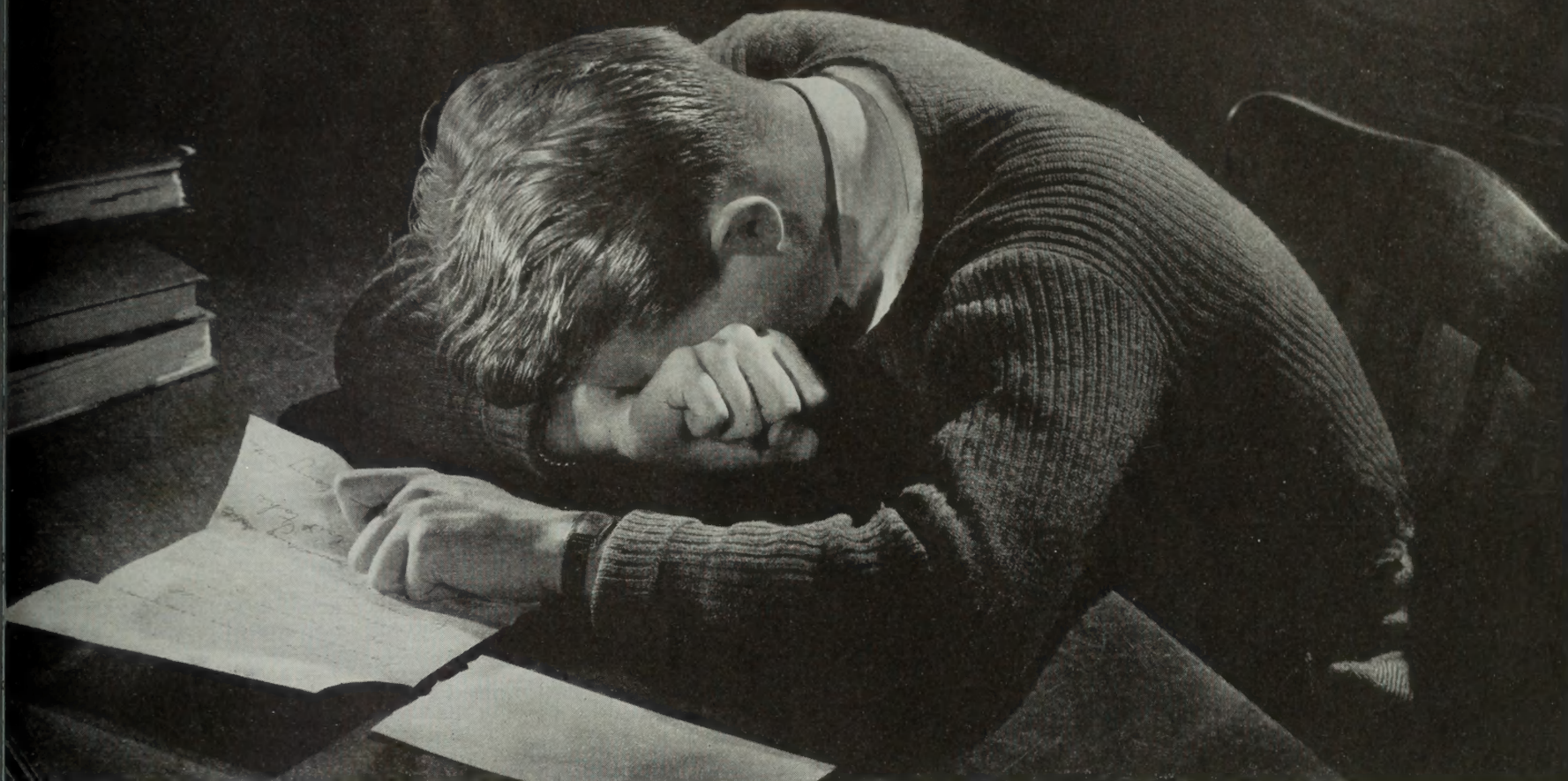
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS
We're Not Perfect Ourselves
Au Revoir—But Not Goodbye

COVER GILBERT D.

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This letter need never have been written...

It took Eddie's Dad three hours to write. It came the afternoon of the big game. And it just about broke Eddie's heart.

"I'm afraid this means the end of college, son," the letter said. "You'll have to go to work and help our mother and me. We'll need all the money we can scrape together to pay that judgment."

Eddie's Dad had been a careful driver all his life. But that wasn't enough. He wasn't able to pull out of a skid one rainy night, and the damages to both cars were heavy—staggeringly heavy to a family like Eddie's.

No, Eddie's Dad didn't carry auto insurance. If he had, everything would have been all right. If he had realized that what happens to scores of drivers every day could some time happen to *him*—then he would have been prepared.



It's Easy to Prevent Tragedies Like This

explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board

Years ago, auto insurance cost a lot of money. When a group of us founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922, we

set out to better this situation.

"We aimed to make auto insurance so reasonable in cost that every self-respecting driver could afford to own it.

"We pioneered new economies that could reduce the cost of auto insurance. State Farm Mutual has since become the largest automobile casualty company in the world! We do business now in 40 states through 7,000 licensed representatives.

"Yes, more than a million drivers have enjoyed the security of State Farm protection. And we figure these drivers have saved in excess of \$50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance during the last 20 years.

"Here's one of our economies: Your State Farm Mutual policy is renewed from year to year (so long as the risk remains the same) instead of being re-issued. Hence you pay the acquisition cost of your policy *once a lifetime* instead of *once a year*.

"Economies like this make it possible for State Farm Mutual to offer you *more insurance for your money*—broader protection and better service.

"Whether your car is now insured in another company or whether you carry no insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan*. Just mail the coupon today."

STATE FARM
INSURANCE COMPANIES

Bloomington Illinois

Pacific Coast Office
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Canadian Office
TORONTO, CANADA

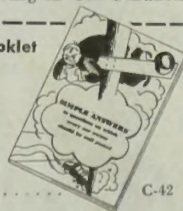
MODERN COLLISION INSURANCE PLAN. State Farm Mutual's 80% Collision Plan is the most popular plan in America. Details in new booklet. Mail coupon. Booklet also covers Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Plan, Medical Payment Plan, Free Travel Service, and making a 3-Way Saving in Car Financing.

FREE to Drivers—New Informative Booklet

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name
Address
City State



C-42

*"My hair looks better
since I checked dry scalp!"*

"I USED TO DOUSE IT!"

"Like lots of men, I used to douse my hair in order to comb it. Result: a plastered down look! When the dousing evaporated my hair would be all haywire. Then I found something you don't have to douse on. A preparation that goes to the root of the trouble and checks dry scalp; leaves my hair looking natural and well-groomed all day long.



"BOY! WHAT A CHANGE!"

"With 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, all I do is put a few drops on my comb and run it through my hair several times. Sometimes I put a little on my fingertips and apply it directly to my scalp. What a difference! My hair looks natural for a change. At the same time I've checked loose dandruff; stopped that dry, itchy feeling. Of course, I give my hair a thorough massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic whenever I wash it, because it supplements the scalp oils that soap and water wash away. I've got better-looking, healthier-looking hair, and a lot healthier scalp in the bargain. My advice is to try it."



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Recently two German spies rowed across the Channel from France to England and established themselves in a vacant farmhouse. A few days later, one of them, speaking faultless English, walked into a local tavern during the period when drinks are not served and ordered a beer. The bartender, becoming suspicious of anyone ignorant of the liquor regulations, telephoned the police, and the spy and his accomplice were captured.

The only foreign sovereign ever portrayed on a coin of the United States was Queen Isabella of Spain, whose head appeared on a quarter dollar minted in 1893.—By R. C. Charles, Hollywood, California.

General Kikuzo Otani of Japan was the commander in chief of the ten thousand American soldiers who, with smaller contingents from the British, French and Japanese armies, were sent to Vladivostok in August, 1918, to help restore order in Russia.—By T. Duncan Ferguson, Halcyon, California.

Until recently, dairymen annually discarded millions of gallons of milk contaminated by the cows' consumption of garlic, onions and foul-smelling weeds. Today such odors are removed by adding a small quantity of white oil and agitating the mixture. After standing, the oil, which has absorbed the particles of fat containing the offensive substance, rises to the top and is siphoned off.—By John B. Tuttle, New York, New York.

Various species of deer constitute nearly ninety-five per cent of the 5,800,000 big-game animals in the United States. The other five per cent consist chiefly of antelopes, peccaries, wild boars, mountain goats, bighorn sheep, and black and grizzly bears.

The streamlining of airplanes has been developed to a point where, for example, the wind resistance of a modern single-engine pursuit machine, at any speed, is no greater than that of a flat plate twenty-two inches square.—By Toivo A. Kauppi, Midland, Michigan.

One of the closest finishes in automobile racing occurred on October 12, 1926, during the running of a 200-mile race on the Rockingham Speedway in Salem, New Hampshire. After the winner, Harry Hartz, had crossed the line, Pete Dreis followed in 3.91 seconds and Leon Duray followed Dreis in 3/100ths of a second. In other words, these first three cars in the race crossed the finish line in less than four seconds.

A skeleton of a deer, discovered by miners digging iron ore from a bog in Virginia about a century ago, was found to be "ferrified," not petrified, having turned to iron from long immersion in iron-bearing water.—By F. D. McHugh, New York, New York.

A public school in Central City, Colorado, meets the cost of furnishing hot lunches to its students by leasing out gambling slot machines, while the schools of Hart County, Georgia, help pay their general expenses by selling display advertising space on their report cards.—By J. V. Cooper, Elizabeth, Colorado.

Several dictionaries of animal vocabularies, which alphabetize and define "words" that animals use in communicating with one another, have been compiled. These include one on wolves by Pfungst, cats by Romer, horses by von Maday, monkeys by Learned, hens by Schmid and reptiles by Landois.—By Sheldon D. Klein, Springfield, Illinois.

A recent demonstration of the minute work that can be done with a certain pantograph engraving machine was the engraving of the sixty-odd words of the Lord's Prayer on the point of a pin whose diameter is scarcely 1/1000 of an inch.—By Malcolm Harner, Lawrence, Kansas.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

HERE'S HOW TO SAVE YOUR TEETH FROM THIS INJURY—

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MILLIONS SLOWLY BRUSHING CAVITIES INTO THE EXPOSED, SOFTER PARTS OF TEETH?

Scientific Research Now Reveals Cause of Injury
—And Tells How You Can Escape It

Scientific tests prove this damage is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives. You may be exposed to this danger. For 8 out of 10 adults examined in clinical studies* do risk this serious injury because softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed (usually due to shrinking gums) with no hard enamel to protect it.

It's easy now to escape this trouble. Make this test to see if dentifrice contains abrasives that do the damage. Stir your dentifrice into glass of water. Let stand overnight. White sediment at bottom shows your dentifrice contains an abrasive which can injure teeth.



How to tell if
Dentifrice contains
abrasives that
cause trouble

Teel Liquid Dentifrice leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives. So change to safe, new Teel at once and avoid serious injury to your teeth.

*AS REPORTED IN AUTHORITATIVE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL



You Can Avoid This Trouble With New Liquid Dentifrice It Beautifies Teeth Safely - Without Abrasives !

Dental scientists have recently made an important discovery. They now know that millions of people are innocently brushing cavities into softer parts of their teeth along the gum line.

You may be running this risk to *your* teeth. In fact, clinical studies show the odds can be 4 to 1 that people 20 years of age or older actually have one or more teeth exposed to this danger by shrinking gums. So read carefully to learn the *cause* of this needless injury and how to *avoid* it.

Expert research has proved this serious trouble is definitely caused by brushing teeth regularly with a dentifrice that contains abrasives.

Many suffer unknowingly. For the abrasive particles that do the damage are so small you can't see or feel them. Yet they are so hard that water won't dissolve them. (Test given above shows how to avoid dentifrices which contain them.) As you brush these abrasive particles back and forth, they slowly but surely wear away the softer, exposed part of your teeth.

How Teel Safely Reveals Beauty of Your Smile

You can save your teeth from this costly injury simply by changing to the revolutionary new dentifrice for brushing teeth—TEEL. For Teel is different

than any tooth paste or powder you ever used. It is a ruby-clear liquid and contains *absolutely no abrasives*. Tests show that it cannot injure teeth in any way.

The reason is simple. Teel does not depend upon abrasives for cleansing your teeth. Instead, Teel uses a new-type, patented *liquid* cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, surging bubbles—actually multiplies over 30 times in the mouth. These bubbles instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth look so much brighter, cleaner, more thrillingly beautiful!

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

What's more, Teel's amazing liquid action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel." It helps sweeten bad breath. You will also find that a few drops of Teel in ½ glass of water is truly delightful as a mouth wash. And children love Teel's grand taste.

Teel is also easy to use and so economical. A bottle lasts and lasts. Get Teel today at any drug, department or 10¢ store. Begin at once to follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS

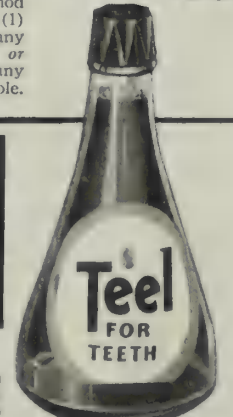
Most people are lucky. Daily brushing with Teel removes ordinary surface stains from their teeth the safe, *liquid* way—without abrasives, without danger of injury shown above.

A few are not so fortunate. Due to unusual mouth conditions, it is harder to remove surface stains from their teeth. These people may need an *occasional* abrasive scouring.

For them, we recommend this easy method of removing those unusual surface stains: (1) Use Teel daily. (2) Use salt and soda or any ordinary dentifrice—not more than once or twice a week. Remember, regular use of any abrasive may be dangerous and cause trouble.



CHANGE TO
Teel
LIQUID DENTIFRICE



Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders

"Cheer up, dear! We can't buy a car. So what? Let's fix this one for the duration and put what we save in U. S. Defense Bonds for Junior."

**SHE'S S-M-O-O-T-H
BUT SAVING, TOO!**

... so are cars, new or old, with
Sealed Power Piston Rings

*Save oil, save gas,
save engine wear*

Repower with

**SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS**

MAKE that old engine smooth, peppy, economical with Sealed Power Piston Rings. There's a packaged set matched, balanced, engineered specially for your particular make and model. Protect the important investment in your car by repowering with the brand of rings chosen as original equipment by factory engineers of 4 out of 5 American cars and trucks. Sealed Power Rings add years to the life of your engine and save more than their cost in gas and oil. Yet they cost no more than ordinary rings. Your mechanic is glad to use them for he knows a Sealed Power job makes the customer happy. Sealed Power Corp., Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines

© 1942, Sealed Power Corp.



**WING
TALK**

First Officer Warren Wilkerson, of American Air Lines, being readied for X-rays as part of the "pilot maintenance" program

ARMAY, Navy, air-line and commercial pilots are required to submit to rigid physical examinations at least twice a year. Pilots used to look upon such checks with disdain and frequently accused the medical examiners of trying to find something that would ground them (which meant no pay). Now the idea of physicals has been accepted by them as "pilot maintenance" and placed in the same class as airplane maintenance. Rigid maintenance of the plane is undertaken to prevent accidents; careful maintenance of the pilot's health is to discover little things that later could result in grounding, or might suddenly manifest themselves in the air and jeopardize the lives of the pilot and others aboard. These pilots now understand that, for instance, abscessed teeth, if not eliminated immediately, can result in rheumatism, damage to the eyes and to the heart valves—and provide a good long rest on the ground.

Dr. Hodges McKnight, flight surgeon for American Air Lines, typifies the current attitude of the medicos toward pilots in these reassuring words: "The flight surgeon realizes that his success is measured not by how many defects he finds, but by how many pilots he can keep flying safely as long as possible. This is the purpose of the periodical examination of the flying personnel and fortunately there is more and more mutual confidence in this respect."

However, the private pilot, who is prohibited from engaging in commercial flying, is required to submit to a physical examination only once every 14 months. Since he does not have to fly unless he wants to, as contrasted with Service and commercial pilots, the burden of more frequent examinations and the cost involved were never imposed. Nevertheless, Drs. H. Dorwin Hinshaw and Walter M. Boothby, of the Mayo Foundation (Dr. Boothby was co-winner of the Collier Trophy for 1939), have a few thoughts for the private pilot. They say: "Every pilot should realize that it is unsafe for him to pilot an airplane if he has taken any type of sedative drug in any dosage. This includes the barbiturates, bromides, alcohol and possibly such salicylates as acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin). No sulfonamide compound should be taken within at least two or three days before piloting

a plane. Some persons have vestibular disturbances from quinine and other drugs such as may be included in remedies for infection of the respiratory tract.

The doctors also warn the private pilot not to fly on an empty stomach and, conversely, large and heavy meals may result in considerable discomfort, especially from certain types of food, flight involves high altitude where intestinal gases expand appreciably.

PLANES equipped for night flying carry a pure white tail light. Follow one of these into a landing with a lighted city below and see how readily it can blend in with street and other white lights on the ground. Even on the ground, at the edge of a runway ready for take-off, the white light, under certain combinations of airport boundary lights, can merge with them and give a sure warning that it is attached to an airplane. Several ground accidents of this nature and potential flight accidents have brought forth the need for a more distinguishing tail light as air traffic increases. Latest proposal for adoption, first by the air lines, is a tail stallation, with red and white flashing lights of high intensity.

RATS, termites and snakes do not exclude airplanes as they work the way through life. A mouse was directly responsible for a recent fatal accident because he had a strong appetite for the doped fabric on an aileron. He had gnawed it neatly along the piano hinge causing failure in flight. Termites prefer wood construction, and snakes while displaying no appetite for any particular part of the plane, like to coil in a corner and sleep out a flight.

One famous commercial pilot who has to hop around the country is mortal afraid of snakes in or out of airplane. When his ship has to be in the war South he never takes off without first going over the interior with a flashlight from nose to tail. Though he has never jumped from an airplane in the 25 years he has been flying, he would bail out once if he saw a rattler or a copperhead dozing away in a corner of the cockpit. We won't tell you his name for fear a practical joker will deposit a novelty store snake in the plane some day and really cause trouble.

F. R. I.

"TO PROVIDE FOR THE COMMON DEFENSE, TO PROMOTE THE GENERAL WELFARE"



Reykjavik off the port bow!

TONIGHT, in the chill waters near Iceland, or perhaps somewhere in the phosphorescence of the Pacific, a man stands on the bridge of a freighter with the lifeline of a nation in his hands.

From the wind-blown flying bridge the skipper strains his eyes for a landfall . . . the islands that are our country's first line of defense. To these islands must be transported huge quantities of guns, ammunition, food, and material. And the only answer is ships, ships, and more ships.

How is America meeting this tremendous responsibility? You can get the answer if you'll look at the shipyards from Maine to Oregon, at such great factories as the Westinghouse plant where the machinery to drive many of those supply ships is being built, or at the huge Westinghouse-operated Maritime Commission plant which is now being erected alongside it.

The "know how" that works 24 hours a day
We're proud that the Maritime Commission has chosen Westinghouse to aid in this vital task. For there, in dramatic terms, is an example of how Westinghouse "know how" is doing a job for National Defense.

What is this "know how"? It is the ability to get things done in the best possible way. It's industrial ingenuity and individual craftsmanship . . . hard-earned experience and never-ending research. It's the very essence of the Westinghouse way of doing things—learned in building products for the general welfare and now used in building materials for the common defense.

The same skill and ingenuity that are building those turbines for the merchant fleet, not long ago built more efficient electric refrigerators and washing machines. Again, the research skill that developed intricate new radio equipment has found ways of utilizing that equipment in important defense work.

At 17 Westinghouse Divisions, and in the plants of more than 300 sub-contractors, our energies today are

almost exclusively concentrated on the creation of \$400,000,000 worth of defense materials. It's our way of speeding the day when our "know how" will be serving you again—in the home, the farm, and the factory.

Westinghouse

For the Common Defense

Armor-piercing shot
Bomb fuses
Torpedo tubes

Naval Ordnance
Portable X-Ray Equipment
Military radio equipment

Airplane generators
Binoculars
Gasoline tanks

For the General Welfare

Street Lighting
Electric Irons
Meters

Electric Refrigerators
Switchboards
Motors & Controls

Electric Ranges
Stokers
Transformers

These lists mention only some of the many thousands of Westinghouse products.

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A UNITED NATION

The nation is united—and Long Distance telephone lines help to tie it together for war's work. . . . You can keep materials moving, wheels turning, men working — if you can reach any one, anywhere in the land, in a hurry. . . . It takes a lot of telephone

calls to build fighting planes, freighters or factories—to move men and machines around the map. . . . If the rush of war interferes here and there with the accustomed smoothness of regular Long Distance traffic, we hope you will understand.

SERVICE TO THE NATION



IN PEACE AND IN WAR

Thunder Road

by Sidney
Lerschel Small

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

he education of an honest man. Goddard learned that eachery is no less deadly if hides itself in friendship

THE most difficult thing for Dr. George Goddard to realize was that Bob would follow the radiogram in short a time. Patients waited in the reception room, but Goddard did not press the buzzer to tell his nurse to send another of them to him. Instead, smiling, he walked to the window and looked up, as if the gleaming transpacific plane might already be circling for its landing. He saw thin clouds, white, pearly gray, and silver. Honolulu morning. How was it to the east? Would Bob be able to see Mauna Kea?

Returning to his desk, he pressed the buzzer twice, the nurse's own call. Mary was probably worried, because the message could have contained some bad news; but when she stepped inside and closed the door behind her, Goddard saw the happy color of her cheeks. Her honest breathlessness added to his contentment. She would be a splendid wife for Bob.

He said, "How did you guess, Mary?" "I heard you say 'Bob!' and then you whistled, Doctor," Mary Hinman said. It had to be something good. I hoped that he was coming home."

Dr. Goddard said, "He is. This afternoon. Tomorrow," he added grimly, "is Sunday. Someone else shall make my calls." Almost shyly, Goddard continued, "I didn't think we would see him for at least a year."


He was so proud that he wanted to shout, "Lawton Aircraft is sending him to check on the new fighters. Interceptors, he calls them. Those marvelous 80s we read about." He wondered if Mary would ask why Bob was coming. When he looked at her again he understood that the reason made no difference to her, and that the fact was sufficient. Goddard liked that.

"We'll clean everything up this morning," he said, "and then we'll meet him. Dr," he teased, "will you be too busy?"

Mary Hinman put a hand to her hair, as if it were already wind-blown while he waited for the plane's descent; the doctor's broad smile caused her to adjust her cap in hasty defense of the in-



Bob opened the gifts, Mary exclaiming, the Japanese deprecating. Red lacquer bowls, the sacred badger, porcelain dogs



stinctive gesture. Then, when he winked, she began to laugh. "How long can he stay, Doctor?" she asked.

"Quite some time," Dr. Goddard hoped aloud. "Remember how he wrote that Lawton engineers are sent where they have planes? Men who've been trained at the plant and who can recommend changes as well as check performance. That is what Bob wanted to do, although he expected it would be years before he was qualified. He figured it as a way in which he could come home. All of this war talk," Goddard snorted, "has undoubtedly shortened his training."

"Yes, Doctor," said Mary. "Shall I send in the next patient?"

AS GODDARD nodded, he was thinking that the time between this moment and the arrival of the plane must be all too long for the girl. He himself was enveloped in a sort of peace which was like being up in the high hills where Bob and he, as father and son, had learned to stand together after Angela had died. He decided suddenly that they must spend a night there. Why not this very one?

We'll sit out on the lanai, Dr. Goddard thought, as his nurse held the door open for a patient, and they will be handclasped. Bob and Mary will prefer that to a noisy homecoming party. Yes, it's the thing to do.

Before Mary closed the door, and went back to her desk in the reception

room, Goddard could see that he had a busy morning ahead. There were several Americans. A Filipino with her baby. The Hawaiian foreman of the cane plantation, who, not so long ago, would have gone for treatment to a kahuna, a witch doctor. Several Japanese, sent to him by their own physicians. Good diagnosticians, those Japanese doctors; they knew when to send their patients to a specialist.

He got on with his work, but despite his intention not to waste a moment he was unable to refrain, when he knew the people, to remark that Bob was returning. When it was noon, Mary entered instead of one of the remaining patients. "Mr. Kamagoshi would like to see you for just a moment, Doctor," she said.

Dr. Goddard leaned back in his chair. "I'll never forget the time you and Bob hid under his tea house on the ridge near our cottage. Bob was six. We looked everywhere. When we finally found you, you said—"

"Stop teasing, doctor," pleaded Mary. "It was something silly, or you wouldn't be reminding me. Mrs. Kamagoshi was always horrified when we played house. A boy and a girl. But weren't they dear, kind people?"

"Absolutely," Goddard said firmly, "and they can't help all of this Asiatic turmoil. Anyone who thinks I'll allow events to change my attitude toward them is utterly insane. By all means ask him in, Mary."

Goddard met the bowing stocky Japanese with outstretched hand. "How are you?" he asked. "It is nice to see you. Sit down."

"I are hoping," Kamagoshi said, smiling all over his broad face, "that I are first to carry congratulations for coming of Bob. I—"

"How the devil did you know?"

"You are fixing hurt for Muragawa today," the Japanese explained, "and he arrived afterward to visit me for business affair. Happy news are thus furnished me. I rush to offer wishes for nice vacation for your son."

"It is better than a vacation. Bob will be here for some time."

Kamagoshi jiggled the keys and coins in his pocket. "He are now expert engineer, Doctor? How proud for you!"

"He must be pretty good," said Dr. Goddard, "or his company wouldn't let him fuss with their newest plane. I didn't know that any of them were here. Proving that we don't know what is going on."

"No," agreed Kamagoshi. "Airplane," he announced, "are appearance such as big dragonfly. I am not ever observing

variety coming from Bob's factory. picture it owns two back ends. W rapidity it must possess!"

"It has two tails and must be v fast," said Goddard. Could Kamagoshi possibly be pumping him? What could he tell anyone about the 380 who hadn't already been publicized? Jok he said, "Haven't you fellows copie yet?"

Kamagoshi protested, "How ma own such information?" He continued, "We are kamaaina, friend. We m again have kurata card game for Bob. I come for ask it. Some time w party to cerebrate return are over."

"I'm selfish," Dr. Goddard said. "going to keep Bob and Mary to my even tonight. We're going to the Th der Road cottage." Goddard laugh at the way Kamagoshi was goggling him. "In spite of custom," he said. "Road are bad," said Kamagoshi earnestly. "Suppose you ride back qu to Honoruru for sick person? Oh, not."

Dr. Goddard said, "I can drive t road with my eyes closed. Another c tor will handle my calls, anyhow." wanted to finish up. "I've got to done. Perhaps we can have a sukiy dinner like in the old days."

Kamagoshi rose. "Perhaps," he s "Ah, yes."

WHEN the Japanese had gone, Goddard went on with his own w

Later, after lunch, he left Mary the car outside the hospital. When came out, and they were driving off said, "Dr. Matsuzuki wanted my o ion about a fellow who can't be mov It would take hours to get there; M suzuki was exceedingly distressed at refusal."

"Couldn't you go tomorrow, Docto

Goddard shook his head. Matsuz was operating on both Sunday morn and Sunday afternoon; they sim couldn't get together. He drove rapi as if the speed of the car would b Bob's plane the faster.

He listened contentedly while M told him what arrangements she had ready made about food and the tra portation of a houseboy and the co A machine had to be hired to take th But everything would be in reading

When the ocean swung into vision thought, *I like it better when one lo down on it from the hills. You d see the small turmoil. You see the v ness of it, and the peace. If there v more oceans between hotheads, th would be more peace, too. Take present situation. The Pacific forme*

(Continued on page 25)

As Goddard took the slim bronze silver haft, he thought, "I can s a life again. My son's!" He waggled the knife so that Bob co figure out what he intended to

fighting ships must take it as well dish it out and America's quick-service naval repair yards geared to heal their wounds and put them back in the line—fast

BATTLE DAMAGE

By Paul Schubert

HERE are two ways of looking at battle damage. One is the point of view of the "patient"—an intensely personal viewpoint, in which a torpedo in the starboard side abreast Frame hurts every officer and man aboard if his own entrails had been gouged

The other is a detached, surgical point of view. That's the navy yard's viewpoint. The torpedo rip at Frame to the navy yard, is just another in just another ship—a "job order," much welding, so much riveting, the usual hurry. Why are these naval men anxious to get back to sea?

If you're a naval man, battle damage is intolerable. A seafaring guy may be happy when it comes to shooting crabs; may forget the bridge conventions, but be a trial to all his gal friends because he won't follow the rules of love. Aboard ship he is a perfectionist. His battlewagon of his is always being painted, shined, scrubbed, made a little sprier than any other battlewagon in or any other man's navy—

When along comes a battle and leaves battle damage.

The three main causes of battle damage are hits by shells, bombs and torpedoes. All three mean explosions. The explosions usually cause fires. Battle damage is a conglomerate of rips and holes left where the projectiles and their splinters strike, terrific damage done by the explosions, and devastation done by fires. Especially when the fires are fed by that highly inflammable stuff, smokeless powder.

An Unsung Hero of Jutland

At the Battle of Jutland, still a classic of modern naval warfare, the British battle cruiser *Lion* was belching out smoke from her turret guns when a heavy German shell smacked down a hit on one of the waist turrets, crashed through the armored roof and exploded inside, killing every man of the loading crew. The breech plug of a 12-inch gun jarred open; the full charge of powder and shell slid back out of the breech and down into the turret pit, where the powder instantly caught fire. That furious blaze had worked its way down through the turret and reached the magazine, the ship would be lost. The turret officer happened to be mortally wounded. He also happened to be a marine. In the last thirty seconds of his life he gave the order to flood the magazine, localizing this particular bit of battle damage to one turret out of action.

The heat of a fire like that is so great that it melts electric wiring into sagging festoons; the explosion leaves jagged sharp metal edges, and the devastation afterward looks like a portion of hell in which the fire has gone out. During the action fought by the British cruisers *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles* against the German pocket battleship *Admiral Graf Spee* early in the present year, the *Exeter* and the *Spee* were slug-ging it out at 9½ miles range when an 8-inch shell from the *Spee* hit the *Exeter* in B-turret—a rather lightly armed 8-inch turret through which the 14-inch pound projectile plunged like an egg through an egg. The explosion not only put the turret and both its guns out of action, but swept the ship's bridge with deadly shell splinters that wrecked

(Continued on page 55)

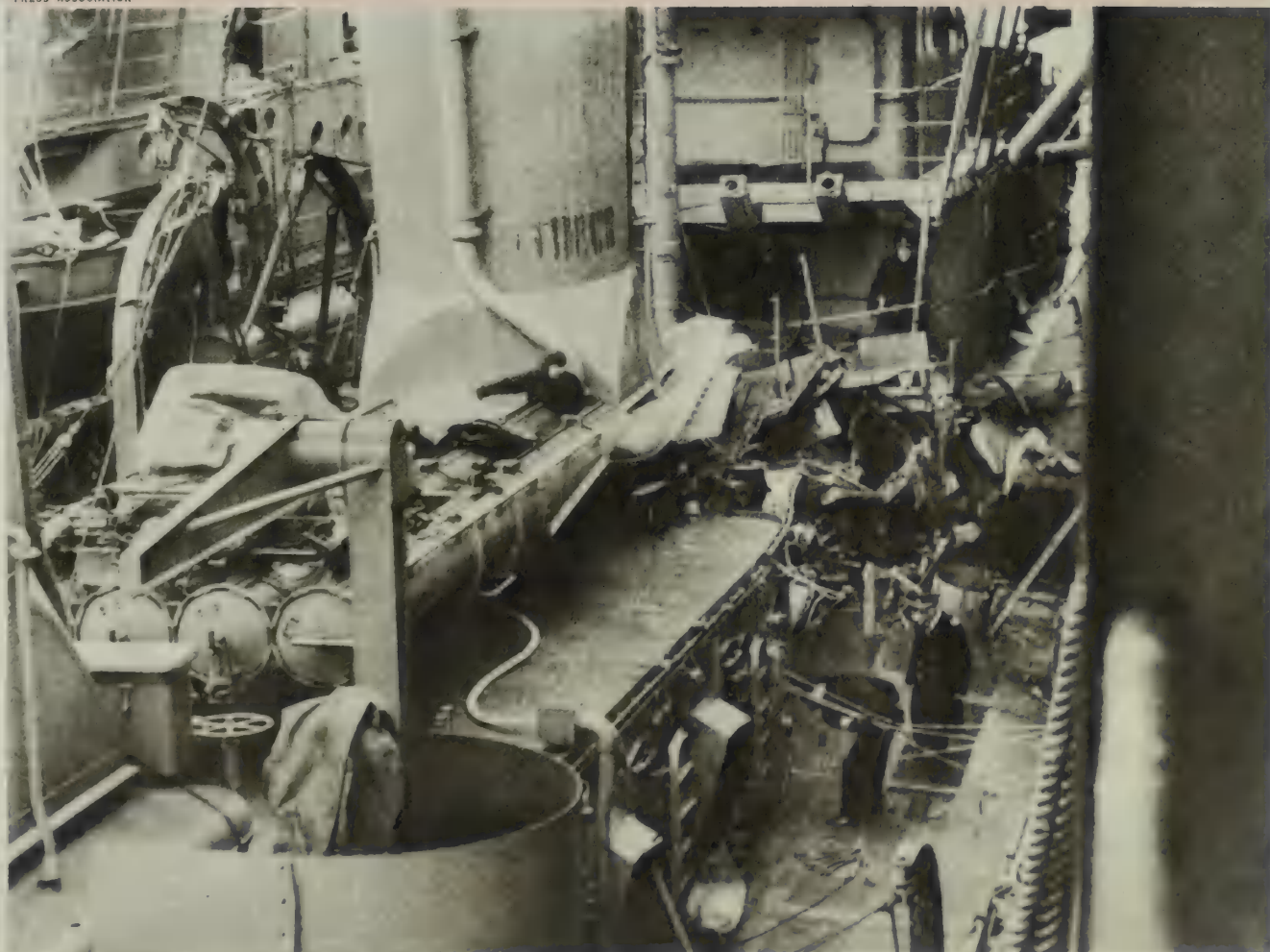


INTERNATIONAL

American workers swarm over H.M.S. Warspite in a U.S. naval yard, reconditioning the famous battleship after one of her many engagements. Hoses supply air conditioning for men repairing the ship's below-decks damage

A torpedo hit is usually fatal to a destroyer, but the U.S.S. Kearney survived one and made port—in this condition. Only deck damage is visible; good construction and good luck saved the Kearney after the underwater hit

PRESS ASSOCIATION





First move is choice of the proper fly. The proper fly, of course, is the one that brings 'em in



Equipment makes the fisherman. It includes a pair of stout waders made of thick, waterproofed cloth; hobnailed wading shoes to assure a firm footing; and a multipocketed sleeveless jacket to carry his fish-fooling equipment.



Removing the embedded fly is no job for a girl—those sharp-toothed jaws can still hurt a finger or two



What are the others feeding on down there? A smart fisherman will open his last trout and take a look at the contents of the stomach, determining his next choice of fly accordingly. This is also no job for a girl.

How to Catch a Trout

By Edmund Gilligan

He's a creature of moods—mostly belligerent; a fast-water wise guy with unflattering opinions of you and all your works. You play it his way if you want to do business with him, and if you bring him in you're smarter than he is—no mean compliment

THE first thing to do in fly fishing is to get dressed for it.

Trout worth catching are smart enough to stay in deep, fast water, where craven robin-cheaters can't dunk a worm. Therefore, the fly fisherman must go out after the fish, must take his stand in water that flows hard and strong, that pushes with spring strength against legs and hips. To do the job properly, he pulls on a pair of stout waders. This notable garment, made of thick, waterproofed cloth, is drawn over the feet and legs and pulled in comfortably at the waist by a belt. Braces hold the upper part snug, thus keeping the tummy dry and warm when the squalls of opening day slap across the pools.

Hobnailed wading shoes come next.

The pool you are going to fish is rocky bottom and hobnails take a hold and keep it when the going is rough. These boots are made of a skin that, like the mule himself, is tough and pliable, and they dry out cracking.

The fly-man then puts on his sleeveless jacket. It has more pockets than a sieve has holes. He distributes to his person the tools of his fine art: creel, dry-fly boxes and wet-fly boxes, leader boxes, extra line, a vial of oil for flies, scissors, tweezers, knife. These he may add his fly-tying materials (feathers, silk threads, fox fur, vises, hooks for fly-tying on the stream), even a pair of binoculars, very handy for a stealthy approach. Included is a good fly rod and a tapered line

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY MADISON



ing Royal Coachman, tied on the spot, brings
py beauty who was more angry than hungry



He's a beauty, and a wise one, hard to handle. Inch by inch he comes into shallow water. She is now
ready for the most delicate, most dangerous trick of all—netting him. He'll make his best fight here



Best moment of the day is the lunch in the open. Into the pan, one by one, goes the reward of your skill—fresh-caught trout fried with
bacon, to make the best of all possible dishes for the fisherman. Lots of piping-hot coffee makes the perfect accompaniment to this dish

land, the fly fisherman is worth
at \$200 on the hoof.
d set up, line run through—and
ne a well-soaked nine-foot leader to
be knotted to the line's tapered end.
The leader, made of Spanish silkworm
as fine as a hair, cannot be seen by
the trout. It will fall so lightly upon
the water that it won't frighten him
when he darts toward the fly knotted to
its end.
Nothing now remains, before the
contest begins, except the choice
of proper fly, the one pattern that will
bring the trout up with jaws open for
the gobble. There's nothing haphazard
about this selection. A sharp eye will
solve the problem and fill the creel.
At this time the sharp eye may belong to
the distaff side of the expedition.

Screened behind the alders, she sees the
feeding begin downstream and whispers:
"A small one. Out of the water twice."
Again the young, uneducated trout,
who has never felt a hook, flashes clear
out of the water to snatch an insect.
Older and wiser trout, knowing that
enemies are always watching, make no
such fuss. They swim slowly under the
floating insect, size it up deliberately
as if to make sure there isn't a steel
hook hidden under the wings. Then they
suck it down without breaking the
water. Such adroit feeding makes a
"dimple" on the surface, a little circle
that soon vanishes. There's no splash
to catch the eye of fisherman or heron.
But those insects have not yet be-
come the floating, winged flies that bring
on the real rise of the trout. These

are mere grubs of the May fly called
nymphs. They have crawled in burrows
and under rocks for two years. Some
still crawl about below the water and
the trout seek them out. Others have
ascended to the surface, ready for their
brief span of flying life. Trout dashed
at them, caught them on the way up to
the sunny air, but hordes of May flies
escaped the onslaught, broke out their
wings through their hard shells, and
flew to the forest, there to shake off the
last skin of the nymph stage.
That young trout is still feeding on
lagging nymphs. The other flies are al-
ready in the alders waiting for a new
life to begin. That is the moment for
which the angler waits and watches.
Sun heat now beats down into the
forest and pours a dazzling energy into

the newly hatched insects. They dart
among the leaves a while, then seek out
the water and return to it. There they
soar and begin a dance. This new, real
life is all one brief dance, a mating
dance, a marriage in the air. The male
soars from below, finds the female,
clings to her. She beats her wings, glides
heavily onward. In this glide and clasp,
her eggs are fertilized.
The male flutters away to fall and
die. The female descends, brushes off
her eggs by lightly touching the water.
Then she, too, falls and dies. The trout,
driven frantic by the dancing of flies,
slide out of their protecting shadows,
swirl and feed ravenously.
Now is the time to take up one of the
struggling flies, look at its transparent,
(Continued on page 57)

BORN TO ACT

by Kyle Crichton

...somewhat businesslike
...er of Señorita Maria Mon-
...or an interesting lesson on
...v to become a moving-
...ture star and no fooling

CLEVER labor lawyer could
make out a marvelous case for
Miss Maria Montez. If she acted
the age of ninety and were paid full
for every minute's work in the
studio, she would still be getting only
pay. Miss Montez acts twenty-
hours a day.

When she arrived in Hollywood, com-
pletely unknown, she knew exactly what
was going to do.

"Three mawnts' time and every-
body knows me," she predicted.

On her first day at Universal she
received an entrance into the commissary
promptly at twelve noon. She wore a
hat that had obviously been constructed
by a maniacal furrier and a dress which
was spectacular to the point of ecstasy.
She sat at a table in the middle of the
room by herself and began to peruse a
trade paper.

She read with intensity. Some items
seemed to distress her and she twisted
her lovely face into a grimace; at other
bits of news she tossed back her
head and laughed merrily. She made
large little cries of distress and pleas-
ure; she leaned on her beautiful elbow
and peered at the paper almost menac-
ingly; she leaned far back in the chair
and gurgled.

At this juncture, a waitress managed
to convey the information that the more
important executives rarely presented
themselves for food prior to one o'clock.

"Oh," she said in the slightest, Miss
Montez rose and swept out. Promptly
at one o'clock she returned and made a
grand entrance. She had changed her out-
fit entirely. This time the hat was even
more outrageous and piquant; the gown
in the nature of a political demon-
stration. She glided between the tables
to her own table in the middle of the
room. She propped up the trade paper.

She read it with utter devotion. At one
particular paragraph, she threw back
her head and filled the room with the
tinkling laughter. By two o'clock
the leanest minion of Universal Studios
was unaware of Miss Maria Montez.

Whatever plans Universal had in
mind for her—and subsequent research
has established that they were entirely
correct—it was inevitable from this first
moment that she would soon be a Holly-
wood actress. After a few abortive at-
tempts in which she played the menace,
she was finally cast in *South of Tahiti*,
wearing a sarong. This proved to be of
great importance. Theater owners
came out in perspiration, there was the
clank of silver on box-office ledges
and writers were set to work changing
living-room scenarios into jungle
scenes.



"The Dorothy Lamour of San Fer-
nando Valley," said the cynics bitterly,
but Miss Montez was not chagrined.

"They talk, eh?" she asked. "They
mention my name?"

There have been other campaigns cal-
culated to impress a personality on
Hollywood but none more successful
than that carried out by Señorita
Montez. The studio press department
runs panting in her rear; her personal
publicity agent is in the position of a
general who tries desperately to catch
up with his army. When a mixup pre-
vented a photographer from getting
pictures of her during the day, she

suggested that they be made at night.

"Very pretty, the moonlight," ex-
plained Maria.

It was while her father, the late
Ysidoro Garcia, was Spanish consul and
Embassy Delegate to the Dominican
Republic that Maria was born. The
family home was in the Canary Islands
and Maria attended the Sacred Heart
convent in Santa Cruz de Teverite dur-
ing one of the brief periods when the
family was in Spain. Her father had
consular posts in South America,
France, Belfast and England.

"Liverpool," says Maria, as if about
to hold her nose.

**Maria Montez has a flair for pub-
licity, real acting talent and a
knack with clothes—all of which
add up to success in Hollywood**

The Belfast post was important be-
cause it was there she married a gentle-
man named McFeeters and went to live
on the estate of his parents. For the
later movie personage, Belfast was ex-
actly as exciting as Erie, Pa. During the
winter they had a flat in town and went
to the movies. In summer they lived on

(Continued on page 54)

The Way Back

By Roderick Lull

**The story of a dog and a man
—and how the dog solved
a problem for each of them**

FOR a long minute the dog lay by the side of the road, where he had rolled after the fall from the car. He lay with his eyes open, whimpering, feeling with all his being the dull pain in his shoulder. While he lay there fear stabbed at him, deep inside and sharp. There were two fears, strangely mixed up together, separate yet related, and one was as sharp as the other—the fear born of his hurt, and the fear born of the knowledge that he was alone and lost, that they had gone on and left him.

He was an English setter of the Llewellyn strain, white with black markings, and he was eight years old. After the long minute he stirred and came slowly to his feet. He stood trembling, though the pain was leaving now and he knew out of instinct that he was not seriously injured. He stood by the roadside, staring down the highway the way the car had gone. It was evening, with the coolness of night coming on. There was nothing at all in sight, and there was no sound.

Fear swept over the dog in a wave now, though the pain in his shoulder had lessened until it was no more than a minor annoyance. They were gone out of sight, gone from him forever. Vaguely,

the dog's mind recalled what had happened. He had been in his accustomed place in the steel-and-wire dog box that was bolted to the running board. He had been standing up, stretching, before lying down again. The car had swerved to avoid another car and he had been thrown roughly against the door. Then there had been a brief time of darkness and he had come to his senses lying by the roadside.

The dog whined deep in his throat. He had been born in a kennel; they had bought him when he was five months old. The kennel was long since forgotten and all he knew was the house and the grounds where he had lived for all but five months of his life. They had left it often enough, to go hunting or traveling, but always they had returned; he had again smelled the familiar smells, and been fed from the familiar dish, and gone to sleep in the familiar place. Always, until now.

The dog felt a stirring deep inside him. He lifted his head. Whatever now commanded him was as if one of them had given a spoken order. The dog trotted down the road, keeping well to the side of it. Whenever he heard a car he left the road and hid himself in the brush until it passed. The impulse deep inside him told him to keep out of sight, to approach no one, to be seen by no one. He obeyed without question. . . .

Taylor turned the car off the highway and let it glide to a stop before the small frame building marked "Rosegarden Auto Court: Office." There were the

usual gasoline pumps, the odds and ends of canned goods in the single window and the battered wooden sign on which "Vacancy" was printed. Taylor and his wife got slowly, stiffly, out of the car. He noticed her from the corner of his eye as she stepped through the door. She looked, he thought suddenly, as alive and almost as youthful as she had fifteen years ago. He had been thinking that a great deal lately. And whenever he thought it he felt anger and weariness and the harsh knowledge of his own failure.

"It's been a long ride," he said, trying to make his voice sprightly. "I'll guarantee Jinx can do with a little exercise."

TAYLOR saw the dog box then, the door open where the flimsy catch had rusted through and at last broken. She saw it at the same moment. Neither of them said anything, beyond the little gasp she gave. They were back in the car at once and turning around. The proprietor of the auto camp hurried toward them from one of the cabins, but they gave him no attention.

"He was there when we stopped for gas at Olneyville," Taylor said. "That's about seventy miles." He looked at her and saw her white face. He had often teased her about Jinx—"I'll be hanged, Jane, if I don't believe you think as much of Jinx as of me." Then they had laughed together and she had accused him of a similar affection for the dog. And in all truth, he knew, both were

pretty close to right; though, of course, it was foolish. That was the trouble with a dog, particularly with a child's couple. He was apt to be beloved of all reason. It was silly and sentimental and didn't make sense. But it was true.

He touched her hand for a moment. It was warm and dry. He put his hand back on the wheel.

"We'll find him, all right," he said. "Don't worry. He'll stick to the highway. Darned smart dog, Jinx."

They went to Olneyville, tooting the horn at intervals, occasionally calling the dog's name out of the window, never missing an inch of the road. They found nothing. They came back to the auto camp. It was dark on the highway back and he thought that even the sound of the horn had become dispirited, and there was no hope of finding the dog.

He rented a cabin. It was all right was the kind of cabin you described "neat and clean and quite comfortable, very fair mattresses and all; and, of course, an auto court's so convenient your car right beside you; no bells to fool around with and—"

Now, he hated it. He thought he hated it as much as he had ever hated anything.

(Continued on page 37)

Hunger was forgotten and there was only the desire for water. Even the hurt of his pads was forgotten, so great was his longing.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS





HEART of Poland

By Alice Leone Moats

Josef Stalin reads the amity pact with Poland's former soldiers who will fight once more against Germany under General Wladyslaw Anders (left). Others are Poland's General Sikorski and Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov

patience, efficiency, realism, energy, tact, determination, executive ability and power to inspire faith in men and, above all, knowledge of Russian psychology. This is a tall order, but Anders fills it and withal emerges as one of the few truly romantic figures in this war. Even his appearance counts in his favor. He is tall, erect, with a shaved Germanic head in contrast to his completely Slav face, which has remarkable hazel eyes as a dominating feature. Wherever he goes he draws immediate attention.

The Man Without Enemies

So many qualities assembled in one man might almost make him seem something of a super Rover Boy who is rather irritating to his fellows. Anders is saved from this because he is so very human and such a completely swell guy. "When General Sikorski appointed Anders," a Polish officer who had been in London at the time told me, "there was no question as to who was the right man for the job. There was no feeling on the part of the other generals that they had been slighted. He is the only man I have ever known to reach a high place without making a single enemy on the way."

When Anders left Lubianka he was on crutches, still suffering from a serious leg wound received in Poland in 1939 and which had had no medical attention. The commandant of the prison broke the news to him that he had been named commander in chief of the

Polish forces in Russia at the same time as he announced his release. Anders answered that, owing to his ill-health, he doubted whether he would be able to accept the appointment. Two weeks later he was walking with a stick and flying around Russia in a small plane, visiting Poles in prisons and camps as well as establishing his headquarters at Buzuluk and ranging over a thousand miles or so selecting sites for the other camps to quarter troops.

When he hesitated to take over the command the general realized he was to be faced with some of the most difficult problems that had ever confronted a military man. It was only later when he began to work that he realized just how serious and numerous they actually were. To date the Polish embassy in Kuibyshev has been able to ascertain that there are 1,500,000 Poles in the Soviet Union, but information gathered from released prisoners indicates the figure may be well over 2,000,000. Only about seven hundred thousand of these have turned up so far. The rest still have to be located and among them there are known to be over 5,000 officers and a dozen generals, including Haller. They are in prison camps all over the U.S.S.R., from Franz Josef Land to Murmansk, from Murmansk to Kazakhstan. Every possible assistance in the search is being given by NKVD (modern name for OGPU). But there are several thousand square miles to be combed and with communications and transport being what they are in Russia

(Continued on page 50)

After spending two miserable years in Soviet prisons, General Wladyslaw Anders emerges triumphantly to lead an army of 150,000 seasoned troops against the Nazi horde. One of the most amazing stories of the war

IS NOT always that a historical axiom turns out to be one hundred per cent correct. One of the great exceptions is the axiom that the Poles are indestructible. Those who form an army in Russia are more proving it. Since August of last year, when the Russo-Polish treaty was signed in London, granting general amnesty to Poles imprisoned in the U.S.S.R. and permitting them to organize an army on Soviet territory, they have been coming out of the prisons and

labor camps by the thousands, all with the fixed idea of seeing Poland rise again. They are gaunt, hollow-eyed, half-starved and dressed in rags, but their spirit is magnificent. All they ask is to get back in there and kill Germans.

Their commander in chief is Lieutenant General Wladyslaw Anders, who was released from Lubianka Prison in Moscow after an 18-months sojourn, to take over the job of forming an army. "When I had to choose a leader for you," General Sikorski told his compatriots in the U.S.S.R. in a radio speech from England, "I gave you Poland's bravest soldier."

Sikorski also gave them one of Poland's most experienced soldiers, for Anders has fought in four wars, and above three rows of decorations on his breast, there are eight stars embroidered in silver. Each one stands for a wound received in battle.

Courage and experience are the two necessary attributes of a commander, but alone they would not be sufficient to accomplish the gigantic task which has been set General Anders. It requires



RUSH JOB

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

When the history of this war is written, a chapter should be devoted to a lady in San Francisco, who is our greatest single force for efficiency to date

AN UNUSUALLY hot California sun beat balefully down on the repair depot's tin roof. The temperature inside the Third Echelon maintenance office stood at a round ninety-five degrees; and the humid San Joaquin Valley air brought the perspiration out on a man wherever it touched him. This, despite the fact that the month was December.

Corporal Henry Jones, however, was not dismayed. As a matter of fact, he was whistling. Corporal Jones was an essential cog in the Matériel Division of the U. S. Army Air Corps, and justly proud of his duties. Moreover, it

was Saturday, and he was looking forward to spending a week end in the company of a certain Miss Louise Williams, who was a keen babe, and whose status as a resident of San Francisco made it unnecessary for a soldier to arrange for more than his own transportation to the metropolis. . . . Corporal Jones, in short, felt that he was sitting—if not on the very top of the world—at least more than halfway up it.

He was engaged in typing up a list of the repair parts that would be needed the following week for Third Echelon's repairs to damaged service equipment Third Echelon (no one but the brass hats had ever been able to determine why it was called that) was nothing more or less than a small airplane factory—complete with civilian mechanics, craftsmen, machinists, welders, sheet-metal workers and design engineers—whose job it was to keep in operating condition the several thousand airplanes—training, transport and combat—that made up the Sixteenth U. S. Army Air Force.

The corporal whistled and typed steadily. It was just as he got to an item

that said: "Fourteen Only Type 3-U Generators, Supreme Electric Company," that Sergeant Wallace came into the office. The sergeant was small, wiry, tough and dour. He had been fifteen years in the Army. And he was Corporal Jones' rival for the affections of Miss Williams.

There was a gleam in the sergeant's eye. Seeing it, Corporal Jones felt a shudder of apprehension. He attempted cordiality: "Something you wanted, Sarge?" he inquired.

"Yeah," said the sergeant coldly. "I want that Fleetwing engine. When's it going to get here?"

JONES ruffled through some papers on his desk and came up with a teletype message. It was from the Matériel Division headquarters at Wright Field, in Dayton. It said succinctly that the one-only Fleetwing engine required for the repair of ship No. 681 would be undeliverable before December 20th—which was the following Tuesday.

Jones handed the message to Sergeant Wallace. The sergeant read it, slammed

Mullins gave a zany grin. "He maybe if you stuck your head in main it would swell up and stop leak. Ha-ha! That's funny, ain't it?"

it back on the desk and glared at him. "Nuts!" he said. "I got to have ship in service Monday." He fished Jones with a fishy eye. "Are you got right on it?"

"Sure!" said Jones. "I had a teletype message in Dayton in ten minutes. All Fleetwing engines are held up on changes. They won't ship 'em out until they've got the new-type supercharger. You got a copy of the bulletin, did you?"

Sourly, the sergeant nodded. "Yeah, got it all right. But that isn't going to keep the captain from being awful, awfully sore. We've got a war on, and that ship needed Monday down at Mojave Field. He's not going to like your not getting in for him."

"What could I do?" protested Jones plaintively. "If Dayton won't give me an engine, they won't give me another one."

"That's right," said the sergeant. "Maybe if you hadn't had your head damn' full of women, and getting a woman on leave and stuff, you could 'a' got them to release one for us."

Jones grinned. "So that's what's eating you?" he said.

"There's nothing eating me," said Wallace. "It's just that I can't understand why any woman would give me an unprintable like you a date, when I could get a man."

"Meaning you, I suppose?" said Corporal Jones, amiably.

"Meaning me," said the sergeant, cocked an eye at Jones. "When are you leaving for Frisco, Jonesy?"

The corporal hated to be called that. People he didn't like had been calling him Jonesy ever since his grammar school days. But today, somehow, it didn't mind. Today, somehow, was a day. "About five-thirty, six o'clock," said cheerfully. He was commencing to enjoy himself hugely. "Want me to say hello to her for you?"

"Arph!" snorted Wallace. "Don't bother. But," he added grimly, "you better be quite sure you got that woman cleaned up. If I come in here and find one piece of paper in that basket of yours, you're not going anywhere."

Jones felt a sudden recurrence of that feeling of apprehension. "Okay," he said. "Okay." Rapidly, then, he resumed his typing.

BY THREE that afternoon, Jones commenced to realize that there was a plot on foot. The parts requisitions were coming in at a rate out of all proportion to the normal state of affairs. Each of them was countersigned with ubiquitous initials of Sergeant Wallace. By a supreme effort, however, Corporal Jones was managing to stay ahead of things.

But he was far from out of the woods. At three-five, the more or less quiet of his office was shattered by a shrill cry—the cry—personified—was Private Mullins. Mullins was a long, angular, am's-applied individual who answered to the name of Yardbird. And he cried continuously. Not that he hadn't good reason to, for he was charged with dispensing across the counter of the stock room those items that mechanics need for the repair of aircraft. And sometimes he didn't have those necessary items to dispense. Whereat, he frequently came in for looks and curses. . . .

"Jonesy," he wailed. "We're out of rags. We got to have rags."

Corporal Jones ceased typing.

(Continued on page 30)

GAY AND EASY

By Ruth Carson

Manufacturers work ahead of time to provide the clothes you wear. So the stores are a riot of color and variety in women's shoes. Pre-priority shoes. Have a fling, but don't think it's your last. There'll be more shoes coming for a while, at least

TODAY a shoe can be a flat, a chopine, a sock, a ballet slipper, a clog, a moccasin, a boot or just a whimsy. It can wear a high heel or none at all. It can have a thin sole or one inches thick. It can carry you forth practically barefoot or conceal you to the ankle. It can be fuchsia pink or any color, made of felt or straw or any material, and no one will look astonished.

No one will look shocked, either, and call you a flighty, wasteful female in such footgear. Variety is exactly what the government wants in your clothes. It puts no great strain on the supply of any one material.

Variety on your feet, amounting to a whole shoe wardrobe, makes good practical sense, too. It distributes wear and tear, prolonging the life of each pair of shoes, and dresses you appropriately for each occasion. You'll wear your polished leather and welt-soled shoes when you have a good stint of walking and hard work to do. But you'll cherish them, too, as leather prices mount, and supplement them with fabric, straw, all kinds of lighter footwear. You'll save your delicate suèdes for afternoon, and be giddy as you like with fanciful designs and gay colors for evening and for lounging around the house, and to wear with play clothes. Each is so important a part of the shoe picture that it is to be had at every price level, so that your total shoe budget need be no cause for complaint. And such variety of heel heights, sole thicknesses, shapes and materials gives you a sure foothold on comfort.

You Needn't Be High-Heeled

We see the possibilities of greater eye appeal, too, since we've discovered feet don't have to be tiny to be effective. It's our pretty ankles the gentlemen like to admire, anyway, and there are more ways than a spike heel to draw attention to them. Of course, low heels at night used to mean only that you were taller than he was, poor girl, and were trying to come down to grade level. Your shoes, from the junior miss department, looked it, too. Now the main shoe salon displays dancing moccasins, ballet slippers, a whole flock of down-to-the-dance-floor shoes. And if one of these looks best with your new waltz dress, and displays your ankle prettily, you'll have it no matter what his height, or yours.

This sweet reasonableness on the part of the general public has been very profitable for the shoe designer. In the old days of ten years or so ago, there were pattern cutters who made the patterns for the individual pieces that go into a shoe, and sold them to shoe manufacturers. But the pump, which is of very simple design and does not require intricate pattern pieces, began coming in so far ahead of all other fashion entries that that was the end of the big pattern companies. And the beginning of the Julianellis, shoe designers.

The Julianellis, Mabel and Charles, who were not then Mr. and Mrs., had met in a pattern factory. Charles who, in the best shoe-craftsman tradition, is Italian-born, and who is handsome enough to rate a movie contract, was an artist. Studied portraiture. Mabel, pretty product of (Continued on page 53)

The De Marcos, famous dancing team, pause during a new number to give you a still view of the shoes made by the Julianellis for Sally—red crepe with gold nailheads to match her costume

FOR THOMAS



CLEAN SLATE

By Hugh Mac Nair Kahler



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE

THE idea hit Joe Mellick as he watched Milly Britt going into the cheap little lunchroom where Red Scanlon worked. That had been happening too often to suit Joe Mellick, but he hadn't seen any way to do anything about it. He was a little sore at himself, now, because he hadn't. This idea, simple and sure-fire, had been in plain sight all along. He ought to have thought of it the first time Milly had turned down a chance to eat with him and had spent her noon hour, instead, on a high stool across the counter from Red Scanlon.

Mellick allowed himself a chuckle as he beckoned to a taxi. Now that he could stop worrying he could see that there'd never been any real reason why he should have worried. Besides her looks and her voice Milly Britt had brains. Plenty. There'd never been a chance of her passing up Joe Mellick and falling for a big, dumb tramp like Red. She'd just been sorry for Red, that was all, just standing by an old friend who was out of luck. But it wasn't going to hurt Joe Mellick's feelings any if she did her standing by, after this, at long range. And that, he promised himself, was just how she would have to do it.

Joe didn't figure in city politics but he knew people who did. The right people. He didn't have much trouble about getting in to see the Big Fellow. The Big Fellow hadn't got that way by letting little fellows waste his time, though. He gave Joe the fish-eye.

"Boil it down," he said.

Joe boiled it down. "A pardon. A punk named Red Scanlon. Lunchroom stickup. Took a plea. Two-four at Stillburn. Out on parole since—"

The Big Fellow's head began a slow swivel on a cushion of red, nested chins. Mellick had expected that. The governor had been taking a going-over in the newspapers about a couple of the boys he'd pardoned to oblige the Big Fellow.

"Wait," Mellick said. He put a typed paper on the desk. Milly had written it for him when she'd asked him to use his pull to get Red released from parole. He'd filed it in his pocket, never guessing how much good it was going to do him. "Five'll get you five hundred if the governor doesn't slip you this on a gold platter."

THERE was a little aliveness in the fish-eyes. The Big Fellow had a weakness for little bets at long odds.

"Look," Mellick pushed the paper across the desk. "This one's different. This punk makes his right-hand turn and makes it the hard way. Minute he's paroled he hot-foots around to the quick-and-dirty he stuck up and talks the owner into letting him work out every dime he took. Still working there. Natural friend-maker. Brings in so much business the boss is slipping him a piece of the joint. No drinks, no dice, no—"

"Not till he's off parole." The head was beginning another swivel.

"Hold it. Wait for the pay-off. It's a natural. The papers will eat it up. Headlines. The kind you can use right now, you and the governor both. Look. Why would this punk want a pardon? He's sitting pretty, isn't he? The draft's grabbing off other guys, half as fit to fight as he is, but it can't grab him. Not unless he's dumb enough to want it to grab him, dumb enough to stick his

neck out and ask for a pardon that'll wash his slate and—"

The Big Fellow hadn't got big by waiting for diagrams. His jaw made a dent in the chins as he nodded. One hand reached for the paper and the other jerked its thumb toward the door. Mellick saved up his laugh till he was on the far side of it.

He allowed himself a good one then, and a few more in the taxi, heading back uptown. It couldn't lose. The governor'd go for it even harder than the Big Fellow and the papers would go for it hardest of all. And Milly'd be lonesome again, even lonelier, maybe, than when Red was up the river. Lonesome enough to be glad of some company and a few good times. And with Red out of the picture—well, if absence made the heart grow fonder it hadn't done it when Joe Mellick was looking.

THE story broke in the early editions of the afternoon papers, two days afterward. It got headlines. Bigger and better ones than Joe had hoped for. He waited a while, after he'd read it, so as to be sure there wouldn't be any laugh left in his voice when he talked to Milly. He needn't have worried about that. When he rang up the office the telephone girl said Milly had gone out in the middle of the morning and wouldn't be back till tomorrow.

Joe went around to the lunchroom. There was quite a mob on the sidewalk in front of it, and a newsreel truck at the curb. The crowd was singing "You're in the Army Now." Mellick hurried. He hadn't foreseen this. He managed to hate Red Scanlon a little harder than ever because he couldn't help feeling

There was quite a mob on the sidewalk in front of the lunchroom—and a newsreel truck. The crowd was singing "You're in the Army Now." Joe Mellick hurried. He hadn't foreseen

almost sorry for him. Taking a jolt like this one would have been tough enough without having to stand up in front of a crowd and a camera and pretend like it.

Red was making a pretty fair job of that, though. When Mellick elbowed enough into the mob to see him his was just about cutting his head off. Mellick didn't have time to do anything about that, because the news crew yelled for quiet and got it, the man with the microphone was holding it in front of somebody at Red's side somebody Mellick couldn't see.

He could hear a voice, though, wailing and round and husky, with a little quaver in it, saying something about never being able to thank the governor enough for what he'd done for Red.

"And for me," the voice said. "It would have happened long ago if I'd been my way. But Red had made up his stubborn mind of his that we were going to wait and keep on waiting till his slate was clean."

Joe Mellick didn't hear the rest of it. He didn't believe it was really Milly's voice until he saw her running across the sidewalk with Red, toward the taxi. Red's boss was throwing so much at them. Some of it hit Joe's before he realized that it was rice.



"HMMM, VALUABLE! GUESS WE'LL SHIP BY PULLMAN"

OUR TICKET AGENT, was joking that day at the station. But believe me, it was no joking matter when we found that Nancy's first trip away from home had to be *without us!*

Fortunately, her Aunt Helen could go along. Even so, you can imagine how we felt.

We decided on Pullman, of course. And I don't think I ever *really* appreciated the safety and comfort of Pullman travel until that moment.

For Nancy, she was so excited—as the train pulled out—she excitedly shoved her little nose through the Pullman window, waving goodbye and grinning from ear to ear.

Well, you can imagine what my husband and I talked about all evening. He said he could just picture Nancy, making the most of everything you get in Pullman. What a kick she'd get out of the friendly porter and the way

he'd see to her comfort, bring her a drink of water if she wanted it, and help her off the train in the morning!

And wouldn't her eyes *pop* when he'd make up that *grandest of beds* in her Pullman berth, with those sparkling white sheets and snuggly blankets and two squishy pillows! She'd *love* the two reading lights—and *especially* the roomy shelf-space and

hammock for her clothes and books and Panda! She's *so* prim about having everything *just so!*

Tom said *sure* she'd love her berth and would sleep like a cub, but if *he* knew Nancy, she would probably see to it that her Aunt would take her back to the lounge car, read the funnies to her, and, maybe, treat her to a glass of milk. Nancy would curl up in one of those big, soft chairs, and simply *revel* in it!



She promised not to stay up beyond her regular bed-time, and we could see her in her little blue robe and pajamas, washing her hands and brushing her teeth in the dressing room, and going on and on to someone about the "millions of snowy white towels and great, big mirrors!"

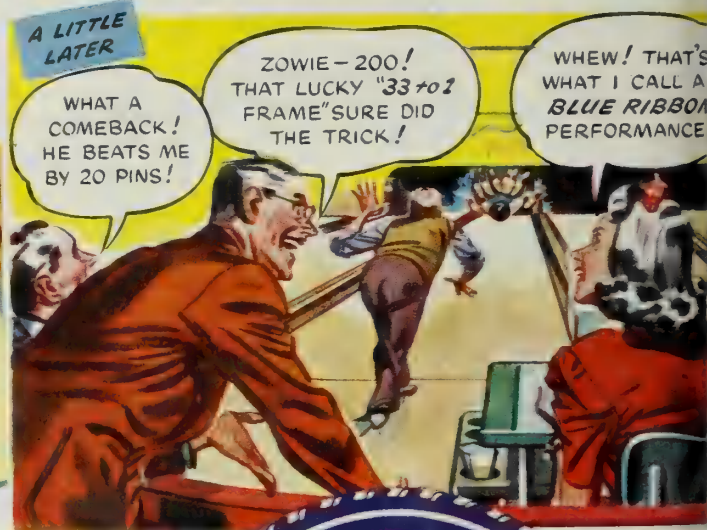
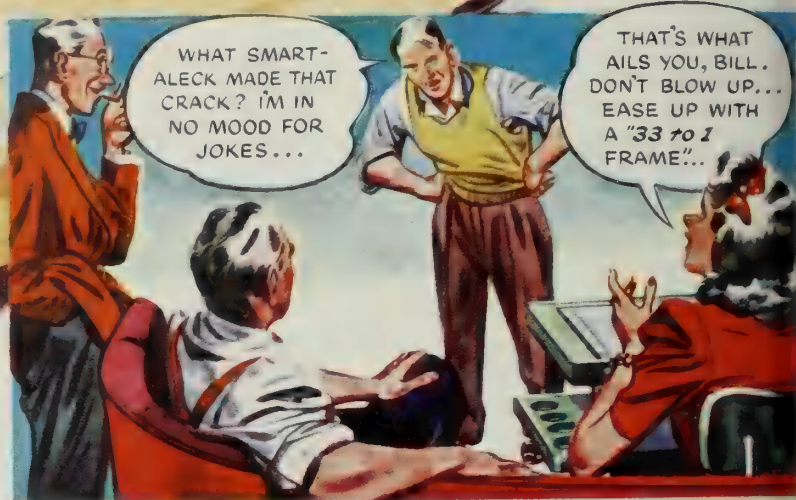
Yes . . . Tom and I rambled on about Nancy and her trip. But before we went to sleep, Tom said, quietly, "Now I think I know why you've always insisted on *me* going Pullman."

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33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

Thunder Road

Continued from page 12

oat thousands of miles wide. What could Japan do to the United States? Nothing. Therefore the conference in Washington was bound to be successful just as soon as ways were found which could allow both nations to save face. "What makes me happy," he said without introduction, "is that we can't about a table and act like civilized people. Darn it, the Japanese like us. Like Kamagoshi, so good a friend that we feared we might have car trouble in driving up or down Thunder Road. Or like Matsuzuki, so disturbed because he couldn't have a look at the sort of case which he knew I would find interesting. . . . Mary, are you listening? I'll wager that you weren't."

Mary admitted, "I wasn't, Doctor. I was hoping we'll have a real island arise in the morning. It is so beautiful, so peaceful, then, that one can hardly believe that everything is real." When they left the car, time dragged more slowly; again and again Dr. Goddard's ears fooled him, although whether the sounds he heard were from planes leaving or arriving at Hickam field he didn't know. When at last there could be no mistake, he found that he was nervously anxious.

HE eastward flash of silver grew and grew and assumed shape, first dropping lower, and then surging into the sky as the pilot sought more altitude. Minutes passed before the plane turned and started to come in. The roaring of the motors, tuned to landing control, made Goddard hope that nothing was wrong; and at the end of the glide, when the plane splashed down and taxied inshore, to be towed to the dock, Goddard's hands were cold with excitement. He said nothing, nor did Mary, until Bob was off the plane and with them. When he said, with their hands tight, "Well. Ah. You're thinner." Other words wanted to be spoken, but it wasn't necessary to utter them. Bob's other arm was around Mary's shoulder. "Have a good trip?" asked Dr. Goddard.

"Grand. The number one engine kicked up. The left outboard. The captain used it to pump gas to the other free. He cut off the automatic pilot and flew manually. Gosh," Robert Goddard said, "it's good to be home!"

"Good to have you," Dr. Goddard said, so huskily that he added, "How does that plane compare with those you like, Bob?"

Robert Goddard said, "Much the same. Bombers, basically, are commercial jobs. But interceptors are a different story! Wait until you see the 10 perform. When I take one up, you won't believe what you see. It—"

"Eh? You mean you fly it, son?"

"That's part of the job," Bob said. "I want to check in by phone," the engineer went on, "and make sure where the ships are. Then I'm set."

Dr. Goddard suggested "We thought you might like being at the cottage tonight. Tomorrow is Sunday."

He didn't miss the way Bob's arm drew Mary closer.

"I'd like it better than anything else in the world," Bob said. "Thunder Road! I've thought of it when the machines were banging. How peaceful and quiet it always is up there. Mary, remember the time when we were kids, and you—"

"If you must remember things," said Mary quickly, "how about your doing everything which the native boys did? Like riding a bundle of sugar cane down the flume to the mill? And Kamagoshi saw you, and told your father—"

"And talked me out of proper punishment with a lot of *hoomalimali*," chuckled Dr. Goddard. "By the way, Kamagoshi asked for you. He was all upset because I have violated custom in not giving a homecoming party."

"Your way is better," said Bob. "I'll phone, and then we'll go."

Dr. Goddard insisted on sitting alone in the front seat, saying that he needed elbow room; and while he smiled knowingly to himself as the road wound up the narrowing valley, he paid attention to driving when the mountain walls pressed on either side. A sharp curve, a gap between rocks, showed him the plain below, and the ocean. Honolulu. Startlingly black islets rose like prongs in the bays.

Most of the color was strong. The

children. So, if they should be looking, don't shock them." It was Dr. Goddard who was laughing now, because there could be no retort. "However," he added, "no one will be up here at this season. Kamagoshi is in town."

THE tea house seemed to grow out of the ridge, weatherbeaten to the color of the rock. Flat stones led up to it from the road; and, with infinite pains, a garden had been accomplished, rocky planes and curves, dwarf trees and shrubs. An old stone lantern cut into the sky; there was a tiny stone bridge below.

"Is someone standing near the lantern?" Bob asked.

Dr. Goddard looked. "No. Guilty conscience. If anyone were here, Kama-



"Nice try, Holloway!"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

greatest variation was in the greens; *kukui* trees were savage and clear green, wild guava had a yellowish sheen, pineapple fields a blue hue, and the sugar cane, marching right up into the hills, was green and silver. Rice and taro patches were darker. Newly cut earth was rusty red; the streams were white. But it was where surf ran up the yellow sand that the contrast was most remarkable. Blue sea, white surf, yellow sand.

GODDARD heard quick laughter just before he saw the high trestle that carried a flume over a jagged rocky gulch. There was a long silence after the laughter. It was unbroken until he drove through another gap, when an echo like thunder rolled out, the sound which gave the road its name; and through the sound Dr. Goddard heard Mary and Bob laughing again.

He said, "We'll be in sight of Kamagoshi's tea house when we round the next turn." Slyly, he added, "The Japanese consider the *kissu* is very immoral,

goshi'd have said so, and offered his services. If . . . ah, here we are."

The cottage was well below the ridge. As Dr. Goddard parked the car where a space had been gouged out of the hill, Mary fumed, "The shutters aren't down. The boys have opened a bottle that was with the supplies, and haven't done a single thing. I should have known better—"

"The door is still padlocked," comforted Bob. "We've arrived first. How about sitting on the *lanai* and talking? Maybe you'll see something."

The view from the porch was breathtaking. Shadows were becoming purple as the sky was stained with sunset gold, soft as the stamens of Night-Blooming Cereus. Sun still glinted on the checkerboard fields, the white tower of a school on the plain, the trestle that bridged the nearer ravine, the stack of a sugar-cane mill. But what held the three pairs of eyes was the harbor beyond.

The battle fleet lay at anchor. Gray battleships and battle cruisers, swift light

cruisers and slim destroyers, submarines beside their tenders. The huge air-plane carriers. Mathematically spaced on the blue water.

"It does something to you, doesn't it?" said Dr. Goddard.

Bob said, "Yes. And because of them, Honolulu can drowse in the sun." He winked at Mary. "But what a target they'd make, Dad!"

"*Kulikuli!* What enemy can get here? What d'you think we'd be doing? Haven't we Hickam Field and Wheeler Field and Fort Weaver and—"

"He's caught you, Doctor," said Mary, "and don't try talking your way out of it. I wish," she said, "that our boys would come."

A half-hour passed before Dr. Goddard heard a machine. Mary was standing, peering down at the lower curves of the road, when Bob said, "It's a car. Or more than one. There's another sound, too. Plane motors. Since they haven't the hum of G717s nor Hawk-Ferriers nor Lamcolms, they might be those with which our 380s are powered. The 380 is twin-engined."

Dr. Goddard and Mary followed Bob's pointing finger. A feeling of disappointment swept through the doctor when he could see the plane; why, it wasn't large at all. He could see the two tails, making the plane like no dragonfly ever hatched. Then he began to observe the speed, and how the 380 gave the illusion of turning at right angles; and, by George, when it went higher, it seemed to climb right straight up! He glanced at Bob, and the pride in his son's face made him take a deep breath. That was how a man should feel.

"WHEN I phoned," said Bob, as the 380 fairly dropped out of the sky, "I learned that there is a little field, a private one, at the Howes' plantation below us. If the ship were flown there, I could look at it tomorrow, and still have a lot of time here. The Lawton people," Bob said, "are grand."

"So you knew it was coming," jeered Dr. Goddard, as the 380 kicked up dust and then taxied behind trees, "and that talk of engine sounds was to show how *akamai* you are." He said seriously, "Yes, it was thoughtful of the Lawton company. Now if the boys and the food and a drink will just show up—"

Mary said, "I don't hear the machine at all now. I'll bet they stopped at Kamagoshi's."

"It's not our boys at all," said Bob.

Japanese appeared around the bend of the road, Kamagoshi at their head; all carried packages. Kamagoshi cried, "Aloha! *Komban wa!* Surprise!" as he reached the *lanai*. He bowed as he placed his own gift in Bob's hand.

How friendly these people were, Dr. Goddard thought, and how sincerely they congratulated Bob as they made their presentations. He watched while Bob opened the gifts, Mary exclaiming and the Japanese deprecating what each had given. Red lacquer bowls. The sacred badger Tanuki, a lamp in his bronze left paw and a bottle of *sake* in his right. Porcelain dogs. The thin blade with which *samurai* once gave enemies the *coup de grâce*, and which Dr. Goddard decided would make Bob an excellent paper cutter. A silk cigarette case. A wallet.

"*Arigato*," thanked Bob. "You are very kind. But—"

"We ought to have a drink," growled Dr. Goddard. "The boys have the liquor, and they haven't shown up yet, Kamagoshi."

Kamagoshi said, "Not arrive?" He

GINGIVITIS

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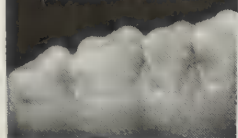
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BLEEDING GUMS



TENDER GUMS



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4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Often leads to
PYORRHEA with its soft shrinking gums

NO MATTER how *slightly* your gums may bleed when you brush your teeth, or feel tender to touch, don't take chances!

This may mean you, too, have Gingivitis. So see your dentist and start using Forhan's Toothpaste and massage *at once*. Because neglect of this mild gum inflammation often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. And at home here's—

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rubbed his chin and clucked sympathetically; he looked around at his companions, who nodded violently and spoke in Japanese. "I am agreeing," said Kamagoshi. "It must be! We go to my house."

"I'll drive down the road and look for them," Bob suggested.

Kamagoshi protested, "We do not see them, Bob, as we come."

"The devils undoubtedly sampled my liquor and are sleeping it off," Dr. Goddard said. He smiled at Kamagoshi. "We'll be delighted to come to your house."

As they walked in a group, Dr. Goddard glanced once more at the harbor, where the battle fleet lay; then he lowered his eyes and saw the fields and schools and peace. And friendliness. He linked his arm through the nearest Japanese's.

INSIDE, in the long bare room furnished in Japanese fashion, an even greater contentment grew in the doctor. All was well when men met like this; all was better when he saw Bob and Mary, side by side on flat cushions on the matting. Emptying his second glass, Goddard said, "This is grand Scotch, Kamagoshi."

"Kanaya-san are bringing it," said Kamagoshi, nodding at a thin Japanese. "It produce appetite. Cerebration must be, even if your boys are drunken." He clapped his hands. "You do me honor," he said gravely, as a pair of Japanese girls hastened in and placed low stands before everyone.

"This is an imposition," declared Dr. Goddard. "You have your own dinner guests. We mustn't interfere. We—" Kamagoshi said solemnly, "We are friend!"

Dr. Goddard could find no answer for that.

The maids brought trays, placing one on each of the stands. A scarlet lobster, halved, made the most vivid color as it lay across a black plate. Next to it was a divided blue and white dish, half filled with thin slices of raw fish, half with shredded vegetables. Two lacquer bowls contained soup, one a broth with mushrooms, the other of fish, lotus root, and sea weed covered with a thick salty custard. Immature purple eggplant, pickled and stewed, glistened on an oval white plate. An empty porcelain bowl was for tea, another for rice, and a smaller one for the sake which the maids were pouring. Chopsticks of bamboo, only partially separated to prove no previous

use, showed through transparent paper. Kamagoshi cried, "Ho! Are you f got to use chopstick, Bob?"

Splitting his pair apart, Bob lifted bit of lobster and dipped it into his bowl of sauce. "You taught me how to use them," he said. "I haven't forgotten anything." He pointed to the food. "*Suio namasu, chawan, ko-no-mono*—"

Kanaya, the thin Japanese, asked "You speak Japanese, Mr. Goddard?" "Just a few words," said Bob. He lifted his tiny sake bowl, bowed Kamagoshi, and drained the mouthful; it was immediately refilled.

Mary said, "It's fun. I'm glad boys didn't show up."

As the dinner progressed and bowls were refilled, Dr. Goddard was pleased with the way in which the men seemed to be letting themselves go; he never seen them laugh so much, nor enjoy themselves more.

When Mary and Bob said that they were going outside, Goddard saw a look between Kanaya and Kamagoshi which the latter responded with a nod as if telling Kanaya that the pair were young and therefore should be allowed to violate custom by leaving the feast. Kamagoshi himself hurried out of the room to bring back a kimono for Mary. The Japanese, Dr. Goddard knew, was thoughtful in everything.

It was a noisy half-hour later when the pair returned. Bob said, "That fine light in the stone lantern, Kamagoshi."

"Wind sometime blow out for one," said Kamagoshi. With almost same breath he hissed, "*Shiro hadzu nai*," to Kanaya.

Since this sounded to Dr. Goddard if it meant that Bob couldn't know the lantern had been improved, he wondered a little at it. Kamagoshi satisfied his curiosity by stating that perhaps the morning Bob would give his opinion about the way the lantern had been changed, or suggest further improvements.

How pleasant everything was, Goddard finally thought, when 1 good nights were finally said, and sak cherry-blossom tea drained; he mentioned this when on the *lanai* again. Surely no people were so thoughtful the Japanese; why, when it was morning they wouldn't forget to send shaving water.

"What I didn't say," Bob said then, "was that the lantern's arranged so can be used as a signal. It has been glassed for it, and—"



"Of course, on the other hand, a sleeping bag has its disadvantages, too!"

GARDNER RE



"At least you could wait until your father and I finish eating!"

TONY BARLOW

The Japanese pride themselves on being modern," Goddard said. The atmosphere in the aircraft plant had made him suspicious; but Bob's earnestness and Goddard from jeering that possibly Kamagoshi was going to signal to the landing fleet of a nation with which the United States was negotiating.

"That's exactly what I told him," said Mary.

"The glass was warm," Bob insisted. The light had been on. Someone covering and uncovering it would make a signal visible at great distance. Mightn't Kamagoshi have stopped the signaling when he went for a kimono for Mary? This was too much. "Signaling for frozen eggs?" chuckled Dr. Goddard. "Nonsense, Bob." He paused. "Now I'd better get some sleep. If I know my host, we'll have some delightful surprise for Sunday morning breakfast." Yes, there would be something inviting. Goddard felt, as, with Mary in the next room and Bob in the room with him, just off the lanai, he prepared for bed. He could see a star through a rift where the clouds were gathering for morning, reminding him that Bob would be with him on Christmas. Sleep came rapidly.

At first he thought that he must be dreaming, and that he should have had no sense than to eat lobster. Then he knew that a hand was on his throat, that he was pinned to his bed. Those dirty houseboys? Were they adding robbery to their failure to show up, knowing that he would probably be discharged? He heard the quick sound of a blow, heard a cry, "Dad! Mary! Run!" although he couldn't see what was happening. Then, as the pressure on his throat increased, and the night-color of the room became blackness, he heard the thud of a body....

WATER brought him to consciousness; he was pulled to his feet before his senses had returned, to sway until someone grabbed him. Without pause he was half shoved, half dragged to the lanai, where Bob was already being held pound, by the Japanese. Not until Dr. Goddard tried to speak did he realize that he was gagged, with his arms tightly bound behind him.

The two men were hurried to the tea house. Those Japanese who had not attacked them were squatted in a semicircle, Kanaya in the center. The instant that the gag was jerked off, Dr. Goddard sputtered, "What the devil—"

"*Shita no iro*," ordered Kanaya; Goddard was knocked to his knees. "Bind their legs. Where is the girl?"

A stocky Japanese said, "The son shouted. She ran. Men look for her."

"So?" said Kanaya. "You were in charge. You failed."

THE man who had led the assailants said, "Ah," and his breath whistled through his nose. He bowed and left the room. There was a long silence, followed by the hissing sound of steel ripping through silk.

"I," said Kanaya, "do not intend to fail in task assigned me. Therefore, Mr. Goddard, what made you suspicious of the lantern?"

Robert Goddard said, "You'll look fine in jail."

"No," said Kamagoshi. "You are not reporting events. You are being found some day in wrecked automobile."

Dr. Goddard thought, *And that was Kamagoshi! A fellow I've known most of my life. What can it all mean?* It came to him then, while the Japanese were allowing what Kamagoshi had said to sink in, that Kamagoshi himself had attempted to keep him from coming to the hill cottage. Was Dr. Matsuzuki's invitation to be elsewhere on the island a part of all this? Had the houseboys been deliberately prevented from arriving? Had it all been done to prevent anyone from observing the lantern? And the possible purpose of the lantern, of signaling, turned Dr. Goddard cold as the stone from which it was made. This couldn't be happening, his whirling head insisted. *In a moment*, he thought, *I'll wake up.*

But it was real. He saw the stark reality of it in Kanaya's colorless face, in the burning black eyes, the lips like gray mold.

Kanaya jumped suddenly to his feet. "The girl," he said. "*Itta ga yokatta!*" He examined the white men's bonds, gagged them again, and had them

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Siegel



Wife: There—now you're my handsome hero! Let's have a big going-to-a-party smile!

Hubby: That *sounds* okay, but gee, Peg, I guess I'm just not the party type.



Wife: That, my pet, is a lot of nonsense. All you need is a little more of the old 'oomph.' You know—a little more *pep appeal!* You haven't been eating right lately; I'll bet you're not getting all your vitamins. And say, that gives me an idea. You pop down to the kitchen with me right now.



Wife: I just want you to taste *this!* It's KELLOGG'S PEP, a crunchy cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. What's more, it contains extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins—B₁ and D. You know what they say—vitamins for pep!

Hubby: Whoa! All that chatter, and hardly a word about how *good* it tastes! By golly, if getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I'll expect to be wearing a permanent party smile!

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INGRAM'S

SHAVING CREAM

dragged to opposite corners of the room. "All of us, everyone, must look for her. It is five o'clock, and although she has not time to go anywhere, we want her."

Dr. Goddard stared at Kamagoshi as his old friend passed him, but the Japanese gave no sign of recognition.

They are raving mad, thought Dr. Goddard. Then he looked at Bob, and it came to him that Bob's entire life should have been ahead and not ended. Mary was somewhere in the hills she knew so well, so much better than the Japanese; but what could the girl do? It was hours to a settlement. Nor did she dare run along the one road. *I must think of something,* Goddard felt.

He took in everything in the room, as if he might find some answer. Close by the alcove were the presents which the Japanese had given Bob just hours before, all to maintain the illusion of friendliness. A slow rage began to burn in Dr. Goddard as he saw them, bowls, lacquer, wallet, cigarette case, samurai death knife, porcelain dogs . . . and then, with the ropes cutting into him, he tried to move toward the alcove.

Ten minutes to move a foot, he thought bitterly as he made a useless violent lunge in place of the patient, painful way in which, squatted, bound, he had been edging toward the alcove. *They're certain to return before long.* But he nodded again to Bob, who was also inching his way nearer the alcove.

He was doing better. He was sure of it. Halfway, by George! His forehead was wet with sweat. Another six inches. A foot. A yard. Almost there! Bob was there already.

Then he could, had he bowed, touch the presents that had been placed near the alcove. Instead, he managed to turn so that his back was to them, and he was able to touch them with his fingers. The cigarette case. The wallet, the porcelain dogs for good luck. Ah . . . the knife.

As he took the slim bronze-and-silver haft in his fingers, he thought, *I can save a life again. My son's.* His hands were wet with perspiration; he took a deep breath, and then waggled the knife so Bob could figure what he intended to do.

When father and son were against each other, Dr. Goddard began to describe as large an arc with the blade as his constricted hands permitted.

The blade was taken from him; a single slash released his own hands as Bob cut away the rope. The two men, without hesitation, pushed open the nearest outer panel, stepped through, closed it behind them, and ran.

"You did it," Bob said. "You did it! Take it easier, Dad. We don't want to run into them. I'll bet," he said, exultation in his voice, "I know where Mary's hiding. Go along the ridge, the far side, until you reach the ravine—"

Dr. Goddard said, "You'll take the car?"

"No. Don't dare try." He seized the older man's hand. "Got a better way. Nice going, Dad. Take care of Mary."

He was gone, running low.

WHAT'S he up to, wondered Dr. Goddard; and then, as he lost sight of Bob in a thicket, he knew. And so as he took the course Bob had suggested, he kept his eyes on the aqueduct.

Once he hid behind a rock until two Japanese were out of sight; then he went ahead. He found the ravine, scrambled down to where there seemed to be a sheer drop, impassable, but with a handhold that, as Bob had said, allowed one to continue. He heard a voice say, "Bob?" and saw the shelf, the indentation.

"It's me," said Dr. Goddard. "You can put down that rock." He sat down; he was weak all over. "It's going to be all right," he said. "We got away. I . . .

there he is! See him? Climbing up to the aqueduct! Look!"

"Doesn't he know that they can see him?" whispered Mary.

"It may be safer than climbing it where it's lower," the doctor said. He stared at the slender wooden structure. The rocks of the gulch below it seemed suddenly to be terribly jagged; then, as Bob was a hundred feet up, the watching pair heard a shot, and another, and saw how the climbing figure clung tighter to the long upright. "If they've only revolvers," muttered Goddard, "they'll never hit him. He's climbing again . . . he's up!"

Now Bob wasn't to be seen, since he had reached the aqueduct's trough. There were more shots, more shouts, and then a huge silence.

Mary asked, "What does it mean, Doctor?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

They sat without speaking after that, and as the dawn changed to morning the sun slanted through the light clouds and turned Pearl Harbor's water to a sheet of silver and blue, with toy ships motionless on it.

"He must be almost there," Dr. Goddard said finally. "He—"

Mary asked, "What makes the red glow, Doctor? Down the ravine?"

Goddard saw it; he said briefly, "Comes from in back of us," and went to the edge of the rocky ledge to look up. On either side of the stone lantern of the tea house, on the ridge, a fierce yellowish red flare was burning, with the figures of the Japanese near it; but before Goddard could say a word, Mary was crying that she saw other red lights on the hill behind the harbor. . . .

Mary Hinman choked, "Oh, look, look!"

In that one look Goddard saw the gray battle fleet on the hyacinthine water, and the city, and the fields . . . and the planes. Ten. Fifty. A hundred. Black. With the emblem of the rising sun.

Black vultures. He saw them swoop and heard the horrible thuds; he saw "God," without irreverence as the flame swirled like the fingers of flow. "Damn them!" he cried. "Oh, damn them!"

He was unable to take his eyes from the horror; and then rising across it saw a two-tailed plane, nearer, su up. He shouted, "No, Bob! No! What can you do with an unarmed plane?" Up, higher and higher, the interceptor shot; now it was seen. Japa fighters peeled off from formation swooped at it, but the 380 swerved darted away at what was almost a right angle, and then streaked up toward true sun.

"He'll dive on them," whispered Mary. "I can't look."

Dr. Goddard said, "Yes. There be one less." Two less. A Japa plane. And Bob's.

THE two-tailed interceptor hovered. *It's about to dive,* thought Goddard. *We're watching, Bob. We who love you son.* As his hands balled to fists, he saw that the 380, instead, had turned toward, and saw why. Great bombs, American, unarmed as they winged Oahu, were approaching in a series of V's, unable to realize what was happening. Flying to destruction. To as the men below were dying because of treachery. The interceptor was turning toward them, to cause them to veer to turn, to roar to a safe landing elsewhere and, if the attack lasted long enough, to be supplied with bombs. The 380 must have been ordered to accompany them, for it slashed through sky above the bombers.

Mary was shaking. Her hands covered her face. Dr. Goddard lowered his eyes to savage destruction and the flare and the smoke, but his fists were clenched over his head. "We'll be back," he cried. "This is just the beginning! We'll be back!"



"No, lady, it wasn't made in Japan!"

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Rush Job

Continued from page 20

scowled. "Don't call me Jonesy," he said. "I don't like it!"

"Okay, Hank," said the Yardbird. "I didn't mean nothing. But we ain't got no rags, Jonesy."

Corporal Jones gave it a delayed take. "Out of rags?"

"Yes," said Mullins. "The sergeant checked out a bale this morning, and now he says he don't have none; and that Frog machinist, Dupont, is going nuts. You know how he is. He uses about twenty rags a day. And if you don't give 'em to him, he don't work. He goes on a sit-down strike just like he done now. He's nuts. . . . I asked the sarge to gimme some rags back; but he wouldn't."

Corporal Jones sighed. "How come you gave that rattlesnake a whole bale of rags, Yardbird?" he asked. "You know we got a shortage."

MULLINS ran a wild hand through his hair. He was caught between two authorities. "He asked me for a bale," he said. "You wouldn't want I should argue with him?"

"And now he says he's used them all?" asked Jones. "In one day?"

Yardbird nodded. "He says if you asked me how come, I was to say they's been a broken water main. He couldn't get a plumber and he put the bale over the main to keep it from flooding his floor." He eyed the corporal dubiously. "He says something else, too, Jonesy," he added, "but maybe it's better I don't tell you about that."

Corporal Jones set his teeth more firmly. "Go ahead. Tell me."

Mullins gave him a zany grin. "He said maybe it was better if you stuck your head in the main instead. He said maybe it would swell up and stop the leak. Ha! Ha! That's funny, ain't it?"

"Very!" said Corporal Jones. The plot, by now, was quite transparent. Briefly, it amounted to this: Everybody at the post knew that Dupont, the French machinist, was a cranky old coot who wouldn't work unless he had clean rags. Furthermore, Dupont was on some ticklish experimental work for Major Andrews, the chief of the engineering branch.

The following equation was dreadfully simple. If there were no rags for Dupont, Dupont would do no work. If Dupont did no work, the major would be acutely displeased. The major's displeasure would result in inquiry from the major as to why there were no rags. Which inquiry from the major would disclose that Corporal Jones had failed to order rags two weeks before, because of the press of more important things. Following the discovery of that fact, the major—piqued—would immediately cancel Corporal Jones' leave. . . . Very simple! thought Corporal Jones. Well worthy of a side-winding rattlesnake like Sergeant Wallace. Almost Japanese in its ingenuity. . . .

He gave Mullins a firm glance. "Listen," he said, "I want you should keep your mouth shut, Yardbird. I'm going to get the Frog some rags."

"Okay, Jonesy," said Yardbird. "I guess you better."

"Don't call me Jonesy!" said the corporal. "Now, hold down this phone a minute. I'll be right back."

AT GREAT risk of getting himself shot by the sentry, Corporal Jones rounded the corner of the bachelor non-coms' quarters, entered a window, and approached Sergeant Wallace's bed. With a swift jerk, he removed its lower sheet. Quickly he smoothed and re-

touched the top sheet, and rearranged the pillow.

Rapidly, then, he departed. Outside he paused long enough to tear the sheet into twenty squares of cloth, which crammed hastily inside his shirt. Then he made his way rapidly toward the machine shop. "That snake Wallace got me broke for this," he told himself. "I may even make the guardhouse destroying government property. The side-winding thus-and-so won't let out about it until after I've left for city. They can't take that away from me!"

Corporal Jones, of course, had had hundred-mile-distant Miss Louise Williams in his arms. Figuratively, that was still a keen babe, and they were dancing. Likewise, she felt soft around the edges. The game, he thought despite its enormity—was well worth the candle power.

In the machine shop, he found Dupont standing beside his lathe with his shirt folded. He was out of rags and on strike. He was a tall, cadaverous individual with a gift of speech, a dramatic sense, and a nasty temper. He was, in fact, old boor, with his boorishness founded on an overconsumption of California sweet wine. . . . He clung to his job only because he could do the work with metal and machine tools that other man on the post could make. Otherwise, certainly, someone long since would have tied a can to him. It was only because Corporal Jones was tactful and by instinct courteous to any older than himself, that Dupont considered him a friend. Jones was, in fact, only one in the plant who could do a thing with Dupont at all. Dupont, in other words, was a temperamental pain-in-the-neck. . . .

As the corporal approached, Dupont saw him, and his dour face broke into a grin. "Ah, ha, my friend!" he exclaimed. "And how are you today?"

"Okay," said Jones. "How are you doing?"

THE old Frenchman's face darkened and he threw out his hands in a dramatic gesture of futility. "With me is not so good. I have no rags. Not I go to the stock room, and they tell me there are no rags." He shrugged. "So," he concluded, "I cannot work. A situation impossible, *mon vieux*. Completely impossible!"

Jones gave him a confidential smile and drew the rags from his shirt. "How about these?" he asked.

The old man threw up his hands. "Zut!" he said. "You see? You can't give me rags! Always!" He placed his hand grandly on Jones' shoulder. "My boy," he stated solemnly, "you are a friend of the most true." He wiped his face with one of the fresh rags, and threw the other in the scrap box.

Jones shuddered, and turned to leave. "Well, see you Monday," he said.

"Monday," said Dupont, puzzled. "Third Echelon was on a seven-twenty-four-hour shift."

"I'm going up to the city tonight," Jones explained. "Got week-end leave and a date—with a girl. First date since the war started," he added.

Dupont assumed an air of the deepest gloom—like Barrymore playing Hamlet. "My boy," he said, "you have gotten me. What will I do for rags? He indicated the remains of Sergeant Wallace's sheet. "These you brought me will last only today. Tomorrow, I must work overtime, without rags that is clearly impossible. Jones cursed himself for having

opened his mouth. "I'll get you some more before I leave," he promised hastily.

Dupont smiled. He was completely satisfied. "Excellent!" he said. He turned magnificently toward his lathe. "And now," he concluded, "I must complete the experimental gear of the major. It is," he added proudly, "the men of skill like me who will, in the end, win the war."

When Corporal Jones got back to his office, he found Sergeant Wallace waiting for him there. The sergeant had a happy gleam in his eye. He handed Jones a stack of requisitions, half an inch thick. "Here's a few more orders for you," he said. "Clean 'em up before you go, Jonesy."

"Okay," said the corporal happily. "Anything for a pal, Sarge." He sat down at his typewriter, and commenced cheerfully to whistle, "I Got a Date Tonight with Lou!"

The sergeant frowned. "Cut that out!" he said irritably. . . . "By the way, somebody said the Frog was out of rags, and had gone on a sit-down. I told you last week that forgetting to order rags would get you in a jam—"

Jones gave him a smile. "It won't," he said. "The Frog's got plenty of rags. I—r—dug some up for him just now. He's working again."

"Dug some up?" Wallace was puzzled. "Where? I used the last bale in the plant this morning. I'd have sworn—"

"I promoted some," said Jones. He looked off into the distance with a pseudo-absent look. "I'm sure looking forward to seeing Louise tonight. What a babe! Too bad you can't come along, Sarge. Too bad!"

"Argh!" snarled Wallace. "I hope a cable car gets you!"

"Aw, Sarge," said Jones. "You wouldn't wish nothing like that." The phone rang, and he picked it up. "Yes, Sir!" he said. He handed the set to Wallace. "It's for you—Captain Riley."

Simultaneously, the siren of the crash wagon commenced to whine outside on the blinding white concrete apron. Jones went to the window. There was a sound of motors in the air; and, as he watched, a slim, long torpedo of a bi-motored interceptor-pursuit plane swept across the field, banked in a wide turn, and came in for its approach on the north runway. . . . The crash wagon, and an ambulance were tearing toward it across the shimmering asphalt.

For a moment, the unseasonable California mid-winter glare prevented Jones from determining what was wrong with the plane. Then he saw what was the matter. One of the ship's main landing wheels was jammed in the "Up" position.

"Jimminy!" he cried. His enmity temporarily forgotten, he turned hastily to call Wallace to the window. The sergeant, however, was still talking on the phone.

Jones turned back to the window. The ship was over the far end of the runway, coming in, with its flaps down, for a landing. Twenty feet from the ground—at eighty-five miles an hour—the pilot suddenly cut his switches, and the big, three-bladed propellers ceased to turn. He put a wing down, and the wheel that was down touched the ground and commenced to roll.

Then the right wing-tip scraped the asphalt. There was the shriek of metal and of a suddenly applied brake, and the ship ground-looped to the right, turned sideways on its castored nose-wheel, started to turn a somersault, changed its mind and slid to a grinding halt.

CORPORAL JONES leaned weakly against the window frame. He discovered that Sergeant Wallace was beside him. "Gosh!" he breathed. "What a landing that was!"

"Sure!" said the sergeant acidly. "Why not? That was Major Reynolds, the test pilot from Dayton. He's been flying for twenty years. . . . Oh, Jonesy," he said. His tones were dulcet, but somehow ominous. Jones glanced at him swiftly, and saw that he was smiling. It was a malicious smile. The corporal had a sudden feeling of horror. "What gives?" he asked.

"The captain wishes the corporal to remain on duty tonight," said Wallace, with mock formality. "That crate out there is the new X-YP-101. Frisco radioed the captain a little while ago that she couldn't get her right-hand wheel down, and that she was coming here to crack up. That way, they wouldn't have to send her in on a truck. G.H.Q. says she's got to be in Dayton Monday noon; and I'll be needing parts over the week end; and you got to stick around here and get 'em." He paused for emphasis; and a crowd of sheer triumph came into his voice. "Better send Louise a wire, Jonesy boy!"

Corporal Jones gulped. "You mean

QUIET! Bear being fed!



Growls if you say a word!

Are you like that—just because you've had a bad day? Snap out of it. Get this Fresh Start for what can be the Best Part of the Day. Either before or after dinner . . .



Lie back in an IVORY BATH

Slather gobs of Ivory lather from that big white floating cake into every joint. Massage your muscles with New Ivory Soap's quick soothing velvet suds. It's that faster, milder, more luxurious Ivory lather which puts an Ivory Bath in a class by itself! You soon feel carefree, rested, refreshed! A New Man . . . you step out . . .

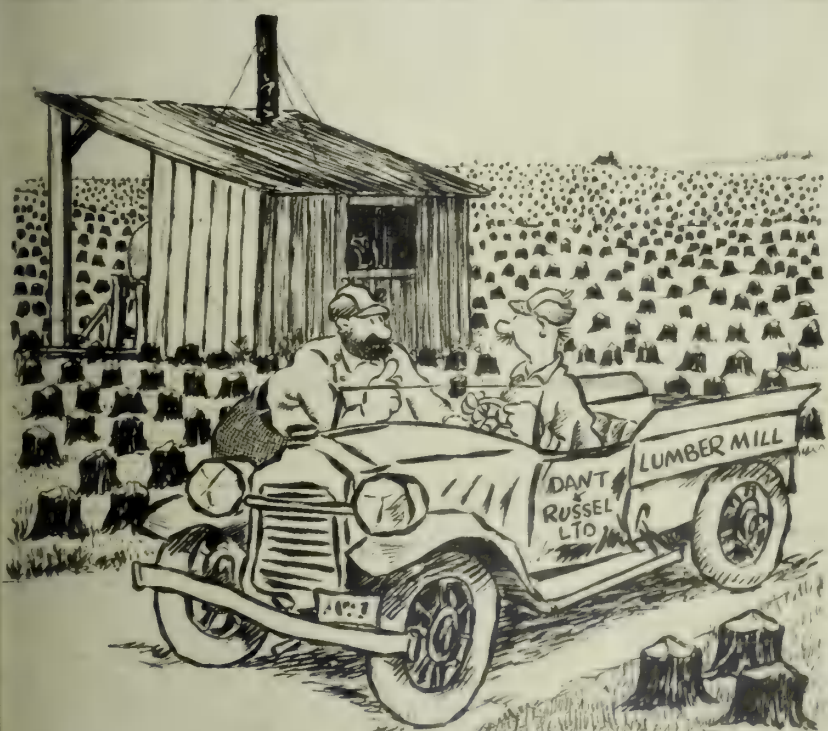


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A few hours of fun with family and friends can make evening the Best Part of your Day . . . after your Ivory Bath! That fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you clean and confident . . . with a happy new outlook on life. You owe it to yourself, your family, your job to get a Fresh Start frequently in a velvet-suds Ivory Bath!

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"... and don't forget to bring back some acorns!"

JAY IRVING

For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

"I can't go on my leave tonight?" he asked incredulously.

"That's just what I mean," said the sergeant blandly. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll just trot out there and take a look at the damages."

Dumbly, Jones watched him vanish through the door leading out onto the apron. The sergeant was whistling: "I Got a Date Tonight with Lou!"

Jones cut loose with a few choice adjectives, and waited for the sergeant to drop dead. The sergeant didn't; so after a few minutes, Corporal Jones proceeded bitterly to the Post Exchange pay phone, and put in a call for Miss Louise Williams. He explained to her just why he would be unable to keep his appointment with her that evening. It hurt him to do it, something hideous. But duty was duty.

Miss Williams was cold. Very cold. After she'd hung up, Corporal Jones relieved himself of a few more adjectives. In hell, at that moment, Sergeant Wallace wouldn't have stood the chances of a dropped snowball.

THE Thompson X-YP-101 (which meant, in code, Thompson Aircraft Company's Experimental Pursuit Interceptor, Model 101) was the latest thing. She was powered by two 2,000-h.p. radial engines, had a speed and rate of climb so fast that headquarters wouldn't release it, and was reputed to be the most heavily armed and armored ship of her type in the world. She was the first experimental model of her type, and as such had just been accepted by the Army for quantity production. She was now getting service tests to iron out the bugs in her, so that necessary changes in her structure could be made. They wanted more ships like her pretty badly, to help win the war.

When Jones got down to the special repairs section, the X-YP-101 was squatting in the center of the cement floor, propped up on handling dollies. Her damaged right wing was off, and mechanics were already tearing it down to see what parts had to be replaced; and her right propeller, with its bent blade, was being dismantled. . . . Major Reynolds, her pilot, Captain Riley and Sergeant Wallace were bending over a workbench, on which lay the right-hand landing-gear retracting cylinder. . . . As Corporal Jones came up, Captain Riley said, "Oh, there you are, Jones!" He was a short, slim man, who was ordinarily easy and pleasant in his manner; but now, Jones noted that he looked worried.

"We've a problem here, Corporal," he said. "This ship must be tested and ready to go out no later than Monday morning; and it's up to us to do the job."

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Jones. He waited.

"Ordinarily," continued the captain, "that would present no problem at all, but in this case—dealing with an experimental model ship—we're going to have some trouble. I'm depending on you, Corporal, to get all necessary replacement parts for us."

Jones said, "I'll do my best, sir." He took the paper, and glanced sidewise at Wallace, who was standing slightly behind the captain. Wallace had a fatuous smirk on his face, and was gazing innocently at the landing-gear cylinder on the workbench.

"I'd welcome this test under ordinary circumstances," continued the captain. "It's the sort of thing that will be happening frequently under combat conditions with, of course, this difference: On standard service equipment we would have replacement parts available, and we could even use interchangeable parts from other damaged ships. Here, we can't do that. This plane's the only one of her kind."

"Yes, sir," said Jones again.

"I've given orders to the message center that you have authority to handle any matters pertaining to this affair. I want a full set of blueprints for all parts on this list flown here today from Thompson in Los Angeles, by special plane. Wherever possible, they are to send us duplicate parts. They will also inform us by telephone if any parts on this list cannot be furnished. The propeller will be straightened and balanced in our own propeller shop, but all other parts are your responsibility. You will report directly to me. Any questions?"

"No, sir," said Corporal Jones.

Major Reynolds spoke for the first time: "I'd lay particular stress on this cracked casting, Captain. You're liable to have trouble there."

"Yes, sir," said Captain Riley. "You'll emphasize that casting, Jones. If Thompson hasn't a finished part, tell them to send along their spare casting. They always make an extra one on experimental work, and we'll have it machined up here."

Major Reynolds looked at the casting on the bench, and frowned. "It's a shame," he said. "This casting is practically identical with the one on Thompson's P-275! The P-275 is steel, of

"I see," said the captain. "Well, that's that." He turned to Jones. "You've got the setup, Corporal?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jones.

"Let me know immediately if you run into any difficulty."

"Yes, sir," said Jones. He saluted, and departed.

THE casting was what stopped them. Otherwise everything was fine. Jones determined by telephone that Thompson Aircraft had an extra set of formed, sheet-metal parts that could be used to repair the wing. But they didn't have a casting for the right-hand landing-gear retracting cylinder. . . . Yes, they'd had two blanks cast to begin with, but a machinist had ruined one on his first attempt to make the part. . . . Where was the die for the casting? . . . Why, it was in San Francisco, at the Alcast Company. . . .

Jones thanked them for the information, got their assurance that the parts would be on their way north within the hour—it was then 4:15 P. M.—and went back to report to the captain.

The casting was lying on the bench. . . . It was made of aluminum alloy, and was about four inches long, and three in diameter. It was in the shape of a cup;

followed them. The sergeant's eyes were glued on the rag in Dupont's hands. . . . Hastily, in the best military manner, he created a diversion. "The casting die is in San Francisco, sir," he said quickly. "At the Alcast Company. Couldn't we save time by having a couple of raw castings made up? With the Captain's permission, I could go down there tonight. They're on twenty-four-hour shift; and if they ran the casting tonight, I could have it here in the morning."

The captain snapped his fingers. "That's the answer, Corporal! Leave at once. You'll take a car from the pool. I'll phone Alcast's general manager myself and have them get started right away! You'll stay on them, and see the job is completed by morning."

"Yes, sir!" said Jones. He shot Sergeant Wallace a triumphant look. The sergeant glowered. . . .

But triumph was brief. The captain snapped his fingers again. "Wait a minute, Jones! I'd forgotten something. You're up on this office detail. I'll need you around when those parts and prints come in from the south. I'll have to send someone else. It'll have to be a good man, of course. Someone who can make certain we get the right castings and who'll push the job through for us. Can you suggest anyone?"

Sergeant Wallace gave a discreditable cough. "Sir, I could go. I won't be needed here until we start to install the propeller and landing gear. The civilian night foreman can handle the rest of the job, sir."

THE captain raised an eyebrow at him. "It seems to me there're a lot of people around here who are very anxious to get to the city tonight. However go ahead, Jones, let me know the minute that ship gets in from L.A."

They left Jones there, with his teeth clenched, muttering imprecations about Sergeant Wallace's forebears. . . . He had completely forgotten Dupont when the Frenchman said, "Of what great importance is this casting, *mon ami*?"

Jones told him.

"Ah!" said Dupont. "*Quel dommage*! And because of this accident, you do not get to see your girl tonight?"

"That's right," said Jones. "I do not get to see my girl."

"Ho, ho!" said Dupont. "I begin to understand. This Wallace knows your girl also?"

"Yeah," said Jones, savagely. "He knows her!"

"And tonight, perhaps, while he is waiting for the casting—?"

"Yeah," said Jones, even more savagely. "Tonight while he's waiting for the casting, he'll be dancing with her."

The Frenchman gave a lugubrious sigh. "It is life," he said dramatically. "It plays many tricks with those who are in love." He shrugged. "But, no matter, my boy. Be of good heart. Perhaps we can do something." He cocked his head at Jones. "You have not forgotten you promised to bring me more rags?"

Corporal Jones did not answer. He went rapidly away from there, with Dupont calling after him. "Eh! Jones! Jones! Come back! I have something to say!" Jones didn't come back.

THE transport from the south got in at seven P. M. It carried a set of sheet-metal repair parts for the X-YP's wing and a blueprint of the cracked cylinder casting. Corporal Jones supervised the unloading and had Yardbird put the parts on a parts truck for transportation to the special repairs floor. Then he phoned Captain Riley.

The captain's voice sounded glum. Jones knew why. The wing repair at the propeller were in the bag. The casting, though, was something else. Even with Sergeant Wallace's raw casting work from, it would take five or six



course, and this one's aluminum alloy, but otherwise there's little difference between them. Unfortunately, the P-275 casting is about one-eighth inch longer. Just enough so that the head of it won't clear the landing gear support bulkhead in the wing."

"Couldn't we turn down the flange of the steel casting one-eighth inch, sir?" inquired the captain. "We've plenty of them in stock. It would fit, then; and chrome moly steel has so much greater strength that I'd think it would more than compensate for the material we took off. After all, this flange on the aluminum alloy casting isn't a great deal over a quarter-inch thick."

THE major laughed and shook his head. "You'd think that, wouldn't you? But it won't work. The two materials are entirely different in quality. The steel's much stronger, as you say. There wouldn't be any actual failure, because it doesn't crack like aluminum alloy. But that's just the reason it won't work. Chrome moly is flexible. When you pulled the flange up tight with the hold-down bolts, it would give slightly, and you'd have ripples all the way around it. It would leak oil. It requires the full quarter-inch thickness to get a tight joint. . . . No, Captain, we can't do that. No more than we can take a chance on welding the crack in the aluminum alloy casting."

and had a quarter-inch flange at its bottom, with recessed holes for twelve retention bolts. In its top was another threaded hole from which the hydraulic line led into the retracting strut. Altogether, thought Jones, one of the fanciest little gadgets he'd ever beheld.

"If the Captain will permit a suggestion, sir," he said politely, "perhaps the Frenchman could make one of these out of bar stock."

"H'm!" said the captain. "Good idea—let's go see!"

Dupont was standing surlily by his lathe with his arms folded.

The captain handed him the cracked casting. "How long would it take you to hog one of these out of bar stock?"

The Frenchman held the casting up. Sensing the drama of the moment, he examined the piece of metal carefully from all angles for a matter of two minutes—meanwhile pursing his lips and frowning, and occasionally saying, "Ah!" . . . Finally, he laid the casting on his workbench and wiped his hands on a fresh piece of cloth.

"Twenty-four hours," he said with dignity. "Thirty-six. Perhaps more. Who knows? It is a work of the most difficult, *M'sieu!*" He turned his back on the captain, pulled the lathe-cutter off his work, and wiped his hands again.

Jones had a sudden horrible thought, and shot a look at Sergeant Wallace. He was suddenly sorry the sergeant had

Know your M's



1. This is a M-----



2. This is a M-----



3. This is M-----



4. This is a M-----



5. This is a M-----



6. This is M----- & M-----

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mandolin*; 2, *Meteor*; 3, *Mistletoe*; 4, *Marten*; 5, *Monarch*; 6, *Mattingly & Moore*, the whiskey that's mellow and milder than many much more costly brands.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore*.

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... for *M & M* is probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

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Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore



Defeat and until America
is the most powerful nation
in the air, our safety, our
freedom, and our livelihood
lying well and again be what
they have been in the past.

Chas. Lindbergh



YES—COMBAT TIRES! Even an anti-tank gun won't put these Goodyear combat tires out of action. They're used on military vehicles.





It puts the finger on U-boats *...fathoms deep!*

In this nation's battle for the freedom of the seas, no ship performs a more unique and vital duty than the non-rigid airship—the familiar Goodyear “blimp.” Its specialty is spotting submarines and mines.

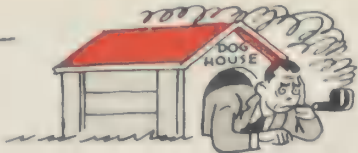
The blimp's great advantage is that it can fly slow enough to see a raider lurking as deep as 90 feet below the sea; then hover motionless to drop its depth charges with bull's-eye certainty.

Today the Navy is operating new squadrons of Goodyear-built blimps over our sea lanes and in shore patrol. These new air scouts are the largest ever built. They can cruise for thousands of miles, stay aloft for days without refueling—their gasoline consumption is so low.

Our ability to produce these ships quickly and in larger size than ever before is due to Goodyear's years of pioneering in *all* branches of aeronautics. Since the last war proved the effectiveness of blimps in shore patrol, Goodyear built, maintained and operated its own fleet of airships—to be in readiness for just such an emergency as confronts the nation today.

Similarly in many new products we are now building to speed victory, ranging from bomber wings to combat tires for military vehicles, we are pioneering new advances in construction and design that will benefit the public when times return to normal. Goodyear is building for tomorrow—today!





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—but Salesman Sam is out of the dog house now!



"GIVE YOU AN ORDER? Don't make me choke! I wouldn't trust a man who smokes such devilish tobacco! The only order I'll give you is: Take that stinky pipe out of here fast!"



WHAM WENT THE DOOR! "Was the old dear cross with you?" smiled the sweet young thing at the desk. "Cross? Say, he darn near threw both telephones at me and my favorite pipe!"



"YOUR PIPE GOT HIM, EH? Then why don't you try some of his brand? He makes me keep a big supply of Sir Walter on hand. He swears it's the best-smelling tobacco you can buy."



SCENT MAKES DOLLARS! Sam switched to this mild blend of burleys and the orders began to bloom! Does your pipe make friends for you? Try Sir Walter for a big success!

KEEP OUT OF THE
DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER



New!
Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

Tune in...UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE

ON THE AIR EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT OVER THE COAST-TO-COAST NBC RED NETWORK

hours of machine work to make a finished part. And after that, it would take several hours more to inspect it, and give it anticorrosion pickling and paint. . . . Which meant that the captain could not expect to have a finished part until Sunday morning. Too late to have the ship tested and ready to fly Monday. The ship, therefore, could not possibly be ready to leave for Dayton until early in the afternoon—six hours later than G.H.Q. wanted her. . . .

"I have the casting print right here, sir," said the corporal. "Would the Captain wish to see it?"

"No," said Riley. "I wouldn't give a hang if I never saw any part of that ship again. Take it down to Dupont. And make arrangements with the personnel office to have him in on overtime tomorrow morning at seven."

"At seven, sir?" asked Corporal Jones. "Did the Captain know he was working overtime tonight for Major Andrews?"

"No," said Captain Riley, resignedly. "The Captain didn't, but I'll get hold of the major and make arrangements for the man to go home at ten o'clock. By the way, Jones, you'll have to stay on deck tonight. I'd like to have you relieved, but I've no one to replace you. Catch what sleep you can in the office. And if Wallace should get back before morning let me know immediately."

"Yes, sir," said Jones.

When the captain had hung up, Jones sighed, picked up the blueprint of the casting, and spread it out on the desk. He regarded it with extreme disfavor. "A lousy eighth of an inch," he told himself. "Otherwise, I'd be in Frisco." He had a very vivid vision of Miss Williams held in the enthusiastic arms of Sergeant Wallace while they danced at the Chinese Gardens, and he forthwith said a few more unprintables about the sergeant's antecedents. He was in the midst of this when Yardbird Mullins appeared.

"What do you want?" said Jones.

Private Mullins looked disturbed. "Listen," he said. "I know you're sore, but—it's Dupont."

"What about him?" asked Jones.

"He wants to see you," said Yardbird.

Corporal Jones' language reached a pitch of high frenzy. Yardbird listened with admiration. "Just the same," he said, when Jones had finished, "I think you better see him. He's talking maybe worse than you. In French. But he told me, in English, he ain't gonna do another thing till he does see you."

JONES got up from the desk, folded the blueprint, and went down to the machine shop. Dupont was standing beside his lathe. His arms were folded. Quite obviously, he was on strike again. When he saw Jones, however, his face broke into a smile.

"At last, you have come!" he said with drama.

"Yeah," said Jones. "What do you want?"

"Moi?" said Dupont. He threw his hands at the roof. "If it were not youth, I would not be so patient. Ah, youth and love!"

"What do you want?" said Corporal Jones grimly. "Listen, I've had just about all I can—"

The Frenchman gave a shrug. It was a fine shrug. It expressed futility. "My boy!" he said. "It is only that I am attempting to help. This casting . . . for a moment I became enraged. That, of course, is because of the captain. The captain was not polite. So I told myself, 'Jean, we will say no more.' Ah, but then, I am thinking about you, and your girl. Then I say, 'Jean, such a thing cannot be allowed to occur.'"

"What are you talking about?" asked Jones.

"What am I talking about? It is I have the solution to the casting." I turned to his workbench, opened a drawer, and pulled out a piece of metal. He showed it to Jones.

Jones recognized it. It was one of chrome moly castings that fitted on P-275. "So what?" he asked.

The Frenchman was bidding his time. There was a holy look in his eyes. "on," Jones said.

"It is because of the rags," said Dupont. "Myself, I am an old man. you, you are young. When I hear you are to have a night with your girl, I am glad, for it is only you who bring me the rags. Then comes the captain and for a little moment, I—I am myself. But behold, my boy—I have done it for you! The top of this casting non? You see?"

Jones looked at the casting. In an ordinarily smooth surface of it, there was a dimple. As if a giant thumb had been pushed into it. The dimple was about half an inch deep, and it was precisely the spot that the P-275 casting would contact the support structure of the wing. For a moment, he didn't understand. Then he smiled. He looked at Dupont. The Frenchman was smiling too.

"Why, you old son of a gun!" said Jones. "You mean this thing will fit X-YP?"

"My boy," said Dupont, with great dignity, "I guarantee it with my life. His brow clouded. "But the rags—I will not forget the rags?"

Jones grinned. "You're gonna have rags, Frenchy, if I personally have to buy you a bolt of pink satin. . . ."

CAPTAIN RILEY was asleep. His feet were propped up on his desk and his mouth was open. Jones touched him on the shoulder. The captain woke up.

"It's Jones, sir," said Jones. Hastily he added, "I've got a casting here that will work, sir."

The captain was instantly awake. "Where did you get it?"

"Sir, Frenchy—I mean, Dupont made it for me. Sir, the Captain remember that the major said this afternoon that chrome moly was flexible. Frenchy—I mean Dupont—took a hammer and made a dent in it. It'll do the support fitting now, sir."

Captain Riley looked at the casting. He said, "Splendid!" He handed the casting back to Jones. "Get Wallace back to me. Right away. Have him in this in the ship."

"Sir," said Corporal Jones, "the sergeant is in San Francisco."

"I forgot," said the captain. "So is!"

"Sir," said Corporal Jones, "if I were to give me permission, I believe I could locate him down there. Suggest that the captain detail a plane to fly to San Francisco, to bring the sergeant back."

Captain Riley looked at him for a moment, then he said: "We'll do just that, Jones." He laughed. "I believe I state earlier this evening that there were quite a number of people around here who seem to be in an almighty hurry to get down to the city. You, however, seem to have earned it. Be out on the airport in ten minutes. You'll send Sergeant Wallace back. I'll have a ship ready for you."

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Jones. The war was looking up.

"And," added the captain, "be darn sure you're back here by Tuesday morning. . . . By the way, is she a blonde, Corporal?"

"Yes, sir!" said Corporal Jones. He was thinking, "I'll have just time to get down to Wallace's quarters. My friend Dupont will need that other sheet of the week end."

The Way Back

Continued from page 18

life. He thought Jane hated it in equal hate, and he felt ashamed she looked at him and smiled and as if it were really all right and just she wanted.

"I'll advertise in the local papers," he said. "I'll see about that first thing morning. And there's his license collar. We'll get him back."

"I'll see about that first thing morning. And there's his license collar. We'll get him back," she said. She smiled again. "I'll see about that first thing morning. And there's his license collar. We'll get him back."

"I'll see about that first thing morning. And there's his license collar. We'll get him back," she said. So they had a sandwich sitting at an oilcloth-covered table in a room thick with the smell of the cooking oil stored in one corner.

The dog missed them because he had the highway. He had come to a narrow wagon road went off through the tall trees. He stopped, sniffing the air, indecisive, wondering. Then the dog came again, clear, indubitable. He followed the road up a hill and there was a meadow with a brook. He drank of the clear water for a time. Then he took to the road and followed it at a steady, enervating trot, along the edge of a ravine. Once more the road dipped and he was in another, smaller valley, freed from the winds. He wanted to go on, but another order came—he must rest and be strong for the morning. It was dark and late. He went into the brush, turned about a half-dozen times and lay down, his muzzle snug between his forepaws, his body bent in a semicircle. He had his back to a tree, and he slept.

The morning he felt hunger for the time. He drank from a pool, then he looked about for food. He nibbled berries and spat them out. He saw a rabbit and pursued and lost it. He turned to the road and trotted on.

That night, Taylor didn't sleep, though the bed was comfortable enough. He lay, wanting to move and not moving, as not to disturb her. He knew she was doing the same thing—not moving, just lying still, controlling her nerves for his sake.

He thought it all through again—because there was nothing else to think of, not because it could possibly be good. And again for the thousandth time he came to the same inevitable conclusion: He was through. He was

broke. And there was nothing left for him.

He remembered the talk with Claridge. The long office with the hand-carved desk, the view of the river where the shipyards were now working twenty-four hours a day, the air of opulence and money. He had made the trip for this, spending money he could not afford, and he had been sorry for it as soon as he had entered the office, before a word had been spoken. Claridge, in his fine flannel suit, standing up and smiling, his hand outstretched—and in his eyes the certain question.

Taylor remembered with shame the first thing he had said: "How are you, Jack? I'll come to the point—I'm one of the boys the war boom seems to have passed by. The truth is, between those priorities and what's happened to the foreign markets, I'm squeezed thin as paper." He had been very hearty about it, as if it were quite a joke—a harsh joke, but a joke, nevertheless. And Claridge had smiled too; Taylor had known at once what that smile meant. He wondered, now, how many times he had heard similar stories before.

It was no longer possible to lie in bed, and he got up. Jane turned at once, looking at him with eyes which had no brightness at all. She said, "I don't see how people can sleep outside of their own beds. I never could."

"I'm the same way." He thought that it was almost as if two casual acquaintances were talking.

He dressed and sat in a chair while she made coffee on the stove that had one dead burner. The coffee tasted good; he drank two and a half cups of it steaming hot, and then the pot was empty.

"About Jinx," he said then, "I can find out from this fellow here what papers to advertise in. I can telephone them."

Her eyes were completely expressionless when she looked at him now. He knew precisely what she felt. The loss of the dog was the greatest thing in their lives. It was something neither of them could talk about. It had taken on a cruel symbolism, out of all reason to its real importance. They had to get the dog back.

He made the calls, telling each paper that he was mailing the money for the ads. He knew while he was doing this that it was useless; all but one of the papers were weeklies, which would not publish for days. But it had to be done.

When he returned to the cabin she was ready, the bags packed. "We might go to Olneyville and back again," he said. "Before we go on. Just in case."

"We should do that," she said.

Going out to the car she put her hand



and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping—
Replace Worn Engine Bearings!



WHEN YOUR CAR pumps oil, don't split the overhaul job and do just half of it—because new piston rings alone can't cure motor-fouling oil waste caused by worn connecting rod bearings.

Worn connecting rod bearings let excess oil flood the cylinders and combustion chambers, fouling the best of new piston rings with carbon, fouling the spark plugs and valves, too, so that the engine demands more and more gas and oil to operate. Soon the worn bearings also lose their protective oil cushion, make metal-to-metal contact with the crankshaft and collapse, causing even more costly damage.

Your car has to last for the duration—help it give you peak performance, help the national war on waste by eliminating wasteful oil pumping. Have the engine overhauled right and do it right now—replace those worn bearings with a set of Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy for the long run!

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Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!



REPLACE WITH GENUINE
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Anti-aircraft guns, mortars, gun mounts, gun carriers are but a few defense units equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts. Federal-Mogul's expanded factories are on 24-hour production of bearings and precision parts for planes, tanks, boats, trucks, motorcycles, for defense—and bearings to service the millions of automobiles carrying armament workers and materials to their jobs!



April Fool

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FIGHT? All I said was, "Hey, Bud, I'm lookin' fer a LIGHT!"

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!

SO—for long car life—BE SURE YOU...

SOUND YOUR Z!

PENNZOIL

More than 700 different brands are listed as "Pennsylvania oil." So when you want top-notch PennZoil motor oil and lubricants, it pays to avoid being misunderstood.

No doubt, you're already taking two precautions to protect your car—having it serviced more regularly, and

driving more thoughtfully. Neither of these measures, however, is fully effective without the protection of highest quality lubricants.

So let's add a third precaution... Next time you need oil or lubricants, stop at the yellow PennZoil oval sign, and be sure you sound your "Z"!



HOW TO FIND YOUR NEAREST DEALER
Just call the number listed under PennZoil in your phone book, give your address, and ask for the name of convenient dealers.



Be Oil-wise
Sound your "Z"

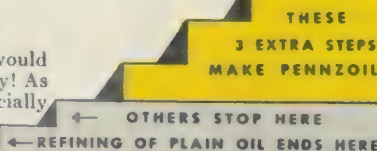


2 1/3 Million Cars Junked Yearly!*

Engineers say that up to 80% of these cars would have lasted years longer if lubricated properly! As the chart on the right shows, PennZoil is specially refined. It resists sludge and engine-varnish—protects vital parts with a tough, long-lasting film. Let PennZoil help your car live longer!

*10-year average

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



on his arm. "That offer Mr. Claridge made you, Don—it might be—"

She stopped in midsentence of her own accord. They had been over this before. He didn't answer. What it amounted to was a clerkship. Claridge had been very kind. Too kind. "It's this way, Bob. You've got to learn. After all, it's a new kind of business to you. In this job you'll get an idea of all the phases of it. Find out what you're best adapted for. And in time—well, there's no telling what might turn up. If you were ready."

He smiled. He was forty-five years old. In middle age. It was that phrase—"in time"—how much time? How much? He had been his own boss almost all his life, and he had made good money. And now—

He put the bags in the car. He slid in behind the wheel and started the motor, watching for the temperature gauge to show that it was warming up. He knew what the end would probably be. What it had to be.

THE dog had lost all sense of time. He did not know how many times he had slept hidden in brush by a roadside, or how many times he had sought for food—usually in garbage dumps. He was aware that now the character of the country was changing. The trees were smaller and fewer, their branches thick with dust. The sun's heat was intense. And the ground was no longer soft and cool and yielding. It was hot and dry and sandy, and it hurt his pads.

He no longer hid when cars went by. He had no energy to waste. He trotted on, looking to neither side. Occasionally cars stopped and people called to him. He paid them no attention unless they approached. Then he dodged away and always they left him alone.

At last the trees were behind him. He was in a flat country where the air was thin and clear, and the heat was still increasing. There was no vegetable life save for small gray bushes, scattered in clumps at wide intervals. The dog's tongue lolled out of his mouth and he felt hunger and thirst. Then the hunger was forgotten and there was only the desire for water. Even the hurt of his pads was forgotten, so great was his longing for water.

The dog's breathing was raucous when he came to the house with the high, peaked roof and the long, covered porch. He approached it slowly, sniffing the air for the miraculous scent of water.

A small boy came from the house. He ran toward the dog. The dog stood his ground, growling low in his throat. The boy stopped and cried, "Mother—dog!"

A woman appeared then and the dog eyed her, the hair on his back standing straight up. The woman said, "Don't go near him, Bill." And then, "He's thirsty. Terribly thirsty."

She went back into the house and the dog waited. When she returned she carried a pan of water. She put it on the ground and withdrew a dozen steps.

The dog drank his fill, watching them. When he was done his hunger came back. He lifted his head and looked at her.

"He's hungry, too," the woman said.

Again the dog waited. This time she brought him a plate of food—bread crusts, cooked vegetables, even some meat. He ate it all. And now his hunger and his thirst were ended and he felt deeply the pain in his pads.

The woman approached him slowly. She held out her hand. He liked her smell. It was a good smell, a kind and friendly smell. He knew that if he stayed he would be given a place to sleep. And tomorrow more food and all the water he wanted.

"Here, boy," the woman said gently.

But the dog looked at her once, then turned and trotted off. The woman did

not call after him. He looked back as he reached the road again. She was standing watching him, the boy by his side.

THE Taylors had been home days now and it had been five since they had lost Jinx. At least of the papers in which they had advertised had been published, but there had been no word.

They did not speak of the dog more. Taylor had gathered up the bare evidences of him—the hard ball, the other leash, the ancient rowbones—and put them out of sight.

Taylor sat at his desk, looking over a pile of meaningless mail—advertisements, letters from relatives, and, most astonishing and ironic of all, an offer from an old business associate he had not seen for years, a man he would be interested in a deal in British Columbia—"We will keep this in only a few hands—some men who will put up ten thousand apiece. Of course, it's completely speculative, but the engineer's report is immensely encouraging and—"

Once, he thought, he would have felt that.

Jane came in and sat on the bed and asked for a cigarette. She looked neat and well dressed and tired. "You written Mr. Claridge?"

He shook his head. "Not yet. There's no great hurry—he told me that tomorrow, maybe."

He stood up then and said, "Jane—yes?"

"The point is, when you hate a man when you know you aren't up to it, when you know you're going to flop—" He stopped short. "I guess you're old as I am you haven't got guts any more. You haven't got what it takes. It's just too terribly hard rather clerk in a department store—there's no chance of ever being anything else, no faint hope of rising to something better to prey on your mind... stopped again."

She was looking at him and there was something in her eyes that made him turn quickly away. A question—a question—a wonder? It could be a question, or none.

He said, "I'm sorry and all that—that's the way it is."

"I know," she said. Now even the ticking of the clock was loud and pleasant in his ears.

THE dog had left the desert behind. He had ended suddenly—there had been the eternal plains of sand, cactus bunch grass; then, an hour later, coolness and the shelter of the firm. He went very slowly now. His pads were raw and even when he licked them it did little good. His coat was dirty and matted, and his flanks were thin. The dog went his way with head down, wanting to stop, to surrender completely to weariness, the strange thing inside him still and it drove him on.

It had been a day and a night since he had eaten anything at all, and a day since he had drunk water.

He looked up when the car stopped and a man's voice called to him. He stood hesitating, watching the door of the car open and the man step out. He wanted to go to him. There would be water. And after that there would be food. There would be rest and his hands would tend his pads. He returned to the full now his dependence on people. All of them were powerful. Most of them were good.

The man's voice was kind and he went toward him slowly, hand outstretched. Suddenly the man turned and fled. He put a hundred yards between himself and the road, crouched against the ground. Soon

rd he heard the car drive off. He lay
re a long time, and now he felt only
eliness. It went even beyond thirst,
yond hunger, beyond pain. They
uld have cared for him. There would
ve been food and water and the touch
gentle hands. Only, it was not pos-
le for him.

The dog rose and it was a minute be-
e he felt strong enough to go on. He
ted down the lines of trees to the
hway and turned west.

OR the second time, Taylor read the
letter. He had shown it to Jane; he
1 waited for her opinion. She had said
thing. All she had done was read it
1 put it down.

le read between the lines. Claridge
s trying so hard to be kind and pleas-
and encouraging: "I know it will be
ittle tough at first, but in my opin-
a man with your experience and
is could—"

Claridge was trying to buck him up.
had, of course, read his mind. He
1 seen through the flimsy camouflage.
y man of reasonable astuteness,
aylor knew, could have done that. He
1 been almost as transparent as a
tch crystal. A man who was desper-
and frightened, trying to be non-
ulant. He looked back upon it and
pised himself.

ane had left the room. He heard her
he kitchen, preparing lunch. He had
answer Claridge, of course. After all,
t had been mighty decent. He had
tten first when he didn't have to,
en the obligation and the duty were
the other way. And there was only
e answer. Taylor had, at least, to be
rest. It was almost the last luxury
had left. He couldn't accept. As for
future—well, there were always jobs
a sort.

He leaned back in the chair and closed
his eyes. He opened them suddenly—he
1 heard the soft sound of a dog's feet
entering the room. But the room was
empty.

He closed his eyes again, and now
he could not rid himself of the pic-
ture of Jinx. They had trained them-
selves not to speak of him and, in theory,
not to think of him. That, too, they had
told themselves, was a closed episode.
Et now, in his mind, he saw the dog
with all the clarity and color of life.

JINX stood on the hilltop, looking down.
His muzzle quivered as he drank in
the scents that were both new and old.
Again the country had changed—there
were fields where the earth was deep and
fragrant, broken by stands of fir. The
dog remembered. He stood trembling,
while his mind went back along the eight
eternal years of his life. He knew that
it was all here, in the scents borne by
the small wind, but the details were not
plain. He knew he had been often in a
country like this, but the how and the
why of it escaped him. The dog stood
still a long time drinking in the air.

He had found water and his thirst was
satisfied. He had found some food, but
not enough. His coat was staring and the
dog stood out stark against it. Long
since he had taken for granted the great
pain that began in his pads and ran
through his body—taken it for a thing
inevitable and certain, for which nothing
could be done. When he licked his pads
his tongue always tasted blood, and now
he took that for granted, too.

The dog lay down for a little while.
Then he rose and shook himself. He
went to a small stream and drank again.
He drank more than he wanted, storing
the water up against emergency. For the
hundredth time he returned to the high-
way and turned west. The thing inside
him, that drove him on, had lost none
of its power. And now in this new coun-
try that was old, the dog went faster. . .
Taylor tore the letter up. He

dropped the pieces into the waste-
basket. He walked up and down the
room and smoked a cigarette that had
no taste, and sat down at the desk again.
It should be such an easy letter to write,
he thought. He would say he wished
matters might be otherwise, and he
would politely refuse. A very simple
letter. . .

It was then he heard it—the scratch
on the door. And that was no doubt
imagination, too, like the time he had
thought he had heard a dog's feet on
the rug. He heard Jane leaving the
kitchen and going down the hallway.

It wasn't imagination, then. Prob-
ably some very diffident caller. Or
maybe even a dog that had lost its way
and had turned in desperation to a door,
any door. He hoped Jinx had done that.
And had found a good home. It was
sentimental and silly, of course, but he
felt it deeply.

He heard the latch click as Jane
opened the door. Then her voice, high-
pitched: "Don! It's Jinx!"

HE WAS on his feet then, running. And
he was on his knees, his arm under
the dog, half lifting him. There were red
smears on the light hall carpet, and there
was the touch of the dog's lank tongue
on his hand. There were the staring coat
and the pitifully thin flanks. And there
was more than that—the sight and
knowledge of the dog's courage, the
dog's determination.

"Good fellow, Jinx—good, good fellow
—why, he's starved, Jane! Get him some
food—wait a minute, we'll have to feed
him slowly at first. He's almost done
in!" Always the dog's eyes looking at
him, bright and grateful and happy, the
whites bloodshot.

He needed bathing and brushing, but
that would wait. They fed him and gave
him water and he ate and drank. Be-
tween each mouthful he lifted his head
and looked at both of them. It was as if
he wanted to be certain again and again
that they were really there.

They didn't talk until the dog was
lying in his usual spot before the fire-
place. Taylor sat down, feeling uneasy,
and played with a cigarette he never
lighted. He said, "It's the strangest thing
I ever heard of. He came almost a
thousand miles. And some of that's the
toughest on the continent. No water,
nothing to eat—you can drive fifty miles
without seeing a house in places. At his
age. He's eight years old."

"At his age," she said. It was very
quiet in the room.

He looked at her and she was smiling
faintly. He smiled, too, and it was all
fixed now, and it had been the only thing
to do from the beginning but he had been
too blind and stupid to see it. It was
clear and at the same time confused in
detail, but there were no two ways about
it. It was bound up with a dog's courage
and stubbornness and with the knowl-
edge that beings of flesh and blood could
at times do more than it was possible to
do. And it was something more than
that still, but he hadn't quite figured it
out in his mind.

Jane said, "Have you written Mr.
Claridge?"

He looked her straight in the eyes and
thought that this was the first time in
weeks he had been able to do that. He
said, "I'll do it tonight and mail it in
the morning. You can start packing
whenever you want."

He stood up and went toward the desk.
He leaned down and ran his hands gently
over the dog's long, relaxed body. Jinx
opened his eyes and stared up at him
and his tail thumped the floor. Taylor
went to the desk and got paper out
of the drawer and unscrewed the cap
from his fountain pen. He wrote, quickly
and firmly: "Dear Jack." There wasn't
any problem at all about what to say.
The letter seemed to write itself.



April showers awaken flowers . . .
but Briggs' choice golden tobaccos
sleep on undisturbed
in fragrant casks of oak,
season after season, until all harshness
turns to bite-free mellowness.

Briggs is cask-mellowed for years
. . . (longer than many luxury-priced
blends) . . . to create a miracle
of rare flavor . . .
a supreme pipe treat
for only 15¢
a tin.



CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

BOWL ON THE SAME CHAMPIONSHIP EQUIPMENT USED AT THE A.B.C.!

Over 30,000 stars—the pick of America's 16,000,000 bowlers—gather at Columbus, Ohio, to compete for over \$250,000.00 in prizes at the 42nd Annual Tournament of the American Bowling Congress. They will again roll on Brunswick Centennial Equipment—the championship equipment used at A.B.C. International Tournaments for over 40 years.



NATIONAL MATCH GAME CHAMPION, NED DAY, holder of the record A.B.C. ten-year average of 204.23, takes you on a personally conducted tour of the A.B.C. equipment on which the championships will be decided.



"This new, streamlined Brunswick Centennial Masking Unit," says Ned, "hides the pin boy from view, eliminates the distracting background. Brilliant, glareless illumination spotlights the famous Brunswick King Pins for championship accuracy."



"... the Brunswick precision pinsetter, fastest and most accurate ever designed, assures maximum pleasure and tournament scores because bowling is more rapid and pins are faultlessly spotted."



Columbus, Ohio, March 3—The opening squad roll their first ball in the 42nd Annual A.B.C. Tournament before a crowd of 2500 bowling enthusiasts and officials.

You Too


CAN ENJOY GREATER BOWLING PLEASURE ON BRUNSWICK Centennial EQUIPMENT

As you read these words, the 42nd National Tournament of the American Bowling Congress—world's greatest bowling event—is in thunderous action. Thousands of bowling balls propelled by thousands of sturdy American arms are writing bowling history.

The equipment used in this great annual event is the famous new Centennial—Brunswick, of course—as the A.B.C. National Tournament choice has been for over 40 years. It isn't equipment built better for this one special event. It isn't something that only tournament bowlers can enjoy. Every day,

bowlers in all sections of the country are bowling on the same fine Brunswick championship equipment—designed by bowlers for bowlers.

Stop in at your nearest Brunswick Centennial establishment tonight. Enjoy its new comfort, new convenience, new colorful streamlined beauty. Have more fun and bowl better scores where pins are rapidly and accurately set, where you and your fellow bowlers can relax comfortably between frames. And you'll have the satisfaction of howling on the same equipment chosen for the world's most important championship competition.

★ ★ ★ LOOK FOR THE RED  CROWN WHEN YOU BOWL



"... The new Brunswick Octagonal seating arrangement provides convenience, privacy and comfort for that all-important relaxation between frames."



"... and here is the new Safe-T Ball Return—latest 1942 innovation completing the over-all beauty and design of new Brunswick championship installations. Select the finest when you bowl."

HALE AMERICA



Join the Hale America Bowling League. Get in touch with league secretary to find out how you can actively participate in the Physical Program of the United States Civilian Defense Administration.

Our Fighting Men

SALT LAKE ARMY AIR BASE. The War Department thought maybe a combination parachutist and skier would make a practical soldier, but the question was whether he could be supplied and could function effectively in snow-covered mountain country. After going through a 60-day experimental period (ending March 1st) in the Wasatch Mountains near here with a parachute outfit, Detachment Commander Capt. A. F. Giam reported the idea a success. Infantrymen who had originally volunteered for the never-dull parachute service made good guinea pigs; they started from scratch and were all for trying anything. Mostly Southerners, many saw snow for the first time, yet spent days in it and even bivouacked a few nights at 10,000 feet with the mercury reading minus 50°. Only paraskiers who ever had feet were those who neglected to keep their boots in their sleeping bags at night. In the morning they resembled concrete galoshes.

After learning to ski, all made sky jumps except those in the hospital with fractures and sprains. Paraskiers don't carry their skis down with them. These are ski repair materials, weapons, rations, extra clothing and other stuff, attached to brightly colored chutes, are shoved out of the ship first. The soldiers follow, guiding their descent so they'll land near the equipment. In the high altitude they found they fell faster and experienced more difficulty in controlling the chutes, but landing in deep snow was pretty soft compared to the bare ground of the parachute school. The paraskier's pack isn't standard yet, although they know they can carry up to 80 pounds, including a pair of small snowshoes for reaching their equipment after they plunk down into three to six feet of snow. It's up to the air support to hurl sleeping bags, gasoline stoves and short-wave radios from the air after the boys have landed. The ski-sky troops wear reversible uniforms, white on one side for snow camouflage and o.d. on the other for work in forested terrain.

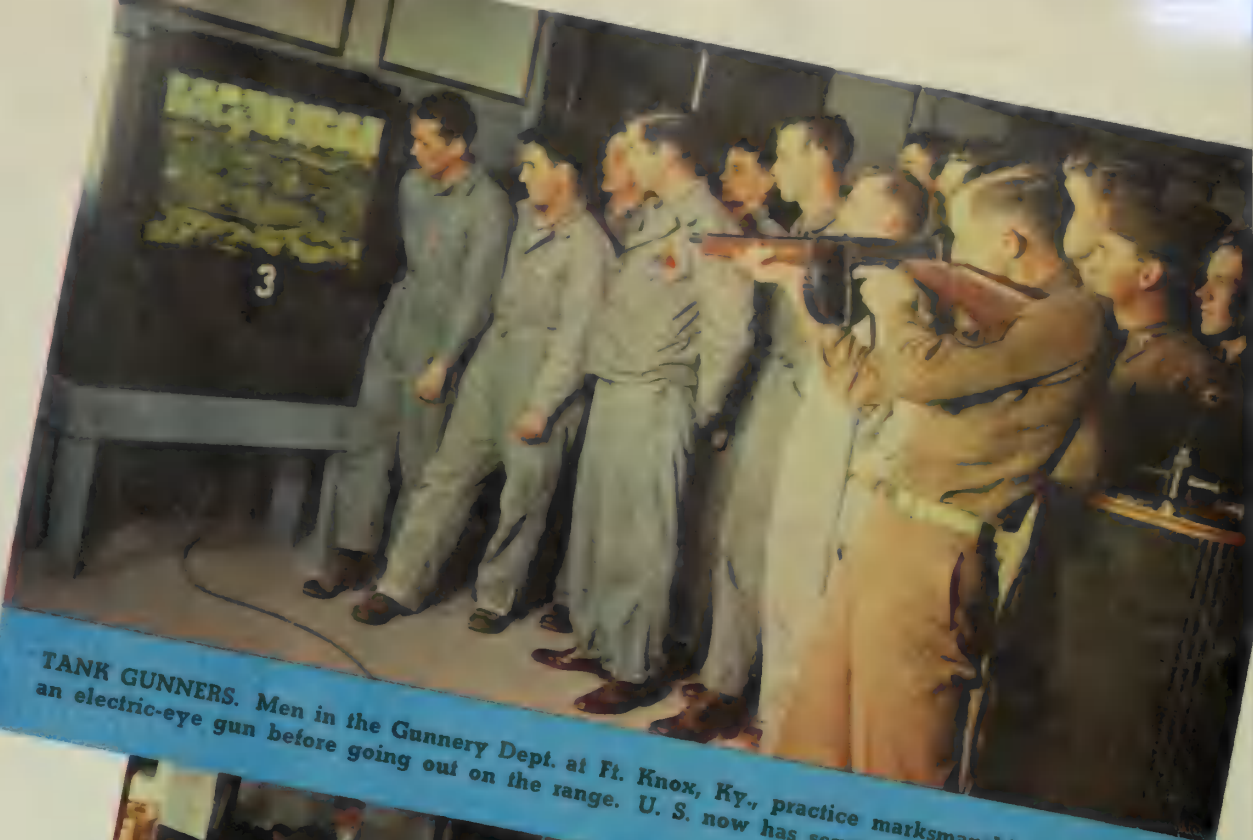
Like any Army bunch tackling something new the flying snowbirds cooked up a dish of slang so they wouldn't have to call a ski a ski. "Torture boards" they called them. Spilling by running into a frozen ski tracks was "Hitting the switch." Instead of using the regular term "Track" for "Clear the way," the boys yelled "Timber-r-r-r!" And when a soldier slipped in a cloud of snow his pals yelled "Powder div." If the guy answered "Let 'er buck," the medical detachment was told not to bother hauling out the stretcher this time.

COWEN FIELD, Idaho. Purpose of the Screwball Inventors club here is to foster little ideas for getting the pants off the enemy. Staff Sgt. Clayton Sprungman became eligible with his plan for a submarine which couldn't be spotted from the air and Sgt. Alva Knowles made the grade by whipping up a ship-saving device consisting of big tanks of compressed helium which would inflate a balloon and all but make a dirigible out of a torpedoed boat. We trust the Navy won't object to our spilling this.

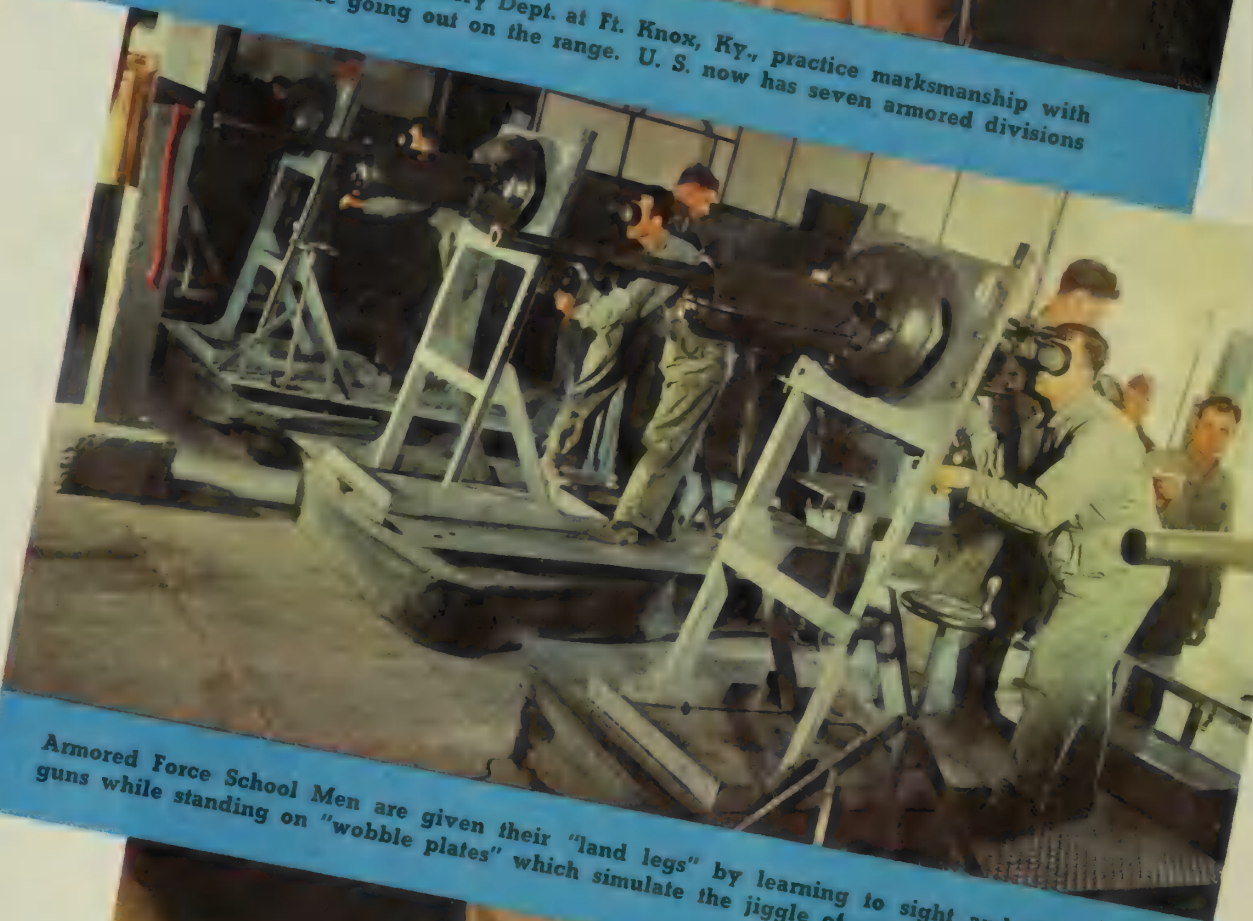
WOLD-CHAMBERLAIN FIELD, Minnesota. Personnel of the Naval Reserve Aviation base here would like to arrange a three-way huddle between its officers, Walt Disney and the weatherman, because . . .

When Disney was asked to design an insignia for the station he took stock of the geographical factors. "They're Navy fliers," mused the maestro of the mouse, "yet they've been set down about as far from an ocean as they could be and still be in the United States. And they're up North where their ships will have to land on skis in winter." Having reasoned this Mr. Disney gave out with a penguin, soaring through the air on skis and wearing a little white air hat. The future Navy fliers were very pleased indeed. Then the weatherman fell down on them. All winter the ground was bare more than half the time, and what snow fell wasn't deep enough to interfere with ships on wheels; so the only place Mr. Penguin got frosty all season was around his picture on the sides of glasses in the Officers' Mess and Ward Room.

(Continued on page 64)



TANK GUNNERS. Men in the Gunnery Dept. at Ft. Knox, Ky., practice marksmanship with an electric-eye gun before going out on the range. U. S. now has seven armored divisions



Armored Force School Men are given their "land legs" by learning to sight and fire guns while standing on "wobble plates" which simulate the jiggle of a tank in motion



The Gunnery Dept. practices economy in target shooting by loading 37-m.m. shells (\$4.35) with .22-cal. cartridges (less than a cent each)



The old lady stood looking at her with almost affectionate interest. "Do you not wonder how I came here?" Elaine asked

China Gold

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

ONLY and restless following the death of her mother—"the richest woman in the world"—Elaine Brian secretly leaves New York City and goes to China. There, in the Japanese-held city of Ta-ming, she finds peace in assisting a priest—Father Valerian, her mother's one-time dearest friend—in his mission and hospital labors.

Two men are in love with her: Young Larch Corpran, whom she had met by chance in New York, and Father Valerian's aide, Rudolf Helgel. A third man—Elton Field, an American who lives in Shanghai—hopes to marry her for her money. His advances repelled, he thinks he may win her by trickery. So he sends her father, Paul Brian, a cablegram in which he says that Elaine is in peril and should be forced to return to America.

In New York, Brian receives the cablegram, reads it. After which, he persuades Larch Corpran to go to China for the purpose of finding Elaine and bringing her home. He tells Corpran that Elton Field will meet him in Hong Kong, take him to Ta-ming. . . . Meanwhile, Field's Eurasian mistress—Helen Kung, whom he had cast aside after meeting Elaine—has gone to Ta-ming and opened a "house of amusement." One of her girl entertainers, Mei-su, is the sister of a young Chinese guerrilla leader, Captain Siao, who, advised by Rudolf Helgel, is preparing to attack Ta-ming. Mei-su tells Helen Kung, to whom she is devoted, what Helgel and her brother are up to.

The Eurasian woman now has Helgel in her power. She proceeds to make use of him. . . . A Japanese captain visits Helen's establish-

ment, Mei-su plies him with strong wine and asks him questions. Becoming intoxicated, the captain raves about "fighting the Americans." Finally he mumbles, "We will bomb their ships—in the harbor." But, try as she will, Mei-su cannot induce him to name the harbor.

Informed by Mei-su of what the Japanese had told her, Helen wonders what she should do. She can come to no decision. . . . Early the next morning, Li-hua, her manservant, awakens her. He says, "Your big-man (meaning Elton Field) has come back. This time he has brought with him a young man—an American."

Helen gets out of bed, she washes her face in rose water, she brushes her long black hair. And all the while she is making her plans carefully.

IX

IN THE clinic Elaine looked up from a woman whose arm she was bandaging. It was one of the curious wounds that people came with these days to the hospital. She had tried by signs and by her few words of Chinese to discover what it was that had torn a gutter in a woman's soft upper arm and had left a strip of flesh hanging from the shoulder. But she had not been able to discover. She had even asked Chen, but he had only grunted. Whether he knew or not he would not tell. He had stood watching her put on the bandage

and then he had told her that Rudolf wanted to see her.

"Where is he?" Elaine asked.

"He is in the drug room, making up disinfectant."

She laughed. "He loves that job," she said. The mild affection she felt for Rudolf was warm in her voice. "I think he loves to make war at least on germs. He is still a soldier."

Chen did not laugh but she was used to his gravity, and after the woman's arm was bandaged and she had been told to come back tomorrow, Elaine went toward the drug room. There Rudolf was, a coarse white apron wrapped around his sturdy body. He was measuring liquids carefully, his lips pursed, his face red with effort. When he saw her he put down his beaker.

"Chen said you wanted me," she said.

"So I do," he replied. "Come in, please—and leave the door open, else all the Chinese will think I am making love to you."

She smiled at that and left the door open. But he did not smile even at his own little joke. Instead he stood with his back to the table where he had been working and looked upon her as she

sat down on a window sill opposite him. Outside that window she could see the flat roofs of Ta-ming and beyond the mud-colored plain, gray with coming winter. The brilliant green that stayed late through the autumn had disappeared overnight. There had been intervening autumn between green and winter gray. She would have been cold if she had not put on the sheepskin jacket that the Chinese women now wore underneath their outer robes. Over her sheepskin she had put a plain dark red silk.

"You are the only white woman I ever saw who looked well in Chinese garments," Rudolf said.

She turned her face toward him and smiled. "Is that what you wanted to know?"

But still he would not smile and when she saw that gravity she asked outright, "What is the matter with you, Rudolf?" "I want you to go away," he said thickly.

She was amazed and cried out in amazement: "Why, Rudolf—what do you—why do you—"

"It is not safe for you here," he said. (Continued on page 59)

"Gee whiz, Mr. Jessup, a DOUBLE-DECKER!"



Billy's age, in Billy's shoes, you'd be excited. His nickel is buying *twice* the amount of ice cream he expected.

You can see and smile at Billy's double-decker. There's another kind of double-decker you *can't* see, though you enjoy it every month.

Is in your electric bill—the fact that the average amount of household electricity is only about half of what it was 5 years ago.

"Wait a minute!" you say. "If the rates have been reduced that much, why hasn't my bill been cut in half?"

The answer is, of course, that you use more electricity than you used to.

While the price of electricity was going down, you were adding useful new electric appliances.

Right now, for a nickel a day, about $\frac{1}{3}$ of all American families light their homes, play their radios, run their vacuum cleaners.

For two nickels a day, about $\frac{2}{3}$ of all American families operate lights, radio, cleaner, toaster, percolator, clocks and washer.

That makes the electric nickel just about the biggest double-decker in the world!

How was it done? By good business management of the nation's electric companies. By the same planned production of power that today is turning the wheels that turn out the guns to keep America *free!*

THIS PAGE IS SPONSORED BY

57 ELECTRIC COMPANIES*

ALL PRODUCING POWER FOR AMERICA UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. *NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

Moving Finger

Continued from page 16

Hard of Hearing

find new
confidence
with this new
HEARING AID



Here's why...

This new Western Electric vacuum tube Audiphone has relieved thousands of users from the tiring nervous tension of straining to hear. By helping them to hear easily, it enables them to *live fully*—to face these trying times with renewed energy and courage.

Features you'll like

Users are enthusiastic about the Ortho-
tronic Audiphone's clear, natural tonal quality—made possible by the revolutionary "Stabilized Feedback" circuit. They find they can understand speech easily even in noisy places by use of the Tone Discriminator—that the Audiphone is easy to regulate, easy to wear.

An audiometric test enables the Audiphone dealer to recommend the model best suited to your needs—either the Ortho-
tronic vacuum tube type or the Ortho-
technic carbon type. Dealers in principal cities afford you nation-wide service when away from home.

Hearing is Believing!

Hear for yourself how much the Audiphone can help you. Look under "Hearing Aids" in the Classified section of your Telephone Directory for your local Western Electric Audiphone dealer's name and address—or mail the coupon.

Western Electric
AUDIPHONES
by the makers of BELL TELEPHONES

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC COMPANY C-67
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada: Northern Electric Co., Ltd., Montreal—
in all other countries: Western Electric Export Corp.,
20 Vandam St., New York.)

Please send booklet "Your Key to Hearing Happiness" and name of nearest Audiphone dealer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

had the usual feeling of surprise, because Mrs. Dane Calthrop's progress resembled coursing more than walking, thus according with her startling resemblance to a greyhound, and as her eyes were always fixed on the distant horizon you felt sure that her real objective was about a mile and a half away.

"Oh!" she said. "Mr. Burton!"

She said it rather triumphantly, as someone might who had solved a particularly clever puzzle. I admitted that I was Mr. Burton and Mrs. Dane Calthrop stopped focusing on the horizon and seemed to be trying to focus on me instead.

"Now what," she said, "did I want to see you about?"

I could not help her there. She stood frowning, deeply perplexed. "Something rather nasty," she said.

"I'm sorry about that," I said, startled.

"Ah," cried Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "Anonymous letters! What's this story you've brought down here about anonymous letters?"

"I didn't bring it," I said, "it was here already."

"Nobody got any until you came, though," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop accusingly.

"But they did, Mrs. Dane Calthrop. The trouble had already started."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "I don't like that."

SHE stood there, her eyes absent and far away again. She said:

"I can't help feeling it's all wrong. We're not like that here. Envy, of course, and malice, and all the mean spiteful little sins—but I didn't think there was anyone who would do that. No, I really didn't. And it distresses me, you see, because I ought to know."

"Why ought you to know?" I said.

"I usually do. I've always felt that's my function. Dane preaches good sound doctrine and administers the sacraments. That's a duty of the clergy, but if you admit marriage at all for a cleric then I think his wife's duty is to know what people are feeling and thinking, even if she can't do anything about it. And I haven't the least idea whose mind is—"

She broke off, adding absently, "They are such silly letters, too."

"Have you—er—had any yourself?"

I was a little diffident of asking, but Mrs. Dane Calthrop replied perfectly naturally, her eyes opening a little wider:

"Oh, yes, two—no, three. I forget exactly what they said. Something very silly about Dane and the schoolmistress, I think. Quite absurd, because Dane has absolutely no taste for flirtation. He never has had. So lucky, being a clergyman."

"Quite," I said, "oh, quite."

"Dane would have been a saint," said Mrs. Calthrop, "if he hadn't been just a little too intellectual."

I did not feel qualified to answer this criticism, and anyway Mrs. Dane Calthrop went on, leaping back from her husband to the letters in rather a puzzling way:

"There are so many things the letters might say, but don't. That's what is so curious."

"I should hardly have thought they erred on the side of restraint," I said bitterly.

"But they don't seem to know anything. None of the real things," Mrs. Dane Calthrop said.

"You mean?"

Those fine vague eyes met mine.

"Well, of course. There's plenty of

wrongdoing here—any amount of shameful secrets. Why doesn't the writer use those?" She paused and then asked abruptly, "What did they say in your letter?"

"They suggested that my sister wasn't my sister."

"And she is?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop asked the question with unembarrassed friendly interest.

"Certainly Joanna is my sister," I answered.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop nodded her head. "That just shows you what I mean. I dare say there are other things—"

Her clear uninterested eyes looked at me thoughtfully, and I suddenly understood why Lymstock was afraid of Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

In everybody's life there are hidden chapters which they hope may never be known. I felt that Mrs. Dane Calthrop knew them.

For once in my life, I was positively delighted when Aimée Griffith's hearty voice boomed out:

"Hullo, Maud. Glad I've just caught you. I want to suggest an alteration of date for the Sale of Work. Morning, Mr. Burton."

She went on:

"I must just pop into the grocer's and leave my order, then I'll come along to the Institute if that suits you."

"Yes, yes, that will do quite well," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

Aimée Griffith went into the International Stores.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said, "Poor thing."

I was puzzled. Surely she could not be pitying Aimée!

She went on, however: "You know, Mr. Burton, I'm rather afraid—"

"About this letter business?"

"Yes, you see it means—it must mean—" She paused, lost in thought, her eyes screwed up. Then she said slowly, as one who solves a problem, "Blind hatred... yes, blind hatred. But even a blind man might stab to the

heart by pure chance. . . . And v would happen then, Mr. Burton?"

We were to know that before another day had passed.

PARTRIDGE, who enjoys calan came into Joanna's room at an hour the following morning, and told with considerable relish that Mrs. Symington had committed suicide on preceding afternoon.

Joanna, who had been lost in the of sleep, sat up in bed shocked awake.

"Oh, Partridge, how awful!"

"Awful it is, Miss. It's wicked taking your own life. Not but what was drove to it, poor soul."

Joanna had an inkling of the then. She felt rather sick.

"Not—?" Her eyes questioned Partridge and Partridge nodded.

"That's right, Miss. One of the nasty letters."

"How beastly," said Joanna. "absolutely beastly! All the same, I see why she should kill herself letter like that."

"Looks as though what was in letter was true, Miss."

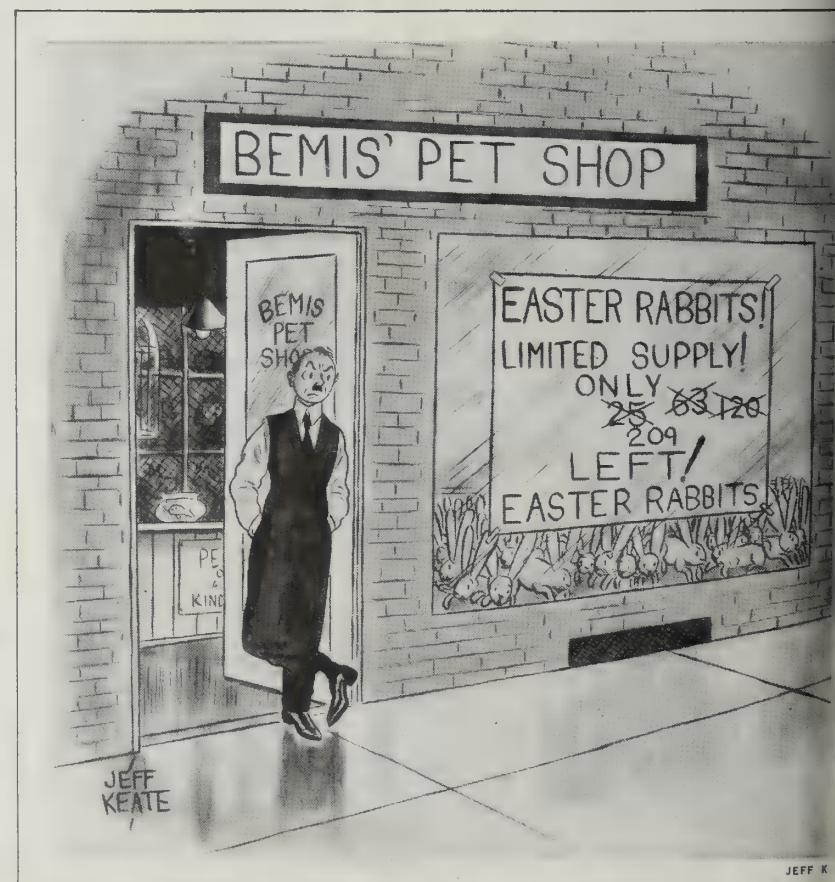
"What was in it?"

But that, Partridge either couldn't wouldn't say. Joanna came in to looking white and shocked. It seemed worse, somehow, that Mrs. Symington was not the kind of person you associated with tragedy.

Joanna suggested that we might Megan to come to us for a day or Elsie Holland, she said, would be right with the children, but was the of person who would, almost certainly drive Megan half mad.

I agreed. I could imagine Elsie land uttering platitudes after platitudes and suggesting innumerable cups of A kindly creature but not the right son for Megan.

We drove down to the Symington house after breakfast. We were of us a little nervous. Our arrival looked like sheer ghoulish curiosity. Luckily we met Owen Griffith just



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it. He greeted me with warmth. "Hello, Burton, I'm glad to see you. What I was afraid would happen or later has happened. A damn-business!"

"Good morning, Dr. Griffith," said Joanna, using the voice she keeps for her deaf aunts.

Griffith started and flushed. "Oh—good morning, Miss Burton." "I thought perhaps," said Joanna, "you didn't see me."

Then Griffith got redder still. His eyes enveloped him like a mantle. "I—I'm so sorry—preoccupied—I didn't."

Joanna went on mercilessly:

"After all, I am life-size."

"Merely kit-cat," I said in a stern tone to her. Then I went on:

"My sister and I, Griffith, wondered whether it would be a good thing if the time and stopped with us for a day or so. What do you think? I don't want to butt in—but it must be rather in for the poor child. How would Symmington feel about it, do you think?"

Griffith turned the idea over in his mind for a moment or two.

"I think it would be an excellent idea," he said at last. "She's a queer, unusual sort of girl, and it would be good for her to get away from the whole thing."

Holland is doing wonders—she's got a excellent head on her shoulders, but she really has quite enough to do with her own children and Symmington himself.

He's quite broken up—bewildered. "I was"—I hesitated—"suicide?"

Griffith nodded.

"Oh, yes. No question of accident. She wrote 'I can't go on,' on a scrap of paper. The letter must have come by yesterday afternoon's post. The envelope was down on the floor by her chair and the letter itself was screwed up into a ball and thrown into the fireplace."

"What did—"

I stopped, rather horrified at myself. "I beg your pardon," I said.

Griffith gave a quick, unhappy smile. "You needn't mind asking. That letter will have to be read at the inquest."

No getting out of it, more's the pity. It was the usual kind of thing—couched in the same foul style. The specific accusation was that the second boy, Colin, was not Symmington's child.

"Do you think that was true?" I exclaimed incredulously.

Griffith shrugged his shoulders.

"I've no means of forming a judgment. I've only been here five years. As far as I've ever seen, the Symmingtons were a placid, happy couple devoted to each other and their children. It's true that the boy doesn't particularly resemble his parents—he's got bright red hair, for one thing—but a child often throws back in appearance to a grandfather or grandmother."

"That lack of resemblance might have been what prompted the particular accusation. A foul and quite uncalled-for blow, at a venture."

"But it happened to hit the bull's-eye," said Joanna. "After all, she wouldn't have killed herself otherwise, would she?"

Griffith said doubtfully:

"I'm not quite sure. She's been ailing in health for some time—neurotic, hysterical. I've been treating her for a nervous condition. It's possible, I think, that the shock of receiving such a letter, couched in those terms, may have induced such a state of panic and despondency that she may have decided to take her life. She may have worked herself up to feel that her husband might not believe her if she denied the story, and the general shame and disgust might have worked upon her so powerfully as to unbalance her judgment temporarily."

"Suicide while of unsound mind," said Joanna.

"Exactly. I shall be quite justified, I think, in putting forward that point of view at the inquest."

Joanna and I went on into the house. The front door was open and it seemed easier than ringing the bell, especially as we heard Elsie Holland's voice inside.

She was talking to Mr. Symmington who, huddled in a chair, was looking completely dazed.

"No, but really, Mr. Symmington, you must take something. You haven't had any breakfast, not what I call a proper breakfast, and nothing to eat last night, and what with the shock and all, you'll be getting ill yourself, and you'll need all your strength. The doctor said so before he left."

Symmington said in a toneless voice, "You're very kind, Miss Holland, but—"

"A nice cup of hot tea," said Elsie Holland, thrusting the beverage on him firmly.

Personally I should have given the poor devil a stiff whisky-and-soda. He looked as though he needed it. However, he accepted the tea, and looking up at Elsie Holland, said:

"I can't thank you for all you've done and are doing, Miss Holland. You've been perfectly splendid."

The girl flushed and looked pleased.

"It's nice of you to say that, Mr. Symmington. You must let me do all I can to help. Don't worry about the children—I'll see to them, and I've got the servants calmed down, and if there's anything I can do, letter-writing or telephoning, don't hesitate to ask me."

"You're very kind," Symmington said again.

ELSIE HOLLAND, turning, caught sight of us and came hurrying out into the hall.

"Isn't it terrible?" she said in a hushed whisper.

I thought, as I looked at her, that she was really a very nice girl. Kind, competent, practical in an emergency. Her magnificent blue eyes were just faintly rimmed with pink, showing that she had been soft-hearted enough to shed tears for her employer's death.

"Can we speak to you a minute?" asked Joanna. "We don't want to disturb Mr. Symmington."

Elsie Holland nodded comprehendingly and led the way into the dining room on the other side of the hall.

"It's been awful for him," she said. "Such a shock. Who ever would have thought a thing like this could happen? But of course, I do realize now that she had been queer for some time. Awfully nervous and weepy. I thought it was her health, though Dr. Griffith always said there was nothing really wrong with her. But she was snappy and irritable and some days you wouldn't know just how to take her."

"What we really came for," said Joanna, "was to know whether we could have Megan for a few days—that is, if she'd like to come."

Elsie Holland looked surprised.

"Megan?" she said doubtfully. "I don't know, I'm sure. I mean, it's ever



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so kind of you, but she's such a queer girl. One never knows what she's going to say or feel about things."

Joanna said rather vaguely, "We thought it might be a help, perhaps."

"Oh, well, as far as that goes, it would. I mean, I've got the boys to look after (they're with cook just now) and poor Mr. Symmington—he really needs looking after as much as anyone, and such a lot to do and see to. I really haven't had time to say much to Megan. I think she's upstairs in the old nursery at the top of the house. She seems to want to get away from everyone. I don't know if—"

Joanna gave me the faintest of looks. I slipped quickly out of the room and upstairs.

THE old nursery was at the top of the house. I opened the door and went in. The room downstairs had given on to the garden behind and the blinds had not been down there. But in this room which faced the road they were decorously drawn down.

Through a dim gray gloom I saw Megan. She was crouching on a divan set against the far wall, and I was reminded at once of some terrified animal, hiding. She looked petrified with fear.

"Megan," I said.

She stared at me, but she did not move, and her expression did not alter.

"Megan," I said again. "Joanna and I have come to ask you if you would like to come and stay with us for a little."

Her voice came hollowly out of the dim twilight:

"Stay with you? In your house?"

"Yes."

"You mean, you'll take me away from here?"

"Yes, my dear."

Suddenly she began to shake all over. It was frightening and very moving.

"Oh, do take me away! Please do. It's so awful, being here, and feeling so wicked."

I came over to her and her hands fastened on my coat sleeve.

"I'm an awful coward. I didn't know what a coward I was."

"It's all right, funny face," I said. "These things are a bit shattering. Come along."

"Can we go at once? Without waiting a minute?"

"Well, you'll have to put a few things together, I suppose."

"What sort of things? Why?"

"My dear girl," I said. "We can provide you with a bed and a bath and the rest of it, but I'm darned if I'll lend you my toothbrush."

She gave a very faint weak little laugh.

"I see. I think I'm stupid today. You mustn't mind. I'll go and pack some things. You—you won't go away? You'll wait for me?"

"I'll be on the mat."

"Thank you. Thank you very much. I'm sorry I'm so stupid. But you see it's rather dreadful when your mother dies."

"I know," I said.

I gave her a friendly pat on the back and she flashed me a grateful look and disappeared into a bedroom. I went on downstairs.

"I found Megan," I said. "She's coming."

"Oh, now, that is a good thing," exclaimed Elsie Holland. "It will take her out of herself. She's rather a nervy girl, you know. Difficult. It will be a great relief to feel I haven't got her on my mind as well as everything else. It's very kind of you, Miss Burton. I hope she won't be a nuisance. Oh, dear, there's the telephone. I must go and answer it. Mr. Symmington isn't fit."

She hurried out of the room.

Joanna said, "Quite the ministering angel!"

"You said that rather nastily," I observed. "She's a nice, kind girl, and obviously most capable."

"Most. And she knows it."

"This is unworthy of you, Joanna," I said.

"Meaning: Why shouldn't the girl do her stuff?"

"Exactly."

"I never can stand seeing people pleased with themselves," said Joanna. "It arouses all my worst instincts. How did you find Megan?"

"Crouching in a darkened room looking rather like a stricken gazelle."

"Poor kid. She was quite willing to come?"

"She leaped at it."

A series of thuds out in the hall announced the descent of Megan and her suitcase. I went out and took it from her.

Joanna, behind me, said urgently, "Come on. I've already refused some nice hot tea twice."

WE WENT out to the car. It annoyed me that Joanna had to sling the suitcase in. I could get along with one stick now, but I couldn't do any athletic feats.

"Get in," I said to Megan.

She got in, I followed her. Joanna started the car and we drove off.

We got to Little Furze and went into the drawing room.

Megan dropped into a chair and burst into tears. She cried with the hearty fervor of a child—bawled, I think, is the right word. I left the room in search of a remedy. Joanna stood by, feeling rather helpless, I think.

Presently I heard Megan say in a thick choked voice, "I'm sorry for doing this. It seems idiotic."

Joanna said kindly, "Not at all. Have another handkerchief."

I gather she supplied the necessary article. I re-entered the room and handed Megan a brimming glass.



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"What is it?"
 "cocktail," I said.
 "Is it? Is it really?" Megan's tears
 instantly dried. "I've never drunk
 cocktail."
 "Everything has to have a beginning,"
 I said.
 Megan sipped her drink gingerly, then
 a smiling smile spread over her face,
 she tilted her head back and gulped it
 down at a draught.
 "So lovely," she said. "Can I have
 another?"
 "Yes," I said.
 "Why not?"
 "About ten minutes you'll prob-
 ably know."
 "All right," I said.
 Megan transferred her attention to
 me.
 "I really am awfully sorry for having
 had such a nuisance of myself, how-
 ever, I like that. I can't think why. It
 was awfully silly when I'm so glad
 to be here."
 "That's all right," said Joanna. "We're
 pleased to have you."
 "You can't be really. It's just kind-
 ness on your part. But I am grateful."
 "Please don't be grateful," said Jo-
 nna. "It will embarrass me. You're our
 friend and we're glad to have you here.
 That's all there is to it. . . ."
 She took Megan upstairs to unpack.
 P. Tridge came in, looking sour, and
 said he had made two cup custards for
 her and what should she do about it?

His inquest was held three days later.
 The time of Mrs. Symmington's death
 was put at between three and four
 o'clock. She was alone in the house,
 Symmington was at his office, the maids
 were having their day out, Elsie Hol-
 land and the children were out walking
 and Megan had gone for a bicycle ride.
 The letter must have come by the
 afternoon post. Mrs. Symmington must
 have taken it out of the box, read it—
 then in a state of agitation she had
 gone to the potting shed, fetched some
 cyanide kept there for taking
 out nests, dissolved it in water and
 drank it after writing those last agitated
 words. "I can't go on. . . ."
 Dr. Griffith gave medical evidence
 and pressed the view he had outlined to
 Mrs. Symmington's nervous con-
 dition and poor stamina. The coroner
 was suave and discreet. He spoke with
 the condemnation of people who
 do those despicable things, anony-
 mous letters. Whoever had written that
 kind and lying letter was morally
 guilty of murder, he said. He hoped the
 law would soon discover the culprit
 and take action against him or her. Such
 a cowardly and malicious piece of spite
 deserved to be punished with the utmost
 of the law. Directed by him, the
 jury brought in the inevitable verdict:
 "Megan Symmington died while tempo-
 rarily insane."
 The coroner had done his best—Owen
 Griffith also, but afterward, jammed
 in the crowd of eager village women, I
 saw the same hateful sibilant whis-
 pering begun to know so well: "No
 smoke without fire, that's what I say!"
 "It's been something in it for cer-
 tainly. She wouldn't never have done
 otherwise. . . ."
 For a moment I hated Lymstock
 and its narrow boundaries, and its gos-
 sipy whispering women.
 Beside, Aimée Griffith said with a
 shrug.
 "Well, that's over. Bad luck on Dick
 Symmington, its all having to come out.
 Whether he'd ever had any sus-
 picious."
 I was startled.
 "But surely you heard him say most
 emphatically that there wasn't a word
 of truth in that lying letter?"
 "Of course he said so. Quite right. A
 man got to stick up for his wife. Dick
 Symmington." She paused and then explained:

"You see, I've known Dick Symmington
 a long time."
 "Really?" I said, surprised. "I under-
 stood from your brother that he only
 bought this practice a few years ago."
 "Yes, but Dick Symmington used to
 come and stay in our part of the world
 up north. I've known him for years."
 I looked at Aimée curiously. She
 went on, still in that softened tone, "I
 know Dick very well. . . . He's a proud
 man and very reserved. But he's the
 sort of man who could be very jealous."
 "That would explain," I said delibera-
 tely, "why Mrs. Symmington was
 afraid to show him or tell him about the
 letter. She was afraid that he might not
 believe her denials."
 Miss Griffith looked at me angrily and
 scornfully. "Good Lord," she said. "Do
 you think any woman would go and
 swallow a lot of cyanide of potassium
 for an accusation that wasn't true?"
 "The coroner seemed to think it was
 possible. Your brother, too—"
 Aimée interrupted me:
 "Men are all alike. All for preserv-
 ing the decencies. But you don't catch
 me believing that stuff. If an innocent
 woman gets some foul anonymous letter,
 she laughs and chuckles it away. That's
 what I—I—" she paused suddenly, and
 then finished, "would do."
 But I had noticed the pause. I was
 almost sure that what she had been
 about to say was: "That's what I did."
 I decided to take the war into the
 enemy's country.
 "I see," I said pleasantly. "So you've
 had one, too?"
 Aimée Griffith was the type of woman
 who scorns to lie. She paused a minute
 —flushed, then said, "Well, yes. But I
 didn't let it worry me!"
 "Nasty?" I inquired sympathetically,
 as a fellow sufferer.
 "Naturally. These things always are.
 The ravings of a lunatic! I read a few
 words of it, realized what it was and
 chucked it straight into the wastepaper
 basket."
 "You didn't think of taking it to the
 police?"
 "Not then. Least said soonest mended
 —that's what I felt."
 An urge came over me to say
 solemnly, "No smoke without fire!" but
 I restrained myself.
 I asked her if she had any idea how
 Mrs. Symmington's death would affect
 Megan financially. Would it be neces-
 sary for the girl to earn her own living?
 "I believe she has a small income left
 her by her grandmother and of course
 Dick would always give her a home.
 But it would be much better for her to
 do something—not just slack about the
 way she does."
 "I should have said Megan is at the
 age when a girl wants to enjoy herself
 —not to work."

AIMÉE flushed and said sharply,
 "You're like all men—you dislike
 the idea of women competing. It is in-
 credible to you that women should want
 a career. It was incredible to my parents.
 I was anxious to study to be a doctor.
 They would not hear of paying the fees.
 But they paid them readily for Owen.
 Yet I should have made a better doctor
 than my brother."
 "I'm sorry about that," I said. "It was
 tough on you. If one wants to do a
 thing—"
 She went on quickly:
 "Oh, I've got over it now. I've plenty
 of will power. My life is busy and active.
 I'm one of the happiest people in Lym-
 stock. Plenty to do. But I do go up in
 arms against the silly old-fashioned
 prejudice that woman's place is always
 in the home."
 "I'm sorry if I offended you," I said.
 I had had no idea that Aimée Griffith
 could be so vehement.
 (To be continued next week)

Botany

WRINKLE-PROOF TIES

Tailored by Botany, famous for men's
 wear fabrics, these ties are in patterns
 of exclusive wrinkle-proof neckwear
 cloth planned to go with new Spring
 clothing. Write for the name of a
 dealer near you...showing a wide
 variety of Botany Wrinkle-
 Proof Ties...at \$1.00 and
 \$1.50.

Tom
 WRINKLE-PROOF
 Blue
 THEY "HANG-OUT"
 SMOOTH...
 OVERNIGHT!

Dick
 PLANNED PATTERNS
 Brown
 THEY'RE DESIGNED
 TO GO WITH THE
 NEW SUITS

Harry
 VARIETY
 Gray
 THEY INCLUDE
 EVERY TYPE OF
 PATTERN & COLOR

C1 SPRING PLAID • C2 GRENADIER
 STRIPE • C3 FOULARD MOTIF
 • C4 CHEVRON STRIPE • C5 ASTRO-CHROM
 • C6 FOULARD MOTIF • C7 BOTANAIRE STRIPE
 • C8 RESORTER PRINT • C9 FANCY CHECK
 *Look for your "Lucky Birth Date."

Heart of Poland

Continued from page 19

The same Imported
Briar you've
always smoked

Imperial

\$1.50



Billiard shape

Yes sir, it's an IMPERIAL. No substitute woods, no artificial wood graining on the surface, but as ever, made of that fine imported Mediterranean briar though hardly any has come to America now for two years. We can still give you this sweetest-smoking, best-tasting, most dependable of all pipe woods, because we have enormous stocks, being the world's largest pipe makers. As long as we have it, you get it. At the same old IMPERIAL price (since 1933) \$1.50! Even "a beginner" will find that IMPERIAL gives him a mild, gentle smoke—because it has the exclusive IMPERIAL Honey-Treatment (real honey, in the bowl, makes first smoke mild, and keeps mellowing the pipe as you smoke it).

1942, KAUFMAN BROS. & BONDY INC., 630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.



See the
Apple shapes

See the
Curved shapes

Imagine being able to get a real imported briar these days for only \$1! That's what you get in Yello-Bole with the exclusive Yello-Bole Honey Treatment. Pipe illustrated: Dublin shape. At dealers.

YELLO-BOLE \$1

All Yello-Boles are
made of Imported Briar

this cannot be accomplished within a few days or even months.

Strictly speaking, the job of getting the Poles out of prison is the embassy's, still it falls on Anders. Russians always prefer to deal with a person they feel is at the top and nothing happens unless he pushes it. In other words, the entire business is being carried through on the strength of his personality.

The hardest part of the work isn't over, once men, women and children have been freed. It has just begun. The men who are fit to be soldiers and the women who are sufficiently strong to be capable of work in the auxiliary services must be selected and sent to Buzuluk or one of the other camps. The others get pushed on farther east and south. The Soviet authorities have arranged to settle them mostly in the Tashkent region. This entails many conferences and many conversations with NKVD, besides making financial arrangements.

In the final analysis it is always Anders who has to do the negotiating, and make decisions. Such questions as what to do with the thousand prostitutes just released come up. That was one with which he refused to deal. "All I ask of you," he said to the ambassador, "is that you keep them far from my troops, at least until the army is organized."

Miserable But Determined

The condition of the people when they arrived from the camps was pitiful. By dint of much hiding and sneaking around I managed to be on hand when a trainload of 2,000 came into Kuibyshev. There were sixteen corpses in the cars—men and women who had died of hunger on the way. Those who survive are more often than not in bad health or greatly weakened from nearly two years of hard labor with insufficient nourishment. Many were formerly professors, lawyers, members of the nobility, government officials, and the women were not all prostitutes; in fact the majority came from respectable families and had good educations. They were thrown in with criminals, murderers and other scum. They were working twelve hours a day, often in snow up to their armpits, at heavy manual labor such as loading ships and trains and cutting wood in the forests. In the way of food they received six hundred grams of black bread a day, a glass of tea for breakfast, a glass of soup for luncheon and a glass of groats for dinner. Those who didn't fulfill the working requirements were given smaller rations, which made them weaker and less able to work, in which case their rations were cut again, and so on in a vicious circle.

A doctor who had been allowed to treat his compatriots in one camp told me that all had dysentery from hunger, one in three had scurvy and fifty per cent of those under twenty had tuberculosis. This was confirmed by others I spoke with. I asked one if many people in his camp had died. "Oh, no," he replied. "The mortality was low—not over ten per cent."

The less said about hygienic conditions the better. Beds were wooden bunks placed one on top of another like shelves, where prisoners slept huddled together for warmth in clothes soaked from working in snow and which froze stiff by morning. Rats would snatch any pathetic morsel of food saved out of the day's rations. Bedbugs covered the sleepers like brown blankets, the only blankets they had. Usually the

prisoners received a monthly wage ranging from twenty to forty rubles to spend at the local store. It sold only bread and tobacco; bread cost ten rubles a kilo package, tobacco cost forty. In all fairness it is necessary to add that the Poles were not segregated. They were in with Russians who received exactly the same treatment.

The only way I could obtain this information was again by playing detective, going off when nobody was looking to interview Poles as they came into the station. It wasn't easy, as Russians were determined no outsider should see the condition of these people, and General Anders insists the veil be drawn over the entire question of the sufferings endured; in fact he has given orders to his troops to forget the last two years completely. "Our task now is to help beat the Germans," he said. "We have no time for personal rancor or self-pity."

In the same way he has forbidden anti-Semitism in the army and accepts into the ranks any Jew who looks as if he might have the makings of a good soldier. The general may order his men to forget their tragic experiences but every day, in one form or another, he is confronted with the results of those hard times. Still he never grows discouraged. What makes him so optimistic is the morale and spirit shown by his soldiers.

As an illustration he tells the story of a Mass he ordered held when the original batch of 16,000 assembled at Buzuluk. Although a Protestant himself, he realized what the holy service would mean to the devout Catholics who had been deprived of the consolations of their church during the two years, and he arranged it at the first possible opportunity. He describes how he reviewed his men as they went by—one in four had a shirt, one in ten shoes, one in twenty a coat. "It was with difficulty that I restrained my tears, for they marched past like guardsmen," he adds.

He insists that this superb spirit is due to their patriotism alone. His officers assured me that it is also greatly due to the fact they feel they have a leader in whom they can place full trust and respect. In Kuibyshev I had many

opportunities of seeing him with men and it was always clear how felt toward him. Whenever he went into a hotel restaurant all the other men rose and waited until he had taken his seat at his table. When he went they again rose. It was homage to the man as much as to the two stars on his shoulders.

No stern disciplinary measure needed in his army. It is enough "Our General Wladek," as they call him, to issue an order. As a good executive he picks the right man for the job and sends him out to do it. He has to interview fifty or sixty people before he cannot afford to waste time in detailed instructions, but so far he has never failed to come back with what he was sent to get.

A Lifetime of Preparation

The general's own theory of what can command men is that he has to be in every capacity from private soldier on up, and they realize he knows his job thoroughly. Born near Warsaw, April 11, 1892, he began his military service as a private at the age of seventeen. His father, whose ancestors had come from Saxony (this heredity probably explains Anders' extreme efficiency) was a to-do landowner who could afford to give his children a good education. There were five in all—four boys and a girl. Two of the general's brothers are now colonels, are prisoners in Germany; the third is a captain serving in Poland. His sister is in Warsaw.

When the thirteen months of military service were up, Anders went to the United States where he studied four years at the University of California, Berkeley, as a technic with the intention of becoming an engineer. A British officer in Moscow told me he remembered Anders well in the Riga days when he was the handsomest man there, he cut a fine figure as the leader of cotillions as the best mazurka dancer.

At the outbreak of the World War Anders, being a lieutenant in the Russian army, was called into the Russian army. At first he served with a cavalry regiment in East Prussia, but that was only the beginning. In 1915 his regiment had the Baltic on its right flank.



"Regardless of what you saw in the movies, Alfred, not every woman in a long black dress is the secret agent of a foreign power!"

F. HUMFREY

No Time For College

The Story of a Man Who, Not Being Able to Go to College, Nevertheless Found a Way to Obtain a Liberal Education and Make a Notable Success of His Life

MET BOB WILLIS on the train from Boston to New York, a week or so ago. Bob finds it necessary to travel a great deal in the interest of his very successful wholesale coal business. I have known Bob for several years socially and as a long companion, but, under such circumstances, one is not inclined to get below the surface of superficial pleasantries.

He was sitting in his seat in the Pullman on this day—and I stopped casually to have a friendly word with him. I made one or two remarks about his golf game, and then my eyes happened to fall upon a book which he had in his hand. I said, "I see that you are following the teachings of the advertisements—'When traveling bring along a good book.'"

He laughed and replied, "I was not conscious of the advertisements, but I agree with them—particularly if I can choose *my* book."

I ASK A LEADING QUESTION

"Why I be so bold," I said, "as to ask what you are reading?"

"Oh," said he; "it is a volume of The Harvard Classics."

"?" said I, with just a suggestion of surprise in my voice.

"Why the astonishment? I think that I have enough time on The Harvard Classics to read the whole fifty volumes at least a dozen times."

"Wow!" I ejaculated. "Aren't you a glutton for knowledge?"

"I get a lot of satisfaction in reading books that stay with you. I would no more think of starting off on a trip without a volume

of The Harvard Classics than I would without my toothbrush or my shaving kit."

"But I was under the impression that they are pretty heavy reading."

NO LONGER WASTES TIME

"Never! On the contrary. The Harvard Classics is the most fascinating collection of reading that I know of. I used to while away my time on trains by reading newspapers, or looking at magazines. My time was wasted. I was bored. Now my problem is solved with The Harvard Classics."

"Perhaps you are right," said I.

"But this is not the whole story, by a long shot," continued Bob. "To while away the time pleasantly is only a very small part of the value I have gotten from The Harvard Classics. I went into the coal business just out of High School. I had no time for a higher education. I had to have a job. As I had rather a natural talent for selling, I got along. But I always had some sort of inferiority complex. Nearly all of the other men in our organization were college graduates. They had an educational background. I didn't. I felt that I was not on the same level with my associates, either in the office or in the suburban town in which I lived."

A FORTUNATE DAY FOR ME

"But one day, on one of my trips, I happened to be leafing through a magazine, and my eyes fell upon an advertisement for The Harvard Classics. I tore out the coupon and when I got home I mailed it to Collier's. Eventually I bought the library of fifty volumes. That was something like ten years ago. Today I am one of the principals of our company. I am received

on an equal plane with associates in my office and in my clubs. I have acquired that something which I missed by not going to college—a combination of general knowledge of the liberal arts and self-confidence in my ability. Man, I wish

that I could shout from the housetops to the hundreds of thousands of boys handicapped like myself in starting life. I wish that everyone could have The Harvard Classics, and profit from these magnificent volumes as I have."

Bob Willis's experience is by no means unusual, for 25,000,000 volumes (500,000 sets) of The Harvard Classics have been purchased by ambitious men and women. Other boys and men and women have sensed their needs as acutely as has Bob Willis. By pleasant and profitable reading, they have overcome the handicaps that were holding them back, and have made for themselves happy and useful lives.

TRAINING IN LIBERAL ARTS

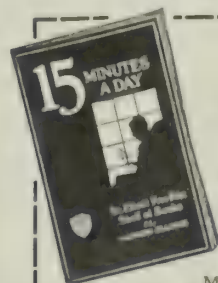
You, too, can do the same, for The Harvard Classics is probably the greatest collection of inspirational literature ever conceived for education. It contains the great masterpieces of all time, written by the supreme thinkers of every age. It contains the basic texts of university training. Every man, no matter how limited has been his formal education, may obtain from this superb library a liberal background and acquire self-confidence. With such an educational background, men are able to advance in their work, obtain a better social position and more enjoyment from life.

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We urge you to send for the famous booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which will show you how to obtain a liberal education by spending but fifteen minutes a day of your leisure time reading The Harvard Classics. This booklet is a literary gem and you will be proud to have it in your home. We will gladly send it to you without cost or obligation on your part. Simply fill out the coupon below, as Bob Willis did, ten years ago, and we will mail the booklet to you at once, free and postpaid. This simple action may mean for you an entirely "new deal" in life.

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DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

(The Harvard Classics)

1916 it had the Black Sea on the left flank. In the three years that he fought with the Russians he received every decoration they had to give, including the very rare cross of St. George. This was awarded him in 1915 after he and his men broke through the German lines to operate behind them. Knowledge of terrain is Anders' forte and he proved invaluable directing guerrilla warfare in the Polish marshes. During the course of these operations he captured the general staff of the group and took a general prisoner. This was the only German general taken prisoner by the Russians during the entire war.

By 1917 there was a shortage of staff officers in the Czarist army, due to heavy losses and the increase in army size. One officer from every corps was selected and sent to Petrograd to study. Anders was one of those chosen. After graduating he became chief of staff of the seventh division of chasseurs and at the time of the Russian collapse he left the army with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He was then twenty-six years old.

That same year, during the revolution, when the Polish army was organized, he served in the First regiment of uhlans and afterward was chief of staff in the First division of Polish infantry. After the war he remained in Poland, where he worked as a member of the underground organization which eventually succeeded in throwing the Germans out of Poland. At the end of December, 1918, Paderewski arrived in Posen and the nationalist movement broke out. Anders was there and assisted in disarming the Germans, which took just twenty-four hours.

Another Unheard Prophet

He became chief of staff of the Posen army, then he commanded the crack First regiment of uhlans, which later was known as the Fifteenth. With it he fought against the Germans and Bolsheviks in 1919 and 1920. His regiment was one of only five to receive the order of the *Virtuti Militari*, Poland's highest award. Anders also got the *Virtuti Militari* to add to two others he had received for courage in the field. One cross of bravery was given to him four times. His other medals he shrugs off as "peacetime decorations." He never wears the Czarist ones.

When things had calmed down he went to France, where he finished a two-year course at the *Ecole Supérieure de Guerre*, and then he returned to Poland to act as chief of staff to the inspector general of cavalry. He became a full colonel in 1926.

As an officer under oath to serve the government, he fought against Pilsudski during the revolution of 1924. When Pilsudski won and took over power, Anders remained in the army, taking command of a brigade. Eight years after he attained the rank of major general.

Between 1926 and 1939 the general spent his most quiet period of adult life living in Warsaw with his wife, whom he had married in 1918, and their three children, two boys and a girl. With the same foresight as shown by De Gaulle he devoted his peaceful years trying to persuade the powers that were of the necessity of mechanizing the army. As an experienced cavalryman he realized that tanks could be used in the same ways as horses but to better effect. How unsuccessful his pleas were was too apparent during the German invasion of Poland. These were the years when he could fully enjoy the sports at which he excelled particularly, riding, boxing, swimming and shooting. In 1925 he was on the Polish riding team that went to Nice. Three years later he rode for Poland at the Olympics in Amsterdam. Twice he received the first prize of the

Paris government for pistol shooting. He started a racing stable which, formed with knowledge rather than money, eventually became the third most important in the country.

It all came to an end on the day the Germans attacked Poland in September, 1939. Anders was immediately placed in command of several divisions and started fighting near Litzbark on the East Prussian frontier. Three weeks later he had retreated as far south as Sambor. There, with very little ammunition left, it was his intention to make a last stand against the Germans before taking his troops over the border into Hungary. He had counted without the Russians, in fact he'd been moving so fast he had never heard about their taking over part of Poland, and he backed right into them. His men went on fighting until the last bullet was spent, but the general was in the hospital by that time with a severe wound, the third he had received in three weeks.

excellent and that he was able to catch up on his reading. He got through several historical and other serious works in eight or ten volumes which in ordinary active life he would never have had time to finish. However, I have several Russian friends who are Lubianka graduates (in the Soviet Union most of one's friends have served time) and they assured me his stay there couldn't be regarded as a rest cure.

On August 4, 1941, General Anders was released from prison. From one day to the next his life changed completely. One moment he was nothing more than one prisoner among many others, next he was a person to be treated with respect. His suitcase was carried out of Lubianka by the commandant of the prison himself; the car that drove him away belonged to none other than Beria, head of NKVD and politically the most important figure next to Stalin. A four-room apartment had been furnished for him in a new

walking in rubble. The same treatment has continued. The Poles, who are constitutionally used to doing anything without evasion, protest and complication, are much surprised by Anders' frankness in his ability to make immediate decisions. They don't know quite what to do of these qualities, but they respect them and they like him.

They also trust him as much as any Russian ever trusts anybody. He has greater freedom of movement than any other foreigner and when he goes on a mission with a letter in his signature is enough to get the matter into any factory or around any of the countryside, studying the terrain. The staff tells him more than tells any member of the Allied or Allied missions, and it has faith in his judgment. In October it had an opportunity of seeing how good his soldier's instinct is. Two weeks before there was any sign of a German push on the central front Anders gave warning that the enemy was going to attack the city of Briansk. "I have no reason to suppose this is true," he said. "But my nose tells me it is."

The Russians had undoubtedly scented this out themselves; nevertheless it was impressive that, with far less information than they had, Anders called the turn correctly.

A Ready-Made Army

At this moment the Polish army in Russia could number 150,000 men. To the difficulty of obtaining uniforms, it amounts to less than 50,000. At Buzuluk the soldiers are in barracks in other camps they are under conditions not exactly ideal living conditions. The Russian climate, but the men have survived so much can probably survive this also. Their uniforms (British style dress) and other kits have arrived from England for a hundred thousand. At least now they have warm clothes.

Anders plans to organize an army with every sort of unit—infantry, and so on, except for aviation. He has shipped some 800 pilots to England to form squadrons there. With this the Polish army could be extraordinarily valuable, even though small. Its greatest asset is the fact that it is made up of men who are not only brave but seasoned soldiers. They need no training and if they had the necessary equipment 150,000 could go into tomorrow. The great question is whether the equipment is coming from.

The Soviets have armed one division and are supposed to arm the rest. The Harriman-Beaverbrook mission has no special provision for sending arms direct to the Poles.

There is another angle which was explained to me by the British and American experts who may be regarded as Russian experts. They feel that there is a doubt whether—no matter how much their faith in Anders—the Soviets will really ever allow a large force of armed Poles in Russian territory. The ingrained distrust may prove too strong coupled with the fear of what a force might do in case of a debacle.

In the meantime Polish troops could be used to advantage elsewhere. Very exactly, must be left to the imagination of the reader. The same Russian experts, having reasoned thus far on to wonder whether Soviet authorities would permit the Poles to leave the country and decided it could be accomplished if enough pressure were brought to bear. If these experts are right means that the only way a trained force of fine soldiers led by a great general can get in a blow at the Nazis is outside help. That seems to put the case to Great Britain and America.



"I'm not worried about meeting his father. His mother will be the problem"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

It was there that the Russians picked him up and put him in a hospital train, ostensibly to return home. On the way, early in December, he was arrested and taken to prison in Lwow, where his wife was allowed to visit him only once. He has neither seen nor heard from her since. All he knows is that until recently she was living in Warsaw with their daughter and younger son—the elder was killed fighting against the Germans. Once, happening to listen in on the German radio (he speaks fluent German as well as French and Russian) he heard that the day after he was appointed commander in chief of the Polish forces in Russia the Gestapo had visited Mrs. Anders' apartment in Warsaw. It was a vain search, for she apparently had been warned in time and was gone.

At the end of February, 1940, the general was transferred from Lwow to Lubianka, Moscow, where he spent the first seven months in solitary confinement. It is impossible to get him to talk about his prison experiences—all he will say is that the library of Lubianka was

building complete with an excellent cook and maid. Supper for eight people awaited, an impressive spread of caviar and every other delicacy, including huge pats of butter. This for a man who hadn't seen butter for twenty months. There also was champagne and several other kinds of wine. He was wise enough to eat sparingly but nevertheless he was very ill the next day.

Uniforms were made for him by the best NKVD tailors from the finest materials, exactly to the right shade of khaki complete with silver embroidery. It doesn't take genius to figure out how the Polish cloth happened to be available in Moscow. Even his three most prized medals, which had disappeared with his clothes, were suddenly found for him. He happened to mention that he liked dogs; a few days later not one but two of the finest police dogs in the country were produced as presents.

The cement pavement opposite the entrance of his building was laid down in a few hours. The general mustn't run any risk of hurting his bad leg by

Gay and Easy

Continued from page 21

York City, with blond hair and brown doe eyes, had studied commercial art at Pratt Institute. They both saw opportunity for practical application of their art in, of all things, shoes. They set up business together, and were able to sign up four designing contracts immediately. The Julianellis work under contract. The shoes they sell anywhere from \$6.50 to \$20 a pair and up to \$90. One of their best manufacturers produces 13,000 pairs of shoes a day, which are sold in all parts of the country and are famous for their style with comfort, at low cost. Mabel makes shoes for one of the largest New York stores, where Julianellis shoes are sold by name and include some of their most fanciful and original creations.

An Idea That Paid Off

The chopine, for example, is an exotic shoe consisting only of a platform sole, and an ankle strap which is anchored at the instep and swoops gracefully around the foot and sole together. Worn closed and open like that, or over a brilliant suede sock. Modified for a touch of sexiness by the addition of a broad strap across the toes, following the metric line of the ankle strap, the chopine has turned into what they call the "luxe sandal," a popular seller that has proved success.

"Charles," says Mabel, "thinks up our original, unexpected ideas. But I do most of the credit, because it's chiefly I who are in this business. And you know how they are."

"Mabel," says Charles, "does just as much designing as I do, and she sees away how to adapt and work out an idea to make a good shoe."

The Julianellis operate very successfully in this Alphonse and Gaston fashion. Each defers to the other, they work out their designs in the most felicitous manner, and they agree exactly one hundred per cent.

In the Julianelli workroom, where they employ three artisans, only samples are made, on the lasts provided by the various manufacturers for whom they design. The last is a wooden mold of a foot. It wears size 4B, and other sizes are scaled up and down from there. Molding and the reproduction in quantity from the sample are, of course, the job of the manufacturers, after the Ju-

lianellis have worked out the design.

Look at the lasts lined up in the Julianelli workroom, and you'll see why size isn't the only measure for your shoe. They vary from a fragile-looking, high-arched thing, standing on tiptoe, obviously built for high heels, to the corrective last, more solid and flatter, meant to wear low heels. Some are a little broader in the instep, some longer in the toe. They differ by subtle variations that match those in human feet. That's why you need to find your right last in a shoe. Styles will change, but those built on that last will fit your foot.

The Julianellis design directly on these wooden molds. A piece of colorful fabric may be the start of a design. Mabel will drape and twist and tack the material to the wooden foot until it takes shape as a workable and effective shoe. Consultation with Charles, final decisions, and then Charles draws the pattern from which the sample shoe is to be cut—a highly technical job which he knows from his factory days. One of their artisans will then cut and make the shoe. If a corrective shoe, to be made of leather, is the design problem, Mabel will work it out on the mold with her pencil. There are special needs to keep in mind, like good support, and lines that can give grace to even a heavy foot. The Julianellis have done this job so successfully that they have contracts with three of the best-known manufacturers of such shoes, whose products are worn all over the country.

Working now on fall designs, the Julianellis see more closed toes coming in, more low heels, more comfortable looking, casual shoes. "They suit our lives today," says Mabel, "and they look right with cotton stockings."

"And cotton stockings look right with leather and low-heeled shoes, and with casual clothes," put in Charles. "Women never should have worn silk and nylon with everything."

The Julianellis aim to supply your lighter fall moments, too. "We are going to design some irresistible shoes," says Mabel.

Shoes will keep on changing, fashion—and women—and priorities—being what they are. But one thing is sure. No matter what material shortages occur, they won't stymie the designers now that the bars are down, and anything goes to make a shoe. They'll always think of something.

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Frank Deaven

FRANK DEAVEN


Born to Act

Continued from page 17



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DOG MEDICINES**

the estate, rode to hounds during the day and played bridge at night with the old folks.

"Auction bridge," says Maria, shuddering.

At intervals she fled to London and Paris and eventually she reached New York. Mr. McFeeters kept cabling her to return; she answered that things were very pleasant and she would bide a while. Eventually he arrived by boat to reclaim his spouse. She met him at the dock. On the way to the hotel in the cab she broke the news to him. She was in love with another, she wanted a career, she was not going back. Mr. McFeeters proved to be a gentleman; he refrained from kicking her out of the cab. He smiled through his tears, gulped several times bravely and wished her luck. In due course he returned to Erin and that part of the Montez legend was finished.

Her New York campaign was a rehearsal of what was to come later in California. Through European friends, such as a duke and duchess of Bavaria, she met all the eligible young men of town. What was better, she was seen with them in the proper places. The news photographers, long sick of looking at the same inane faces, fell upon her with relief. Her pictures began appearing in the papers with regularity. McClelland Barclay, the artist, selected her as a model of the complete cosmopolitan woman.

The Lady Was Willing

That brought her some money but she had no idea of settling on modeling as a profession. By chance (and a discreet word spoken to the headwaiter at "21") she found herself one day sitting at a table next to George Schaefer, president of RKO Pictures. The Montez personality went into high and Schaefer was a gone gosling halfway through his soup. Mr. Schaefer's card came along in due course, the introductions were made and the question was popped: Would the young lady consider a screen test?

The young lady leaned her lovely head on her hand and gazed at the rafters and mused.

"Moving peectures?" she said as if in doubt. Then she shrugged as if to say "What harm can it do?" and the affair was arranged.

The only hitch was that before a formal contract was signed she was to take a three-months course in speech to correct her accent. Her agent was asking \$750 a week for his client; the studio was allowing her plenty of time to cool off. Rumors reached La Montez that their figure was in the neighborhood of \$100 a week. At this juncture Universal entered the bidding with an offer somewhere in between, the contract was signed and RKO implored the heavens to witness what an injustice had been wrought.

Whether it would ever be possible to separate the real from the manufactured Montez is a question. She is tall and beautiful and honestly ambitious. She has aspirations as a writer and has had poems published in Spanish. Not knowing the language, deponent can only say that they sound musically beautiful when recited by the lady herself. Since the sarong incident (Universal insists on calling them "slen-dangs" as being the proper Malayan word for the garment), her progress has been rapid. She is now to be featured in White Savage, with such important gentlemen as Brian Donlevy, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine in support. Although her friends previously be-

longed to the nobility, she plays the democratic game in Hollywood and is popular at the studio. She has a small apartment in Beverly Hills, drives a small car, and entertains constantly. Whenever she hears of a great star's new contract for the usual thousands a week, she says matter-of-factly:

"I'll soon be doing that."

She rides and swims but really likes nothing but dancing. She doesn't smoke or drink and she is rather a trial for the young men who take her out for the evening.

"If I miss a dance, I feel awful," she says, making it very difficult for romantic gentlemen who would prefer to sit in a dark corner. By the time she is through with the ninth rumba, they have lost all notion of romance and are anxious merely to get home alive.

She is frank in saying that if her father were alive she wouldn't be in Hollywood and most certainly wouldn't be in the present ferocious glare of the limelight. To suggestions that the emancipation of women might have led her to revolt against parental authority, she says only:

"Oh, I wouldn't dare."

She has five brothers and four sisters, who look on her with a mixed gaze of pride and horror. According to the studio publicity she lays great stock in her family heirlooms, including a set of Goya prints and valuable antique jewelry claimed to have once been part of fifteenth-century Queen Isabella's gems. However that may be, it is true that she has a very important set of topaz gems and aquamarines. The typical Hollywood assumption that her jewelry was paste was shattered by a local jewel expert who watched Maria on the set one day.

"That little bauble on the wrist," he said quietly. "You could easily duplicate that for about sixty thousand."

She is intelligent, quiet-spoken and agreeable. When the Harvard Student Union selected her last fall as its annual guest, the Harvard Crimson was set for its usual barbecue. It ended with her

complete triumph and an edito the paper laying the collective h the staff at her feet. She keeps i stant touch with exhibitors, will any length to popularize herself w public and takes pride in her suc

If the public wants her to clim and jump from airplanes, she'll do White Savage she consorts with plows through jungles and escap aster in a regular Perils of F script. It will have lots of thril lots of Montez leg art. She is saic very good in the gamis.

Well-Dressed Businesswoman

She seems to be a strange t, vamp because women like her, seductive and clever but entirle ple. She has the largest collect hats in Hollywood and can we most outlandish creations with s Her wardrobe is very large and s great collections of shoes and ac ries. Most of her gowns are cu low. She is a good businesswom knows to the penny what she has bank and what she can afford to She refuses to buy a big car un makes enough to hire a chauffeu thinks that women who depend o beauty and health for a living h right to drink.

At times she speaks perfect F and at others her accent is atr She has cute expressions like "re car" for "back up the car." She to talk and will chatter on in of tangled adverbs unless spol sternly. She is adventurous in s new clothes styles for herself copied by many women in Holl When she enters a night club c taurant, people pick their faces their salads and pay attention.

She has talent, she is learning audiences seem to like her and s an uncanny knack for picking and breaking down the proper

If she isn't a big star in abo years' time, a lot of sage observ going to be chagrined.



"One got away—but it was smaller than this"

LEONARD

Battle Damage

Continued from page 13

wheel-house communications and d or wounded all but three of the or ge's personnel.

plinters, either steel, wood or shell ments, are the curse of explosions. etimes the explosion itself does lit- damage, but a splinter may rupture am main forty feet away, or even e down through the bottom of the h. The Graf Spee, up against ships lighter guns at the Battle of the R Plate, escaped spectacular dam- ag. Yet her forward control tower was led by the holes of shell and splinter tration which seriously affected her ing qualities.

he concussion of explosions warps al like a giant hand. Sometimes it s pranks, such as blasting its way ecks up a ventilator to jolt a heavy oing a couple of feet to one side.

Two Kinds of Shell Damage

he worst shell damage in the inter- of ships is the result of armor- ing projectiles. These long-nosed iles have a "cap" of metal softer h the shell itself. They arrive with an ct velocity of a mere 1,200 miles per o, and the weight of the shell (the 6 inch shell weighs one ton) squashes h "cap" in what amounts to a double h at the armor. If the armor is e y enough it may grunt, groan and oice the shell off, suffering little more age than badly scarred paint. But e shell penetrates. A de- ad-action fuse holds up the explo- until the projectile has crashed its eep inside the ship, where the uting charge of TNT, cordite or other explosive goes off, scattering dam- n all directions.

"common" shells are different. They ot meant to penetrate. They have her walls, and a fuse set to go off on ct—even a bit of the superstruc- or a smoke-pipe stay does it. These h's work devastation on the upper es, clear away antiaircraft gun crews n other topside personnel, and wreck e finders, gun directors and the in- nents needed for gunfire and navi- on.

omb damage is simply shell damage o from overhead, the great difference e g that the maximum speed at which mb can arrive—the maximum speed f falling object—is only about half mpact velocity of a shell fired from gn. In other words, bombs have con- idably less penetrating power than he same weight of shell.

hen bombs hit lightly armored ob- ed, they go right through. One of the es unpleasant surprises has been the umber of times bombs, on hitting light his, have plummeted down and ex- ded in the fuel-oil bottoms. The ob damage wasn't serious, but in e than one instance the fuel-oil fire o the ship.

h the other hand, the oft-predicted o devastation to capital ships can e aid, on the whole, not to have ma- ialized. Both the battleships in the ing of which bombs have played a eor role—the Arizona and the Ha- ur—were exceptions rather than the ul because they were both unusual as.

he Arizona was struck by a bomb h went down her smoke pipe. We've ead a lot about dropping bombs in uel baskets, but just the same a hit on a battleship smoke pipe is one of e things that you don't go out and upicate in a hurry.

battleship smoke pipe is protected, e, by very thick armor bars form-

ing a sort of grid across the uptakes at the base of the stack. Those bars pre- sumably detonated the bomb in the fun- nel. The explosion struck downward and exploded a boiler in one of the fire- rooms below. The boiler explosion was worse than the bomb explosion, and led to something still worse. It penetrated the ship's forward magazines, and that finished the Arizona.

Boiler explosion is one of the most serious casualties that can befall a man- of-war. Escaping live steam is sure and sudden death to anyone who breathes it. On the assumption that fireroom per- sonnel will be killed in such a case, all important valves have emergency ex- tensions that can be operated from out- side. But the loss of a main fireroom means the loss of a good part of a ship's speed.

As for magazine explosion, with tons of powder blowing up, the usual result is to blow a ship in two.

The Haruna was struck by a bomb de- livered by the U. S. Army's Captain Kelly, rest his soul, and the bomb did the business. The Haruna-class ships are thirty years old. They were origi- nally battle cruisers, and though re- modeled, rebuilt, and reclassified as battleships, the suspicion remains that they are still battle cruisers.

Bombs do damage. But it is not bomb hits, but "near misses," that have the grimmest effect. A "near miss" is a bomb which explodes in the water alongside a ship, close enough for the explosion to take effect through the bot- tom. This does damage about as serious as that of a mine or torpedo.

The torpedo is the most deadly weapon of naval war. It socks the hard- est—and it socks in the most embarrass- ing place.

Armor won't keep a torpedo out, no matter how thick it is, and for that reason there is no armor on ships' bottoms. A torpedo explosion, down underwater, breaks its way into the ship in spite of hell and because of high water—that is, water is incompressible and weighs 62½ pounds per cubic foot; it is so heavy that the torpedo explosion, 25 feet deep abreast the turn of the bilge, finds it easier to puncture the hull than to jet up a geyser of water. The explosion has to go somewhere, quick, because a tor- pedo war head full of one of these modern superexplosives is simply ma- levolent with kinetic energy.

Some Ships Are Lucky

Torpedo damage varies extensively. The destroyer U. S. S. Kearney survived a torpedo hit—partly good con- struction, partly luck. The German battleship Bismarck absorbed a num- ber of them, as any well-built modern battleship should if she has her water- tight doors closed and her damage- control party on the job. And yet one particular torpedo hit (by a "tin fish" dropped from a plane launched from an aircraft carrier) was the Bismarck's un- doing—one that hit her, way aft and put her rudder and screws out of business. After that the German battleship was barely able to crawl. The British brought up dreadnoughts with superior fire power and battered her with gun- fire until her turrets were out of action, then sent in a cruiser for the kill with a final wallop of torpedoes.

Had anyone predicted a "retake" of this particular casualty to rudder and screws, with the second of the world's newest battleships as the victim, he'd have done well to predict something easy, like two straight royal flushes in

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Hebren Bowen of Texarkana, Texas, writes: "Enclosed is a picture of my wife and myself with recent catch on the famous Jitterbug. This string weighed 52 lbs. after it had been out of water for several hours. Although we got the fish, the man that was responsible for this string was Mr. Tom L. Brown of Texarkana, Texas. He gave us instructions as how to fish them and the kind of bait to use."

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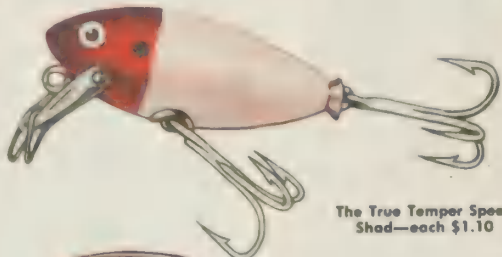
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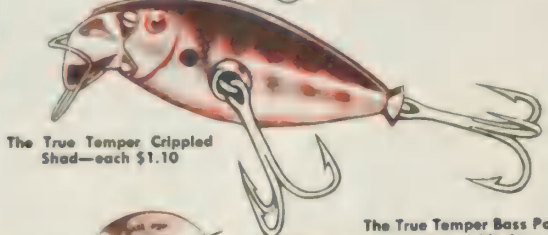
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These baits are equipped with a new rock and stump jumper (patent applied for) which prevents hanging up on underwater obstacles. The five-coat baked enamel finish is unequalled in iridescent beauty. Treble

hooks are best quality. The exclusive design and action of these baits are protected by patent applications. In results, they are unexcelled.

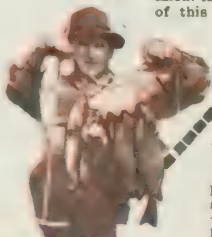
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one poker game. But just about six months after the Bismarck battle, the same misfortune hit the big British Prince of Wales off Malaya, when Jap torpedo bombers caught her without aircraft protection and gave her the works.

A battleship's defense against torpedoes is largely built into her—bulges, double bottoms, triple bottoms, water-tight compartmentation so intricate that it takes a newcomer anywhere from a week to a month to learn his way around the interior of a capital ship. It takes longer still to learn the network of piping, drains, valves, floodcocks and pumps by which the damage-control party equalizes the flooding and fights to maintain buoyancy after a torpedo hit.

As for lesser ships, when they have the misfortune to be caught by torpedoes or mines, the term "battle damage" is more or less academic. The British cruiser Galatea took three torpedoes from a German submarine, one after another, and lasted just three minutes after that.

The aftermath of battle is just as tragic aboard the prosaic, unsung work horses of the sea, such as the little Canadian corvette which found her way into a big East Coast navy yard after taking a lot of punishment on convoy duty in mid-Atlantic.

Navy yards are specialists in the repair of battle damage.

We have ten principal navy yards, nine of them along the East and West coasts. The tenth is at Pearl Harbor, but under the conditions of the present war that is more an operating base than a repair base.

Ships are usually assigned to their "home yards" for the repair of battle damage. These yards do all their repairs during peacetime, have full sets of their blueprints and special spare parts, and know their idiosyncrasies (including the boatswain's habit of borrowing any odd bits of hawser he can get his hooks on). When a voyage to the "home yard" is impossible, a ship goes to the first best yard available, and her special equipment comes overland by freight (or overseas, if she happens to be a Britisher putting into a Yankee yard, or a Yank getting help from the British).

Wartime navy yards work in an atmosphere like the pits of a 500-mile

speedway race. Workmen totaling the thousands swarm over a ship, her decks with air hose, crouch corners with oxyacetylene to hammering, wiring, cutting, lifting what looks like the original machine but has a peculiarly efficient scheme of its own. The ships come in from ends of the earth, with the habits of the sea and the fleet still on them; the ficers and crew look at the work with the kind of alien watchfulness that knows how to deal with U-boat but not with repair.

In the navy yard a ship gets with grime and refuse. The dockside her is cluttered with steel pipes, spare guns and gun shields, some a new torpedo tube or a new chair to replace the one that got knocked out of the ship's barbershop; the two inches of gundeck plating.

In one of our East Coast yards long ago, a British battleship from eastern Mediterranean was tied up opposite a big American cruiser from North Atlantic patrol; a converted was being hauled out of dry-dock to make way for a destroyer fresh from convoy duty. They were painted 7,500-ton light cruiser with a new of camouflage paint to get her ready for sea, and chipping the paint off until she was measles-speckled with lead.

In peacetime that batch of would have stayed in the yard months. But a week later every ship was gone, and a fresh batch taken their places.

Hot spots of the moment are West Coast yards at Bremerton, Mare Island. They're doing a good thing, one of the epics of the war, a service the big battle fleet.

"Hey, Pop!" yaps a sailor on a stage hung over the ship's where he can clean anti-fouling paint the old girl's bottom. "Don't use wooden rivets! We gotta go back them yella-bellies!"

"Okay, boy!" says the veteran fitter. "We rivet 'em. You sock 'em."

As for the injured ship, you can see her lift her head, inch by inch, as battle damage receives its steel help.

One of these days, shrouded by mists, she will go back to sea, back to the fleet, ready for another crack in the business of making history.



"No, she's not in. Would you like to try one of the others?"

How to Catch a Trout

Continued from page 15

on-streaked wings, its lemon-yellow and three fine, gray tails. What hatch it?

Answer: The Green Drake.

There are six well-tied Green Drakes in the fly box. A new one is knotted to the leader. It is lightly touched with a drop of oil (gasoline and paraffin) to keep it floating higher and longer. Then a few false casts to dry off excess moisture and the rod tip begins its smooth, rhythmic action.

At the lower end of the pool, where there is room for a long cast, the line flies when it comes slowly back into the retraction. The left hand strips more line off the reel and releases it for the forward movement of the tip, a clockwise-counterclockwise movement—from 12 to 3, then 3 to 12, then 12 to 3, gain. At last the line shoots far ahead. The leader falls lightly down forty feet. The Green Drake flutters away onto the water, floats among the reeds, flies passing downstream.

Twenty feet, twenty—and then a burst. A violent shadow speeds from beneath a sunken boulder, straight to the trout. He strikes. His strong, curved back arches above water for an instant. A quick thrust of the butt sends the tip snapping backward, drives the iron into the water. The battle is on.

Give Him the Iron!

The plunging trout at once feels the pressure of the hook cutting into his mouth. It maddens him. He breaks water and lunges upward, glittering and struggling, his jaws gaping. A rainbow—fourteen inches long!

Three times he takes to the air. At the fourth leap, he gives a hard jerk of his head. But the sensitive rod tip absorbs the shock, maintains its inflexible pressure. He dives and swings in a lightning-fast arc toward his hiding place under the boulder. Lifted rod and line keep him out of there; it's a dangerous place, where a leader may be lost by his antics.

One more he lunges. This time he lunges headlong into the pebbly bottom, jams his jaw against a stone. Suddenly he rolls to the surface, turns over. The Green Drake gleams in his upper lip. He's lightly hooked and must be easily handled. He feints, pretends to fall in, then once more lunges down at the pebbles. This time he darts away faster than ever. Because he's hooked, he has knocked the hook out by the effort.

The pupil's voice from the shore: "Why don't you keep a tight line on him?" Now it's the pupil's turn. The May pop over the water, blown by the wind. She selects another well-tied fly. She lays out a neat cast, a split rock under the far bank. The black-bellied trout is working there. The pupil makes him careless. Once she lunges over right on the surface. He strikes like a "native," a real brook trout. A prize indeed.

The fly alights just to one side of him, almost exact shot. But a splashing disturbs the fly. It drags lifelessly. The pupil retrieves, dries off the fly with a few false casts—and then she makes a error. Eager to get a straighter shot at the big fish, she wades too close to the shore. There she breaks a most important rule of fly fishing: she glances behind to see if there's a shadow on her back-cast. Her line rolls and catches in a branch. The fly hangs in the leaves, the leader is entangled.

By the time the fly is free and the

leader straightened out, the hatch is ended. The wind changes, blows the Green Drakes back into the forest. Moreover, something has frightened the trout, put them down. They have stopped feeding. Or maybe they are feeding deep. This is the time to try another trick, another type of fly.

That first fly is known as a Deceiver. That is, it imitates the natural insect closely enough to make a trout think it's a real one. He'll take it if there are flies like those on the water or if he expects something of the sort. But most of the time there's no hatch going on. That's when the fly fisherman makes his new play and takes advantage of another characteristic of the trout: the ready, ferocious anger that is just as strong in him as his hunger. He likes his comfort there below the ledge and doesn't care to be disturbed. Young trout and minnows keep away from his bailiwick. He'll get mad, too, if any strange thing floats over his private water. Once there was a trout in this pool who hated matches. Every time one came by he struck at it. It wasn't long before he struck at one that had a hook in it. These are the circumstances when the Attractor fly comes into play. Unlike the Deceiver, it's not an imitation of any known insect. It's just a pair of exciting wings, set on a gleaming body.

Best and most popular of all the Attractors is a beautiful dry fly with a beautiful name: Fan-Wing Royal Coachman. It has two large white wings, a smart dash of red in its body, and a long, dark tail. To some people its origin and name are deep mysteries. But a good fly fisherman can explain anything. So here goes:

Once upon a time a king of England, who was just as clever with a fly rod as he was with his scepter, drove out to a famous chalk stream with a party of friends. His Majesty went to work on a great trout that was feeding freely on some natural fly, but nothing in the royal fly box could entice the fish into acceptable action. The king tried six or seven patterns to no avail. Wearied by the trout's inconsiderate behavior, the king waded back to his coach to refresh himself with a glass of wine. He wasn't surprised to find the royal coachman tying a fly. The coachman was an excellent fly tier. But the king was astonished to see the fly as it lay in the coachman's hand. It had two large white wings, a dash of royal red in its body, and a long tail.

Fisherman's Tall Tale

"Steven, my man," cried the king, "what have you there? By huckle, I've never seen the like!"

"Your Majesty," replied the coachman, "I don't know what I have here. I just made it up out of my mind."

"Faith!" cried the king, "I'll try it, Steven. If it kills, you're immortal."

His Majesty thereupon waded back into the stream, laid out the new-fangled fly. On the first cast, the trout smashed at it. His Majesty sank the iron in, and, presumably, the coachman became immortal.

There you have it. The story is a deliberate lie, but, like all fishermen's lies, it's a very nice one.

And Steven is immortal. The Fan-Wing Royal Coachman takes more trout, especially in the twilight, than most other flies, and it's the most exciting to fish with because it's so easy to see.

The Fan-Wing is laid out about a foot below the spot where the big fellow is



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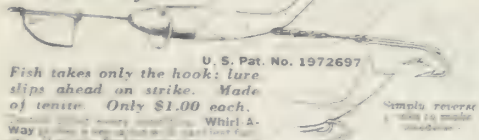
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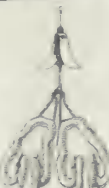
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feeding. A breeze catches its big wings,
makes it dance. But it dances in vain.
He's not mad yet. Quickly it's retrieved,
laid out again, this time five or six
feet above him and a little to the right.
A turn of the current bears it right over
his yard. Suddenly he jerks around,
shows his shining back. You can al-
most hear him growling: "What the
devil is that?"

In the next instant he attacks. He
bears down on it in a smashing drive.
There's no need of giving him the butt.
He has hooked himself hard and fast.
Out he comes, turns over, splashes back.
He starts a fast run upstream. He's
hooked so deeply that it's safe to give
him the works and in seven or eight
minutes he's ready for the net. He
spends his last fury against the mesh
and then takes his last dive—right into
the creel.

The question now is: What are the
others feeding on down there?

Her best guess: nymphs.

Try Eight Times

The quickest and best way to prove
it is to clean the last trout, take a peek
at what's in his tummy. Sure enough,
there's a nymph, one called the Caddis
Creeper. But the trout feed hungrily
on the Caddis itself—and here in the
box is an artificial nymph that ought
to do the job. It's fished downstream
on a strong wet-fly leader that sinks
quickly and will hold the big fellow that
it ought to get. Some Catskill anglers
simply cast it out into the riffles and let
it float down, like a nymph cast loose
from an overturned stone. Others prefer
to give the nymph a slight jerky action
as it rolls under the water.

The lady chooses the second method.
She casts over the rock, lets the nymph
go down, then tightens the line, and
gives her rod tip a slight action. The
nymph passes over the place where a
good-sized trout has been feeding. The
big fellow ignores it, probably because
there are plenty more right near him.

"Try again. Try eight times." That's
the rule.

For the third, fourth and fifth time
the nymph soars out, comes easily
down by the rock, vanishes in the water
and goes washing down. The trout is
suspicious. That's clear. He knows too
much. He lies out of sight. But some-
times the wariest trout can be fooled if
enough casts are made.

At the seventh cast, he so decides.
Out he comes, just as the yellowish
nymph goes down. It's a hard hit and
he's probably hooked himself deep.

But: "Hit him! Give him the iron!"
The line is tight. His strike has made

it tighter, has straightened the line.
Smartly she thrusts the butt down
a long stride backward. The rod
does its work. In goes the fata-
l At once he lashes fifty feet down
pool. He seeks deeper water, where
he can show his bag of tricks.

"Rod tip up!"

The whole rod bends into a beautiful
curve. Its pressure turns him in
toward the shore. He fights it, then
cepts the lead. There's a ledge here
and fifteen feet of water under it.
The rod holds him back. He bends and
bends in the sunny air, jerks his
head savagely when he bangs back
the water. His spots of golden red
into a swath of gold. He's a "native"
right and a wise one, hard to hand.

He has plenty of strength.
broad back and thick belly. He
one more long dash into deep
tugs at the line to get free for
into the rocks below.

"Bring him out of that!"

Slowly, firmly she increases the
sure and he obeys. Inch by inch, then
and yanking before yielding, he
bornly swims into shallower water.
Then, with a wide, halted run to
the bank, he shoots into a safe
just where a side-stream flows into
pool. She retrieves line constantly,
her rod higher and higher. At last
snatches her net off its clasp and
ready for the last act in the drama.

This is the kill. And it's the most
cate, most dangerous part of the
For that fat fish still has one last
lunge left in him. They always

She thrusts the net gently for-
wards to sink it below the water.
At the same time, she thrusts her rod
until her rod arm is fully extended.
This brings the trout nearer to the
net. But not near enough. He backs
again, throws his bulk against her
arm and gains a yard. She thrusts
him neatly and repeats the thrust
ward of the rod, the deep thrust
of the net.

Her nearness drives him to the
terrible burst. He thrashes, heaves
self upward and then falls back.
He falls over the rim of the net.
She sweeps the net up to the surface.
He's in. He gives one last blow
the mesh and nobly subsides.

Now she thrusts a thumb into
to make sure that he doesn't make
break for freedom. And the last
to take the nymph out of his

The noon whistle blows in old
necia. The fire flames red under
and the bacon is sizzling. Into the
they go, one by one, to make the
possible dish by the best of all
pools.



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with a small 'Ha-ha' marked in the corner"

ROBE

China Gold

Continued from page 42

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abruptly. His thick hands were trembling and he thrust them into the breast of his apron.

"Not safe for me here with Father Valerian and you?"

"You must go," he said. "I cannot tell you why. But there are very important things about to happen—let us say only that."

She stared at his flushing face, at his small blue eyes evading hers. "Now you are treating me like a child, Rudolf, and I am not a child. I will not go away so easily. This is where I am happy. I have never been so happy before in my life. I will not go away just because you say I must unless you tell me why."

Rudolf struggled with himself. "You see, I know who you are," he said curtly. "I know you are a very—you are the richest woman in the world, aren't you? So I am told by Father Valerian. Therefore you are worth more than your weight in gold. So many things might happen to you. It is conceivable that the Japanese, if they knew who you were, might—why do I say the Japanese? There are also Chinese bandits to whom your ransom would be a temptation."

"Father Valerian—" she began but Rudolf cut her off:

"Father Valerian is a saint and he knows nothing. What are men to him? He stays here and he cares for anyone who needs care, and that is his life. You must believe me when I tell you that in a few days your life may be in danger."

"And you will give me no more reason than that?"

"I can give you no more," he said. He had himself controlled now. He could look at her sitting there in the strong northern Chinese sunlight, her hair blazing with it, and her flesh transparent in it, and bear the beating of his heart because he knew she was not for him. "I will say only that there are things stirring beneath the scene you see from that window."

"Ta-ming looks very quiet," she said gazing down upon it.

"So also does ■ volcano until it bursts," Rudolf replied.

SHE could not but be impressed by the seriousness of his voice and his look, and she rose. "When do you think I should go—if I go?"

"At once," he said.

"Tomorrow?"

"Today."

She shook her head. "You know it is not possible."

"It may be possible," he insisted. "Fräulein, I have heard that the American has come here again from Shanghai—he and another American. How do I know? Well, I have my ways of knowing what happens. It is true they are here. They landed only a little while ago in a plane from Hong Kong. They have told the pilot to be ready to return at any moment. Now they will be coming for you—yes, I am sure it is why that man returns, that he may take you away from here. Tell me, do you—" he broke off, biting his sand-colored mustache.

"I will not go away with him," she said.

"He is in love with you," Rudolf said harshly. "If it is at all possible—it may be well for you to go with him."

"Be quiet," she told him shortly. "You are too silly." She came near to him. "You behave very strangely, I think," she said clearly. "Anyone would imagine you were plotting something and that you wanted me out of the way."

"Imagine what you like," he said in

a low voice, "but this is my advice—whether you love him or not, go away with the American. Get out of China!"

She flung up her head. "It will take more than your advice—or your command." She marched out of the room and closed the door behind her.

Nevertheless when she was alone in the corridor her pride disappeared and she was only conscious of Elton Field, at that very moment perhaps coming toward the mission. She stood in the middle of the corridor, fingering her red underlip, oblivious to the Chinese who passed and stared at her. Elton Field would go first to the Japanese as he had done before. That meant that he would be approaching the mission from the northern street. Then she must walk in the opposite direction—the direction of the airfield, it was true, but still it would scarcely be likely that he would come direct. She was suddenly determined to be out of the house when Elton came, and she flew out of the hospital toward the chapel, where at this hour Father Valerian would be saying a noonday Mass.

SHE went into the chapel breathlessly. Only a few people were there because it was an hour when the Chinese liked best to be out in the sun. It was a grief to Father Valerian that they would not come to pray except at hours when it was not pleasant to be doing something else. A few devout old people stood before him and crossed themselves at his bidding. She waited while he pronounced his blessing and then he saw her.

Father Valerian came down the aisle toward her, his robes flying back from his long legs.

"Father, I want you to come out of the compound with me—now," she said quickly.

"Now, my child, it is time for luncheon and then afterward I must—"

"Please, Father!" She dropped her voice, though the listening old men and women could not have understood. "Elton Field is here again—I don't want to see him."

"Who told you?" His voice was stern. "Rudolf says so—Rudolf wants me to go away with him—"

"Rudolf wants you—" Father Valerian was plainly bewildered.

"Rudolf says it is not safe for me in Ta-ming—"

Father Valerian looked as angry as he could. "It may not be safe for you here, doubtless it is not safe, but I think it is safer than for you to go away with that man. I will go and see Rudolf."

"No, Father, please—don't take the time now—he may be here at any moment. Please, Father, just walk out of the gate with me for a little while."

"As we are, child?"

"Just as we are!"

Her voice was so pleading, her eyes so urgent, that he was disturbed and wondered if there were something she had not told him. He said uncertainly. "There can be no harm, if you wish, in walking a little while—but—"

"Then come, Father!"

She wanted to pull him by the hand, but she did not, knowing that he could bear no human touch upon him. She flew ahead of him therefore, and he was compelled by her swiftness to follow.

The hard winter sunshine was pouring down so brightly that it seemed almost warm, but the day was not warm. A piercing wind came down from the northwest and bit into the flesh.

"You have nothing on your head," Father Valerian said. He did not re-



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alize that he was following her lead toward the south. There was almost no one on this southern street. High walls of houses were on either side.

"It doesn't matter—I'm used to being bareheaded," she said but she was breathless.

They walked on, and he wondered at her necessity for speed. He glanced at her profile, rosy with the wind.

"My child—" he began.

But at that moment a certain beggar who had been cowering in the crevice between two walls saw Father Valerian and came to him with a loud cry, and Father Valerian turned his head to the cry.

"Do you remember me, Foreign Priest?" the beggar asked. "See, look at my face and tell me if you know me!"

The man turned a hideously scarred face toward him. He was nearly blind for even his eyelids were scarred, but out of the pinholes left for his sight, his eyes blazed.

"I do not know you," Father Valerian said. "But I can see you have suffered very severely."

"Do you remember a little shop at the corner of the Street of Three Virgins? You used to buy bean curd there, sometimes, when I had it fresh."

Father Valerian stared at him, forgetting all else. "I do remember you," he said. "You had a round, cheerful face. Why, you were only a young man!"

The man began to sob. It was horrible to see the tears try to squeeze themselves out of those pinholes. "The devils—" he sobbed. "They soaked me in foreign gasoline—and set me on fire. Yes, I was truly burned to death. This is not I—a piece of bone and flesh!"

Father Valerian's beard jerked. He could not answer. How many times he had seen this and yet his throat swelled and his eyes smarted always the same.

"Our Father in heaven, how long!" he murmured. He put his hand into his robes and took out all the money he had in his pocket and poured it into the beggar's stiff, seared hand.

THEN he turned to Elaine. But she was not there. He looked and she was not near him. She was nowhere—he could not see her.

"Elaine!" he cried. "Elaine—Elaine!" It was the first time he had ever uttered her name, and he did not know now that he cried it.

"Where is she?" he asked the beggar. "Did you not see her go?"

"I saw no one but you," the beggar said. "I looked up and saw you going by."

"But there was a young woman with me—a young woman with yellow hair. She was ahead of me, but not very far—I mean, only a few feet!"

"I did not see her," the beggar said, "but then I cannot see much at a time. What I really saw was your shoes. You have bigger feet than anybody in Ta-ming and I looked across the street from where I lay and saw your big shoes and your black robes above them. So I cried out."

Father Valerian did not wait to hear more. They were at a cross street and he ran up and down the streets and shouted her name again and again. But there was no answer. The few people looked at him, and when he asked them if they had seen a young woman with fair hair, they shook their heads, smiling. They all knew who he was, and they were not astonished. No one could be astonished at foreigners who were always strange in their behavior.

He stopped running at last and stopped calling. On either side of the streets for half a mile the high walls and closed doors went on. He was now so terrified that he knew he must go back and get help. He must waste no

more time looking for her like this. They must organize a real search.

"Oh, Mary," he panted under his breath as he strode back through the dust. "How could this have happened to our child?"

IN THE square mission house Larch and Elton Field waited, the box of anesthetics between them. They had been met at the door by an old manservant who would not let them in until he had called the German. This German Larch had liked at once, partly because Elton Field had told him he did not like Rudolf Helgel.

"There is something queer about that German fellow," he had told Larch as they rode muleback from the airfield. "The Japanese captain told me they couldn't make out why he stayed on in Ta-ming. He used to be a military adviser in Tientsin but he didn't go back with the others when they were all ordered home. Well, why didn't he? And why is he living with that fanatic old priest? You will see why Miss Brian ought not to stay there. That German—he certainly is not there for any simple reason like the priest."

But Larch had liked at once the straight look out of Rudolf's small bright blue eyes. When he had opened the door he had bowed and clicked his heels.

"Please come in," he had said formally.

So they had come in and sat down on as uncomfortable benches as could be made, and Larch had stared about the room. Was this where Elaine lived? He could not have believed it and then he saw a blue scarf thrown across the one chair in the room with a back. It was so obviously a woman's scarf that he knew it was hers.

"Miss Elaine Brian, please," Elton Field said very coldly.

Rudolf Helgel bowed. "If you please," he said as coldly. "I will see if she is here."

He went away, and the old manservant came and stood motionless by the door while he was gone. Elton Field sneered. "I don't know what they think we can steal here," he said.

Larch laughed. "Maybe—Elaine," he said cheerfully. But Elton did not laugh. He did not like to hear that name coming so gaily from this young man's lips.

In a moment the German came back. "I regret," he said clearly. "She is not here. I cannot find her."

"Do you mean—not in Ta-ming?" Elton Field asked.

The German laughed. "But certainly she is here in Ta-ming. I mean, she has gone out, she is somewhere I cannot find out, perhaps Father Valerian will know when he comes in. He also is out at this moment. The gateman says he thinks they went together. Perhaps there was a call to a house. Sometimes he takes her with him when it is a woman."

"Then we will wait," Larch said. "I'll just sit here if you don't mind."

"Not at all," the German said. He looked from one to the other of these two men. "Perhaps you are cold," he said. "I will send for some charcoal."

"It is cold in here," Elton Field said. It was at this moment that the door of the room burst open and Father Valerian stood wildly before them. His beard was blown and his skull cap was gone, and the white hair on his head was awry. He saw no one but the German.

"Rudolf!" he shouted. "She is lost!"

ELAINE closed the great gate silently and stood leaning against it. Before her was a brick screen, the wall that guarded the gate, and beyond it the court of a strange Chinese house. No one was

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sight and she had a moment in which think. How had Larch come to Ta-ming? If she had not seen him so early she must have believed her own eyes mistaken. She had been thinking about Larch so much in the past weeks that her eyes might have lied to her. But she had not been thinking about him at the moment she saw him. She had been thinking only of how to escape Elton Field.

When Father Valerian stopped to speak to a beggar, at that instant there had ridden across the street two white men on mules. One was Elton Field and the other was Larch—there was no mistaking the tall easily upright young man. His hat was off, as it always was, and she had seen his head clear and dark against the bright blue morning sky. He had been shouting something to Elton, who rode behind him and so Elton had not looked toward her, and she, the instant she had seen his face, had slipped into this gate that stood ajar.

"Larch!" she whispered. She stood there—yes, it was he—but how had he come here? She thought, "I ran away from Larch and not from Elton Field." She did not want to see Larch. If she saw him she would love him and all the old misery of her mother's life would be repeated in her life. She thought, "Father Valerian will be frightened when he can't find me, but he will understand when I tell him why I hide myself."

She tiptoed behind the spirit wall and looked about her. The court was a large one with a small formal garden in the middle, a pool and a few fantastic water-shaped rocks in monoliths among the trees. She had seen no houses like this in Ta-ming. But then Father Valerian's life was among the poor. The wall of this house along the street had revealed nothing but a gray blankness. Was no one here? There was only silence. She knew that most of the few wealthy people of Ta-ming had fled before the Japanese came in.

But even as she stood thinking and wondering which she ought to do, an old lady came out of the main house which faced the court. She was very old, small and thin as a child, but she was bent, and she walked with energy, though her feet were bound into tiny shoes not three inches long. Instead of a cane she used a long bamboo pole that had a silver bowl and mouthpiece. Her eyes as she looked at Elaine

were small and exceedingly sharp in their blackness and she cried out in a clear youthful voice:

"Little Peach, here is a white foreign devil!"

At the sound of her voice the maid-servant came running out of a side court, as ugly a woman as could be found anywhere. She had had in childhood some disease which had scarred her face not in pits but in heavy welts, and had blinded one eye. But it had mercifully left her mouth untouched, so that now it was sweet and smiling in the ravage of her face. She laughed when she saw Elaine, and swore by her mother in her surprise. "My mother!" she cried. "This is the very first white woman I have ever seen, old mistress, and all that we have heard is true! Her hair is yellow and her eyes are glass!"

"So they are," the old lady said amiably. She stood leaning on her pipe and looking at Elaine with an interest that was almost affectionate.

"Do you not wonder how I came here?" Elaine asked and could not forbear smiling a little at the naïve pleasure of the two women. She could speak Chinese now well enough to understand what these two had said and to answer them.

THE old lady looked frightened. She turned to her bondmaid. "How is it that I can understand a white woman when I have never learned even to read and write my own language?"

"It must be foreign magic," the bondmaid replied. She stepped forward and lightly held the embroidered sleeve of the old lady's coat.

"It is not magic," Elaine said. "I have been studying to learn your language, and if you can understand me, I thank you."

The two still stared at her and so she felt she must say more: "I am very rude to come into your gate but I did it to escape—someone."

"A man?" the old lady asked with sudden perception.

"Yes," Elaine replied in a low voice.

The old lady nodded her little head. "You should not be out on the streets. It is true there is not so much danger for a young woman like you—are you young with that light hair? Here our hair grows light only when we are old. But your face looks very young."

"I am young," Elaine said, "and it is true I should not have been out on the



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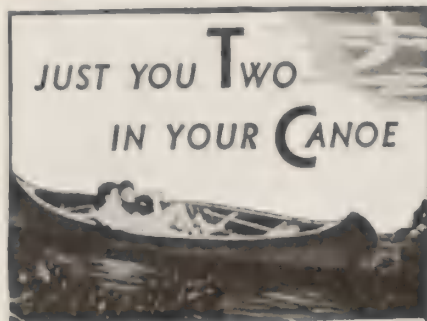
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street. May I shelter myself in your house for a little while?"

The old lady looked at her bondmaid. Plainly the two were doubtful. "We are alone except for one manservant," the old lady said. "My sons and their wives and children and all the young bondmaids went away before the enemy came. I am too old. When they wanted me to go, I said I would not go. So I pay the enemy something—you understand, every month. I pay them rent for my own house, the devils, and they leave me in peace. I myself bargained with that son of a turtle who is their captain. As for Little Peach, even the devils' stomachs turn when they look at her, and so we are safe enough. But what will they say if they find you here? It is not in my bargain with them. I told them we are only an old woman, a bondmaid with a scarred face, and an old gateman."

"Let me hide here for a little while," Elaine begged. "I will send a letter to the foreign priest and he will tell me what to do."

She saw doubt and curiosity struggle on the lively old face before her and curiosity won. "Let the devils be deceived," the old lady said. "This is not the day for them to come and collect the money. Come in and hide in my first daughter-in-law's room. And you must tell me all about yourself and your people." She came forward and seized Elaine's hand. "How white your hand is! Little Peach, look at her hand! It is not small but how white! Is it fragrant?"

She put Elaine's hand to her nose and smelled it and made a grimace. "Ha, it does not smell sweet! It smells of something I do not know. Little Peach, smell!"

The bondmaid smelled Elaine's hand. "It does not smell sweet," she agreed.

"Medicine-water," Elaine said. "I have been caring for the sick."

"You?" the old lady cried.

"Yes, I help the foreign priest," Elaine said. She could scarcely keep from laughter, these two were so naive, so eager in their interest, so unconscious, seemingly, of their plight in this enemy-ridden city.

The old lady did not let go her hand. "I like you," she said as though she were a queen speaking to a pretty beggar girl. "Yes, you cannot help your glass eyes, and your skin is very beautiful. Tell me, what do you put on your skin to make it white?"

"Nothing," Elaine said. She was following the gentle pull of the little claw of an old hand that led her into the house. "I was born white."

"Was your mother the same before you?" the old lady asked.

"The same," Elaine said.

THEY were now in a room off the main hall. It opened into a small court of its own. Under the surface peace of this strange moment she was thinking in her daze: "Of course I cannot simply stay here. I must indeed decide what I ought to do." She could not sidestep life and slip into a gate ajar and escape it. Or perhaps she could? Would it be possible to send word to Father Valerian and tell him where she was and beg him, command him, to let her stay here and say nothing of where she was until they had given up the search for her? But she could not think clearly. She was living in a fantasy.

The little old lady pushed her into a carved chair upholstered in scarlet wool. "Sit down! You are hungry and thirsty. Little Peach, go and fetch her food. Now, white one, tell me everything. Do the people in your country eat the same food we do? Perhaps they eat some other food to make them such a color? And your hair—let me feel it!" She felt the texture of Elaine's wind-tossed

hair. "It is softer than our hair but why does it curl? You must have eaten something when you were a child to make it curl."

"No, I was only born so," Elaine said again.

The old woman laughed. "Tell me, are children born in your country as they are here? Do men beget and women conceive?"

Elaine nodded, suddenly shy, and the old lady laughed again, a ripple of curiously young laughter. "Ah, you are shy, just like our girls! Are you married?"

"No," Elaine said. "I shall never marry."

"Never marry!" the old lady exclaimed in horror. "But all women must marry! Whoever heard of a woman who did not marry? How then will you have children?"

"I shall not have children," Elaine said and thought what folly it was to speak out her heart to this old one who could have no understanding of a life different from her own.

"You are a nun," the old lady said. "Perhaps I am," Elaine agreed. It was as easy an escape as any other.

THE old lady leaned over and tapped her knee with a finger as slender as a delicate child's. The nail on it was an inch long. "It is very well to be a nun when you grow old," she said, "but it is a great pity when you are young." She nodded, smiled, and coughed behind her hand. Then she looked grave, put on a grand manner and called out, "Little Peach!"

"Here!" Little Peach shouted. In a few more minutes she came in with a tray of steamed meat dumplings and a pot of hot tea.

"Eat," the old lady commanded Elaine. "Eat and drink!"

She put the dumplings into a bowl for Elaine, and Little Peach poured tea. It was miraculously quiet behind the wall; the court was pretty, even yet. The sun shone down warm into it, and shrubs of heavenly bamboo stood dark green and scarlet with berries. It was impossible to be afraid. Elaine was suddenly hungry in the momentary security. She ate heartily and pleased the old lady so much by her appetite that when the meal was finished, the little creature leaned over and caressed her cheek with her tiny hand. It smelled of musk.

"I like you," she said sweetly. "I like you very much. You may stay with me. You will be quite safe. Even if the Japanese come they will not want a woman who looks like you. You are as safe as Little Peach with her scarred face."

"If I may stay for a few days," Elaine said, "I will thank you."

"A few days!" the old lady cried. Now that she had made up her mind she liked this foreigner she could not like her enough. "You shall stay with me forever! I will make you my daughter—eh, Little Peach? Shall I make this foreigner my daughter?"

Little Peach considered, staring very hard at Elaine. "But if you make her your daughter you must in duty marry her off, and how can that be done?"

The old lady pouted a moment. Then her face cleared. "I will not make her a full daughter—I will just keep her for a toy, a foster-daughter."

"Ah," Little Peach said, "why not, then, if she amuses you, old one?"

These two, Elaine thought, were there two like them anywhere? Around them the whole world had changed, but behind this gate they did not know it. Yes, she could shelter here for a few days, at least.

"If I amuse you, I am glad," she said, and laughed half sadly as she might have laughed at children who did not know there was a war around them.

(To be continued next week)



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Any Week

Continued from page 4

are told too, that to the question: "How did you get into the Army?" numerous soldiers are replying: "Political influence." This is most regrettable, indicating that we have made very little progress in the past quarter century. And in this belief we are supported by a bit of intelligence to the effect that a ceteran Infantry officer overheard warning a group of new recruits not to be carried away by the glamour of mechanized arms. "Look at Germany in Russia," said he. "He has the most mechanized army in the world and where is it getting him?" But he may be one of that old guard saved from total disaster by General Grant in 1863. General Grant was not noted for his humor. Therefore we suspect grim truth in his reply to a suggestion that, for sanitary reasons, officers of the Union Army shave off their beards. "Take it easy," Grant replied. "If we take off our whiskers there might not be anything left."

A REAT many of you—Mrs. Willha Bredenbeck of Toledo, Ohio, for a particularly positive one—think that Mr. Roosevelt should set the nation an example of self-denial by getting along without a few dozen nondefense agencies and bureaus. Mrs. Bredenbeck is not content merely to criticize. "If I can get along without sugar," says she, "the government can get along without the CCC. If I can't have a couple of new tires for my jalopy, Mr. Roosevelt ought to try to get along without his VA. I gave up my aluminum pots and pans and I think it only fair for the

government to close down the Rural Electrification Administration for the duration. Why can't Mr. Roosevelt match us dollar for dollar especially when they are both our dollars?"

BUT now that we're gradually getting used to War Time, we've begun to wonder why the idea isn't being carried on to ultimates. Suddenly an hour was snatched out of our lives while we were deep in defenseless sleep on a remorselessly cold morning. And we find that we didn't miss it. With Mr. Harald T. Bergquist of Portland, Oregon, we don't know why similar Joshua methods might not be applied to whole weeks, months or even years. Why can't we pretend that it is December 6, 1941, all over again and be prepared for the fateful morrow, notifying Admiral Kimmel and General Short to be on their guard? If Congress can say that it is 1926 or some such year for farm prices and if the President can say that it's three o'clock instead of two, what's to prevent the rest of us from letting on that it is next year or any other time less defeated than the moment? We've had quite a lot of correspondence on the subject. For example, why can't we drop a couple of days out of the week, thereby establishing labor's longed-for five-day week? Although that's clearly unscriptural and something we never quite understood anyway. Of course the idea isn't particularly new. A lot of our generals are acting and thinking as if it was still 1917. And for some of our leaders, the clock hasn't budged since the turn of the century. . . . W. D.



"Frankly, I don't think we're getting anywhere"

BILL RYDIE

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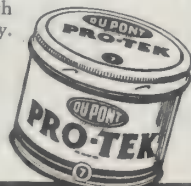


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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 41

SLOAN FIELD, Texas. Laid out on a flat, barren stretch of what was West Texas ranchland, this installation is slated to become the largest bombardier training school in the world. The site was selected because of the wide open spaces ideal for egg dropping and for climate and atmospheric conditions sized up as the nuts by aviation experts. Five million dollars worth of construction got under way last July 7th, and the first "Hell From Heaven Men" who checked in February 7th are now more than halfway through the 12-week course. Other batches of bombardier cadets will pour in direct from one of the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center's two "kindergartens" (Kelly and Ellington).

The field is equipped with the new AT-11's, especially designed for bombardier and gunnery training; with some B-18's; and with the secret bombsights, kept in jail-like vaults that make Alcatraz look like a chicken coop. It boasts the largest ordnance company (the 437th) and the nation's biggest bomb dump, made up of 100-pound practice bombs soon to drop at the rate of about 1,000 a day on near-by ranges. Each AT-11 is rigged to hold ten 100-pound practice bombs, racked five to each side and to be released individually or in salvo from as high as 20,000 and as low as 100 feet over the 80-mile campus of the bombardier college. White circles form daytime targets, crosses of lighted flares are the objectives at night. Hits are checked from spotting towers near each target and with giant aerial cameras carried in the planes.

MATHER FIELD, California. Private phone calls to the boys in camp have been restricted, but a love-inspired gal in Beverly Hills has found a way to beat the ban. After 8 P.M. she calls the field and asks to speak person-to-per-

son to the squadron commander. It's a legitimate request but she's told—as she knew she would be—that the commander has gone home for the evening and will she speak to anybody else? "Well," she says with well-studied hesitancy, "if the commander isn't there I suppose Private So-and-so (her boy friend) COULD take the message for him." She says it works like a charm. Or has up to now anyway.

CAMP CALLAN, California. The stork made a powerdive on this cantonment at Torrey Pines Mesa one quiet Sunday morning and discovered the Army and Navy ready to work hand in hand. Object of his visit was the wife of a pharmacist's mate stationed at the San Diego Naval Hospital. Returning from a visit in Los Angeles, the highly expectant mother was transferred to an ambulance 20 miles north of Camp Callan, and the baby arrived before the vehicle swerved into camp and screeched to a stop at the nearest infirmary. Medical Officer Lt. James R. Matson dashed out. . . . Later, Mamma and her five-pound boy proceeded leisurely to the Family Hospital at the San Diego Naval Air Station—the original destination—where the sailor father waited, oblivious to his debt to the Army; and Camp Callan chalked up another first for any Army replacement center: The birth of a Navy baby on its premises.

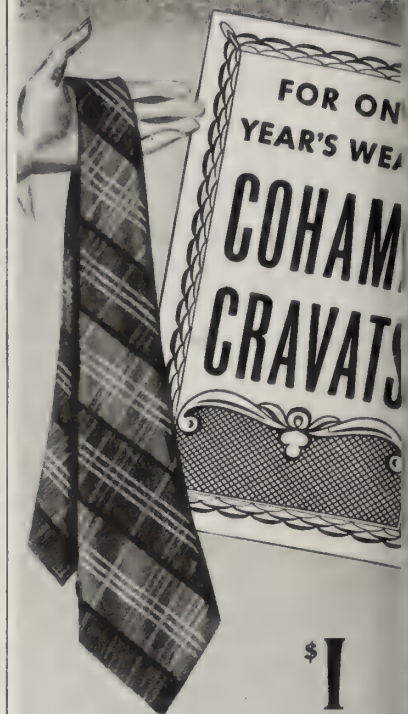
CAMP JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, Arkansas. The hutment song is being tapped out by hammers in the hands of carpenters converting this tent camp into frame buildings 16-feet square for officers, who, since last month, are required to live on the post, and for men who are spending eight weeks in the Medical and Branch Immaterial Replacement Train-



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Centers. (Try and find out what Branch Immaterial means. Nearest we could get to an explanation was, it's immaterial what branch of service you get into—you get eight weeks' basic anyhow). If, by the way, you think enlisted men have a monopoly on grouching you should have heard the officers at Robinson when they learned that, instead of breakfast with the little vic in Little Rock, they now have to sleep and eat on the post, paying \$30 a month for grub. This is war.

KISER WILHELM was the given name announced by an Arkansas Negro, born in 1918, who showed up at Robinson for induction. Said his folks at the name in the papers and thought it sounded nice. Later, when neighbors asked, the parents were "too contrary" to change it. . . . Robinson examiners reported the case of the Harvard graduate, who, inadvertently put into the wrong group, went through a test designed for illiterates. He came out looking slightly puzzled. "The questions," said he, "were extraordinarily simple."

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Missouri. This commanding officer wanted to know why he was six hours late returning from leave, so Pvt. John MacDonald told him. "Sir," said he, "I came through 600 miles of blizzard, as follows: In Minneapolis I boarded a transport plane for St. Louis and we were grounded at Des Moines, where I laid out a hundred bucks for a private plane, which managed to fly ten miles before the weather forced her down. Then I walked eight miles and hooked up in a coal truck for forty-six more miles, after which I hired a taxi. The taxi stalled in the drifts. A bus came along and I got to Kirkville just as all bus traffic was stopped. Finally, I got a train for Columbia, another cab to Jefferson City, and a bus brought me to the fort. Sorry I'm late, sir."

MARINE BASE, Quantico, Va. Sixty-two newly commissioned lieutenants have fanned out from this base and are visiting universities and colleges in every state in the country where they are putting on a sales talk for the Marine Corps. Within the next thirty days they hope to have persuaded a sizeable number of college students to take officers' training courses. If the Army doesn't get you, the Marines will.

FORT BRAGG, N. C. For the first time since the Signal Corps lost the aircraft in the early days of the last war, a branch of the Army other than the Air Corps will be equipped with organic aviation. The 1st (Heavy) Field Artillery Brigade is lined up to receive a dozen or more four-engine, two-place "Grasshoppers" (Collier's, Nov. 22d, 1941) which the brigade will use to observe its own long-range fire. Artillery officers will act as mechanics and observers, thus releasing Air Corps pilots for combat duty. Another important advantage is that the artillery will control its own observation, no longer dependent upon infrequent release of Air Corps ships for this duty. The Air Corps likes the idea; so do the brass hats in the light artillery, which will conduct similar tests with 2d division units.

CAMP BLANDING, Fla. Artilleryman Pvt. Sheldon Summers sat in front of his tent, the other day, with a round carton of dog biscuits, one of which he handed to each guy who walked by. "It's on me," announced Pvt. Summers. "My dog has just had four pups."

COMPLETION of eight theaters at Blanding has put the Station Committee in the picture-show business in

a big way. Seven of the theaters seat 1,038 men each; the other, for the small detachment of Negro troops, takes care of 600. First-run movies play to an average of 15,000 customers nightly and there's no more griping about three-mile walks to reach a show; the new theaters are so located that no company street is more than half a mile away from a Hollywood epic.

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Four of five cadets, invited to dine with five Jacksonville gals, returned to the station glowering and exhibiting unmistakable signs of a slow burn. Seems the missing cadet had copped the prettiest mouse and scrambled from the party. After a council, one of the quartet phoned the beautiful babe at her home and announced he was the Communications Office. "Will you please," he asked, "give Cadet Blank the following message? 'Twins arrived. Doing nicely. Love. Your wife.'" Presently the outraged victim boiled back into camp. "Even if I were married," he told the quartet after an hour's discussion of the business, "I'd never think of having twins."

GENERAL

"THERE'S a vast army of us," writes an Army wife, "doing our job for defense, not wearing the uniforms of any volunteer corps and unknown to one another, although we have a very common bond. Why isn't there some badge to show the part we are playing, or an insignia to show our position, and our husband's rank, in this fight? It would help us recognize one another and save us many embarrassing incidents." The housing problem, by the way, continues to be pretty bad in spots. At Fort Dix, N. J., for instance, Army wives are permitted to live in the Officers' Mess (Club) for a week only; then they have to move into a \$21-a-week room in some near-by town and share one bathroom with thirty-five other disconsolate Army wives. It's not only expensive but tough on morale.

IF YOU'RE interested in new slang and the derivation of Army terms, get yourself a copy of Army Talk, written by Col. Elbridge Colby and recently published by the University of Princeton Press. It's the answer to a lot of letters received by this department from readers who get yardbirds mixed up with dogfaces, and vice versa.

NOTE to people who write letters to the commanding officer at Camp Boyd, Texas, and especially to the Bureau of Public Relations, Washington, D. C., which has been mailing press releases regularly to this post: All mail addressed to Camp Boyd is automatically forwarded to Fort Bliss. Camp Boyd is a hangover from the previous world war and isn't garrisoned. Hasn't been for 24 years.

ALL available chromium is being used in war industries, with the result that the Army is beginning to order a silver finish for all flatware to be used at mess. Fancy stuff, but another headache for the boys on K.P. duty.

THE supply of nickel is limited, too. According to recent newspaper dispatches, the nation needs a name for the new five-cent piece, which will be made of mixed copper, silver and any other alloy the Director of the Mint decides will do the trick. Some of the suggested names heard around Washington include "sico," "cosi," and the well-known "jit."

HOW about just plain V—for you know what? G. W.

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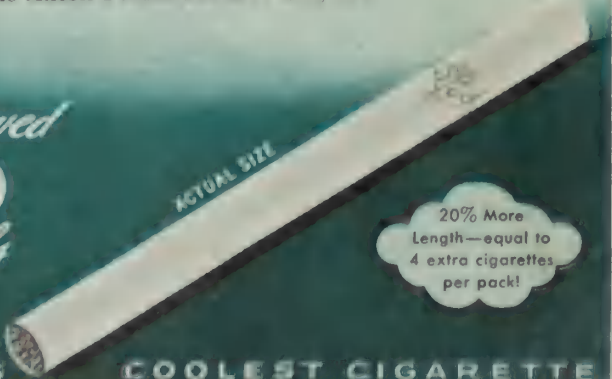
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THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETTE



THIS reporter, for one, has now heard enough jokes and beefs about our British allies to last till next Thanksgiving Day at least.

Whenever we hear another of these japes, the thought goes thundering through the bean that we Americans haven't been so superior to the British in our conduct of the war to date that we can justly snoot them.

The British pulled some awful boners in Malaya and in the short-lived defense of Singapore. But in two and a half years of war, the British have yet to surpass the boner of Pearl Harbor. And according to a broadcast by Martin Agronsky from Australia, a United States fighting ship in one of the early actions off Java found itself trying to struggle along under a Japanese dive-bomber attack with

1930 and 1931 ammunition which had been tested a year before and found to be only 30% effective. The Navy is now investigating this charge.

Britain's famous old-school-tie boys, who cluttered up her government in such profusion until Churchill began weeding them out, and the equally famous Col. Blimps who still clutter up her army to some extent, have no doubt been responsible for a lot of Britain's griefs in this war. There is no objection that we can see to well-aimed gibes at these gentry, in the hope of cutting down their power to gum the British war effort.

But we have a few Col. Blimps of our own, to say nothing of a few Admiral Tubbaguts and a selection of all but incredible stuffed shirts in

high government circles. For all our vaunted flexibility and mental agility, we didn't pig-hole enough of these characters in time to avert the Normandie disaster.

And so it goes. Making allowance for different lengths of time the two nations have been in the war, you can match boner for boner between the United States and Great Britain.

Our two countries are in this war together for better or for worse, and up to the neck. The more energy we refuse to waste in mutual recriminations, the more we'll save to spend on the Axis. Up to now, the Axis has shown itself capable of absorbing all the energy we've been able to send against it. It has also shown to be adept at making military capital of every suspicion of inter-Allied friction.

Au Revoir—But Not Goodby

THE automobile industry has gone in for war work 100%, most likely for the duration. It hasn't been any too much fun to see those photographs or newsreel shots of the last cars rolling off the assembly line. It makes you feel as if a chapter in American history has been finished.

As a matter of fact, it has. The automobile wrote a large part of the history of the last 40 years or so in this country.

Its development from a curio into something that would actually run with fair dependability was a characteristic American achievement, to begin with. We always were a gadgety, mechanical-minded people. The gasoline engine harnessed to a buggy had an irresistible appeal to that trait in us, and the results were colossal.

Thoroughly American, too, was Henry Ford's notion that this rich man's toy could be simplified and improved into a cheap car which millions of people could afford to buy. Ford, along with various other pioneers of the motor industry, made that dream come true.

Among them, they produced another revolution. When they began to tinker, this was a giant, sprawling country, loosely knit by a network of railroads, scarred by unspeakable dirt

and mud roads outside the cities, and therefore quite capable of coming apart under strain. The automobile forced the construction of a nationwide grid of fine roads—the finest highway system in the world. It brought us all closer together, mentally as well as physically; it united the nation as nothing else could have done.

Now that we are at war, the automobile is paying us still another national dividend. These highways can be—are being—used for the swift shuttling of troops and arms from anywhere in the United States to anywhere else in the United States. If we should be forced back to a last-ditch defense of our own country, our highways would constitute a ready-made system of interior lines on which we could put up a dancing-wildcat fight.

What next in the saga of the motorcar? Well, the veteran airplane designers and manufacturers have now teamed up with the automobile people in a number of instances to produce fighter, bomber and trainer planes for this war. The airplane men supply the designs that they have pioneered and improved; the auto men furnish the mass-production methods that they made into one of the great boasts

of American industry. Between them, the groups should be able to turn out enough planes and other machines of war to bat the Axis in time.

Then what?

Well, by that time a lot of the 33,000,000 now in circulation in the United States should be about ready for retirement. We can't believe the country will go forever short of beer. We think that problem will be solved somehow—and that it had better be, unless we want our whole economic system to take a blow.

After the war, there should come a new era of the auto industry, plus a tremendously expanded airplane industry. There are all sorts of dreamy, half-baked plans floating around beating the expected postwar depression. They may be beaten by the hard, cold fact that a lot of Americans will then want a lot of new cars, and that huge facilities for producing cars will exist, plus the fact that numerous home-flying fliers will be determined to keep on flying.

It's just possible that the automobile, by its younger brother, the airplane, will make America over—after the big job now in progress is finished.

Collier's
FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA
APRIL 11, 1942
WILL COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—FIVE CENTS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

RONALD
McLEOD

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

Panama Jungleers By Walte

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Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

TELL-TALE FLAKES?

ITCHY SCALP?

UGLY SCALES?

LOOK OUT FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!

Start NOW with LISTERINE!

Take these signs seriously. They may be a warning of the infectious type of dandruff, so common and frequently so stubborn! Don't delay. Neglect may aggravate the condition. And don't rely on one application of some makeshift, "over-night" remedy to treat a stubborn infection.

Medical—Not Magical Treatment

Your common sense tells you that it's wise to treat an infection with an antiseptic which attacks large numbers of the germs accompanying the infection.

So, be wise . . . start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's a simple, delightfully easy, *medical* treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine gives hair and scalp an antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Those distressing, loosened dandruff flakes begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

76% Improved in Clinical Tests

We've received countless letters from men and women all over America, praising Listerine to the skies for bringing them relief from dandruff's distressing symptoms!

Not only that . . . there's even greater evidence, from scientific quarters. In a series of severe clinical tests, fully 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within a month!

If you have the slightest sign of infectious dandruff, don't wait . . . get after it *now* with Listerine Antiseptic, the tested treatment. The large economy-size bottle will save you money.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

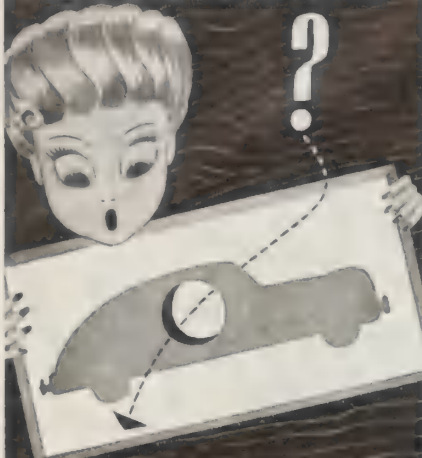
The LISTERINE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.



Is There Something MISSING?



FROM YOUR CAR

The hours you spend in your car *without* a Motorola Radio are NEWS BLACKOUTS. You miss the news, the warnings, the bulletins and entertainments, etc. Radio in your car is not a luxury. In today's world it's a positive *necessity*!

EVERY CAR CAN HAVE

Motorola

AUTO RADIO

Now is the time to have your Motorola installed. Your dealer will demonstrate that....

There is a Motorola to **FIT and MATCH** Your Car—Old or New

You get more stations... richer and clearer with exclusive VITA-TONE reception. Don't miss another program or a newscast...

See a Motorola Dealer Today!



WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
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KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor

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Articles
Syntax
Far East
Near East
Articles
West Coast
Washington
Photographs

Collier

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THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

Collier's

PRICE GOES UP
MAY 9th

Collier's is more determined now than ever before to maintain its high editorial standards. This policy, we are sure, will be endorsed by our readers. In view of higher costs, we are obliged to increase the price to TEN CENTS a copy, effective with the issue of May 9th.

Also on May 9th, subscriptions will be advanced. In the United States and Possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador and all countries in the Pan-American Union:

Present Price \$2.00 a Year
After May 9th \$3.00 a Year
(Foreign Countries, \$3.50 per year extra)

No subscriptions will be accepted at present price after May 9, 1942.

WRITING this on a South America-bound plane has certain social aspects. We've done this before. In fact this column has been written on planes, battleships, destroyers, trains, motor-cars and various other unconventional places including a fishing expedition during which we were almost fatally seasick. And all this may account for certain efforts which fell somewhat short of brilliance. However, we are doing our best and have ample assistance. Five people—three gentlemen and a lady with an infant in her lap—are intensely interested in what we are doing. Crowded together like this, four of our five closely packed fellow travelers are even more absorbed in your letters. At first they read them along with us rather politely, doing it out of the corners of their eyes, at the same time trying to look unconcerned. But they soon dropped their little pretense and frankly pitched in reading what you've written to this magazine and agreeing with you or disagreeing with considerable vigor. After five or six letters, the baby fell asleep, leaving us to carry on as well as we can.

SO MR. JULIUS B. McWHITT of Louisville, Kentucky, will be glad to know that his letter touched off a discussion which presently spread all the way up and down the aisle. At one point the debate became a trifle bitter and a gentleman named Bintress or some such said that he was going to write to Westbrook Pegler. This lat-

ter, incidentally, is now done by many irate citizens who used to be content to write to their editors or to their congressman. Mr. Bintress made it clear to us that he knew all the better columnists—so well that they all looked to him to supply them with important ideas and devastating facts. We asked him why he had ignored us. We're a little stupid that way. Anyway he took our name and address and promised to put us on his list—on probation anyway.

WHAT started us on Mr. Bintress anyway? Ah, yes. Having retrieved our copy from the lady with the baby we find that it was Mr. McWhitt's letter. Mr. McWhitt writes about pensions, saying in part that if the President, members of Congress and other ladies and gentlemen who work for the government rate government pensions, so does he. "Nobody," says Mr. McWhitt, "can say that I'm not working for the government and if you want any proof look at my income tax. The way I have it figured, I work two days a week for the McWhitts and four for the government." Of course Mr. McWhitt is not alone in this. Lots of us are doing it, including Mr. Bintress, who adds that it's because of the increased income tax that he is compelled, this winter, to limit his Florida vacation to one month. However, he is bearing it with a smile.

WHILE we are looking around for the rest of our mail (OUR mail, my eye!) we may as well tell you that we paused in Savannah, Georgia. The airport was well stocked with Army and Navy bombers, fighters and observation planes. Also it was well patrolled by soldiers whose orders must have been sharply to the point. You could walk from your plane to the airport waiting room and you could walk back. But the moment you did more than that



you had a couple of sentries riding herd on you. Some of the soldiers were white and some Negro—we'd say 50-50. We talked to a sergeant. He carried no arms—not even a pistol or a bayonet. But ten feet away was a very tall, very thin black soldier with everything—pistol, bayonet, Garand rifle and about a ton of ammunition. "All I'm supposed to do," said the
(Continued on page 42)

THIS WEEK

APRIL 11, 1942

SHORT STORIES

SAX ROHMER

Four-and-Twenty Cobb
story of a strange and beautiful
geance.

ERNEST HAYCOX

Faithfully, Judith. Roman
blind—but it can be made

THOMAS H. RADDALL

Action at Sea. Roll along
Navy, roll along!

THE SHORT SHORT STORIES

Kitchen Police, by William
don.

SERIAL STORIES

PEARL S. BUCK

China Gold. The tenth
parts.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Moving Finger. The third
parts.

ARTICLES

LUTHER DAVIS and
JOHN CLEVELAND

The Perils of Judy. Judi
rode to success on disaster.

WALTER DAVENPORT

Panama Jungleers. What
will meet if they attack the
Canal.

S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.
Broadbill! Toughest, fight
of them all—Señor Alba

OUR FIGHTING MEN.

FRANK J. TAYLOR

Your Sugar Bowl Blows
the Axis Powers on the
end.

H. J. TIMPERLEY

Digger Chief. "Cocky"
boss of the Aussies.

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS

Aggressive, But Not Crazy
Boom Year for Babies.
Some Sugar and Some Sap

COVER

RONALD

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*"Boy! Am I glad I put
Silvertowns on this baby!"*

"YOU FELLOWS ought to be glad, too," Tex continued. "It means we won't have to hike home 15 miles from our shift for a year or two anyway."

"Do you figure they'll last for the duration?" Tex asked him.

"Wouldn't be surprised," Tex answered. "Duramin is one thing Silvertowns are famous for!"

"New things are more important to America today than the automobile. Thousands of cars that were used for pleasure driving a few weeks ago are now carrying workers to their jobs today. They're used for defense weapons."

"What does this mean to you? Just this: as the need for tires and rubber grows, it be-

comes more and more necessary that you help America save its rubber. Your tires are part of our country's rubber reserve. If you use them wastefully, you throw away a bit of the rubber our country needs so much.

You know better than anyone else when to use your car, and when not to. You know the simple rules of care that will make your tires last long. Don't be a rubber-waster.

Even Silvertowns won't last forever. It's true that they're made with Duramin, the famous B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young. It's true that you can expect extra miles

from Silvertowns. But you'll get *even more* if you drive with reasonable care.

Everyone wants to help America today. Saving rubber is one way. And while you may think your part is small, the total amounts to more than a hundred million tires. Keep 'em rolling!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

Your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store is tire information headquarters for your neighborhood. Here you can get the answers to your questions about tires, or the tire situation. Even more important, you can get the advice and help of tire experts on how to get more miles from your tires. Your "B. F. Goodrich man" is also qualified to make expert repairs, if needed.

How to make your tires last longer!

Maintain recommended or rated air pressure at all times. Shift your tires from wheel to wheel every 5000 miles to insure uniform wear on all tires, including spare.

Don't take corners at high speed that wears tires faster than anything else.

Never slam on your brakes—

except to prevent an accident.

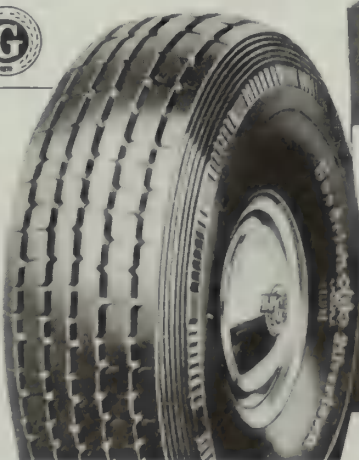
5. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.

6. Don't drive too fast—for high speed heats up tires and hastens deterioration and wear.

7. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.

8. Do not bump into curb—no tire will withstand such abuse.

Remember, every ounce of rubber you save helps your country



1892



1942

Fiftieth Year



TIRE-LESS CARS

CALL FOR TIRELESS FEET... WEAR

FLORSHEIM WALKING SHOES

The new era of "pavement-pounding" makes *comfort* the first requisite of any shoes you buy... and that's where Florsheim Walking Shoes *shine*! Built of soft, supple leathers... on lasts that provide extra toe-room and instant flexibility... they make walking the pleasant, healthful exercise it should be. And Florsheim Quality gives you *extra miles* of wear! Left, THE CHIEF; right, THE ECLIPSE.

Most Summer Styles \$10 and \$10⁵⁰

THE *Florsheim* SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Leibovitz sisters of Philadelphia, identical twins and both artists, sometimes produce "joint pictures." Freda, the right-handed twin, paints one side of the canvas while Ida, who is left-handed, does the other side. When the painting is finished, it appears, even to experts, to be the work of a single artist.

A man has been taught to dilate the pupils of his eyes at will. The first step was the association of a decrease in light with the ringing of a bell, followed by the association of the bell with a verbal command of the teacher. Then the subject gave the verbal command to himself, which he was eventually able to replace with a mental command.—By J. F. Hamaker, Jr., Washington, D. C.

In Japan, most religious worship consists only of visiting a temple for a few minutes to say a prayer, either alone or with a small group. When entering their sacred edifices, Shintoists clap their hands and Buddhists ring a bell in order to arouse the enshrined deity and get his attention.—By Peggy Rust, Leesburg, Virginia.

When Elihu Yale gave \$2,500 to the Collegiate School, its name was changed to Yale University and, when John Harvard bequeathed \$3,500 and a small library to Cambridge College, its name was changed to Harvard University. Today gifts to educational institutions often amount to millions of dollars and receive little or no publicity.—By B. C. Cartmell, Houston, Texas.

During a trip between San Francisco and Honolulu in 1928, the 33,000-ton U. S. Airplane Carrier Lexington traveled 768 statute miles in one day, the longest distance ever made by any kind of vessel in twenty-four hours.—By Martin Goldwasser, Woodside, Long Island, New York.

Judith Skinner, a 26-inch midget who died in London in 1763, has a unique maternal record. During the twenty-three years she was married to Robert, her 25-inch husband, this woman, weighing less than thirty pounds, gave birth to fourteen normal-sized, robust children, all of whom grew to adulthood. Furthermore, she is believed to be the only mother in history who survived fourteen Caesarean operations.

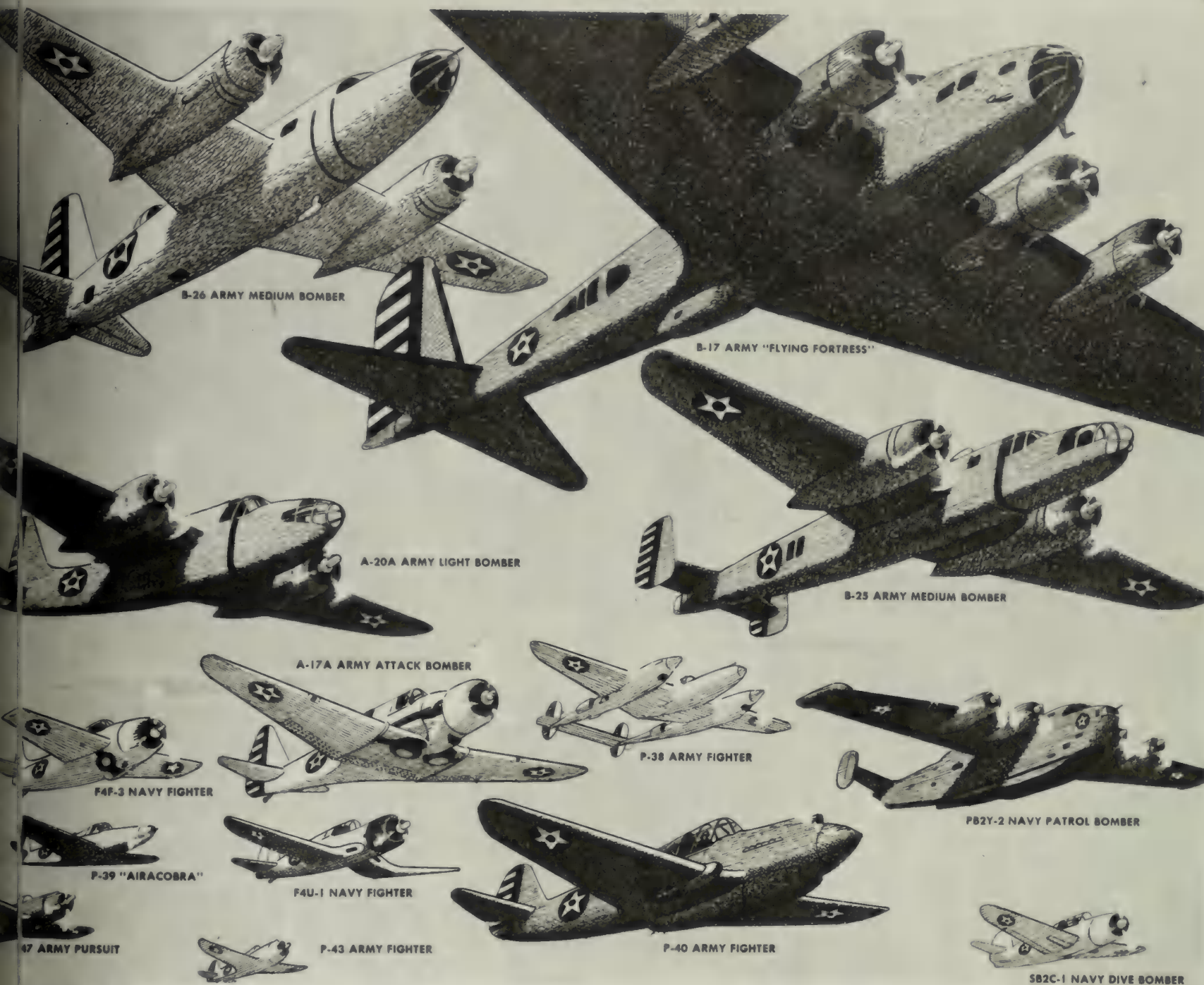
The oldest business house in the United States, and one that is still in the hands of the founding family, is the Perot Malting Company of Philadelphia, established in 1682, 255 years ago.—By Michael J. Iton, Homewood, Pennsylvania.

An odd disaster was the explosion of a two-million-gallon tank of molasses in Boston on January 19, 1919. Flying fragments of the tank crushed or damaged several buildings and injured more than sixty persons, while the deluge of thick syrup entrapped and suffocated eleven others before help could reach them.—By Elmer A. May, Swansea, Massachusetts.

The 300,000 people on the island of Malta receive their radio entertainment through a "rediffusion" system. One central radio station tunes in the best European program every hour and transmits it by telephone wire to each receiving station, which rents for \$3.75 a year.

Flashes of lightning from a cloud to the earth have been less than three thousand feet in length, while flashes from one cloud to another have been more than twenty miles in length.—By Ruth Albright, Cleveland, Ohio.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by a factory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



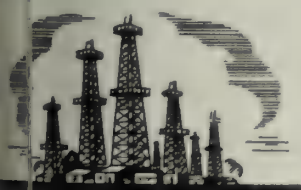
IN ONE WAY ALL THESE AMERICAN WAR PLANES ARE ALIKE

★ All American fighting planes have one important feature in common: their engines are designed for high-octane gasoline. That's the basic reason why they have more power than similar enemy planes. And because they have more power, they will—plane for plane—outfly and outfight our enemies'.

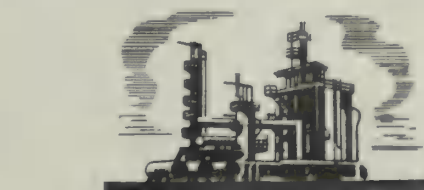
We alone have *all three* things needed to produce high-octane gasoline—and plenty of it: *one*—vast resources of high quality crude oil; *two*—superior re-

fining processes, developed by America's petroleum industry; *three*—adequate production of anti-knock fluid to improve octane ratings of military gasolines.

The makers of Ethyl brand of anti-knock fluid have geared their plants, laboratories and technical staffs to meet the oil industry's war needs. Until victory is won, our Army, Navy and Allies have first call on Ethyl fluid to make fighting fuels for planes, tanks, armored cars and other mechanized equipment.



AMERICA'S
VAST RESOURCES OF HIGH
QUALITY CRUDE OIL



plus SUPERIOR REFINING
PROCESSES DEVELOPED BY
OUR PETROLEUM INDUSTRY



ADEQUATE PRODUCTION
OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID
(containing tetraethyl lead)



SUPERIOR
FIGHTING
FUELS

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID



REG. TRADE MARK

MADE BY ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

Economy...yet meats so good
THEY DESERVE TO BE CALLED
Swift's Premium



Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts, Piedmont potato croquettes with cream sauce, 7-minute cabbage with peas, spiced orange wedges.

*"Guard nutrition as well
 as your budget!"*

Says **MARTHA LOGAN**, *Famous Home Economist*



"Increasing demands upon our time and money need not interfere with serving wholesome, appetizing meals. Indeed, they *must* not. For good nutrition is an important weapon in our war effort. Busy homemakers will find the answer to part of this problem by serving Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts frequently. These delicious frankfurts have the appetizing flavor and the extra quality of all Swift's Premium meats. Quick as well as nutritious, they're ready to serve after simply simmering 5 to 8 minutes."



IN 2 SIZES — *Swift's Premium label on every 4th link*



Spice-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" Table-Ready meats... Meat Loaf... Braunschweiler... Lunch Meat... Lunar Loaf... Bologna... Leona... Liver Cheese... Pot Roast of Beef... Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of quality!



Champion of pilots' rights is David L. Behncke, former pilot and president of the Air Line Pilots Association since its founding

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is an ancient and honorable organization of stern, gray-haired, experienced pilots of the iron horse and known to just about everybody. So it's time to report on its counterpart of the skies, the Air Line Pilots Association (A. F. of L.) which after a very trying decade of organization and development is now firmly established as an integral part of our scheduled air transport system.

Inadequate appreciation, by a brand of management no longer identified with present-day airlines, of the vital role played by the pilot was the basis for the formation of an association or "union" of pilots in 1931. In this little group was David L. Behncke, former Army pilot and then an active scheduled airline captain. He was elected ALPA's first president and has been re-elected for two-year terms ever since.

Dave was contemplating resigning his airline job early in 1934 to devote his entire time to ALPA when a freak accident stepped in and hastened his decision. He was out on his regular run on a winter night when his carburetors iced up and both engines expired. He pancaked the airliner into some trees and brought it safely to rest with tail down and nose high.

Passengers, copilot and hostess left by the regular door, but Dave stepped out through the emergency cockpit exit onto the wing. It was glazed with ice; he slipped and fell to the ground, breaking a leg in three places. Dave was hospitalized and crutch-bound for nearly a year, and in the days of his convalescence he made a dramatic figure hobbling up to testify at Congressional hearings on remedial legislation for airline pilots.

To Dave Behncke, the airline pilot is an ideal. He sees red and utters volumes of bitter words against any and all who don't treat his boys right. Particularly violent does he become at what he calls the "blame-it-on-the-dead-pilot" line of reasoning.

He cites an airline accident last October in which all on board except the pilot were lost. With the help of a brother pilot and a wide-awake and co-operative management, Mr. Behncke

declares, the sole survivor was point to the real cause of the accident. And he adds: "Who is there that it wouldn't have been blamed on the dead pilot?"

In the Association's publication, *Air Line Pilot*, of which he is editor, Dave keeps alive the memory of his boys under a heading "In Memoriam." This list, surrounded by a black border, now numbers 15 members of ALPA killed in flying accidents. In addition, there were 20 who died of natural causes. Twenty-two inactive members were lost in accidents, two were on the waiting list for membership and four were dropped. The list concludes with honorary members, Dr. Ralph H. Gurney, noted authority on aviation medicine, and Will Rogers.

DEEP in the heart of Texas is a factory of North American Aviation which publishes a house organ devoted to the life and times of its thousands of employees. A feature of the publication is a classified ad section entitled "Something? Want a Ride? Sell Something?" Under the latter heading there is a brisk traffic in holsters, rifles and shotguns. They had to be cleared up so we went to the North American Aviation office and did it without hesitation.

"You see," he said, "ninety per cent of our aircraft workers are Texans. You know how they love to shoot. They are doing with defending themselves against invasion. Just a nice little rootin', tootin', shootin' Texans equally good with aircraft rifles."

WHEN the efficiency of every worker of any kind should be running at full throttle, there are a few to be found in every plant who upon the day's work as a pastime, loaf, stall, have fun or just through their jobs with their minds beyond the walls of the plants. It is the consequence who was the first to use the method of ridicule for such line slackers, but the aircraft industry is doing it and with much success.

The Boeing News, a highly at (Continued on page 61)

IX

ECLIPSE

PIONEER

SCINTILLA

STROMBERG

FRIEZ

ZENITH

He can't fly a rousing cheer!

Our millions of young men in uniform, though ever so gallant, can't bomb a foe with even the most inspiring oratory. They need the tools to fight with, and producing those tools is Industrial America's Number One Job. Vital participants in our nation's vast air program, as well as in truck, tank, ordnance and ship equipment, more than *forty thousand* Bendix employees, aided by the output of hundreds of sub-contracting plants, are producing . . . for Victory.

★ *Bendix* ★

AVIATION CORPORATION

Serving the cause of Victory in twenty great plants spread across the continent from the Atlantic Seaboard to California.



The Jeep calls them Daddy

THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS OF THE U. S. ARMY
AND THE CIVILIAN ENGINEERS OF WILLYS-OVERLAND

We pay public tribute here, to the Engineers of Willys-Overland, whose most highly lauded automotive engineering staff, under the pressure and inspiration of war have brought to life the Jeep.

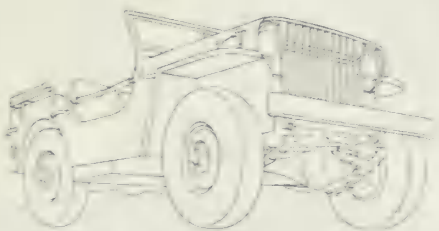
These are the men whose engineering skill and imagination, added to those of the Quartermaster Corps of the U. S. Army, gave birth to the amazing Jeep of today. This single mobile unit is so typical of modern mechanical engineering.

And it *proves*, beyond question, that the Willys-Gramm Engine and the defense-time Willys Americar were not "step" babies, but legitimate offspring of fine engineering practice that is both fundamentally sound and modern.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo, Ohio



TODAY do your part. Conserve rubber and other materials vital to war equipment. Buy defense stamps and bonds. Pay taxes with a smile. Whatever the total price you pay, it will be as nothing compared to the value of continued Freedom. . . . TOMORROW, make your first new post-war car a Willys—"The Jeep in Civvies."

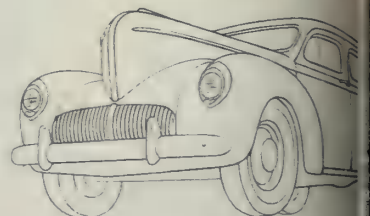


U. S. ARMY JEEP

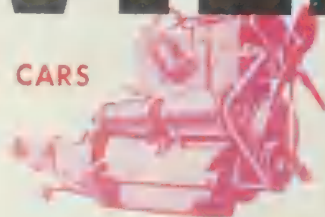
WILLYS

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR
the People's Car



THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS



"What I say is," remarked one who had a voice like a macaw, "and I says it firm, is this: Who done it?" The speaker was a small bald man with a choleretic red face

Four-and-Twenty Cobblers

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Bimbâshi Barûk encounters a mystery, suspects a crime, and discovers the tragic secret of a woman's heart

THOSE mysterious circumstances which attended the death of Major de Maura might never have been explained, nor the true story of why the White Hart on Lychgate Heath became so uncomfortably crowded one night in September never have been told, if two men who had nothing to do with the matter had not chanced to meet there.

On the night in question, a man who wore a rough tweed suit and carried an ash stick, made his way into the bar. He was deeply tanned and his rather sleepy eyes looked almost startlingly blue in their dark setting. Immediately inside the door he paused for a moment surprised by a fog of tobacco smoke and boom of conversation created by an unusual number of customers who crowded the place.

Joe Porter, the landlord, beckoned to him and, "Would you care to step into

the Sergeants' Mess, sir?" he suggested. "It's getting pretty fuggy in the bar."

The Sergeants' Mess was a tiny coffee room in which might be seen a print of "Ye White Harte, Lychgate Heath, 1743." This sanctum gained and two pints being served:

"What has happened?" the customer asked. "Have you got a Lodge of the Ancient Order of Foresters or what?"

"Not at all, sir. It's clean beyond me. That crowd out there are shoemakers." "Shoemakers?"

"Yes. There's over twenty of 'em."

"But why have they all decided to come here tonight?"

JOE PORTER took up a copy of the County Mirror and indicated a paragraph. This was the paragraph:

TO COBBLERS AND WORKING SHOEMAKERS

A cobbling match for the Champion's Cup and a purse of One Hundred Pounds. Entries between 9 and 9:30 P.M. on Thursday, September the eighteenth, at the White Hart, Lychgate Heath.

"That's the explanation," said Joe Porter. "It's filled my house with cob-

blers from miles around. Even old Jerry Stickle is here tonight. Won't go out after dark for nobody as a rule. Not," he added, "as anybody's going to work overtime to persuade him."

"H'm," murmured the visitor. "Queer business. Practical joke?"

"I suppose so. Anyway, nobody's come forward to explain it."

Voices from the bar grew louder at this moment, and Joe Porter raised the hatch so that the man in tweeds, looking through, could both see and hear the disputants.

"What I says is," remarked one who had a voice like a macaw, "and I says it firm, is this: Who done it?"

The speaker was a small, bald man with a choleretic red face. He wore spectacles with uncommonly thick rims, was attired in riding breeches, green stockings, and a rough sort of tunic, while his shoes had been built for alpine occasions. On his back he carried a steel helmet and a gas mask.

"There's twenty-four of us here," he announced, "includin' six from Uphill. I have been a-countin' of 'em."

A heated dispute thereupon arising, Joe Porter excused himself and went to restore order. As he retired by way of one door, a customer entered by the

other. He was a big blond man with that in his bearing which suggested the soldier.

"B.B., by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were on Africa's burning shore!"

"So I was ten days ago." B.B. sprang up, a light of welcome in his eyes. "But I have established an unfortunate reputation as a Bow Street runner or something. So, now, I'm back in England. Delighted to see you, Colonel."

Colonel Dawney, commandant of a military hospital in the neighborhood, smiled into the blue eyes of Bimbâshi Barûk. Although still young, Mohammed Ibrahim Brian Barûk of the Camel Corps had—entirely contrary to his wishes—become an almost legendary figure among those who served in Africa.

"You haven't looked me up," said Dawney, as Joe Porter's face appeared behind the hatch. "I sometimes drop in here, because it's the only pub I know where one can get a decent glass of beer."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Joe. "Two pints?"

"I didn't know you were here," the bimbâshi replied. "I am billeted on some worthy people out Kinton way, where I share a small bedroom with a large bust of W. E. Gladstone which frightens me."

"You look fit," commented the medical officer, running an appraising glance over Barûk's spare, athletic figure.

"Quite recovered from that nasty one you stopped in Libya?"

"Quite. In fact, I think it did me good to let some daylight into my dark interior."

"Well—what about dining with me tomorrow night?"

And so this was arranged, as Joe Porter's parade-ground tones reached them: "Final orders, please!" But when at closing time, four-and-twenty cobblers reluctantly faced the blackness of Lychgate Heath, they did not disperse until Sam Jollet, the constable, had pointed out that they were creating a public disturbance.

FOLLOWING quite a sound dinner, Colonel Dawney and Bimbâshi Barûk were lingering over the excellent port (the colonel was a connoisseur) when an urgent phone message called the colonel away to one of the wards. The bimbâshi emptied his glass (he didn't care for port, even when it was super) and filled his pipe. He was lounging in an armchair island surrounded by a sea of tobacco smoke when Dawney returned.

"Sorry to leave you, B.B. It was that chap I mentioned—Major de Maura. Came in at eight, and now it's"—he glanced at his watch—"nine forty-one."

"Well?"

"Finished. He's gone."

"Sorry. Very sudden surely?"

"Yes." Colonel Dawney helped himself to a stiff brandy and soda: he was clearly upset, because he failed to note that his guest was not drinking. "Heart, I think, at the end. Phew! I'm bothered."

"Let me see, Dawney: This was the man who was working as a linguist for the War Office people on the Hill. Born in the Argentine, you said, and had served in Morocco and elsewhere?"

"That's the fellow. Unique at languages, they say. He was billeted at the house of a Mrs. Saunders near Hayland Common. She called the police when he was seized with this attack. The M.O. on duty diagnosed tetanus, but it was difficult to see how it had occurred. They found a small scar, certainly, on the side of his calf—probably caused by brambles—healed and unlikely to have led to such violent infection. There was also, I should add, a tiny pinprick, quite recent, on his right forefinger. A thorn again might have done it."

"From what little I have learned—believe I told you—I gather that de Maura was by way of being a Don Juan. Normally, I should say he was a good-looker of his type. Lorkin, the medical officer who went to collect him, didn't like his heart. He picked up some story

from Mrs. Saunders about a woman used to visit him secretly. He said that's neither here nor there. It was that a phone message came through him—female voice, foreign accent before they called me."

He drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"It was taken by the orderly and sent up to the ward. You said the patient's mind was clear, at least although his tongue was paralytic. They decided to read the message to him. Here it is, as the orderly put it down—" and he passed the paper across.

Bimbâshi Barûk read the following words aloud:

"Please tell Major Rafael de Maura that Gabriel Varez is with him in the ward."

"Did he seem to understand?"

THE colonel nodded: it was a sufficient nod.

"He forced himself upright in the ward and he spoke, for the first and last time—"

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'My shoes—'"

"My shoes?"

"Just that. Then came the final seizure—and his heart conked out."

Dawney suddenly observed that Bimbâshi Barûk was not drinking. The bimbâshi came conscience-stricken.

There was an interval of silence. Bimbâshi Barûk watched a daddy long-legs bent upon committing hara-kiri.

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I ran after Hannibal. What is more, I caught him—stealing out of the back porch with the shoes that Gabriel had worn



athfully, JUDITH

Ernest Haycox

TRAD BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

story behind a letter which
te in end to a love affair

JUDITH MURRAY stepped from the
into a great wind beating off the

air struck harder as soon as the
pled away, driving her back to
wa of the small station house,
in her clothes on her body until
elt decently exposed. This town,
l, as a single street of frame
in against which the wind rushed,
g rough every thin projection,
nir at walls, slamming and slat-
ing movable things, rushing on
a t roar of its own. A buckboard
tv horses ran forward on the
t, popping up the gray-yellow dust.
drer yelled "Heyii!" and turned
had the buckboard hard by the
on platform. He dropped to the
nd id gave her half a glance; then
ars went automatically toward
obacco pocket of his shirt. "You're
h Murray, the new schoolteacher
ng?"

es, she said. "My trunk's down
of the express cart."

wa a spare young man with black
an gray eyes and he kept his eyes
ne cigarette forming in his fingers.
l, a pair of gray trousers, sharp-
d boots, a thin cotton shirt that
o protection at all from the wind's
b, and a wide-brimmed hat. He
ed the cigarette, which was a deft
in his wind, said, "I'm Charley
es, and gave her a hand up to the
sea. He went on for the trunk and
ght back to dump it in the buck-
's ed, thereafter taking his place
e Mr. He looked upon the horizon
e spoke: "Three-hour ride ahead
ou warm enough?"

es.
wheeled the buckboard into the
stet and stopped before a store
ver in, presently reappearing with
k mail and a blanket. He tossed
back at his feet; the blanket he
der Judith Murray's lap. "You
t cold. Air's thin out here.
!" The next moment she was
ainst him as the team lunged
a full run. Charley Graves seemed
k with the wind. He hallooed at a
d of the boardwalk; he rushed by
nb wagon, hub almost touching
th buckboard bounced through
ut at the end of the street and
in behind a violent pall of dust.
y brought," he explained. "Long
-ed't go slow."

for them and to either side of
th prairie's horizons were a-mist
raged, fast-driven clouds of dust
the dust hurt her face with its
y stinging; she felt it in her throat,
r clothes and in her hair. Tumble-
red in great, growing balls and
un was a dull round spot in the

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es, ell into step beside her,
ng his horse. "Everything all
? Having any trouble at school?"



The Perils of Judy

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland



Disaster dogged Judith Evelyn persistently. That's the only reason the leading lady of *Angel Street* was surprised when she turned out to be the sensation of a Broadway hit

THIRTY-ONE curtain calls and a theater full of people shouting "Bravo!" "Aren't you thrilled?" someone asked Judith Evelyn, the hit of the evening.

"Surely!" said Judith. "I'll eat!"

Not that eating was a completely new experience for her but it did have certain elements of novelty. It is to be feared that as she bowed to those cheering customers she saw only a long line of sirloin steaks, medium rare.

Until that moment she hadn't dared hope beyond her rehearsal diet of

canned sardines and plenty of good cold water. *Angel Street*, the play of which she was leading lady, had looked like something a great deal less than the four-star all-out hit of the season it became. In fact, only the last-minute madness of one of the actors—who had suddenly and astonishingly come through with the thousand dollars necessary to get the curtain up—had got them an opening night at all.

Wags around Broadway had come to refer to it as *Poverty Row* instead of *Angel Street*. When the critics arrived,

In *Angel Street*, Judith Evelyn's tortured wife of a murderer, she had to drive her mad, and the play got much of its success to

the cast was unhappy to not have had all come alone—weaver seemed to be their very old. If they come all brushed and with their best girls on the you're in. But when they slip and in sackcloth, as on this November 5, 1941, backers known to cry out and stage leave in a body.

It wasn't just an opening. It was her first Broadway role, most her first professional performance on any stage. That would make her nervous enough but she, central character of the play, efforts depended the fates of

Judith had written her motto too bad we're opening on a Friday means we'll only get two nights, Friday and Saturday. No, been a Tuesday, say, they'd have kept it open the rest of the week. Oh, well!"

Throughout the first act the play was strangely, unpleasantly serious. It is a Victorian thriller, one's expected to laugh or cry anything, but an occasional comical have been reassuring. Vincent, Judith's leading man, admitted thought everybody had gone.

They Just Had to Like

Judith's *Angel Street* role required her to concentrate deeply on making to the audience that she is real while leaving room for reason in the minds of the other cast. She played that night with an intensity because she was anxious. She knew the play was good, she knew others in the cast were good, she could honestly tell herself that she put everything into her character, that she was capable of putting it better like it!

When the curtain went down at the first act, the terrible silence of the audience continued and Price called at Judith and said, "Maybe we can act together again sometime."

And then it began—sudden applause. Judith and Price peeked through the peephole in the wings, curious that the mayor must have just arrived, judging by the swelling sound of approval, perhaps Mrs. President. But no, the members of the audience were standing in front of the stage, beating their dear hands together, staring happily at the stage.

They clapped right through the mission and, from then on it was playing to a houseful of shills and friends of the family. During one scene in which Leo G. Carroll, playing a police inspector, shows up forgetting his derby before hiding in another room, there was a shriek from one of the orchestra seats.

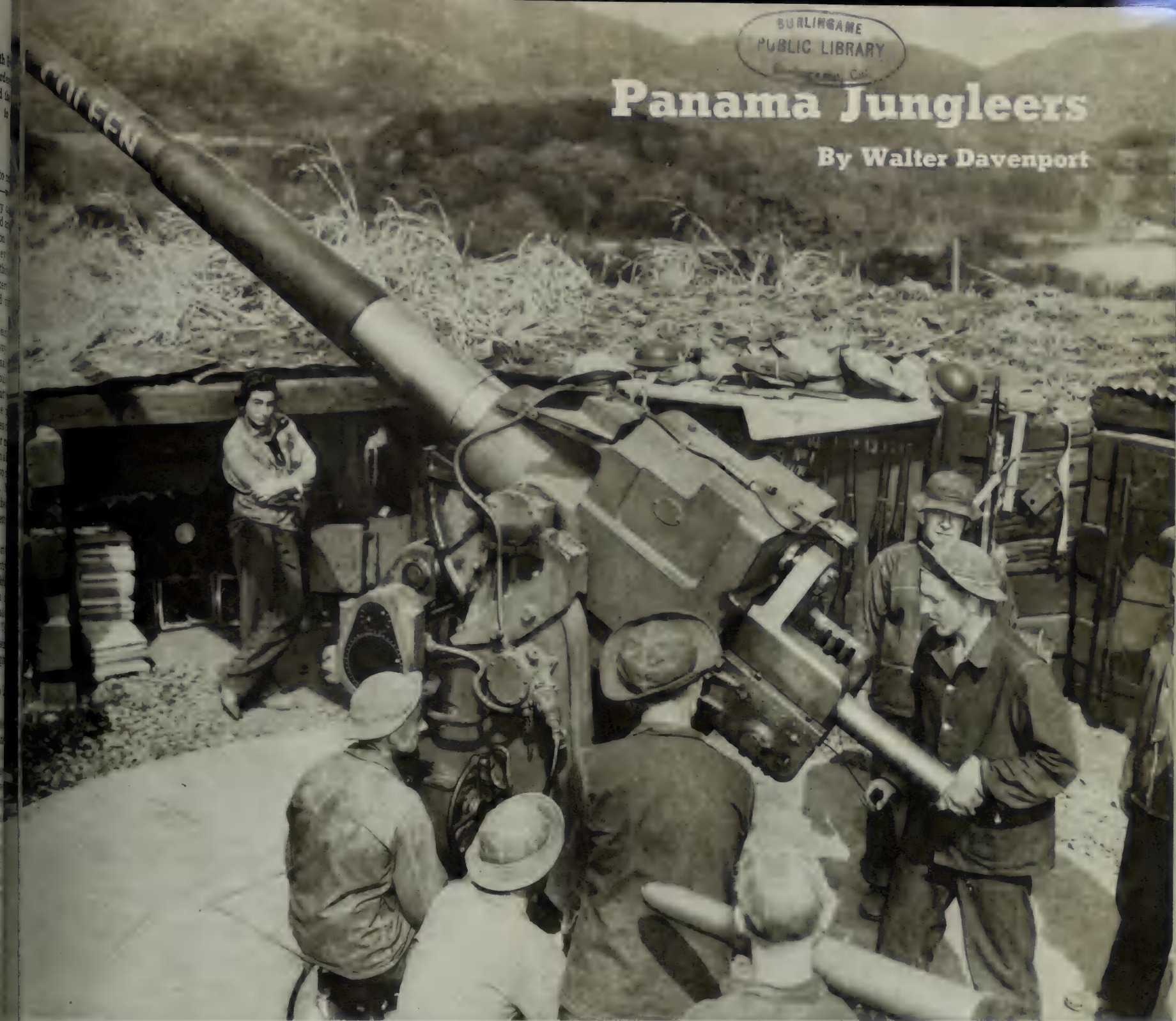
"Your hat, you fool! Don't lose that hat!"

That's the happy ending. The next day were what West Fort Street likes to call "terrific." The most terrific part of every notice do with the "striking, brilliant performance of a newcomer named Evelyn." Another reviewer came out with it: "Miss Evelyn is the most wonderful thing—a finished actress who had, before *Angel Street*, earned a total of two hundred and thirty-two dollars from the theater. She's the answer to those young pianists who weep that 'stock' is

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Panama Jungleers

By Walter Davenport



PRESS ASSOCIATION

pen the tangle of moun-
and jungle guarding
ranks of the Panama
na boys from the streets
American cities watch
d wait, and acquire a
new set of values

AS SOON as we caught our breath
ed got the thick smear of the
-ngle out of our eyes we saw
Ghmick. "Sweetheart," yelled
e first time I climbed up here
histle stop to heaven, me I died
ame last ten toeholds you did.
ives on Jacobs' Beach these
he minute I saw you crawlin'
sai to the sergeant here: 'Friend,'
ys, that citizen that's dyin' down
e id from New York. That citizen's
of he shoves I used to hook for
ats outside Madison Square Gar-
at sweetheart's lookin' for an
er.
zy fishmick went right on talking
e give us a canteen of water and a
e of pineapple. We sat there on the
top of a mountain in the Panama
le, ur back against a tall fat, naked
a tie. If anybody had told us when

we struck into the jungle beyond Gatun Lake that we were out of condition like this we'd have been sore.

"Citizen," said Izzy, comforting us, "you're breathin' like a fighter I had a piece of, a double sundae called Young Rhino. Ask Dan Parker of the Mirror. That soup tureen used to get winded just pullin' on the gloves. We used to have to change his oil between rounds, if he lasted a round. Ask Damon Runyon. Sam Pian discovered him in Chicago—hangin' on a hook in Armour's. Pian shipped him to Jimmy Johnston, the Boy Bandit, and Jimmy give me a piece of him if I would lead him home to my place until we could get him a fight with—"

But by now we'd got our breath, got to our feet and took a look down the jungle trail we had climbed to *el rancho en el cielo*, one of the searchlight and antiaircraft battery aeries of the Panama Coast Artillery Command. Well, we'd asked for it. When they asked us what we wanted to see we said that we wanted to know what the Army was doing to stop the Nazi or the Jap before their planes could smash the Panama Canal, isolate what remained of our Pacific Fleet and otherwise add to the ill fortunes of war.

So we hit the road to the jungle. The Canal Zone is only ten miles wide. Be-

yond that, east or west, you're in the Panamanian jungle. We struck east. Like all strangers in the tropical forest we didn't bother about direction, just followed a guide hoping he knew what he was doing. It was early in the morning and we were licked to begin with because there was the sun rising huge and molten out of the Pacific Ocean. They had warned us not to worry about incidents like that. They had told us that the Pacific Ocean entrance to the canal was twenty-seven miles east of the Atlantic entrance and that no matter what it looked like, the sun still rose in the east. So we put our silly compass back in our pocket and followed our guide. Six months ago this kid, our guide, was an architectural draftsman with a drafting-board chest, paper shoulders, ivy-vine arms and morning-glory hands. Now, stripped to the waist, as brown as a native, he swifts his way through the Central American jungle like a Choco Indian. But we'll come to that in a moment. If you don't think that this war's crazy, come down here to Central America.

We rode the first nine miles on Enoch John Hooper's banana railroad. Hooper, a wholesale brawl of a man, fifty years old, a handsome, powerful guy from Alabama, helped dig the canal. And when the digging was done he wandered

A Panama Coast Artillery crew mans its gun for target practice. Loader is Mickey Harris, former Boston Red Sox pitcher

off into the jungle and built himself a home and began to grow bananas. He has survived the bite of the coral snake and the bushmaster. He has cut his way free of the coils of the boa constrictor. He has been carried out thrice by naked blacks to the hospital to die of malaria. And three times he has walked back to his jungle home to survive the spring of pumas, jaguars and the ocelot. A very tough guy is Enoch John Hooper who says:

"Aaaaaw shoooo, jungle's been ma home fo' thirty year come the rain. Right sociable, too. Now and then some native gits angry at you and takes on you with a machete, but it don't amount to much. Take a machete right back at him if he gits serious."

So nine miles of Enoch John Hooper's nervous-breakdown railroad shuddered us into the heart of the Panama jungle. Maybe there's another railroad like it somewhere else in the world but we haven't seen it. He built it himself with

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BROADBILL!

J. Kip Farrington, Jr.

In the corner, Señor Albacora, the pride of Chile, 800 pounds of muscle and meanness. Take him and you join the world's most select sporting group—the rod-and-reel men who have beaten the mighty broadbill

"ALBACORA! ALBACORA!" shouts the Chilean boatman. "Grande albacora!" echoes the helmsman, swinging the boat in the direction of the incoming broadbill swordfish, the ultimate One Prize in the fishing world—the albacora in Chile.

The same sounds doubly sweet to the angler at the cockpit, and instantly he is in a state of activity. Off come his sweaters and outer garments. The bait is pulled out of the icebox. A last-second check is given the rod, reel, line and lure. A half-dozen thoughts flash through his mind. Will the swordfish strike the surface until the boat gets within a bird fly down and attempt to dive on the bait, perhaps scare it away? Is the bait swimming in a circle? A swordfish is the hardest fish to fool. Will he be in a state of activity when he sees it? The boat is now within four hundred feet of the fish and the lookout men on top call to the angler to put the bait over.

The swordfish do not rise to a trolled bait as other big salt-water fish do. It must be sighted on the surface before the angler can go into action. They are bottom feeders and evidently come up to digest their food. That's why they are so seldom interested in the

The helmsman has throttled the engine down, so that the boat is running at the lowest possible speed, at the time the maneuvering to get into the most advantageous position. Everything is quiet. No one speaks except in a very low voice. The sound of the engine is hardly audible. The angler, sitting in his fighting chair, with his harness hooked to the reel, is letting the bait drift out about two hundred and fifty yards.

The fish looks good; he is swimming in a straight line and not circling, a favorable sign. Another minute elapses and the boatman maneuvers his boat so that the bait, a seven-pound oceanic mackerel, is within twenty feet of the fish. Señor Albacora shows no interest in the bait and is not the least bit interested in the boat. He just swims slowly and steadily on the same course. The boat circles, and again the bait is presented to him. Again there is no sign of interest on his part. The boat then makes a wide circle, the angler lets out about fifty feet more of line, allowing the bait to sink even deeper. The boatman puts it within ten feet of the

surely, if the fish does not strike at the bait has been presented to him. If he does, he is not going to strike at it. I have presented a bait as often as

and again the angler has the huge fish—good hard bait that have set the hook and firm—and the battle may last ten hours; the broadbill never gives up

sixteen times to a swordfish without any interest on his part. But just as the angler is about to give up hope, the fish gives his tail a tremendous kick and goes under, leaving on the surface a boiling resembling the explosion of a miniature depth bomb. That kick of his great tail is not always a sign that he's going to hit the bait, but it usually tells the angler that the fish has seen it.

The boat is barely moving as two, three, and then four minutes elapse without a strike. Suddenly the angler, holding the line about three feet out from the reel (which is on a free spool and above his left hand), gets a jolt so hard that his hand is snapped back to the rod before he can let go of the line. Instantly the line begins running off at a fairly fast pace, and the lookout men climb down from the top of the cabin roof as fast as they can, extremely pleased that the albacora has at least hit the bait.

Let Him Have It!

The angler is all attention as about two hundred feet of line run off the reel. He is waiting for the line to stop, which, if everything goes according to Hoyle, usually happens when the fish is swallowing the bait. Seventy-five feet more of line pay out, then it stops. Another two minutes go by, then fifty feet of line simply spurt off the reel. Another pause. Then, as if it had been shot from a gun, the line really begins to leave that reel, faster and faster, with the water flying off it in the angler's face as he intently watches the free-running spool for signs of dangerous backlashes in the making. When about four hundred feet have left the reel, he yells "Avante!" The Chilean at the wheel throws in the clutch (the boat having been stopped when the fish struck), opens the throttle wide. The angler throws on his brake, the line comes up tight, and he begins to strike the fish—once, twice, three times; seven or eight times if he can, and each one of them a good, stiff, hard jolt.

After about five hundred additional feet of line have run off the reel, the Chilean slows up the boat to maneuver it into the most advantageous position and the fight is on. It may last fifteen minutes, or it may last ten hours—no one can ever tell, when he hooks a swordfish.

The method that I have just described of hooking "the greatest gladiator of them all," as the late Zane Grey correctly named Señor Albacora, was developed by W. E. S. Tucker, who pioneered the swordfishing off Tocopilla, Chile. It is here that swordfish run to larger size and are more numerous than in any other place in the world. Mr. Tucker has taken eighteen of them, a record exceeded only by Michael Lerner, who is recognized as the world's leading angler and has a total of twenty-three to his credit. The writer holds the Number Three spot, with eleven.

Only 336 swordfish altogether have been caught on rod and reel in all the



waters of the world (and by less than a hundred fishermen!). All the record-breaking catches were made off the coast of Chile except for one 674-pounder caught off New Zealand and Lerner's 601-pound Atlantic fish. Six of those caught off Chile weighed 800 pounds or better, and one between 700 and 800 pounds. The average is about 585 pounds.

In 1939, when I caught the smallest swordfish ever taken at Tocopilla—a 236-pounder—my Chilean boatmen did not want me to bring it in, as they said it would pull down their average. Tucker holds the world's record with an 860-pounder, followed by my 853-pounder. George Garey, Tucker's associate in Tocopilla, is in third place with an 842-pounder. Tucker and Garey tied for fourth, each with a fish weighing 837 pounds, and Garey has another weighing 800.

This is really Herculean angling, and yet, believe it or not, swordfish have been pooned off Tocopilla by the commercial fishermen there have weighed up to 1,500 pounds! In Chile, these interesting and hard-working men receive about three pesos a kilo for their catch, a far cry from the North Atlantic market swordfishermen, who receive from ten to fifty cents a pound, depending upon the time and the season. But take it from me, no matter what waters he is caught in, Mr. Broadbill is one of the finest eating fish that was ever placed on a table, and he is exceptionally delicious smoked. There is nothing quite like eating smoked swordfish when you are fighting a swordfish! Last year we gave the townspeople of Tocopilla over 6,000 pounds of swordfish which dressed out for the table at more than a ton.

The majority of the baby swordfish caught or seen have been found in the Mediterranean Sea, so it is presumed that they spawn there. Very few males have ever been seen on the North Atlantic coast of the United States, where so much commercial fishing is done, and of those investigated to date off Chile and Peru by the scientists of the Michael Lerner-American Museum of Natural History Expedition to those countries, all of the fish opened have been females.

It took me six years to catch a swordfish, and I know many men who have been more than twice that long without succeeding. A good friend of mine has

Deadliest enemy of the broadbill is the big Mako shark. Big game sport fishermen consider him the only one worth their attention

hooked twenty-two, but has yet to catch one. They have the softest mouths of all the big fish, so it is very easy to pull the hook out of them when they have been hooked in the mouth. Nevertheless, probably 80% of those caught have been so hooked, a fact that is not surprising when you consider how hard they hit the bait with their long sword, causing the hook and leader to fly. Another reason for this is that they roll over and strike from underneath without coming to the surface, as marlin do, when hitting the bait.

If the hook ends up in the sword, the dorsal fin or the pectoral fin, the angler is in for a long, hard fight because the fish then has full control of his great fighting strength and is able to keep his mouth closed. It is like handling a lion on a leash. Hooked in the corner of the jaw, the swordfish is also apt to prove a tough fighter for the angler, since the fish evidently thinks the hook is just some new kind of parasite annoying him and does his level best to shake it off.

The Fish That Fights to the End

If he swallows the bait and is hooked in the stomach or heart it naturally kills him very quickly, or if he is hooked directly in the eye, it paralyzes him even more rapidly. In most cases, however, a swordfish fights until he is almost dead; when finally brought alongside, the flurry that he kicks up will usually be his last. Off Montauk, I once fought one for eight hours and fifty minutes after hooking him in the dorsal fin; I finally boated him at midnight after he had taken us twenty-two miles to sea, always on a southwesterly course. About two hours after the swordfish had been hooked, a shark came swimming slowly along, and Mr. Broadbill chased him around the ocean for about ten minutes. At half past six, after the fish had been hooked for three hours and twenty minutes, we ran into a school of bonitos. The swordfish promptly started to feed

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This Easter, soldiers like these at Ft. Tilden, N. Y. (above), will attend services in Army chapels recently completed at military bases throughout the country. Below, one of the 12 standard chapels at Ft. Dix, N. J.



Our Fighting Men

SAN FRANCISCO. Since the War Department officially revealed that American forces in Australia and other parts of the Western Pacific were baring no military secret to suggest that some may have passed through here to get there, the secret, although not generally appreciated, is that the most unpleasant task facing Army officers in all American ports is clamping down on flings by men who have a hunch they'll soon be in places from which some may not return. But understand the farewell-party urge, but the stand, too, that it must be stifled for two reasons: the danger of men contracting diseases the danger they may let slip some information about troop or ship movements—even though their celebrations to absolutely dry and chaperoned social evenings and family dinners.

The keep-your-mouth-shut campaign has made the traveling soldier's seaport visits lonely and a bit gloomy, and hospitable citizens feel alienated by enemy aliens. Those who would like to stop out-of-town soldiers on the street and invite them home for dinner know it can't be done. First, the soldier would be suspicious; secondly, there's nothing to talk about. Everything conversational about a soldier's life, from "Where'd you come from?" to "Well, do you expect to take a crack at the Japs soon?" is out.

For a time after Pearl Harbor, last flingers of a certain type of welcome and conviviality in bars and night clubs where the breezier citizens gave a slap on the back and told the soldier how good they were. That led to loose talk, which was a drastic tightening of discipline. Navy shore parties and M.P.s began rounding up guys who were off too much; police cleared such places of women and girls that all city jails, and some in near-by towns, were jammed. A Naval Intelligence officer in San Francisco bled all San Francisco bartenders one 3 A. M. and told them they'd have to silence service men, as they served them; otherwise they'd find their place bounds and surrounded by guards. The bartender sighed. It was their traditional duty to listen to a customer when he poured out his soul, but they agreed that even that tradition was out for the duration.

The city's lusty voice hasn't been completely stifled. There's considerable activity for those who know their way around. Yet fewer fellows get around. Leaves have been cut to a minimum. Those who get them are hoping the going will be easier when all the Japs and alien Italians and Germans are hoisted out of the big towns where they can have fun if a guy could only have it. Until then, said a friendly San Franciscan to a soldier on Market Street, "you look as sad as the worst Broadway blues song." "What," asked the soldier quickly, "makes you think I'm from back there?"

JAMES B. McCORKLE pantingly reported to the 12th Naval District headquarters the other day. "I've been up in the mountains prospecting for gold all winter," he explained, "and hurried down soon's I hit civilization and heard about the war." The officer handed him a bunch of mail and McCorkle opened an envelope after envelope until he reached one containing \$2,400 in Navy retainer pay checks that had been looking for him since he was discharged to fly home in 1937, after sixteen years of service. He was back in at his former rating: water tender, 1st class.



CAMP ROBERTS, Calif. It took a while for Rags, dog mascot of a train here, to learn that his mascot duties included retrieving a (Continued on p

RELIGION IN THE RANKS. Chaplains are getting the response of U. S. soldiers to the facilities for worship afforded by some 60 identical, typically American village chapels at the nation's camps. At Ft. Dix, N. J., church attendance increased 125% over that of a formerly held in mess halls. Each chapel has electric organ, seats 400 and costs about

China Gold

Pearl S. Buck

EDITED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

Story Thus Far:

LIVING the death of her mother—the "cheerful woman in the world"—in New York City, Elaine Brian is lonely and restless. To find peace, she flies to China, telling her father, a self-centered man, of her plans, where she becomes an assistant to a priest—Father Valerian, one of her father's dearest friends—in his work at the mission.

Elton are in love with her: Larch Corbran, whom she had met by chance in New York, and Father Valerian's German-refugee friend, Adolf Helgel. A third man—Elton Field—lives in Shanghai—hopes to marry Elaine for money; he pursues her, follows her, and finally (when Elaine refuses) sends a cable to her father, in New York, informing him that his daughter is in danger and suggests that he force her to come home.

Meanwhile, Field's Eurasian mistress Helen (recently discarded) has left Shanghai, taking a-ming (which is held by the Japanese), and opened a "house of amusement." One of her girls is Mei-su, the sister of a young Chinese guerrilla leader: Captain Siao. Mei-su suspects that her brother—secretly advised by Helgel—is preparing to attack Tang and take it away from the invaders.

Elton now has Helgel in her power. In accordance with her carefully formulated plan, she proceeds to make use of him. . . . The Japanese captain visits Helen's establishment while intoxicated, he raves about the Americans. Finally, he threatens to bomb their ships—in the harbor. He cannot be induced to name the ships.

In New York City, Paul Brian, Elaine's father, receives Elton Field's cablegram. He then, summoning Larch Corbran, he gives him a curious assignment: To go to Shanghai, meet Elton Field, and bring him back to America. . . . Corbran leaves. A short while later, he and Field meet in Ning. There Elaine (trying to avoid him, whom she dislikes) slips into a lovely courtyard, where an old Chinese lady gives her a courteous welcome, and, following a brief conversation, astonishes her by her bondmaid, "Little Peach," who says, "I won't make her a full daughter, but I'll keep her for a toy, a foster-daughter." Elaine can hardly believe her ears. "If I am glad," she says gently; and Elaine half sadly as she might laugh at him who did not know there was a war, a war around them.

X

WHEN the Japanese captain came to the café where he now spent his evenings he was surprised to find not his favorite, Mei-su, but the mistress of the establishment herself waiting to entertain him. He had, it was often said, looked at Helen with some interest, but he was afraid of her. She was handsome and, in a way he could understand, she looked foreign. She was much more beautiful than the Chinese girl, but also she looked more difficult, and he hated these things in a woman. He liked to feel that he was instant to obey his command. He pursed his lips and did not smile. He staggered into the inner room where Mei-hua led him. Helen was waiting. She was heating the pewter cups in hot water when he came in. "Mei-su is ill," she said gently. "But you may not be robbed of your evening's pleasure, I will take her place so long as I am able."

He nodded curtly, and hid his surprise under surliness. Then he unfastened his wide leather belt with its ornate sword and sat down. She poured his first cup of wine. This man, he perceived, was full of some sort of force. She must find out what it was. But she did not speak. She waited quietly to fill his wine cup again. Complete silence he drank down six small bowlfuls. Then he cleared his throat.

"What did the girl fall ill?" he asked. "This morning," Helen replied.



"She sent her sorrowful apologies to you and she hopes she will be well tomorrow."

"Is it a catching disease?" the Japanese asked.

"It is not," Helen replied.

"You Chinese," the Japanese said with contempt on his thick lips, "you are all filthy."

She did not answer this, and he fixed his eyes on her exquisite hands, one hand on the handle of the wine pot, the other holding on the lid.

"The Americans are very clean, are they not?" Helen said after a moment. "At least I have heard they are. I have not been in America."

"The Americans!" the Japanese grunted. He drank down two more cups of the hot wine. A plate of cakes stood

near him and he ate one in a bite. Then he cleared his throat again loudly and spat into a tissue he took from his pocket and threw the tissue across the room into a corner. "The Americans are pigs! They are animals! But I do not worry about them. In a short time there will be no more Americans."

"So?" Helen said carelessly. "Is your wine warm enough?"

The Japanese paid no heed to her question. "We shall bomb the Americans out of the Pacific," he said still in his loud voice. He pulled his short stiff mustache. "It will be easy—a few days."

"So?" Helen said again. "Now would you like a little cold wine?"

"I like any wine," the Japanese retorted. He drank quickly a few cups of the cold wine she brought. "The Ameri-

"What's the matter with him?" Elton Field asked. "He looks as though he'd had a stroke!" "He is only drunk," she said quietly

cans," he said, "they are children. While we have been preparing to demolish them they have been playing with their toys, their ships and their airplanes, so neatly side by side. Yes, they play—over the week ends, you understand, they all play. They make war as the Chinese do—only so far as it is convenient for them and enough only not to interrupt their football games. The Chinese stop a battle when it is mealtime and eat before they go on fighting. But (Continued on page 26)

Moving Finger

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



She dropped it onto the fire. With a quick gesture that hurt my back I jerked it off again just before it caught. "Don't," I said. "We may need it. For the police"

The Story Thus Far:

JERRY BURTON, a young Londoner, is injured plane he is piloting crashes. On his physician's advice goes—with his sister, Joanna—to the provincial town stock. There he rents a house and sets to work to regain his lost strength.

For a time, all is well. Then Burton receives a mysterious letter in which the writer insists that Joanna is his sister! Others (he soon learns) are being similarly deceived through the mails; nevertheless, he and Joanna are determined to investigate. . . . Among those whom the newcomers meet are:

Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife; Owen Griffith, a physician, and his strong, self-reliant sister, Aimée; the Rev. Dane Calthrop—and his severely pious wife, Mrs. Pye, a well-to-do dilettante; Miss Emily Barton, a young woman who owns the house the Burtons occupy; Megan Symmington's stepdaughter (a curious girl who is looked upon with askance by the townspeople); and Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' good-looking nursery governess. . . .

Knowing Joanna as he does, Burton is not surprised when she informs him that she rather likes Owen Griffith. A lively, modern girl, is never quite happy unless she is in a love affair—usually amounting to nothing. . . .

While alone in her home, Mrs. Symmington kills herself with cyanide. Investigation reveals that, a short time before her death, she had received an anonymous letter—a "pen" missive in which the writer had asserted that one of her sons was not Richard Symmington!

Feeling sure that, with the Symmington household uproar, Megan would be happier in new surroundings, Burton and Joanna invite her to visit them for a few days. Megan (who has always fancied that her parents' presence, are sorry she is not a boy) accepts the invitation with alacrity.

Burton and Aimée have a talk, during which Megan's personality and problems are discussed. Aimée thinks the girl should have a job, do something; she inveighs against the "silly old-fashioned idea that a woman's place is in the home." Listening to her, Burton is astonished to find he had no idea that Aimée Griffith could be so vehement.

III

I MET Symmington in the town later in the afternoon. "Is it quite all right for Megan to stay on for a bit?" I asked. "It's company for Joanna. She's rather lonely sometimes with none of her friends."

"Oh—er—Megan? Oh, yes, very good of you."

I took a dislike to Symmington then which quite overcame. He had so obviously forgiven about Megan. I wouldn't have minded if he had actively disliked the girl—a man may sometimes be jealous of a first husband's child—but he did like her, he just hardly noticed her. He felt for her much as a man who doesn't care much for a dog would feel about a dog in the house. You know when you fall over it and swear at it, and you give it a vague pat sometimes when it presents itself. Symmington's complete indifference to his stepdaughter annoyed me very much.

I said, "What are you planning to do with her?"

"With Megan?" He seemed rather surprised. "Well, she'll go on living at home. I mean, naturally, it is her home."

My grandmother, of whom I had been very fond, used to sing old-fashioned songs to her grandchildren. One of them, I remember, ended thus:

"Oh, maid most dear, I am not here,
I have no place, no part,
No dwelling more, by sea nor shore,
But only in your heart."

I went home humming it.

EMILY BARTON came just after tea had been cleared away. She wanted to talk about the garden.

We talked garden for about half an hour and then we turned back toward the house.

It was then that, lowering her voice, she murmured, "I do hope that that child—that she has been too much upset by all this dreadful business. Her mother's death, you mean?"

"That, of course. But I really meant the unpleasantness behind it."

I was curious. I wanted Miss Barton's reaction.

"What do you think about that? Was it true?"

"Oh, no, no, surely not. I'm quite sure that Symmington never—that he wasn't"—little Emily Barton was pink and confused—"I mean it's a possibility—although, of course, it may have been a mistake."

"A judgment?" I said, staring.

Emily Barton was very pink, very Dresden shepherdesslike.

"I cannot help feeling that all these dreadful things, all the sorrow and pain they have caused have been sent for a purpose."

"They were sent for a purpose, certainly, but grimly."

"No, no, Mr. Burton, you misunderstand me. I'm not talking of the misguided creature who wrote the letter—someone quite abandoned that must be. I mean they have been permitted (Continued on p. 21)

second spoonful of sugar
to nobly pass up today
help shoot a Jap. Sugar-
molasses is the best
of smokeless powder
we need a million sweet
of it in a hurry. That's
reason for saving sugar

Your Sugar Bowl Blows Up

By Frank J. Taylor

IF you've been wondering why,
all our sugar-cane plantations
Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Cuba and the
States, and with our 150,000 sugar-
cane in fourteen states, we Ameri-
cans to go easy on the sugar bowl
well, here's the answer: We're
in a lot of sugar at the Japs and
Japs. Worse luck, the Japs may be
in some of our sugar from the
Japs back at us.

Our 'ootin' sugar goes into the all-
manufacture of smokeless powder
a, appears, is not powder at all
st of black, pasty spaghetti. The
adent to turn guncotton and the
ingredients of this potent explo-
into an easily handled paste is
cohol, and the quickest, cheap-
to get 190-proof ethyl alcohol
ment enormous quantities of
the molasses with special, fast-
yeasts; then distill the residue.
is a clue to why the U. S. De-
Supplies Corporation contracted,
ly after Pearl Harbor, for the en-
Cuban crop of sugar cane, which is
ed from January to May. In-
dehydrating the whole crop into
syrup, the Cuban mills will leave
equivalent of a million tons of sugar
concentrated molasses. This is the
stuff—not the blackstrap residue
refineries that most of us know
sues—and is easily delivered by
to the ethyl alcohol distilleries
in country. Less than three days
it arrives, the molasses can be
alcohol.

Now you may want to know why we
deert some of our superabun-
dant grain to the whisky distilleries
to be made into ethyl alcohol, and
of sugar. There's an answer
at one, too: Ethyl alcohol made
from grain takes longer and costs more;

and the best the whisky distilleries turn
out with their regular equipment is 160-
proof, which isn't good enough.

Of course, the munitions makers
might produce powder without ethyl
alcohol, as do the British, who use an
explosive powder, whereas ours is a
burning powder. Explosive powder is
dangerous to handle and is blamed for
the blowing up of the battle cruiser
Hood when a shell from the Bismarck
scored a direct hit on the powder maga-
zine. That's one risk our men-of-war
don't run as long as we're willing to
forego about one spoonful of sugar out
of six for the manufacture of smokeless
powder.

Even if we didn't shoot a million tons
of sugar, there would still be a shortage.
The Japs in the Philippines have cut
us off from plantations and mills that
normally send us 850,000 tons of raw
cane sugar annually. In Hawaii, which
usually sends us another 900,000 tons of
raw sugar, the plantations and mills
have diverted much labor and equip-
ment to speed up war work and they
will be able to harvest only half a crop
this year. Adding to the predicament,
the beet-sugar men in this country were
held under wraps in 1941 by the quota
system by which the U. S. Department
of Agriculture attempted to prevent a
sugar glut, so that they entered 1942
with a stock pile 500,000 tons below nor-
mal. That was one of those instances
where hindsight is better than foresight.
Altogether, that's "two million eight,"
as the sugar men put it, that we don't
have this year for the sugar bowl, and
for baking, candy-making, chocolate
and soft drinks.

That's the dark side of the cloud.
There's a bright one, too. Fortunately,
the sugar shortage isn't like the rubber
(Continued on page 55)



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Sugar is sweet, heavy syrup until
it has left the 16-foot vacuum pan
above, in which refined liquors un-
dergo a complicated heat and pres-
sure process that causes crystallization

The filter press below requires from 72
to 96 hours to clear the refined sugar
liquors of the last of their impuri-
ties before sending them on to the
big vacuum pans for crystallization



To help save sugar for your country,
use sugarless recipes. Just off the
press is a file-size Collier's booklet,
full of them. Send 6 cents to Collier's
Recipe Editor, The Crowell-Collier Pub-
lishing Company, Springfield, Ohio



The starboard view was blocked by the hurtling apparition, and a terrific flash and explosion knocked the men flat and breathless

Action at Sea

By Thomas H. Raddall

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

One way to win the battle of the Atlantic. Stranger things have happened, but not very often. Nazi bombers please take note

ORTON PORTINGALE sat in the small and deserted wardroom of His Majesty's Canadian corvette *Windlestraw*. He was drowned in gloom, or rather, he was drowning, and seeing in review the events of his past life. His naval life at any rate. That was not very long.

Two years before, at twenty-eight, he had been sitting for a master's ticket, the goal of his young lifetime in the merchant service, and speculating on the chance of getting a ship of his own before he was old and gray. From that he had walked straight into the war, with an application to Ottawa for naval service, accompanied by his worn and much-thumbed B.O.T. discharge book, letters of recommendation from several owners, his birth certificate, and the crackling new master's ticket.

He was sound in wind and limb, and stood an inch short of six feet, though his big chest and heavy shoulders made

him look shorter than he really was. He had gone to sea after leaving high school, and had come up the hard way, beginning with schooners in the fish-and-lumber trade to Demerara. The combined assets of education and experience had given him a supreme confidence in himself, which went very well with the Portingale nose and jaw. He was quite sure that Ottawa would accept his services promptly—and the prompt acceptance came. Young men with master's tickets and well-filled B.O.T. discharge books are not to be sneezed at when a navy is being built up in a hurry.

There followed an order to report at Halifax for medical and other tests, and the passing of those tests in the busy ant heap of the naval dockyard. Then came the training. He was a Bluenose of the Bluenoses—his father and grandfather had been deep-sea captains before him; and he made no bones about saying, with the instinctive and faintly hostile cockiness of the Bluenose, that he knew a good deal more about the sea than the average brass-bound naval officer; and what he did not know he could pick up quickly. He clung to the first half of this belief, but the rest had suffered a sea change. It began on land, really, in the training school for officers, where the day began with physical jerks on a chilly parade ground at seven in

the morning and ended (theoretically) with telegraphy at six pip emma. This left the evening free for study.

He studied, among other things, the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, and found it a peculiarly absorbing book. From it, and from the talk in the barracks, he learned that the navy, like Gaul, was divided into three parts. First there was the Navy proper, the *ne plus ultra* of the business; then the Reserve, a little lower than the angels; and last, and very low indeed, the Volunteer Reserve—the V.R.'s, the "Wavy navy."

HE WAS inclined to sniff at the superior airs of the Navy; but he took comfort in his prospective commission in the Reserve, which enabled him to look down upon the "wavies."

The prewar occupations of the "wavies" ran the gamut from banker to college student. Portingale was prepared for that. But he had discovered, to his horror, that a good half of them were fresh-water men from the Great Lakes, and worse, from the prairie towns. He had an instinctive distrust of a man who had never seen salt water. And he made no secret of these things.

He remembered the great day when he became Lieutenant Orton MacIan Portingale, R.C.N.R., and the journey to the Saint Lawrence to take over his

first command, the little corvette whose lonely wardroom he now remembered the crowd in the and a charming creature bowed with a champagne bottle horror at the name—*Windlestraw*! Apparently the running out of strictly botanic He soothed his nerves with the that it might have been Violet Pansy.

He remembered his first in of his officers, all but one wavy gold sleeve braid of the teer Reserve. The first li Raith, a yachtsman from Vi the navigator, Goswill; the gu ficer, Sub-Lieutenant Hogarty, land surveyor. But he reserved distrust for Sub-Lieutenant the extra watch-keeping off asdic specialist, who had be student in Winnipeg when broke out. He had reckoned C one of the two men he could —Goswill had been a third m merchant marine. The other broath, the gray-haired, mild-warrant engineer. Gilbroath stroke of luck, for warrant were scarce. Most corvettes h up with a Chief E.R.A.

He remembered the first occ ing, the gales that scattered th
(Continued on page 5)



Query...for a gentleman at the Kentucky Derby



US: If your favorite romps home to win the wreath of roses today, we dare say you'll be having a drink.

MAN: Win, place or show—I'm having a Mint Julep!

US: Good. But first we'd like to ask you a question. Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: I've been meaning to, but...

US: Then since Derby Day is such a special day, we wish you'd try a very special Mint Julep... made with today's Four Roses! Because, unless you've tasted today's Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this superlative whiskey! Ah, what bouquet! what surpassing flavor and mellow richness! What matchless amber-gold magnificence!

MAN: Say—I'm glad I ran into you! I suggest that

we meet at the clubhouse bar after this race. And if today's Four Roses lives up to the send-off you've given it, the Juleps are on me!



WOULD YOU LIKE TO START YOUR OWN FOUR ROSES KENTUCKY MINT BED?

Naturally, even so glorious a drink as a Four Roses Mint Julep tastes *more* glorious when it's made with real Kentucky mint.

So we'd like to send you—with our compliments (at the proper time for planting) a sturdy young plant of real Kentucky Bluegrass Spring Mint, with instructions for starting your own "Four Roses" mint bed. Just write before June 15, 1942 to Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., 501 Columbia Bldg., Louisville, Kentucky.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old.

I'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**



Old Hands at new Jobs

THERE is a new look of grim satisfaction on the faces of many a veteran Buick worker these days.

There is the look of the seasoned infantryman who, having patiently waited while advance forces engaged in all the early skirmishing, at last gets the marching orders that let him move up front.

You didn't have to tell these old Buick hands why the whole Buick factory hadn't been called to action before.

They knew with the practical experience of men who work with their hands that, even if you had the orders, you can't stamp tanks out of automobile sheet metal, or machine rapid-fire cannon with the same tools and methods that make car assembly lines tick.

They knew that new methods had to be established, tried and tested—that new machines and fixtures had to be designed and built—that even such fine skills as their own had to be refreshed, redirected, reapplied.

They knew that normally this would take years—it took more than a year, didn't it, to "make ready" even a new car model?

So they noted with appreciative approval as new plants went up, new techniques were established and new skills developed in a matter of weeks.

They were assured that their chance would come months ago, when fellow workers in the same plants began to take on first one wartime job, then another.

Their chance did come, and they're making the most of it.

The job of change-over is handled, and like recruits called up, these qualified veterans went into action.

Old hands at the fine, on-the-button work of war equipment calls for relish their opportunity that when Uncle Sam needs better war goods, Buick can build them.

So there's new buoyancy in their stride as these craftsmen march to work.

There's grim purpose and intentness as they guide planers and lathes.

For these old hands are all-out on new jobs to win total victory.

war goods
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
 BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

UNCLE PITCH was worthless as kitchen help but it was better anyhow, Daisy thought, to keep him back with her and out of trouble rather than let him hang around the driveway and the office and the restaurant ushering customers in and out and pretending to shine up their cars when he saw them coming, and hinting for nickels and dimes in a dozen other bothersome ways. Miss Nelly didn't mind it too much but Daisy thought it didn't look decent. Uncle Pitch out begging, as if she didn't keep him in pocket money. Uncle Pitch sorely despised the kitchen but there wasn't much he could do about it; he was downright afraid of his niece.

Daisy was coal black, rising forty, and as hefty and strong as the bull of Bashan. Uncle Pitch often declared with some pride; furthermore, she was the best cook in the world and with a head full of sense for money, and Uncle Pitch couldn't deny that she kept him better than he'd ever kept himself, but none of that knowledge eased his kitchen misery.

"I like company, honey," he complained. "Just gimme a raft of company and I'm content. What do I do back here? High and lonesome by myself, all the blessed day."

"Now bring me them pickles," Daisy said, busy over her great stove.

"And half the night," Uncle Pitch said. "From the crack o' dawn to—pickles?"

Daisy turned on him: "Ain't you fished them pickles outen the barrel and sliced 'em, like I told you?"

"I forgot," Uncle Pitch said, stricken. "I guess I wa'n't paying attention, honey. I'll fetch 'em right now."

"You ain't never paying attention," Daisy said, sweeping ahead of him into the coolroom. "Here it is most dark, and supper time—you stir yourself and sweep out this coolroom; looks like there's been rabbits fed in here with that coleslaw you tried to make. Get, now! And you ask me where is the broom I'll use it on you!"

Uncle Pitch grabbed the broom and limped into the coolroom and scuffed and brushed around half-heartedly.

"And light my stove in there," Daisy called, "and the oven too; I ain't got room here for biscuits."

"Yes, honey," Uncle Pitch said. The coolroom, so called because it was closed off from the kitchen and the heat of the wood range there, was used generally to store supplies delivered through its big double doors that opened on the back drive. But due to the exigencies of space it also contained Daisy's other stove, a range fed on bottled gas, for use in emergencies.

Uncle Pitch opened the double doors and swept the broad stone step outside. Around at the front of the restaurant he could hear the sound of cars, slamming doors, distant voices, and beyond that the intermittent roar of traffic on 31. There were lights in the tourist cabins visible from here, and activity along the driveways, as new customers came in.

MISS NELLY had the best tourist place and highway restaurant in Indiana, and maybe in the whole country, and she did get the business too. Uncle Pitch was proud to be connected with such a successful enterprise. But you take two women like Miss Nelly and Daisy, and they made a combination, that was all. Miss Nelly was young and slight and slim, with dark brown hair and blue eyes deep and innocent like a little child's, and always smiling, but there wasn't anything anyone could put over on Miss Nelly.

Daisy called at him, "Pitch! Did you hear me tell you to light that stove?"

Uncle Pitch moved to obey. He secretly feared lighting the contraption, especially the oven. Immersed in his task, he heard a step outside and swung his white head to peer at the night framed in the double doors.

"Who there?" Uncle Pitch asked.

A voice said, "Evening, tarball," and a little runty figure stepped inside and pulled the double doors shut. The little man wore a new-looking light felt hat and a blue topcoat, and he was a stranger to Uncle Pitch.

"Don't start up a racket," he said. "You understand, don't you?"

"Wh-why certainly, most certainly," Uncle Pitch said. "Yes sah, yes sah, I do."

"That's good. This the kitchen through here? All right, let's go in."

"Yes sah," Uncle Pitch replied nimbly. That little man sounded as if, down underneath the soft way he talked, he was mad, maybe scared mad. Uncle Pitch moved through the coolroom door into the kitchen as quickly as possible.

Daisy encountered the little man, when he entered, with surprise, and said, "Ain't nobody supposed to be in here but the help."

"That's fine," the little man said. He walked quickly the length of the kitchen and glanced through the serving door into the restaurant and came back. He said again, "That's good. I want the place to myself."

Daisy frowned through the cloud of steam from an opened pot. "How is that you say?"

"Daisy," Uncle Pitch said, "don't fuss with the gentleman."

The little man opened the coolroom door again and held it open with his foot while he looked around. "You shines behave, and I won't bother you," he said. "Understand what I mean?"

"Yes sah," Uncle Pitch said.

"That's good." The little man stepped inside the coolroom and partly closed the connecting door. He discovered a small window set in the door, and was pleased. He said, "I can watch you through this door. If somebody comes and asks you, you ain't seen anyone, there ain't anyone here. Understand what I mean?"

"Yes sah," Uncle Pitch said. "Indeed we do. Yes sah."

The little man closed the door and they could see his face through the little window. Daisy moaned, "Oh, Pitch, he got a gun."

"Be quiet, honey, and cook your supper." Uncle Pitch picked up his broom and began to sweep and whistle.

PRESENTLY Miss Nelly came back from the restaurant with Malory. Malory was a cop, and he was Miss Nelly's beau. They asked if there'd been someone running through the back drive, and Uncle Pitch replied that they never saw a soul, cooped up back there in the kitchen. Malory explained that the little man had hit a soldier hitchhiker with his car, back on the edge of town, and he had shot at a traffic cop who had tried to stop him, and that other cops had chased him out this far before shooting out one of the tires on his car. But he had got away again in the dusk and they thought he must be hiding someplace around Miss Nelly's Motel. They didn't know who he was but they thought he might be a bank bandit.

Miss Nelly asked Daisy what was the matter, she was shaking; and Daisy, trying to keep from looking at the coolroom, said she guessed she wasn't feeling very good. Malory went out again to help the other cops search around, with Miss Nelly calling after him to please be careful, and then Miss Nelly went back to the restaurant and Daisy leaned against the stove, holding her heart and breathing with her eyes closed. Uncle Pitch went on sweeping, from time to time glancing at the coolroom door.

When he saw that the little man's face was no longer visible through the small window, he said, "Now, honey, you go fetch Mr. Malory and we'll drag that gentleman out."

Daisy opened her mouth to protest and Uncle Pitch said, "You hurry too, or he'll be daid. When I turned on your gas stove in there it purely slipped my mind for a minute to light it, and he bust in on me before I thought of it again. You tell them police to come in by the outside door too, so they won't blow up your kitchen. Now you trot."

There was no reward attached to the little man, who proved to be a fugitive from an East Chicago holdup murder charge, but Uncle Pitch was satisfied with the new position Miss Nelly gave him, in which he sat all day in a chair by the front drive, wearing red suspenders and a badge, as the motel detective. Daisy declared it was sinful, but Uncle Pitch didn't mind her any more.

Kitchen Police

By William E. Brandon

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

'Who there?' Uncle Pitch asked. A voice said, "Evening, tarball," and a little figure stepped inside and pulled the doors shut. "Don't start up a racket!"



A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

China Gold

Continued from page 19

the Americans only prepare for war according to the hours their labor unions allow work. Four hours—five hours a day, no work on the week end!"

He was laughing horribly, and he was not looking at her. The drug she had put into his wine was taking effect. He struggled against it. He leaped to his feet and with fumbling hands he picked up his belt and tried to fasten it about him.

"Let me help you," Helen said. She rose and took him by the shoulders and pushed him into his seat. He sank helplessly, his eyes wide open and upturned to her. They were completely blank. She stared down into them.

"Tell me," she said, "where will you bomb the Americans?"

He muttered an answer. She could not hear it and she shook him. "Tell me!" she insisted. "Say it again!" But it was too late. He sagged into his chair and his head fell on his bosom.

"I gave him too much," she thought, angry with herself. "How could I have been so stupid? But no, it is because the Japanese are too easily drunk. I ought to have remembered that."

She gazed at him, disgust curling her red lips. For a moment she played with the idea of having Li-hua tie him with ropes. She might give him to the guerrillas. Then she rejected the thought. No, it was too soon—she might have need of the Japanese. She shouted for Li-hua, and when he came in she said: "He is drunk again. Take him and lay him on the bed. When he comes to himself, give him a little hot rice."

"Ha," Li-hua said, in enigmatic assent.

IN THE mission house the three men listened to Father Valerian's gasping explanation. It was no explanation—Elaine had been with him and she was gone! It was Larch who really listened, Larch who was dismayed with all his heart. Rudolf and Elton heard, but they watched Larch each of them bitterly jealous of him.

Larch leaped to his feet. "She can't simply disappear! She's somewhere! She's got to be found!"

"Don't be a fool, Corpran," Elton Field said. "It's no good simply dashing off. Let us think a moment what we ought to do—it will save time in the end."

Father Valerian came out of his confusion for a sudden clear moment. He gazed at Elton Field with his piercing blue eyes. "It would have saved everything had you not come," he said. "She was trying to escape you."

Larch, already at the door, stopped. "Why should she try to escape you?" he demanded.

Elton Field did not answer. The light of anger sprang into his gray eyes. But Father Valerian answered for him.

"This man wishes to marry her," he said, "and she does not wish to do so."

Elton Field jumped out of his chair. "This is an absurd time to speak of such a thing. But since you have spoken—yes, it is true, and if I love this girl and want to marry her, it only gives me the more right at this moment—"

Larch strode across the floor and stared down at him, his fists clenched. "You old goat," he said distinctly. "So this is why you cabled her father!"

"Is there any law against my wishing to marry her?" Elton Field retorted.

Rudolf had not moved or spoken. He stood back against the table, his arms folded, contemplating the two men with a look of sad amusement upon his face.

"Before you two fight over the lady,"

he said with irony, "it is perhaps better that we find her. You, Mr. Field, were about to make a suggestion."

Father Valerian sat down and wiped his face with the skirt of his cassock. He had stepped on the edge of his cassock in his haste and ripped the edge. Now when he saw the rent, he tore the hem off and threw it on the floor. The men watched him, without seeing him.

"I suggest," Elton Field said, his eyes fixed on the rag, "that I go at once to the Japanese headquarters and demand a house-to-house search."

"Good," Rudolf said coolly. "I agree that this would be an efficient thing to do. Gentlemen, suppose we allow Mr. Field to proceed at once to the Japanese captain. He has more influence with the Japanese than we have."

Larch stepped back and in silence

"Come," he said, "we will go from door to door, and find her somewhere, you and I—"

AT THE door of Helen's sitting room Elton Field paused. They had told him at headquarters that the captain was at the new café, and so here he had come. But she? He could not believe what he saw.

"Helen!" he cried. "What are you—"

"I have been here a long time," she said. She did not rise. She was grateful for the moment she had had to compose herself, to prepare for his coming. Li-hua had hurried in. "Your big-man is at the door—he asks for the Japanese."

She had paused for one second's thought.

"Do not show yourself," she said. "He

Behind her Elton Field found a mind a torment of questions. chance that brought her here. For a moment he was her. He glanced at the smooth head bent as she walked. She altogether Chinese, this woman's hair was low on her neck and jade pins were crossed in it. He "I hate these Chinese, the 1 their smooth faces!"

"Here he is," she said, and detained. There on a great bed, covered by a red silk quilt, the Japanese snoring, his mouth wide open slightly open.

"What's the matter with him asked. "He looks as though he stroke!"

"He is only drunk," she said. "This is how he looks every night."

She looked so devilish in her as she stood there that Elton Field seized with horror. She looked caught the horror in his eyes.

"What is the matter with you asked in the same still voice.

"You—" he gasped—"I believe know where she is—I believe wicked deceitfulness—"

"You mean Elaine Brian?"

Her voice was so silvery in its ness that he choked. He leaped and seized her by the shoulder do know!" he shouted.

Then with a movement as smooth as a snake's she put back one hand out of her hair the jade pin, pin she had brought with her before from Fukien, the pin a long slender dagger, made to Fukien woman from the man who hated, the foreigner, the conqueror with a thrust as sure as a snake she thrust it into Elton's right into the soft stuff of his brain b

SHE waited while he staggered saw him fall and struggle a lie still. She stooped and pulled pin and wiped it clean on the under of the red silk quilt that covered Japanese. There was very little the dagger, and the stain it left silk scarcely showed. Then she back the cover and dragged the nese out of bed and let him fall the inert body on the floor. He wake, and she contemplated them for a moment.

"It will do," she thought. "there to care how he died?"

She put the pin back into her went out, closing the door behind. In her sitting room at the end of the corridor Mei-su was still waiting lifted her head in curiosity and ment as Helen came in and Helen swerved the look, her voice as ever.

"A strange thing has happened said. "For some reason the Japanese has killed the American. He left the bed and grappled him and flung backward on the brick floor."

Mei-su cried out: "But will blamed?"

Helen shook her head indifferently. "Who is there to blame us in if a Japanese kills an American."

She clapped her hands for When the old man came in, she "Li-hua, the American is dead Japanese fought him without knowing what he did, and he fell backward broke his head on the bricks. What Japanese comes to himself, tell what he has done."

"She must be found," Rudolf saying to Chen. "I will not all



"This one comes fully equipped"

Elton Field put on his coat and his hat. "Let us meet here at the end of two hours to compare what we find out," Rudolf said, "that is, if we can."

"She'll be found long before then," Elton said brusquely and went out.

Behind him Father Valerian sighed. "Why do I hate that man?" he inquired of Rudolf. Then his eyes fell upon Larch. "Who are you?" he asked. "And why are you here?"

"I am Larch Corpran," Larch said, "and I have come to take Elaine home."

FATHER VALERIAN rose, his eyes fixed on Larch. "How did you know where she was?"

"Her father sent me," Larch said. "And that fellow Field told him where she was. And now, please, let's not waste our precious time!"

"Larch Corpran!" Father Valerian echoed. Surprise passed over his face and was gone in a second. "Why should I be surprised?" he muttered. "Father in heaven, forgive me that I am surprised when having prayed for help, it comes to me!" Resolution and confidence strengthened in his face.

may remember you. Let Mei-su bring him in."

So the girl Mei-su had brought Elton Field in, her eyes round with the strangeness of her mission. What was this man to her beloved mistress? She stood now just behind him.

"Come in," Helen said. She rose with a slow grace and stood while he came in. "Sit down," she said.

"I can't," he replied. "I have come in search of the Japanese captain. They tell me he is here."

"Yes, he is here," she said. "He is always here. But he is very drunk."

Elton stared at her, then around the room. "Is this what you did with my money?"

She nodded. "Business is very good."

"But why Ta-ming?"

She turned her head away. "I wonder why?" she echoed in her soft voice.

He took one step forward then checked himself and shook his head angrily. "I don't care what you do," he said. "Take me to the Japanese!"

She drooped her head. "This way, please." She moved with her incomparable silent grace toward an inner door.



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attack to take place until she is found!"

Chen smiled ■ still glimmer of a smile. "I can understand why you feel thus," he said, "and yet how can I tell the Hill and Water men that they must not attack the city because a young white girl has disappeared? They will only believe she has been taken by the Japanese."

"At least do not give the signal until the man Elton Field returns," Rudolf urged. "We agreed to return here, all of us, at the end of two hours."

"Since the Hill and Water men tell their time by the sun an hour or two will not matter to them," Chen agreed. Some peculiar wisdom in his smooth and handsome face caught Rudolf's eye. "You know where she is!" he cried.

Chen smiled. "I do not know, but I have heard," he said. "That is, the old manservant who belongs to the house of the Pao family told his best friend who is ■ gate keeper at the camp of the enemy, who as you know is a spy of our side, and he told me."

"Then why—" Rudolf began, outraged.

CHEN interrupted him: "Why did I not tell you before? In the first place the thing only happened today. In the second place, had she wanted it known where she was she could easily have walked out of the gate as she walked in. I waited to find out the way the wind was blowing before I spoke."

"But you have known for half an hour that we are distracted because she was lost!" Rudolf cried. He put on his Chinese fur-lined cap as he spoke and his fur-lined soldier's coat.

"Since I knew she was safe—" Chen murmured.

But again Rudolf would not allow him to finish: "Take me to the house, Chen, and hold back the signal for attack until I have her safe in the mission."

The Chinese shrugged, threw out his hands, smiled good-humoredly and led the way without a word until they were in the street. Then he laughed.

"We had better keep it secret from those Hill and Water men that a woman has delayed the attack," he said. "They would be very angry if they knew."

"I do not care if they are angry," Rudolf retorted. He was now so anxious about Elaine that he could not believe her unharmed. When Larch and Elton Field and Father Valerian had left the house together, he had remained behind. He had already determined to talk with Chen before going out to find Elaine, knowing how usually the Chinese priest knew what no one else knew. All over the city spies faithfully brought him news, sometimes useful, sometimes of no worth. He had therefore gone straight to the hospital and found him, his cotton cassock tucked up under his white apron.

The apron he had taken off, and now his black robes, which somehow always looked more new than Father Valerian's, flew back in the dry wind as he walked.

"Here is the gate," Chen said. It was barred and he beat on it with the flat of his hand. It opened, and an old man looked out. "Let me in," Chen said with authority, "and the password is—" he leaned forward and whispered into the man's ear. Rudolf himself did not know that password.

"Follow me," Chen said, and Rudolf followed him through the beautiful formal courts. The old man trotted ahead of them and cried out as he went. A scar-faced bondmaid answered and ran more quickly ahead of him. Then in a moment they were at the main hall. The latticed door swung open and they went in. The great room was empty except for the bondmaid who had reached there before them.

"Tell your foreign guest that man whom she knows is here she need not be afraid," Chen said. "Hao," the bondmaid said away.

In the great room they waited ■ moment more, and then an drew back, and Elaine stood the looked so well, so pretty, even mischievous, that Rudolf smile with a sad sense of loss.

"You know you have distracted all?" he asked.

A childish look of defiance came her face. "I had to escape," she said.

She felt a touch on her shoulder the little old lady came through behind her. She was very elegant plum-colored robe of brocade with wide old-fashioned embroidered sleeves. She pointed her long finger at Rudolf.

"Is this the man you ran away from she inquired of Elaine.

"No, not this one," Elaine smiling with sudden brightness at Rudolf's eyes.

"How many men have you?" Rudolf retorted. She sat down with amiable curiosity at Rudolf the bondmaid filled her pipe.

But Elaine did not answer the lady. She was looking at Rudolf was gazing at her with strange in "Ah," he said quietly, "my intuition right. I wondered why I had a young man. Do you really escape him?"

"Yes," she said. "Help me, I don't tell where I am!"

Rudolf pulled at his mustache have chosen the worst possible to begin your complications. I understand them. But you ask hide you now when—" he glanced at the old lady, who sat at them tranquilly majestic as a queen in her carved chair. "I understand any English?"

"Not a word," Elaine replied.

"Then—I must tell you—at the moment the guerrillas are waiting to attack the city. They are waiting signal—from me, in fact. But I refused to give it until you were here. If the city were full of fighting men could I have found you? But what shall I do with you, dear and troublesome child?"

Her head drooped under the tenderness of his voice. "I am way," she murmured. "Perhaps true I ought to go home." She was full at the thought, not for any he knew but for the mission house. Father Valerian. "I don't want she murmured, and tears filled her eyes. "I was never happy until I came I was never of use before. If Valerian does not need me the body needs me."

HE LONGED to cry out, "I know—how desperately!" But he speak. What safety had he to young and beautiful girl however he loved her? In the world that lie ahead of tomorrow, he did not know whether there would be a him. If Germany and Japan triumph he would be called a traitor. lost, he would still be a German. was nothing for him but silent loneliness.

She lifted her head. "Does Valerian want me to go?"

"I do not know," he said. "I have heard him speak of it."

Stubbornness straightened her mouth. "Then I will wait until me to go. Oh, Rudolf, help me to

"Where in this city can I hide? The words came thickly from her have no home, no refuge of my belong in the middle of the battle committed to war—"

His mind was searching the city

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DIGGER CHIEF

By H. J. Timperley

One thing the Japs wanted at Singapore was Australia's Cocky Bennett, the man who battled them all the way down the Malayan Peninsula. They didn't get him. He's back on his home grounds, ready and eager to carry the fight to the Japs

BRITISH COMBINE

Tough, able Major General Henry Gordon Bennett is Australia's "man who saw it coming" and prepared to do something about it

STALIA need have no fear of the Japanese if it takes advantage of Malaya's lessons. If Australia fails to learn from this experience, there can be no answer but defeat. In our one idea must be to attack, attack. We must not sit and stay on the defensive. The general from general to private had a fighting spirit and that must be maintained. The man who proclaims this is a redoubtable accountant, a businessman who is only when there's a war on, who will play a vital part in aiding General Douglas MacArthur's defense of Australia. "Who" lists him as Major General Henry Gordon Bennett, C.B., D.S.O., V.D. He was com-

mander of the 18,000 members of the A.I.F. in Malaya, and he escaped from Singapore after the surrender. His report conveyed to the Australian War Cabinet was followed by directives to army schools and training centers insisting on new lines of defensive tactics.

"In Malaya, I learned that it is hopeless to underestimate the Japanese," said Gordon Bennett. "It was the universal fault of the British that we underestimated the power and capacity of the Japanese. Our general experience was that the Japanese soldier is inferior to the Australian soldier. I endorse this wholeheartedly. When they clashed with the Australians, we won."

"The Japanese will strike at our air-dromes and use them for jumping-off places for further advances. We must

hit them before they land and while they land. We must attack continuously. We must have aggressive inspiration at the top and brilliant junior leadership. These are the only answers to the tactics the Japanese use.

"Australian troops in Malaya succeeded in every clash with the Japanese by throwing overboard the 1918 textbook methods. They gave no thought to traditional training methods or antique battle technique, and solved each problem as it arose. From the start, the A.I.F. realized that the only way to stop the Japs was to take the offensive, particularly with the bayonet. The Allies must learn that it is by continuous offensive action only that the Japs will be beaten. I found that the Japs are well organized and trained, and that they are always on the offensive.

"It was the simplicity of the Japanese methods that enabled them to succeed. They won battles by maneuvering. There was no need for them to make frontal attacks. They could infiltrate and attack from the rear and snap our vulnerable communications. There was only one real frontal attack, and that

was on the island of Singapore, and they succeeded because of their air support. The Japs weren't loaded down with equipment. Their main weapons were tommy-guns, machine guns, and mortars, and their main means of transport was the simple and efficient bicycle."

The man who said the foregoing is fondly known to his men as "Cocky." It is a term that implies the fighting spirit of a russet-feathered gamecock, something that Bennett has a lot of. Brass hats of larger tonnage have never had terrors for this spunky Australian. He has just gone ahead and blown them out of the water. A brush with authority occurred just before his appointment to the Malayan command. For some years Bennett had brooded over the shape of things to come, and early in 1939 this civilian, then president of the Chamber of Manufacturers of New South Wales and merely an officer in the reserve, wrote a series of trenchant articles for the Sydney Morning Herald in which he said just what he thought of the Australian General Staff.

The theme of the articles was familiar enough. Bennett said things that critics

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of the British Army and of the United States Army have said many times, chiefly that the democratic armies were preparing for the last war instead of the next. Bennett charged that the Australian General Staff was antiquated, and that if they had got beyond the tactical conceptions of Waterloo—which he doubted—they were thinking too much in terms of Spion Kop and Amiens and too little about the dust-up he knew to be just around the corner.

Bennett had a close friend in Major General Henry Wynter, a brilliant staff officer who had worked out probably the first general theory of the defense of Australia by Australian forces acting alone. This, too, was heresy to Wynter's imperial-minded colleagues. To them the assumption (now apparently a fact) that Australia might have to defend herself without large British assistance was a crime of unforgivable proportions. At all events, Wynter was deprived of his job as commandant of the staff school in Sydney and posted to a district command in Queensland.

The technical charge against Wynter was that he had once expressed his views to a nonmilitary audience. A similar complaint was made by the brass hats against Cocky Bennett because of his Sydney Morning Herald articles, and he resigned his command in the Australian military reserve. All of which would be so much ancient history if it did not offer a deadly Australian parallel to what happened in the democratic armies up to the beginning of the present war and for too long afterward, and if it did not throw light on just what sort of soldier Bennett is.

Down at the Imperial Service Club in one of Sydney's lanelike, 150-year-old streets, where the younger reserve officers do their serious drinking, Cocky Bennett became something of a hero. He stayed friends, too, with Major General Iven Mackay, then headmaster of a swank preparatory school in exclusive Rose Bay, who was recently recalled, after brilliant work in North Africa, to take charge of Australia's home defenses.

Cocky feels that this is a young man's war. Just before he left for Malaya he had dinner at the University Club in Sydney with a manufacturer who was running a small but essential industry but who wanted to get into the army. "Don't be a damn' fool," Cocky told him bluntly. "I wouldn't have a subaltern over twenty-three. He's got to be able to go for days and nights without sleep and still do a job better than any man under him. You're too old (the reserve officer was thirty-six). Forget it!"

The Major Proves a Point

"Today," Bennett says, "a man commanding a section has to know as much as a battalion officer did in 1918. In battle the section must be able to operate without further orders. Maybe it will be cut off from its own lines but fire power has increased so much that it is still a fighting unit. The man running it must know what it's all about. In 1918 there was perhaps one battalion concentrated on a half-mile front. Now the front might be ten miles. Each single unit in that ten miles must know just what to do. The sergeants are the lads. They've got to be good."

This dinner-table conversation was a preview of just what happened when the Japs first hit the Australians, and advanced Australian units had to cut their way back to the main lines. They fought squad by squad. They had no orders; only guns. The idea that you can give men a cut-and-dried set of orders in modern battle conditions is, as Bennett says, "bloody crazy."

Cocky Bennett, apostle of the young man's war, is fifty-five. He swore before

he left for Malaya that he would massage with him to keep him from rubbing his muscles with eucalyptus. Ironically, also, the first job he had in this war was to organize a corps.

When the Returned Soldiers Australian counterpart of the A. I. O. F. M. Legion, decided that the time had come to form an ex-servicemen's defense corps, the military authorities scoffed at the idea of an "old brigade." Then Bennett stepped in, knocking the corps into first-class shape, successfully demanding its incorporation as an integral part of the Australian military force. The result of his foresight, 50,000 trained veterans are able to hold the line in New South Wales alone while the rest of Australia girds herself to meet the Japanese.

The Man for the Job

After this, Bennett's stock rose rapidly in the public estimation when it was decided to send a man to help in the defense of Malaya given the command. His qualifications for this key position were threefold: He had had the right fighting experience in the last war, was able to think in terms of needs rather than textbook doctrine, and, most important of all, everything that the Australians say when he talks about "guts."

There can be no shadow of doubt that the battling bookkeeper has run his veins as well as red his head. During the first World War he was cited for gallantry eight times. As a youthful major at Gallipoli he stood a desperate stand on shell-torn Ridges. Shot in wrist and shoulder, standing up to direct the fire of his company against the Turks, Bennett was taken to a hospital ship but came back to his unit to carry on the next day. His younger brother, of twenty, was killed in the same engagement.

At twenty-six, Bennett founded a colonel and when he was appointed to command the battle-scarred Australian Brigade in France he was twenty-nine, the youngest general in the entire Australian army while serving with the 3d Division. A company signaller that I first met in 1917, he says, "I was a signaller don't hobnob much with the generals, as a rule—they take them a bit too far forward—but it seemed that Cocky was snoopin' around and he poked his head into our dugout more than once."

Because I was an expert signaller I was promoted to the job of communications assistant to the battalion adjutant in that capacity I saw many of the operation orders. As I recall they were just the kind of thing you would expect to get from a man accustomed in civilian life to figures. They were clear, precise, they wasted no words. We were exactly what we had to do with beating around the bush, and remember that Bennett never gave any lead as to what we were to do, failed to reach our objective, if that entered into his calculations.

It's a far cry from the mud of Flanders to the faded splendor of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, but where, last September on my way from a summer dodging the Chungking, I caught my next glimpse of Cocky. It didn't seem to me intervening twenty-three years had made a lot of difference. The bright red thatch had thinned to a fiery halo, and the close-clip sideburns were flecked with gray, but still alert and spry. At fifty

... for a well-knit forty-five. ... that Bennett never let him- ... to seed either physically or ... after the last war. He knew ... s bound to be another show- ... d kept himself in good shape ... hough he likes an occasional ... d soda, he has never acquired ... ous drinking habits of his fel- ... rians. Too high-strung to ... golf, Cocky finds a hard-hitting ... tennis more in his line. But ... rite prewar recreation was ... in the Blue Mountains back of ... ith an army map in his pocket ... ughter Joan for company. ... Bennett was always thinking ... about the "next war." On ... y office table usually reposed ... umbered copy of Max Werner's ... Strength of the Powers" ... jowl with the "Australian ... Directory." His favorite book ... ount of the Battle of Tannen- ... he is able to recite long pas- ... t from memory.

Consider the Aussie

... a strong advocate of defense ... pt as a means of countering the ... and offensive, Bennett long ago ... as untenable the theory of ... dence. He favors the offensive- ... principle which the Russians ... igned with such success against ... az hordes. He has developed a ... iriative" plan which fits in per- ... h the individualistic tempera- ... of the Australian fighting man. ... Australian troops who fought in ... ay campaign and later, at ... po, were probably the best- ... nit to be sent overseas by the ... wealth in this or any other ... There were good reasons for this: ... we under instruction for an un- ... ying period, and they were in the ... of Cocky Bennett while they were ... ough it. I have a very vivid ... on of what that means. Though ... d not be correct to describe him ... ala fusspot or a Simon Legree, ... t's exacting and thorough when ... so training. He has an uncanny ... inding out the soft spots, and ... a subordinate has learned to his ... at high-powered explosive force ... eahd that quietly authoritative ... er. Cocky's vocabulary is re- ... led out scathing. ... ne's division in Malaya was part ... site British-Indian-Australian ... bly, thanks to his dogged in- ... ce upon the point, it operated as ... eogeneous unit. The British High ... wanted to split it up, but Ben- ... erended that his bunch should ... being as a division. Most ... he remembered what happened in ... the early part of the last

World War when various Australian units, his own included, were placed under English command. The "diggers" made no secret of their dislike of this arrangement and fought twice as well when eventually they were regrouped as an all-Australian army corps under Sir John Monash. Bennett knew what he wanted and the brass hats didn't stop him from getting it.

Nobody who understands the psychology of the Australian "digger" will doubt that every man-jack of them lived up to Bennett's pledge that he'd do his best. The Australian tends to become impatient with the "spit and polish" regulations so dear to the heart of the English brass hat, but in action he is second to none in rigid observance of essential battle discipline. The secret of the Australian army's fame lies in the ability of the commander to rely upon the determination of each man to carry out his part.

Long before the end of the Gallipoli campaign which gave them their baptism of fire in the last World War, the Australians had dispelled the notion that they would prove inefficient from lack of discipline. Although they had not yet acquired the astonishing technique which made them invincible as shock troops in 1918, they had revealed themselves as magnificent, resourceful fighters. This new force raised suddenly from a people totally unaccustomed to restraint was tested under the most exacting conditions of warfare and against literally overwhelming odds and was not found wanting in any single particular that matters when the guns begin to shoot.

What was the motive force which sustained these men as, at the Gallipoli landing and later in Palestine, in France and in Flanders, they fought on and on when there seemed no prospect of victory? The answer has been eloquently recorded by the official historian of Australia's part in the first World War.

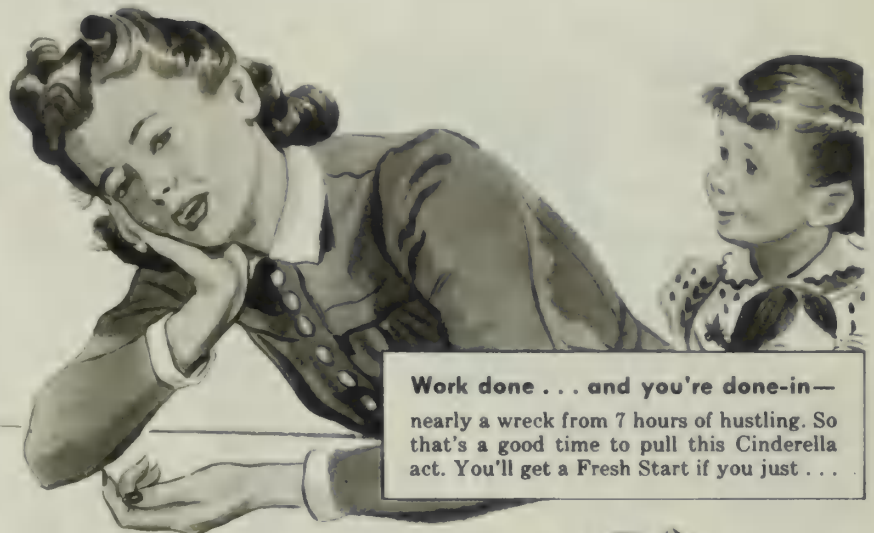
"To be the sort of man," he wrote, "who would give way when his mates were trusting to his firmness; to be the sort of man who would fail when the line, the whole force, and the Allied cause required his endurance; to have made it necessary for another unit to do his own unit's work; to live the rest of his life haunted by the knowledge that he had set his hand to a soldier's task and had lacked the grit to see it through—that was the prospect which these men could not face. Life was very dear, but life was not worth living unless they could be true to their idea of Australian manhood. Standing upon that alone, when help failed and hope faded, when the end loomed clear in front of them, when the whole world seemed to crumble and the heavens to fall in, they faced its ruin undismayed."



Fritz Wilkinson

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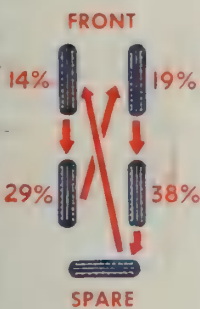
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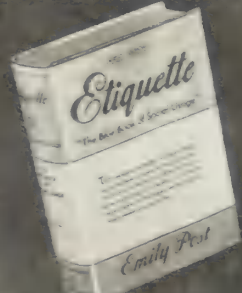
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Faithfully, Judith

Continued from page 13

sky, its heat blown out of the world by the wind which went crying on into space.

"You'll board at Mrs. Rand's hotel in Ingrid," he said. "Wasn't anything out on the flats four months ago. Then Teddy Roosevelt opened the reservation to homesteadin' and five hundred people filled it in a week. Big argument on the school. Some wanted it, some didn't."

"How could anybody not want a school?"

"This country," he said, "requires a strong back and a weak mind. Not that I'm prejudiced. Never had schoolin' myself, but maybe it is necessary. World's changin'."

"Do you have a homestead?"

He shook his head. "Man like me wouldn't like a hundred and sixty acres after chasin' cows all his life. I'll be movin' on one day, away from the bob-wire. Fences and houses close together ain't natural." He dragged the team to a stop, shouting "Who-aa!" He tucked the loose blanket more securely around her and sent the horses on again with a yip and a yell. In the forward distance dots of dust showed in the haze and at the end of an hour they began to pass wagons full-loaded with household goods and families.

"THE weak ones give up," pointed out Charley Graves. "They came for somethin' free, figurin' to get rich. But it is a year until crop time and winter's comin' and there's considerable work and starvin' to go through. People wantin' things free never have the sand to stick. These kind have been leavin' for a month. What's left now are the tough—good tough and bad tough."

A great woolly grayness raced across the sky as soon as sunset came and the rustle and roar of the wind was all about them. They began to run by wagons loaded with wood, these moving toward the blur of a settlement in the distance. Three hours exactly after leaving Virgil the buckboard came into Ingrid, which was half a dozen houses on the prairie, and wheeled before Mrs. Rand's hotel. Mrs. Rand, young and soft-faced and pretty, stood at the door. "I'm glad you're here," she told Judith. "It is always a tiresome ride. Charley, take the trunk to the corner room upstairs."

Judith entered a living room warmed by a huge central stove. Mrs. Rand lighted an extra lamp, and Charley Graves, having carried the trunk upstairs, came down and paused by the stove. Judith noticed that he was ordinarily a shy man but when he smiled, as he did now, the devil flickered in his eyes. "Feel the house shake? That's the way it is out here—bend or break." He went out of the house.

Mrs. Rand showed Judith to her room and departed. Wind jolted the house like a giant hand and this motion added its uneasiness to the ride on the buckboard and gave Judith a moment's seasick feeling. She freshened up and she stood still in the room, tired and now depressed by the rawness about her. "I'll never keep clean," she thought, and went down to supper.

Afterward some of the settlement people came in to meet her. The elderly Adam Brewerton and his wife appeared, with their daughter Letty, who was a fair, serene girl of Judith's own age. Charley Graves came by and stopped, warming his back at the stove. The Swensons, both beyond sixty, dropped in. The plump and jolly young girl who had waited on table was Ingrid Berg, for whom the settlement was named;

and a big and very capable man latered and was introduced to her Kertcher. They were all friendly and they all had the air of agreeable and this lasted until on man came to the hotel—thin and what dry of face and with a diable pair of eyes. He was, Mrs. said in her soft voice, Clyde Jacks.

Clyde Jacks gave Judith a civil stare and made it plain how he on the school. "I was—and am—such fool waste of money." As he remained in the room the definitely less friendliness; these people clearly disliked him and he it and showed his bristles, and then parted.

Judith was very tired and prepared her excuses and returned room. She wrapped herself in found her writing materials and a chair before the bureau to compose a letter:

"Dear Harry: I have arrived at the first night. I had thought West as being mountainous but nothing here but distance stretched as flat as the floor of Charpentier as far as you can see. The wind is ing and the hotel shakes. I think the dust most of all. There isn't here to remind me of the neat houses and the green lanes of S

She wished to add that she him, that she was afraid and the presence was her greatest desire they were really not yet engaged so she ended it by writing, "Faithfully, Judith," sealed the note into an envelope and addressed the envelope to Harrison Gurdon, Salem, Massachusetts. This was her first year of living and perhaps it had been for her to wish to adventure so far home. It had seemed an old thought at the time; something far voyaging of her earlier sea-ancestors sailing around the world. Now she was afraid.

SWENSON and his wife moved toward through the rough wind. Swenson steadied his wife with his gentleman's voice: "Lean against me. Turn your face from the wind and my arm."

"Winter's coming," she said have eleven dollars. It will be a year before we can see a garden be hard, Nils."

"Very hard," he said. "If I'm younger man—"

"You should not speak of the shanty. Their shanty lay a half mile down road on one of the flat's best quarters. Swenson led his wife and moved around to light a lamp would be easier in my mind," "if there was wood. But at four the cord—"

The shanty was two rooms and thrown together of raw pine and sealed with roofing paper. Swenson had made neatness of with curtains at the windows calendar picture here and there kitchen was a big wood stove, and a couple of chairs built by Swenson and a huge cupboard with shelves and drawers and dishes. There was no fire in the stove.

They were an aging, gentle pair had joined the land rush in the finding a last home, and had been in drawing a good quarter section. Swenson was older than he looked and there was a fear in his eyes he held from his wife; and Mrs.

law it and would not let him see
t knew it.

"I'll build a little fire," said Swen-

"We will go to bed and save
t wood."

body knocked and opened the
thout waiting an answer. Clyde
ame in, bulky-shaped inside his
ined storm breaker, his long nose
d by the wind. He had a lan-
th him and carefully dimmed it
oil. "I been noticin'," he said,
n't got your wood yet."

"said Swenson, "we have not.
chair."

ignored the invitation. "You're
money. We all are. But you
oin' to get through the winter
ten-twenty cords of wood."

are maybe right," agreed Swen-
rteously. He did not like this
t he would not let himself show
mma," he said, "I will light a
you will make Clyde some cof-

En if you had wood," said Jacks
his dry, pressing voice, "how you
plow and plant and how you
fence, and how you goin' to
ve."

The things are to be considered
ey come," said Swenson.

Consider them now," said Jacks.
ime comes to prove up and take

u got to have your improve-
made and you got to pay the

erment five dollars an acre. You
t n' to do it. You're broke and

ll eeze if you stay. You'll lose
arter except you get help. Now

n, will stake you to twenty cords
wo and I will give you money

o keep grub. When time comes
et le I'll advance enough for you

ayne government's fee. Then you
d quarter to me and I will throw

noter five hundred dollars for you."

The government says I cannot do
id Swenson.

he government won't allow a deal
e made before you get a deed. After

yo can sell where you please. You
my word and I will take yours and

ay nothin' to nobody. What's the
ere? Half the folks on the flat

be oin' the same thing."

t as my wish," said Swenson
ly, to make a nice place of this.

re t young, and movin' around is
gd now. Five hundred is not

h f this nice land."

"You're broke," pointed out Jacks,
"and you will lose it."

Swenson murmured, "That is prob-
ably right," and fell silent. His wife had
moved into the other room, out of sight.
Swenson sighed and dipped his head
and had his thoughts, and knew that
every word spoken by Jacks was wholly
true; it had been a problem in his mind
since the beginning. Suddenly he hated
Jacks, but he thought of his wife and
he came to his hard conclusion. "I will
accept the bargain," he said.

Jacks gave Swenson a sharp, sly look.
"None of this is on paper. You could
do me, but I take you for a man of
your word, or I wouldn't be botherin'.
Say nothin about it to people." He went
out into the brawling night.

Nils Swenson stood in the cold small
room, knowing the last and greatest of
many defeats; and he wanted the sup-
port and the nearness of his wife but
he would not go to her, thinking she
would be feeling worse than he felt.
Then he heard her voice behind him as
she came out of the little bedroom, lov-
ing as it had always been: "It is nothing,
Nils. We are together. That is enough."

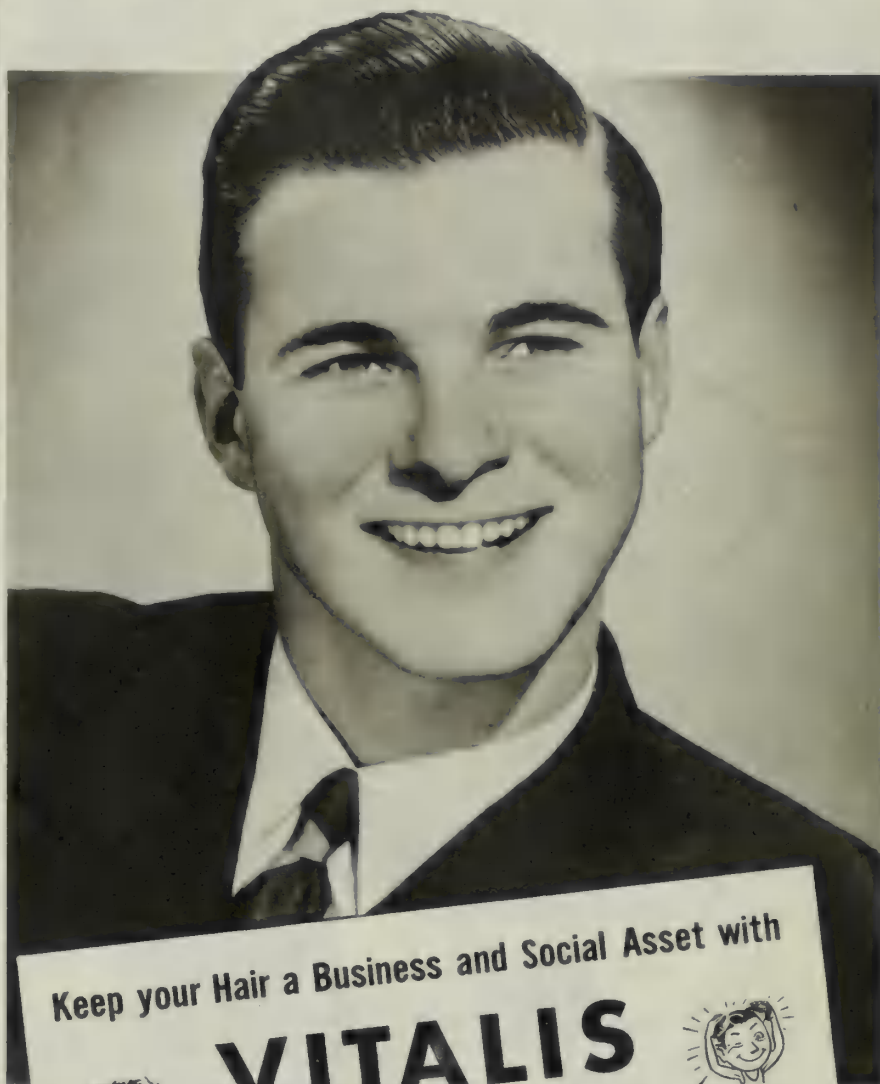
JUDITH dreaded failure. Now, look-
ing out upon the sixteen youngsters
seated in the dull light of late afternoon,
she knew she was failing. The long rough
wind, ceaselessly blowing since her ar-
rival ten days before, shook the flimsy
schoolhouse, and the sound of it made
the youngsters nervous; they turned
in their seats and scraped their feet
along the floor and whispered and would
not keep their attention on lessons. Tara
was at the moment reading aloud from
the fifth-grade book, her voice indis-
tinct. The end of the hardest day so far
was at hand and the cordwood piled
around the schoolhouse half covered
the windows, so that the light, never
very good, was now almost gray. Kurt
Dyckman made a fugitive motion with
his hand half under the desk and the
restless youngsters began to titter.

"Kurt," Judith said, "straighten on
your seat and be still."

That boy, she realized at last, was the
cause of her trouble. He was not a boy
at all, but an eighteen-year-old giant
as large as two ordinary men, with a
dim, sly mind which would never grow
big enough to grasp seventh-grade work.
The school could do nothing for him
and he did not belong in it; he was a
mountainous shape above the other lit-

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the figures of her class and his furtive rebellion ran among them and ruined all her efforts at discipline.

She said, "That will be all, Tara." She sat at the desk before them, slim and straight, her gray eyes very serious, her small shoulders squared. The children were on the edge of their seats, ready to bolt at her word of dismissal. Kurt Dyckman stretched both legs into the aisle, knowing she disliked this. Each day his impudence increased. She said, "School is out. Kurt, I wish to see you."

The youngsters made a scurrying storm down the aisles; they went crying and shouting into the wind. Kurt Dyckman lifted his huge bulk and walked deliberately away. Judith Murray waited until he had reached the door before speaking again. "Kurt," she said, "just a moment."

He went through the doorway and turned and sent back his dull grin. Judith Murray stiffly checked her anger and rose and crossed the room, going into the yard to face him.

"Kurt," she said, "I know it is difficult for you to be among children. After all, you're a man. I need a man to help me with some of the chores. I'd like to count on you."

He listened to her with his head lowered. He was slow-minded, and therefore suspicious. He laboriously turned the proposition over in his mind and looked up with his unpleasant grin. "I got chores enough at home." He came half a step nearer, made bold from knowing she could not control him. "You're a mighty pretty woman," he murmured, and walked away from her. Some of the youngsters had stayed in the background. Now they ran on, knowing she had failed to control Kurt. It had not helped discipline at all.

She was angered enough to cry and she thought, "That meanness should be beaten out of him." She put the thought away as unworthy—and lifted her head to see Charley Graves sitting on his horse twenty yards off. She wheeled into the schoolhouse, hating to have him witness her distress.

WHEN she at last closed the school door behind her Charley Graves was still waiting, smoking a cigarette, one leg tossed across the saddle horn. The wind whipped color into his face and he wore no coat and time seemed to mean nothing to him. He dismounted and fell into step beside her, leading his horse down the rutty road toward Ingrid.

"Why," she asked, "did they pile the wood against the windows?"

"Come a good windstorm, it sort of anchors the shebang. That shack ain't stout."

"It is a cheap, flimsy thing."

"Folks," he said in his easy way, "don't have much to work with out here. Not much money and not much time from their own chores."

She was rebuked and knew it, but she kept still, involved in her own troubles as she marched along the up-and-down ruts of the road with the wind beating at her face.

"Everything all right?" he asked. "Havin' any trouble at school?"

"No," she said. "Charley, when will this wind stop?"

"Maybe in an hour. Maybe not for a month." He cast his quick, direct glance at her. She felt its bite, its force. Then he looked away, idly saying: "You got to learn to bend with it, or you'll bust. Kind of hard on educated folks."

"The way you speak," she said, "it sounds as though an education is a handicap."

"The way I figure, education ought to make a person see more and feel more. That's all to the good, except that if you're strong on feelin', you're goin' to be more miserable in bad times. It ain't

the dumb folks that go crazy w wind blows. It's the ones that much."

She felt a small glow of surprise had little learning of the kind she and yet now and then his observation dug deep. Harry Gurdon, so sometimes so prematurely wearing his culture, could not have said ter. She felt slightly disloyal finding the comparison, and then troubles returned and she grappled them as far as the small shanty Swensons. Clyde Jacks was at ment unloading wood beside the bending and lifting with a kind chanical regularity. Mrs. Swenson at the door, beckoning.

Judith noticed the narrow way Graves looked upon Clyde Jacks said, "The Swensons seem long drop in for a moment." She wanted to thank him for walking with her but she was embarrassed and quite abruptly from him. Mrs. Swenson waited for her at the doorway old woman's vague and beaming "Coffee is ready for you," said Swenson. "It is cold today."

CHARLEY GRAVES rode toward the schoolhouse. He shredded out his cigarette at once and wind lifted loose earth from the lands and darkened the air. He thought, "There goes the soil, hell-bent for There never had been any excuse language for the plowing under beautiful grass; and still he had reservations lately. Maybe it would do to judge too soon. People farm somewhere. Past the school he saw youngsters dotting the horizon, homeward bound; and Kurt Dyckman's big-lumped shadow on the road. He narrowed on Kurt and rode up to him.

"Wait a minute," he said, and down. The giant boy's face looked him and showed insolence; a full head taller than Charley natural bully. Charley considered with a grave thought, and got There wasn't any use of explaining thing; only way to break a battle was to beat him humble. He was ing some chances, considering plain animal strength.

He went at Kurt the same chopped trees, one lick at a time beat him on the soft flesh under jaw, he dug at Kurt's flanks. The ambling down the road as they and once Kurt got in a wild swerved Charley clear to his boots ley ducked his head, and took a on his knuckles with a full flush on Kurt's chin. Kurt went to his

Like all animals, he was all when something stronger came there wasn't any pride to maintain fight after he was hurt. He looked at Charley and shook his head. were bleeding and he put a bandage on them and saw the blood, and a throb of fear glittered in his eyes. "Cut it out."

Charley Graves swung up to his dle. The kid was a mountain of a bully turned into a yellow puppy ley said, "Your education's all don't ever go near that school slanted his hat over his forehead loped away.

JUDITH drank Mrs. Swenson's Scandinavian coffee brew a considerably improved, and she observed how little the Swenson There were these two rooms, set with building paper, and a shed behind. The shed had a floor and dow and tar-papered walls.

"It's nice," she said, "that you your wood."

Mrs. Swenson was a guileless and her smile simply faded and

her eyes pointed to the door. "Yes," said, without heart, "that's nice." "Where's Mr. Swenson?" "I pin Mr. Carney build a barn." Swenson shook her head. "Even a dollar a day he is too old for. Maybe he's on top of the roof and it blows him off. If it wasn't for food he wouldn't feel so small." Swenson drew up the edges of her dress to her face and began to cry. Not a sound; the tears rolled along her cheeks, flushed, girl-like face, into her apron, and presently she ceased to cry. "You know what is?" she asked and then, needing to tell this to someone, she related the whole story of the homestead and the good and Clyde Jacks to Judith. She must say nothing. Swenson promised when he promises a thing he'll do it.

"The government doesn't permit residents like that," said Judith, "the promise needn't be kept. He's in the advantage of you."

"For people cannot choose." Judith said, "Right is right," and looked at the bare walls and the neatness of Mrs. Swenson's kitchen cupboard. She moved to the end of the porch and looked into the shed. "You can talk to Jacks. Make him see that's fair."

"You are still a girl. Things in this world are not all straight."

Judith said, "Thank you for the coffee," and left the cabin, marching across the long Swenson quarter section toward the buildings a mile distant. She clapped her hand and dust rolled like a cloud around her. She bowed her head, thinking of the Swensons and knowing it was the first time their desperate poverty. When she thought, "Perhaps other people are equally poor," and was paid at the quick suspicion that her fifty dollars a month caused her a ready privation.

She topped at the Brewertons' for her second letter from Harry Gurdon and went to the hotel. She read the letter in the room, its serious lines, its little

sallies of humor and she saw Harry as he wrote it, a tall man, leisurely and whimsical, with a character that produced actions always right and never unexpected. He was a comfortable man. She saw him; yet as she brought his face before her mind's eye there was a vagueness that was strange, as though distance dimmed what he was.

She had her dinner and returned to the room and began her letter to Harry. She sat long still, thinking of her own troubles at school, feeling the cold dread of failure; and the problem of the Swensons never was out of her mind. Presently she sighed and went to bed, the letter unfinished. There had to be some way of waking Kurt Dyckman's good instincts. That was the purpose of education.

WHEN she faced the class next morning and saw he was missing she felt an enormous relief, and immediately afterward was reproached by her conscience. He did not appear after lunch hour and this day was her best day until, when school was out, young Reeves Powder brought the news:

"Kurt ain't comin' back any more. Charley Graves beat the tar outa him last night and told him to stay away."

She was glad it was gray enough in the room to conceal her blush. All the youngsters rushed at the doorway, leaving her to struggle with the information. She was relieved to know Kurt was gone; but this relief shocked her conscience and she grew slowly angry and the anger remained as she marched against the endless wind. Charley had done something for her which she should have done herself. Moreover, everybody would know at once about it and speculate on her attitude toward Charley Graves. She was in a grim frame of mind when she turned in at the Swenson house. Mrs. Swenson had the coffee already poured.

"I must move from the hotel to a place nearer to school," said Judith. "Your house is the closest. If you will put a bed in the shed it will make a very satisfactory room. Twenty dollars a

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1. Birds Eye Chopped Beef is something new! 1—it's real steer beef—carefully selected. 2—it's guaranteed! Both

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"Are you quite sure your compass is right, Hollis? This hardly seems the place for a rally!"

M. J. DAVIS

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Field-fresh, whole kernels... serves four.



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month is what I would be charged elsewhere. Is that all right?"

"Daughter," said Mrs. Swenson, "it will be cold."

"We have wood, haven't we? And perhaps later we can get a little stove." She saw that Mrs. Swenson was about to cry and so hurried on with her brisk tone. "You will have rent money enough to pay Clyde Jacks for the wood. You must go to him and ask him to release you from your promise. Do it tonight if you possibly can. I'll see about the bed today and perhaps I can move over tomorrow." She carried the talk rapidly to the end and left the house at once and moved across the quarter section toward Ingrid. When she reached the road near the settlement she saw Charley Graves riding forward. She stopped in the dust, waiting for him. When he rode up and prepared to dismount she pitched into him:

"You stay right there. I'm angry with you. I'm ashamed of you. What gave you the notion to interfere in my affairs? Everybody will laugh at me for needing a man to straighten out my troubles. What made you think it would be any good to knock Kurt down and scare him away from school? That's just force. It doesn't settle a thing. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to tell him to come back to school. I've got to find a better answer than yours. Education isn't violence."

He looked down at her, not smiling but close to a smile; and the admiration in his eyes further irritated her. He said: "The lad's a dumb brute and the only kind of education he savvies is a punch in the beak. I reckon I was a pretty good teacher." He rolled in the saddle, perfectly self-contained. "You can invite him back but if he comes I'll whale him again, which he knows. So he won't come back."

"Charley Graves, you stay out of my business! There's too much violence out here. You have taught him something wrong."

"I taught him that bein' balky will bring him a beautiful punch in the nose. That's education in any language."

"Fighting," she said, "settles nothing at all."

"Maybe not," he said, "but it sure does a lot of mind-changin'."

She went by him with her outrage. "How can you reason with a man like that?" she asked herself. She stepped into Solomon's store and priced a bed and a mattress and bedding and made arrangements to have it taken to the Swensons the following day. In her room she seated herself at the bureau before the unfinished letter to Harry Gurdon, but could write nothing. He was far away, and vague, and her problems here were too real to bring the memory of him before her. She sat quite still and felt the shock of knowing he was not uppermost in her mind; and at last went down to supper.

SHE hated to tell Mrs. Rand of her decision to move but Mrs. Rand, the most understanding woman, seemed pleased. "The Swensons," she said, "need that help badly, and this is the nicest possible way. You are kind to think of it. I will lend you sheets and pillow slips."

There was a deep feeling of neighborly obligation among them, the close tie of people all in a common lot, and that came upon Judith with its goodness. Later, when the usual group dropped in, Mrs. Rand spoke of the move, and Judith felt the approval of their eyes. She had done something which placed her within the group; it was the first time she had sensed this. Charley Graves stood with his back to the stove, his head bent over the manufacture of a cigarette; he lighted it and his glance struck over the edge of his

cupped hands, grave and serious. Tom Kertcher came in, looking "Swensons just walked into Jacks' place. Now I wonder."

Judith remembered a question had in her mind and now a "What is a quarter section worth it has been patented?"

"Depends," said Kertcher, "is. Anything within two-three here is worth five thousand dollars anybody's money."

Charley Graves casually mentioned "Any particular claim in mind,"

She shook her head, but all the while she was watching her and she knew why she had asked. The sharp and wise in many things that came from books the knowledge of people and the common troubles of people—the small and always pressing iteming. She thought of the Swensons worry came upon her and she over the room and went out into the windy darkness. She stood there a little while she saw the Swensons leave Clyde Jacks' house and toward, very slowly. When they the hotel they paused and Mrs. son said: "It was a nice thing but Clyde said it was a promise we gave our word and he will not back to us, we will keep it."

SHE watched them go on, moving slowly into the steady wind; and she was again, and this outrage made mind for her. She walked straight the road, past the store and Bre place, toward Clyde Jacks' wind and she walked with the inflated sense of justice of all her ancestors within her, and she was the vigor of her hatred. People thought, shouldn't let themselves freely; but she still felt all the knocked on Clyde Jacks' door with knuckles.

When he opened the door—slack man who seldom both shave—she walked into the room, and waited for him to turn. It was a queer room, more like a shed than anything else, full of gunnysacks and bits of wire and empty bottles and pieces of glass. A stove stood at one end, there was a table made out of boxes and a bed in the corner with quilts on it. Then she was at Clyde Jacks' narrow, scarce stare.

"If you want anything of me, 'you ain't goin' to get it. Even wants somethin'. Just because thrifty and work hard is no sign to share with them that ain't good enough to keep from starvin'."

"The Swensons can pay for wood. That should be enough for them."

"They would of starved or they stayed. If they left they'd be the place. I made a fair deal a peck 'em to keep it."

"They can pay you now."

"They couldn't when we did deal is a deal."

"You can't keep a bargain against the law."

He gave her a narrower stare. "You got enough to do without ferin'? Half the folks out here as soon as they get deeds."

"But they can't make agree to sell before they own," she pointed.

He shrugged his shoulders. "To the same thing."

"No, it doesn't. If I told the face you'd have trouble."

"You got nothin' to prove it." Then he grinned when he saw her. "The Swensons ain't the talk after they promise somethin'."

This grew worse and worse. A sharp man, trading on other

and he was amused at her fool-
When she thought of the
the whole thing became un-
"You think," she said very
"you're safe, don't you?" She
found her and her eyes fell upon
a piece of harness strap with a
buckle at one end. She stopped
seized it and she said, "I'll show
to be unfair," and slashed him
the face with the leather, its
striking him on the mouth. He
jumped aside, and came in
the strap. She held it with
and slapped him across the face
he seized her and shook her
grew dizzy. After that she felt
our into the room and Clyde
jumped away from her.
Graves and Tom Kertcher were
away.

He said in a changed voice, "This
anything I started."
He stared at Jacks in a way
her afraid. They were solid,
but now they were dangerous;
wasn't any mercy in them at all.
He said, "Well, Charley, you want
it, or you want me to?"
He looked to the far end of the
room and stood sallow and sullen,
said. She put a hand up to her
hair and was calm. Now she
thought this would be. "The wood is
like a cord," she said. "Ten
hundred dollars. They will pay you
a month."

"Right," Jacks agreed quickly.
"Right," Charley Graves had
crossed the room at him. Judith
put her hand and stopped Charley.
He said, "that ends the Swen-
son's case to you?"
"Right," said Jacks and kept his
eye on Charley Graves.

"You hear that, Charley?"
He held the Swensons to any
se. She was still a little afraid
of safety. These two big men
were definite in what they
thought; he caught Charley's arm and
led him around, feeling his unwill-
ingness, and drew him toward the door.
He said, "I brought it on—I had to hit
him reasonable." She took
Kertcher's arm also and got both
out the door. As a matter of
fact, she reached back and shut the
door. Jacks, seized the arms of the men
and led them toward the hotel.
He didn't say a word all the way to
the hotel. She stopped here, and Tom
started to turn in. He looked
suddenly smiling. "Kind of a
certain here, Charley," he mur-
mured, and went on into the hotel.

"Charley," she said, "I know what
you're thinking. But this was much dif-
ferent."

"Ahuh," said Charley Graves. He was
a very deliberate man and he took his
own time to build and light a cigarette.
The matchlight flickered in his eyes and
went out; then he said, coolly, tantaliz-
ingly, "Still, it was violence in my book.
Mighty shocking. Can't imagine the ex-
ample you're settin' young children."

She had nothing to say. She watched
the glow of the cigarette make its shine
on his long, dark cheeks. He pondered
the situation deeply and she waited, not
knowing why she should. Wind ripped
across the flats, bringing its dust and its
curt chill; she swung a little, coming into
the shelter of his tall body.

"You know," he said, "if I was a
farmin' man, I wouldn't homestead on
this side of the river."

"Wouldn't you, Charley?"

"I'd go across the river and lease a
chunk of that good land from the In-
dians. Foolish of me to think of such
a thing, though."

"Is it?" she said. "Good night, Char-
ley."

SHE went inside and straight up the
stairs to her room. She lighted the
lamp and stood still. She saw herself in
the mirror, her shaken hair and the
smudge of dust on her face, and she was
rather proud of what had happened. Was
sin always this pleasant? She sighed and
sat down to the unfinished letter, still
conscious of the beat of the wind; but
it didn't trouble her at all. It had be-
come a familiar sound and she got to
thinking of herself as one of the group—
one of the slow and steady people mak-
ing their fight against the new land. She
took up her pen, well knowing she could
say nothing of these events to Harry.
What then was there left to say to
him?

She thought of it a long while, wrote
a few sentences and prepared to add her
usual "Faithfully, Judith." But before
she did she brought the image of Harry
Gurdon forward and looked at his face
a long while, and saw it slip backward
into the mists. She realized then it
would never again come forward clearly
to her; and she knew also that some-
time during the day Salem had ceased
to be her home. How strange this was.
She signed her letter simply, "Judith
Murray," and turned it over on the bu-
reau and rose to leave the room. She
heard the group talking below her and
she wanted to join that warm and com-
fortable circle. She hoped Charley was
there.



"He's got a great little sense of humor, all right"

WILLIAM STEIG

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

sergeant, "is to tell people politely that they can't walk around the airfield. If they don't pay any attention and go trespassing on forbidden ground, I merely refer Private Jason there to them. Private Jason is no military genius but he's got just enough sense to admire to shoot the hell out of anybody who insists."

BUT we're completely at the mercy of the lady with the baby. She seems to have most of our mail and the baby, now awake, has the rest. We've just snatched a letter from the baby. His name is Tinsley. It's not much of a letter but we can't be choosy under the circumstances. It's from Mr. L. R. Simons, Extension Director of The New York State Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics. It reads: "Dear Sir: The simplest way to avoid chick losses for the first four weeks is to buy them with a guarantee that they will live and grow for the first month." We have read Mr. Simons' letter several times and are unable to find a flaw in it. And if we ever get time enough to go fooling around buying chicks we will follow his advice.

BUT we shall have to stop because we are unable to find the rest of our mail. The baby has four or five letters but he bawls horribly if we try to take them away. And his mother doesn't seem able to do any more than we about it. Anyway, she is a little sore at us—the magazine is included. She has just read Grattan O'Leary's article—No Bases In Eire—wherein Mr. O'Leary makes it completely clear that Mr. Eamon De Valera is not anti-British, not anti-American and not pro-Nazi. The article upsets the lady's opinion that Mr. De Valera is pro-Nazi and she's like us in not wanting people to tamper with her prejudices.

WE HAVE another letter here from a Finnish gentleman in South America. Says he: "I am one of your readers, been more than ten year depending on what kind of exchange facilities I happen to have or where I happen to be. For year 1941 I understod, that I will stay here anyway two years, so I got fixset up

for two year all Magazines an papers for me, also I give to m year of Collier's as Xmas gift. T the boy asks me if I can orde American Magazines, Collier's i to him. I told him that is allrig son has no Dollars in U. S.). send order to New York for som zines, also an order to my Bank bo for \$15.00 in U. S. Curr bee sent to above mentioned f found out that my dollars, ever in U. S. A. were or are frozen (I w in Finland). I been keeping money in U. S. A. figuring that thing stands after that Hitlers r over, the Uncle Sam is the one t if he fals, well I do not think anything after that. I mentio home country, Finland, once m told me a storry saying that it h so cold in Finland that the fr stove froze, also recently, I h radio news from New York that sia it is temperature or as he mercury is hitting 50 below zer wondering what kind of mercu talking about, knowing that the I seen, freezes on 39.5 centigr there must be lot of ways to get anyhow here in Colombia it i warm and Got the informati those \$15.00 are bound for New I still have some hope."

YOU are hereby implored to tient. We do the imploring at hand, the suggestion coming to Mr. Morgan Jamies of Was D. C. As we get it, the United always has indulged in a se belly-flops and pratfalls at the of war, regaining her equilib due time and proceeding there kick out the teeth of the enemy sorship," says Mr. Jamies, "will as at present until the public g and mad. Already admirals a erals are being canceled in f sailors and soldiers of higher e content."

BINGO! Just caught the brat out of the window and snatched Not so good. Strictly private spondence. A bill from a radi man. . .



"No, our daughters don't live at home—they're not married yet"

TONT

Moving Finger

Continued from page 20

providence! To awaken us to a
our shortcomings."

ly," I said, "the Almighty could
a less unsavory weapon."

Emily murmured that God
is in a mysterious way.

I said, "There's too much tend-
attribute to God the evils that

of his own free will. I might
you the Devil. God doesn't

need to punish us, Miss Barton.
so very busy punishing our-

es. What I can't make out is why should
want to do such a thing?"

shagged my shoulders. "A warped
taly."

ems very sad."

esn't seem to me sad. It seems
st damnable. And I don't apolo-

for the word. I mean just that."

ink had gone out of Miss Bar-
eks. They were very white.

But why, Mr. Burton, why? What
can anyone get out of it?"

ing you and I can understand,
k goodness."

mi Barton lowered her voice:
th of this kind has ever hap-

fore—never in my memory. It
be such a happy little community.

it would my dear mother have said?
l, we must be thankful that she has

red."

thought from all I had heard that
Mr. Barton had been sufficiently

to have taken anything, and
ld probably have enjoyed this sen-

ni went on, "It distresses me
ly."

oue not—er—had anything your-

ished crimson. "Oh, no—oh, no,
ed, Oh! that would be dreadful."

apologized hastily, but she went
eking rather upset.

we into the house. Joanna was
lino by the drawing-room fire which

ad just lit, for the evenings were
chy. She had an open letter in

ar. She turned her head quickly as I en-

err. I found this in the letter box
ppd in by hand. It begins: 'You

ed rollop . . .'

'What else does it say?'

and gave a wide grimace. "Same
nue."

e popped it onto the fire. With
ick gesture that hurt my back I

d off again just before it caught.
on," I said. "We may need it."

eed it?"

or the police."

PERINTENDENT NASH came to
e in the following morning. From

irst moment I saw him I took
ling to him. He was the best

of I.D. County Superintendent.
solerly, with quiet, reflective eyes

a straightforward, unassuming
ter.

ood morning, Mr. Burton," he said.
ecy you can guess what I've come

e ya about."

es, think so. This letter busi-

noted.

and stand you had one of them?"

es, soon after we got here."

hat did it say exactly?"

hour at a minute, then consci-
y repeated the wording of the let-

You didn't keep the letter, Mr. Bur-
ton?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't. You see, I
thought it was just an isolated instance

of spite against newcomers to the place."

The superintendent inclined his head
comprehendingly.

"A pity," he said briefly.

"However," I said, "my sister got one
yesterday. I just stopped her putting

it in the fire."

"Thank you, Mr. Burton, that was
thoughtful of you."

I went across to my desk and un-
locked the drawer in which I had put it.

It was not, I thought, very suitable for
Partridge's eyes. I gave it to Nash.

He read it through. Then he looked
up and asked, "Is this the same in ap-

pearance as the last one?"

"I think so—as far as I can remem-
ber."

Nash nodded and put it in his pocket.
Then he said:

"I wonder, Mr. Burton, if you would
mind coming down to the station with

me? We could have a conference there
and it would save a good deal of time

and overlapping."

"Certainly," I said. "You would like
me to come now?"

"If you don't mind."

There was a police car at the door.
We drove down in it.

AT THE police station I found Sym-
mington and Griffith were already

there. I was introduced to a tall, lan-
tern-jawed man in plain clothes, Inspec-

tor Graves.

"Inspector Graves," explained Nash.
"has come down from London to help

us. He's an expert on anonymous let-
ter cases."

Inspector Graves, however, showed a
kind of melancholy enthusiasm.

"They're all the same, these cases,"
he said in a deep lugubrious voice like

a depressed bloodhound. "You'd be
surprised. The wording of the letters

and the things they say."

"We had a case just on two years
ago," said Nash. "Inspector Graves

helped us then."

Some of the letters, I saw, were spread
out on the table in front of Graves. He

had evidently been examining them.

"Difficulty is," said Nash, "to get hold
of the letters. Either people put them

in the fire, or they won't admit to hav-
ing received anything of the kind. Stu-

pid, you see, and afraid of being mixed
up with the police. They're a backward

lot here."

"Still we've got a fair amount to get
on with," said Graves. Nash took the

letter I had given him from his pocket
and tossed it over to Graves.

The latter glanced through it, laid it
with the others and observed approvingly.

"Very nice—very nice indeed."

It was not the way I should have
chosen to describe the epistle in ques-

tion, but experts, I suppose, have their
own point of view. I was glad that that

screed of vituperative and obscene
abuse gave somebody pleasure.

"We've got enough, I think, to go on
with," said Inspector Graves. "and I'll

ask all you gentlemen, if you should
get any more, to bring them along at

once. Also, if you hear of someone else
getting one—you, in particular, Doctor,

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men who know
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heartily agree.



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Old Taylor has ever
been made.



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barmaid at the Three Crowns, the one received by Mrs. Symmington, this one now to Miss Burton—oh, yes, and one to the bank manager."

Symmington asked, "Have you come to any definite opinion as to the writer?"

Graves cleared his throat and delivered a small lecture:

"There are certain similarities shared by all these letters. I shall enumerate them, gentlemen, in case they suggest anything to your minds. The text of the letters is composed of words made up from individual letters cut out of a printed book. It's an old book, printed, I should say, about the year 1830. This has obviously been done to avoid the risk of recognition through handwriting which is, as most people know nowadays, a fairly easy matter... the so-called disguising of a hand not amounting to much when faced with expert tests. There are no fingerprints on the letters and envelopes of a distinctive character. That is to say, they have been handled by the postal authorities, the recipient, and there are other stray fingerprints, but no set common to all, showing therefore that the person who put them together was careful to wear gloves.

"The envelopes are typewritten by a Windsor 7 machine, well worn, with the 'm' and the 't' out of alignment. Most of them have been posted locally, or put in the box of a house by hand. It is therefore evident that they are of local provenance. They were written by a woman, and in my opinion a woman of middle age or over, and probably, though not certainly, unmarried."

We maintained a respectful silence for a minute or two. Then I said, "The typewriter's your best bet, isn't it? Can't you tell something definite from the—er—the touch, don't you call it?"

Graves nodded. "Yes, that can be done—but these envelopes have all been typed by someone using one finger."

"Someone, then, unused to the typewriter?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. Someone, perhaps, who can type but doesn't want us to know the fact."

"Whoever writes these things has been very cunning," I said slowly.

"She is, sir, she is," said Graves. "Up to every trick of the trade."

"I shouldn't have thought one of these bucolic women down here would have had the brains," I said.

Graves coughed. "I haven't made myself plain, I'm afraid. Those letters were written by an educated woman."

"What, by a lady?"

The word slipped out involuntarily. I hadn't used the term "lady" for years. But now it came automatically to my lips, re-echoed from days long ago, and my grandmother's faint, unconsciously arrogant voice saying, "Of course, she isn't a lady, dear."

Nash understood at once. The word lady still meant something to him.

"Not necessarily a lady," he said. "But certainly not a village woman. They're mostly pretty illiterate down here, can't spell, and certainly can't express themselves with fluency."

I WAS silent, for I had had a shock. The community was so small. Unconsciously I had visualized the writer of the letters as Mrs. Cleat or her like, some spiteful, cunning half-wit.

Symmington put my thoughts into words. He said sharply, "But that narrows it down to about half a dozen to a dozen people in the whole place! I can't believe it."

Then, with a slight effort, and looking straight in front of him as though the mere sound of his own words was distasteful, he said:

"You have heard what I stated at the inquest. In case you may have thought that that statement was actuated by a

desire to protect my wife's memory, I should like to repeat now that I am firmly convinced that the subject matter of the letter my wife received was absolutely false. I know it was false. My wife was a very sensitive woman, and—er—well, you might call it *prudish* in some respects. Such a letter would have been a great shock to her, and she was in poor health."

Graves responded instantly:

"That's quite likely to be right, sir. None of these letters show any signs of intimate knowledge. They're just blind accusations. There's been no attempt to blackmail. And there doesn't seem to be any religious bias—such as we sometimes get. It's just sex and spite! And that's going to give us quite a good pointer toward the writer."

SYMMINGTON got up. Dry and unemotional as the man was, his lips were trembling.

"I hope you find the devil who writes these soon. She murdered my wife as surely as if she'd put a knife into her." He paused. "How does she feel now, I wonder?"

He went out, leaving that question unanswered.

"How does she feel, Griffith?" I asked. It seemed to me the answer was in his province.

"God knows. Remorseful, perhaps. On the other hand, it may be that she's enjoying her power. Mrs. Symmington's death may have fed her mania."

"I hope not," I said, with a slight shiver. "Because if so, she'll—"

I hesitated and Nash finished the sentence for me:

"She'll try it again? That, Mr. Burton, would be the best thing that could happen, for us. The pitcher goes to the well once too often, remember."

I shook my head with a shudder. I asked if they needed me any longer, I wanted to get out into the air. The atmosphere seemed tinged with evil.

"There's nothing more, Mr. Burton," said Nash. "Only keep your eyes open, and do as much propaganda as you can—that is to say, urge on everyone that they've got to report any letter they receive."

I nodded.

"I should think everyone in the place has had one of the foul things by now," I said.

"I wonder," said Graves. He put his sad head a little on one side and asked, "You don't know, definitely, of anyone who hasn't had a letter?"

"What an extraordinary question! The population at large isn't likely to take me into their confidence."

"No, no, Mr. Burton, I didn't mean that. I just wondered if you knew of any one person who quite definitely, to your certain knowledge, has not received an anonymous letter."

"Well, as a matter of fact," I hesitated, "I do, in a way."

And I repeated my conversation with Emily Barton and what she had said.

Graves received the information with a wooden face and said, "Well, that may come in useful. I'll note it down."

I went out into the afternoon sunshine with Owen Griffith. Once in the street, I swore aloud.

"What kind of place is this for a man to come to to lie in the sun and heal his wounds? It's full of festering poison, this place, and it looks as peaceful and as innocent as the Garden of Eden."

"Even there," said Owen dryly, "there was one serpent."

"Look here, Griffith, do they know anything? Have they got any idea?"

"I don't know. They've got a wonderful technique, the police. They're seemingly so frank, and they tell you nothing."

"Yes. Nash is a nice fellow."

"And a very capable one."

"If anyone's batty in this place ought to know it," I said accusingly.

Griffith shook his head. He discouraged. But he looked mo that—he looked worried. I won he had an inkling of some kind.

We had been walking along the Street. I stopped at the door house agents.

"I believe my second installment is due—in advance. I've got mind to pay it and clear out with right away. Forfeit the rest of the money."

"Don't go," said Owen.

"Why not?"

He didn't answer. He said slowly a minute or two, "After all—say you're right. Lymstock isn't just now. It might—it might have—or your sister."

"Nothing harms Joanna," "She's tough. I'm the weak! Somehow this business makes me

"It makes me sick," said Owen. I pushed the door of the house place half open.

"But I shan't go," I said. "Curiosity is stronger than pusilla I want to know the solution."

I went in.

A woman who was typing got came toward me. She had frizz and simpered, but I found her intelligent than the spectacled you had previously held sway in the office.

A MINUTE or two later something familiar about her penetrated to my consciousness. It was Miss Symmington's lady clerk. I commented on the fact.

"You used to be with Galbraith and Symmington, weren't you?" I said.

"Yes. Yes, indeed. But I thought it was better to leave. This is quite post, though not quite so well paid there are things that are more valuable than money, don't you think so?" "Undoubtedly," I said.

"Those awful letters," breathed Ginch in a sibilant whisper. "A dreadful one. About me and Mr. Symmington—oh, terrible it was, say most awful things! I knew my duty I took it to the police, though of it wasn't exactly pleasant for me."

"No, no, most unpleasant."

"But they thanked me and said done quite right. But I felt that that, if people were talking—admittedly they must have been, or did the writer get the idea from I must avoid even the appearance of evil, though there has never been anything at all wrong between me and Symmington."

I felt rather embarrassed.

"No, no, of course not."

"But people have such evil eyes, alas, such evil minds!" Nervously trying to avoid it, I met her eye, and I made unpleasant discovery.

Miss Ginch was thoroughly embarrassed.

Already once today I had come someone who reacted pleasure anonymous letters. Inspector enthusiasm was professional. Ginch's enjoyment I found mere gestic and disgusting.

An idea flashed across my mind.

Had Miss Ginch written these herself?

WHEN I got home I found Mr. Calthrop sitting talking to me. She looked, I thought, gray and

"This has been a terrible shock Mr. Burton," she said. "Poor thing."

"Yes," I said. "It's awful to

one being driven to the stage of her own life."

"You mean Mrs. Symmington?"

"No, you don't."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop shook her head. "Of course one is sorry for her, but it has been bound to happen any way, wouldn't it?"

"Would it?" said Joanna dryly.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop turned to her. "I think so, dear. If suicide is a way of escape from trouble then it isn't very much matter what the cause is. Whenever some very unpleasant shock had to be faced, she'd done the same thing. What it all comes down to is that she was a kind of woman. Not that one could have guessed it. She always seemed to me a selfish rather stupid woman, with a good firm hold on life. She was kind to panic, you would think by now I'm beginning to realize how little I know about anyone."

"I'm still curious as to whom you mean when you said 'Poor thing.'"

"I don't know."

"The woman who wrote the letters, of course."

"I don't think," I said dryly, "I shall have sympathy on her."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop leaned forward. "I laid a hand on my knee."

"I don't see how you can't use your imagination. Think how miserably, violently unhappy anyone is who has to sit down and write these things. How lonely, how cut off from the world, how kind. Poisoned through and through, with a dark stream of poison at its outlet in this way. That's why I feel so self-reproachful. Someday this town has been racked with terrible unhappiness, and I've had my share of it. I should have had. You can't interfere with actions—I never do. But that black inward unhappiness—septic arm physically, all black and rotten. If you could cut it and let it run out, it would flow away harmlessly. Yes, poor soul, poor soul."

"I shot up to go."

"I do not feel like agreeing with her. I have no sympathy for our anonymous letter-writer whatsoever. But I did ask nicely:

"Have you any idea at all, Mrs. Calthrop, who this woman is?"

She turned her fine perplexed eyes on me. "Well, I can guess," she said. "But then I might be wrong, mightn't I?"

She went swiftly out through the door, popping her head back to ask: "Do tell me, why have you never married, Mr. Burton?"

In anyone else it would have been impertinence, but with Mrs. Dane Calthrop you felt that the idea had suddenly come into her head and she had really wanted to know.

"Shall we say," I said, rallying, "that I have never met the right woman?"

"We can say so," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "but it wouldn't be a very good answer, because so many men have obviously married the wrong woman."

This time she really departed. Joanna said, "You know, I really do think she's mad. But I like her. The people in the village here are afraid of her."

"So am I, a little."

"Because you never know what's coming next?"

"Yes. And there's a careless brilliance about her guesses."

Joanna said slowly, "Do you really think whoever wrote these letters is very unhappy?"

"I don't know what the darned hag is thinking or feeling! And I don't care. It's her victims I'm sorry for."

IT SEEMS odd to me now that in our speculations about Poison Pen's frame of mind, we missed the most obvious one. Griffith had pictured her as possibly exultant. I had envisaged her as remorseful—appalled by the result of her handiwork. Mrs. Dane Calthrop had seen her as suffering.

Yet the obvious, the inevitable reaction we did not consider—or perhaps I should say, I did not consider. That reaction was Fear.

For with the death of Mrs. Symmington, the letters had passed out of one category into another. I don't know what the legal position was—Symmington knew, I suppose, but it was clear that with a death resulting, the position of

the writer of the letters was much more serious. There could now be no question of passing it off as a joke if the identity of the writer was discovered. The police were active, a Scotland Yard expert was called in. It was vital now for the anonymous author to remain anonymous.

And granted that Fear was the principal reaction, other things followed. Those possibilities also I was blind to. Yet surely they should have been obvious.

JOANNA and I came down rather late to breakfast the next morning. That is to say, late by the standards of Lymstock. It was nine-thirty, an hour at which, in London, Joanna was just unclosing an eyelid, and mine would probably be still tight shut.

However when Partridge had said, "Breakfast at half past eight, or nine o'clock?" neither Joanna nor I had had the nerve to suggest a later hour.

To my annoyance, Aimée Griffith was standing on the doorstep talking to Megan.

She gave tongue with her usual heartiness at the sight of us:

"Hullo, there, slackers! I've been up for hours."

That, of course, was her own business. A doctor, no doubt, has to have early breakfast, and a dutiful sister is there to pour out his tea or coffee. But it is no excuse for coming and butting in on one's more somnolent neighbors. Nine-thirty is not the time for a morning call.

Megan slipped back into the house and into the dining room, where I gathered she had been interrupted in her breakfast.

"I said I wouldn't come in," said Aimée Griffith—though why it is more of a merit to force people to come and speak to you on the doorstep, than to talk to them inside the house I do not know. "Just wanted to ask Miss Burton if she'd any vegetables to spare for our Red Cross stall on the main road. If so, I'd get Owen to call for them in the car."

"You're out and about very early," I said.

"The early bird catches the worm," said Aimée. "You have a better chance of finding people in this time of day. I'm off to Mr. Pye's next. Got to go over to Brenton this afternoon. Guides."

"Your energy makes me quite tired," I said, and at that moment the telephone rang and I retired to the back of the hall to answer it, leaving Joanna murmuring rather doubtfully something about rhubarb and French beans and exposing her ignorance of the vegetable garden.

"Yes?" I said into the telephone mouthpiece.

A CONFUSED noise of deep breathing came from the other end of the wire and a doubtful female voice said, "Oh!"

"Yes?" I said again encouragingly. "Oh," said the voice again, and then it inquired adenoidally, "Is that—what I mean—is that Little Furze?"

"This is Little Furze."

"Oh!" This clearly a stock beginning to every sentence. The voice inquired cautiously: "Could I speak to Miss Partridge just a minute?"

"Certainly," I said. "Who shall I say?"

"Oh. Tell her it's Agnes, would you? Agnes Waddle."

"Agnes Waddle?"

"That's right."

Resisting the temptation to say "Donald Duck to you," I put down the telephone receiver and called up the stairs to where I could hear the sound of Partridge's activities overhead.

"Partridge! Partridge!"

Partridge appeared at the head of the stairs, a long mop in one hand, and a

WEEP



PEEP



LEAP



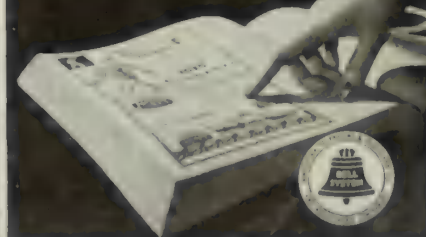
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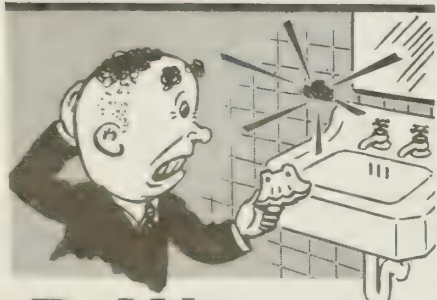
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look of "What is it now?" clearly discernible behind her invariably respectful manner.

"Yes, sir?"

"Agnes Waddle wants to speak to you on the telephone."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

I raised my voice: "Agnes Waddle."

I have spelled the name as it presented itself to my mind. But I will now spell it as it was actually written:

"Agnes Woddell—whatever can she want now?"

Very much put out of countenance Partridge relinquished her mop and rustled down the stairs, her print dress crackling with agitation.

I beat an unobtrusive retreat into the dining room where Megan was wolfing down kidneys and bacon. Megan, unlike Aimée Griffith, was displaying no "glorious morning face." In fact she replied very gruffly to my morning salutations and continued to eat in silence.

I opened the morning paper and a minute or two later Joanna entered looking somewhat shattered.

"Whew!" she said. "I'm so tired. And I think I've exposed my utter ignorance of what grows when. Aren't there runner beans this time of year?"

"August," said Megan.

"Well, one has them any time in London," said Joanna defensively.

"Tins, sweet fool," I said. "And cold storage on ships from the far-flung limits of Empire."

"Like ivory, apes and peacocks?" asked Joanna.

"Exactly."

"I'd rather have peacocks," said Joanna thoughtfully.

"I'd like a monkey of my own as a pet," said Megan.

Meditatively peeling an orange, Joanna said:

"I wonder what it would feel like to be Aimée Griffith, all bursting with health and vigor and enjoyment of life. Do you think she's ever tired, or depressed, or—or wistful?"

I SAID I was quite certain Aimée Griffith was never wistful, and followed Megan out of the open French window onto the veranda.

Standing there, filling my pipe, I heard Partridge enter the dining room from the hall and heard her voice say grimly, "Can I speak to you a minute, Miss?"

"Dear me," I thought. "I hope Partridge isn't going to give notice. Emily Barton would be very annoyed with us if so."

Partridge went on:

"I must apologize, Miss, for being rung up on the telephone. That is to say, the young person who did so should have known better. I have never been in the habit of using the telephone or of permitting my friends to ring me up on it, and I'm very sorry indeed that it should have occurred, and the master taking the call and everything."

"Why, that's quite all right, Partridge," said Joanna soothingly, "why shouldn't your friends use the phone if they want to speak to you?"

Partridge's face, I could feel, though I could not see it, was more dour than ever as she replied coldly:

"It is not the kind of thing that has ever been done in this house. Miss Emily would never permit it. As I say, I am sorry it occurred, but Agnes Woddell, the girl who did it, was upset and she's young too, and doesn't know what's fitting in a gentleman's house."

"That's one for you, Joanna," I thought gleefully.

"This Agnes who rung me up, Miss," went on Partridge, "she used to be in service here under me. Sixteen she was, then, and come straight from the orphanage. And you see, not having a home, or a mother or any relations to

advise her, she's been in the habit of coming to me. I can tell her what's what, you see."

"Yes?" said Joanna and waited. Clearly there was more to follow.

"So I am taking the liberty of asking you, Miss, if you would allow Agnes to come here to tea this afternoon in the kitchen. It's her day out, you see, and she's got something on her mind she wants to consult me about. I wouldn't dream of suggesting such a thing in the usual way."

Joanna said bewildered, "But why shouldn't you have anyone to tea with you?"

Partridge drew herself up at this, so Joanna said afterward, and really looked most formidable, as she replied:

"It has never been the custom of this house, Miss. Old Mrs. Barton never allowed visitors in the kitchen, excepting as it should be our own day out, in which case we were allowed to entertain friends here instead of going out, but otherwise, on ordinary days, no. And Miss Emily keeps to the old ways."

Joanna is very nice to servants and most of them like her but she has never cut any ice with Partridge.

"It's no good, my girl," I said when Partridge had gone and Joanna had joined me outside. "Your sympathy and leniency are not appreciated. The good old overbearing ways for Partridge and things done the way they should be done in a gentleman's house."

"I never heard of such tyranny as not allowing them to have their friends to see them," said Joanna. "It's all very well, Jerry, but they can't like being treated like black slaves."

"Evidently they do," I said. "At least the Partridges of this world do."

"I can't imagine why she doesn't like me. Most people do."

"She probably despises you as an inadequate housekeeper. You never draw your hand across a shelf and examine it for traces of dust. You don't look under the mats. You don't ask what happened to the remains of the chocolate soufflé, and you never order a nice bread pudding."

"Ugh!" said Joanna.

She went on sadly: "I'm a failure all around today. Despised by our Aimée

for ignorance of the vegetable kingdom. Snubbed by Partridge for being a man being. I shall now go out garden and eat worms."

"Megan's there already," I said.

For Megan had wandered away minutes previously and was now ing aimlessly in the middle of of lawn looking not unlike a me bird waiting for nourishment.

She came back however too and said abruptly, "I say, I'm home today."

"What?" I was dismayed.

She went on, flushing, but with nervous determination:

"It's been awfully good of you ing me and I expect I've been a nuisance, but I have enjoyed fully, only now I must go back, after all, well, it's my home a can't stay away forever, so I'll go this morning."

BOTH Joanna and I tried to m change her mind, but she was adamant, and finally Joanna got car and Megan went upstairs ar down a few minutes later with longings packed up again.

The only person pleased see be Partridge, who had almost on her grim face. She had nev Megan much.

I was standing in the middle lawn when Joanna returned.

She asked me if I thought I sundial.

"Why?"

"Standing there like a garde ment. Only one couldn't put the motto of only marking the hours. You looked like thunde

"I'm out of humor. First Aim fith—and then Megan beetling thought of taking her for a wal Legge Tor."

"With a collar and lead, I su said Joanna.

"What?"

Joanna repeated loudly and as she moved off around the c the house to the kitchen garden

"I said 'With a collar and suppose?' Master's lost his dog what's the matter with you!"

(To be continued next wee



"My wife's bills! No more dresses, no more hats—just uniforms, uniforms, uniforms!"

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ball, stone or stick hurled by a soldier pal. Fact is, Rags didn't seem to get the drift entirely until, during grenade practice, he raced out and came trotting back with a mouthful of very bad news. The unit scattered and prayed and their prayers were answered. Nothing happened to the grenade in the pooch's puss. "However, men," continued the instructor, who still hadn't uncrossed his fingers, "the fact that one grenade turns out to be a dud is no excuse for taking the slightest chances with them."

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO, Calif. A recent War Department release began: "The Secretary of War announces the formation of the 1st Filipino Infantry Battalion, with station at Camp San Luis Obispo. This new unit is formed in recognition of the intense loyalty and patriotism of those Filipinos now residing in the United States..."

Officers at headquarters watched teletypes and the mail for official orders. Three weeks later they still awaited further word. Meantime, Filipinos from all over California phoned, wrote and wired for information. Sport coupés loaded with from two to eight nattily dressed Filipinos rolled into camp. QMC supply sergeants took one look at the diminutive occupants and began scratching special requisitions for size 3½ shoes and pint-size uniforms. "We want to fight with General MacArthur," the volunteers announced. Officers like the eager glint in the California Filipinos' eyes, and the feverishly grim manner in which they train. Once red tape is unwound and the 1st Filipino Battalion really gets going, this camp will have the fastest featherweight outfit in the Army. "We'll call it the Runt Battalion," said a cook. "Maybe you will," retorted a corporal. "Just once."

LUKE FIELD, Arizona. Speaking of little guys, they're training Chinese aviation cadets at this West Coast Training Center school, and the boys are making quite a record for themselves in anticipation of getting wings and returning to their native land for a chance at the Axis. A Hollywood newsreel gang trekked over to get some shots of the Chinese in training, and had worked out a sequence showing the men getting last-minute dope from an instructor, turning and trotting to their ships, kicking the motors over and taxiing off. It would have made an interesting shot, but as the camera whirled and the Chinese turned to go to their planes, the lens got nothing but a bunch of bobbing bed pillows strapped to the posteriors of the tiny Orientals. Director of Flight Training Lt. Charlie Lancaster explained: "Some of those boys are so short we had to ask the Quartermaster department for pillows so they could reach the pedals."

RANDOLPH FIELD, Texas. You might as well get acquainted with Cadet U. S. Bond, whose picture is plugging the sale of War Stamps and Bonds. His full name is Urban Selar Bond but his patriotic initials were lost in the shuffle in home-town Wentworth, S. D. (pop. 300), where he went by his middle name and answered to Zeke at high school. Joining the National Guard in 1936, his name went down in the roster as Urban S. Bond, but the initials still didn't mean anything to anybody until Bond, after serving through the Louisiana maneuvers last summer, chucked his sergeant's stripes in favor of a cadet's uniform. A public relations photographer at Randolph finally no-

Collier's for April 11, 1942 Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 18

Your trials and tribulations have broken my heart. They are unique. I have never heard of anything like them before. As proof of my deepest sympathy, I give you this card which entitles you to one hour of condolence from the closest chaplain.

Don't be startled by the black border. At Army posts in many sections of the country, cards similar to this one from Randolph Field, Texas, are handed by noncoms to enlisted men who come to them with complaints

ticed the name U. S. Bond at the bottom of a small identification picture and wrote a story about it. The Treasury Department read the story. This brings you up to date on Cadet Bond, who is maturing rapidly.

ARLINGTON CANTONMENT, Va. They've opened a new school here for training both officers and men in M.P. Service, and from it will come the personnel for nearly 100 new battalions of military cops. The newly completed manual for the eight-to-ten-weeks course hasn't been made public, but it would seem that the new M.P. has to undergo all the training an infantryman does, with a little more thrown in. Besides learning all about field and battle tactics and the handling of all types of weapons your M.P. has to know traffic control; guarding, escorting and questioning of prisoners and enemy aliens; must have knowledge of criminal investigation and military intelligence work; and must be able to plan and carry out protection of vital defense plants against sabotage. Moreover, he has to learn to handle the civilian populace with tact and success in the event of riots, strikes, fires, floods and other clambakes.

It's a big job, because you can't push civilians around the way you can an enemy. Civilian bloodshed at the hands of soldiers is about the worst thing that could happen to an M.P.

As fast as the officers and men are trained they'll become the nuclei for new battalions. Just to make sure everything's running all right, two officers from existing outfits go along, one acting as executive officer, the other as adjutant. After three or four months with the new organization they give up their places to new officers and move on to the next embryo outfit.

Keep your eyes peeled for the gents with the white trimmings on their uniforms; and when they tell you to do something, do it.

GENERAL

ACTUAL warfare doesn't dim the Army's sense of humor. From an unidentified source comes A Glossary of Staff Phraseology which deserves more than passing notice. There's a good deal of it, but these excerpts will give you an idea:

"With reference to—" (whether it has or not, this letter must begin somehow). "Submitted for information" (this means nothing to me but it may to you). "I approach the subject with an open mind" (completely ignorant of the whole subject). "Under consideration" (papers temporarily mislaid). "Under active consideration" (propose institut-

ing a search for the file). "Have remarks?" (can you give me what this is all about?). "Snider" (able to take only an hour half for lunch). "This will be mind" (no further action will be taken until you remind me). "You member" (you have forgotten to do you ever knew). "In due (never). "All orders issued predecessor are to remain in haven't read them yet, but shall first opportunity of altering the you know" (as you didn't know

NOW that Saturday is no half holiday at military posts the graph on week-end shows a decided decline, with correspondingly brisker business at changes, service clubs, movies camp shows. Ever since the tacked on a Sunday, Uncle Sam no chances. It's a six-day week sharp lookout on the seventh.

WITH no extra dough for either.

COLLIER'S SHUT-MOUTH POSTER AWARDS

WE INVITE the officers and the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard to design and submit competition posters which humorously symbolize the in of spiking rumors. This week's cover is the type of idea which considered. One hundred dollars to be paid for each poster, not five, adjudged suitable for reproduction in this department.

Here are the contest rules, originally announced in Collier's of 21st:

1. The Shut-Mouth Poster Contest now open to officers and enlisted active service in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.
2. Posters may be drawn in medium on any kind of drawing paper must be neither more than 18 inches nor less than 8" by 10" in overall dimensions. Unfinished or "rough" sketches be considered. All entries must be submitted in complete, finished form in black and white or color. The service unit, and address of contestant must be on the back of drawing. Addresses will be confidential and will not be published.
3. \$100 will be paid for each poster, which will become the property of The Crowell Publishing Company.
4. A contestant may submit posters as he wishes, but entries win no awards will not be returned unless the entries are accompanied by setting forth the method of shipment desired, and sufficient postage stamps or money order for the transportation cost.
5. Judgment will be based on originality and effectiveness of idea and on the artistic merit of the drawing. When similar ideas appear in entries, the poster which most approximates Collier's standard will be selected.
6. Entries must be mailed to Poster Contest, Collier's, 1230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. be received until 5:00 P. M. on April 11, 1942, when the contest will close. Acknowledgment can be made on request.
7. The Editorial Staff of Collier's will be the judges, and their decisions on matters affecting the contest making of awards will be final.

Panama Jungleers

Continued from page 15

black men to help him lug the ties. There's not a way yard of track in the whole jungle, the tracks having been laid by eye and guess. They say when he came upon a snake, he and it. No such nonsense as a jungle's transit or level influence. Couldn't be bothered, says John who, with his black boys, went through the steaming black-vine and machete as they went. They bridged the jungle streams, them building while the rest found frightening off the all-around snakes below and the beasts

onyes and parrots? Aaaaaaaw! Them apes swung along with him like a tetchd preacher sorta on like folks do at the ball at the same time scarin' back to look yere."

Each John will yank his shirt off his back and show you the deep es of a black panther's claws, from his shoulders to his waist.

Johncheerful that was," sighs John. "Big Colombian boy Mossui carried me out. Carried me out, too. Mighty handsome cat Mossui ruin the hide."

Jungle Philosopher

all the nine miles we crept on John's flatcar (he made that, with his own hands just as he had made with an old Ford motor in some mysterious way to four wheels beneath a plank raft), on nine miles we left the tracks only

the ole dee-lerium tremens sittin' tard," explained Enoch Hooper. "Reckon she's gittin' any like me, her daddy. Used to go to the tracks right often, makin' as many as six, seven miles an hour, load of bananas and maybe some oranges and breadfruit for the hold on, mister."

John threw the engine out of gear and the brakes and yelled "Shir—part Alabama, part Spanish—part Choco—to his water boy, the best liver of boy we've ever seen. The banana special quivered to a halt, first on one rail and then he kept to them, Enoch and the water boy leaped. Enoch had his gun and the boy had the te. There were three shots and they crashed at a low vine trellis. In a flash a six-foot snake fell into the brush. We hadn't seen it.

"Shiraster," said Enoch John, "the engine again. "Mean. Lay a branch on a level with your right smart. But I don't know. I mean many no more. Gittin' tard and the ole banana flier. Sort of down the way these soldiers in here lookin' downright sickly, like a lady, no eyes for the next thing you know these white boys from the city are in the birds is their steady nyotin' big snakes up to camp and tryin' to put dog collars on 'em. By the time they know about the jungle to be skeered it's too late—too late fer the

ut at business of putting a dog on a puma—it didn't work. It had been done if Izzy Gishmick was stricken with a strictly fun idea. A kid drafted nine years out of a movie usher job on the Seet, San Francisco, caught a

panther cub nuzzling at the breast of its deceased mother. He toted it to camp, where, fed on condensed milk and scraps, it presently developed into a junior menace. Rather than throw it back into the jungle, they decided to put a collar on it and chain it up when it became too rough. Several attempts failed and Izzy got his idea—chloroform the creature, collar it and appeal to its pride. After a considerable struggle in which the beast lost some fur and several anti-aircraft artillerymen shed considerable skin, they chloroformed it, collared it and stepped back to see what would happen when it came to. They waited for six hours. The funeral was strictly regulation plus a stretch of Dorothy Lamour music on the harmonica by Private Gishmick who, of the harmonica, said that he had collared that, too—from Larry Adler.

We thought that we were seeing jungle from Enoch John Hooper's flatcar. But it wasn't until we reached the end of the tracks and began to climb up a trail two feet wide that we began to understand what the Darien forest was like, what these kid artillerymen from New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and other American soft spots had licked.

After that nine-mile jolt that Enoch John and his black boys had slashed through, back in the days when Hooper's 5,600 acres grew cargoes of bananas and Hooper was rich, we took to the black trail on foot. We might have made a couple more miles on the flatcar but, suddenly coming out of a begloomed tunnel of sweating palm lashed over with a rainproof roof, and made tight by vines that seemed as much alive as the snakes, we slammed into the high dirt embankment of a road that the Army engineers were building through the jungle. It was all news to Enoch John, owner of the railroad. He dismounted, waved a huge hairy hand toward the new road and almost wept.

Mr. John Won't Sue the U. S.

"This is shore a surprise," mourned he. "I kin carry you no further. Last week I could have toted you right down to the mountain but the on-predictable United States Army has throwed up a road right across my tracks buryin' the same from sight. It will cost you ten dollars for as far as you've come, and the couple miles more that the United States Army has conquered wouldn't have cost you nothin' extra. All out fer the end of the jungle as far as Hooper's concerned. Jungle, hell! There ain't nothin' sacred no more."

We began to climb, leaving Enoch John explaining to an engineer colonel that as a freeborn American from the great state of Alabama he had the constitutional right to sue the United States of America. But he won't.

"If my country wants my railroad it kin have it," said Enoch John. "In fact, it don't have to ask fer it. It's got it."

At the end of a sunless tunnel of cuipa, corotu, wild figs, ilang-ilang and camphorwood, thatched and sheathed with palm upon palm, we were halted by the first outpost of the great searchlight battery above. Four kids in fabric helmets, shorts and boots protecting their legs from the crawlers, halted us, examined our passes. They gave us a water canteen and filled it for us from a water vine. With a machete one of them slashed down six feet of a wrist-thick vine that was trying with a minimum of success to strangle a rubber tree. Swiftly he held it vertical and let the purest

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JUST ADD WATER AND SERVE

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OFFICIAL PHOTO—U. S. ANTARCTIC SERVICE

Gaines-fed sled dogs of U. S. Antarctic Expedition haul fuel from "U. S. S. North Star." This was the food now offered in this coupon.

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Jockey Midway

NO. 2 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES

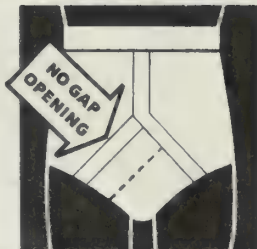
Close in on Comfort!

It's all right for our Jockey dog to yawn... but, if we caught a single pair of Jockey lowers gapping, we'd sentence it to hard labor for life—as a windshield cloth in a filling station!

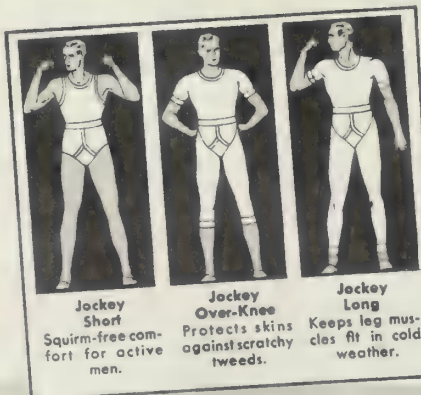
There's little chance of that, however, for Jockey is masculinized to fit the male figure everywhere. Cooper's patented

Y-front* construction, found only in buttonless Jockey Underwear, couples a conveniently-angled opening—that positively will not gap—with mild, restful support and complete freedom from bunch, bind and squirm. Jockey is cool, too, and easy to launder. Its knit fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration, gives your skin a chance to breathe, rinses clean in a jiffy, and needs no ironing. Get a supply of Jockeys now—and see if they don't bring comfort closer to you than it's ever been.

Two-piece... varied leg lengths... contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.



Patented Y-Front Construction. The Source of Support



Jockey Short
Squirm-free comfort for active men.

Jockey Over-Knee
Protects skins against scratchy tweeds.

Jockey Long
Keeps leg muscles fit in cold weather.

* —The source of support.



Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

water we'd had in the tropics spill into the canteen. Over the shelter he stood guard in was the sign: "Chicago Junior. Telephone 000 Mercy. Hell 000 miles. Gatun three days."

At every turn up the mountain the grade grew steeper. And presently, clutching at roots, clinging to long free-swinging vines, we were dragging up a sixty per cent grade digging our feet into toeholds scooped out by the United States Army's Jungle Mudders—lads who, a few months ago, would have made a major tragedy of climbing to the top floor of a three-story walk-up or hiking two miles to school.

An iguana ran over our hand, giving us his lizardly leer as he sped past, spearing with his come-hither tongue. Someone behind us stepped off the trail, cursed bravely, disappeared into the wall of huge fern and jungle matting. A covey of brilliant birds—parakeets we think—gave him hell for being so clumsy. The mountaintop was just above us; that's all we cared about. Something that had been waiting for weeks to get itself a large hunk of amateur war correspondent had entered one of the several large rents in what was left of our shirt. Later Private Gishmick, looking over the missing section of our belly, said that it must have been a prizefighter's manager.

"They always take the soft part, citizen," said Private Gishmick.

They Did the Impossible

Anyway, we made it, as we've already intimated. And before the swift tropical night fell, with no twilight to soften the blow, we beheld the sobering sight of the evening jungle and the work of that most adaptable and resourceful of all God's creatures—the American boy. In crates, in boxes, on limbers, on their backs, these kids newly come from the streets of the city and the corners of small towns, from the cool of the level pasture and the ice of the north, had lugged their huge searchlights to sweep the skies above two oceans for many miles. They had had no mechanical devices to help them, no slings, no pulleys, no cranes, just rope and brawn and the will. Pack mules helped halfway up the mountains and then lay down, rolled over and would have slid back to the bottom with their cargoes if these lads from the pavements hadn't blocked them, lashed them fast to vines and trees.

From the end of the valley trail, for five miles up the matted mountain and finally up the last murderous stretch of the red stone cliff, these American jungleers had dragged antiaircraft guns, huge searchlights that weigh thousands of pounds, the lumber with which they've built their own quarters. No wonder the howler monkeys howled at them. As far as we could learn not even the black bushboys had got that far up, nor the Cunas nor the Chocos. We didn't have to take the word of Colonel Reamer Argo for that, nor of Captain Lee Davis. They had followed us up, observing our struggles with considerable interest, being jungleers themselves in the Panama Coast Artillery. And maybe it was just a coincidence but just behind us as we got what we'd asked for, came a chaplain and a doctor. It helped to hear them grunt and groan. The chaplain was First Lieutenant Dennis Coleman from the Dunwoodie Seminary near Yonkers, New York. We're sorry but the doctor's name—a captain—must have been lost in that bunch of notes we left in that jungle mud bath on our way back to Panama City. That's the only dive we took but it was a honey. The chaplain and the doctor also assured us that these American soldiers were the first to scale that Darien mountain cliff. Maybe nobody had to

before. You'd have to be a

tackle a job like that just
The lumber, the guns, the
could be swung and dragged
by section of course. Eve
section weighed four or five
pounds and there were lots
What dazzled us was the
that mountain of a large
frigerator that had to be take
—all 800 pounds of it—and
power generator the weight
one of the many thousand
facts that are regarded her
tary secrets and which they
not be passed on to you. Bu
go look at a generator the si
ton truck. Try to push it ar
there on your tenderfoot l
when you get nowhere doing
wondering what you'd do i
six or eight more like you
signment of lugging it up
mountain through a steam
trail with the thermometer
top. Nice work if you can av
these former drugstore cow
cutters, fraternity house Rob
ticket scalpers, brush sales
pool heroes and counter jum
And you ought to see them n
"Listen, citizen," said Izzy
that night. "If they was to se
Billy Conn for six weeks, I
punchin' fool outa him. Me
slug my way out of a so
maybe, but when I get back
Avenue and Fiftieth Street
slap two cops I got acquainte
hard way and find out if I'm
din' myself. I weighed a hu
thirty-four when they give n
—all of it vanilla. Today I'm
and sixty-two, all of it dun
How do I get this way? W
the sergeant says to me:
how's for livin' in the trees lil
man did?" And I says: 'Sar
man was born and lived and
fire escape in a tenement t
make a monkey outa Frank
send him back stuffed and m
the parlor mantel, so pick me
citizen, you're lookin' at Jung
Class Isador Gishmick, of Ple
lar Boulevard, New York Ci
you get back tell the boys
Beach phooey."

Join the Army—for Pri

We sat on the table top of
tain, our legs swinging free ov
easy swale of the jungle be
night falls fast but the air cl
first gentle rush of the suns
Across the billowing palm r
reeking wilderness we scanned
peaks. Almost all of them we
by American jungleers, armed
sleek cannon that can spit
heaven as fast as you can
hands. With their searchlight
drive the stars out of the nig
the path to death. A boy fro
sat beside us.

He was almost morosely s
long time. We'd ask him que
until he got ready to talk all
nod and smile although wha
called for neither. Presently
we hadn't asked, he began to
"Big mountain down that
—that's Cerro Picacho. Ther
about it—something like
Winkle in reverse. An old Cu
the rebec for twenty year
stopping and taught the bir
Something like that. Maybe
you can see Chorchica peak. I
down here writes poetry abou
days you can see Cerro Santa
Cerro del Horqueta. Smell the
wood? Did you smell the orc
you were coming up? They a
like orchids back home. Th
"You like it here?" we ask

"Listen, mister," he replied almost enthusiastically. "This is the first time in my life I've ever known what privacy is."

"I need the Army to get a little privacy? Must have been slightly hectic here."

"I say. I joined the Army because it kept me. Didn't want to. But I've been thinking of writing to the sergeant or somebody, thanking them. I got at this jungle job when it came along. Listen: both my parents were in vaudeville. I was born in a dressing room. I slept with my head on a trunk. I was a night owl before I was five years old—trouping with my father and my old man. When the boys killed vaudeville, it was the end of amusement parks, burlesque, like that. The older I got, the more I hated it. But so what? Show business, kid. No good at it myself; but I guess so. So I'm working in an agency where the draft got me. Now I'm here in the anti-aircraft, sitting on top of the world looking at the jungle. I can be here all night and not say anything to anybody, and nobody says anything to me. Something I've wanted for years. I haven't talked this much to anybody for six months. Up here, the jungle gets into you. Nobody talks at night. Down there—home—small and crowded and noisy, all night. Up here, it's too big for me. It smells quiet. You can think what you want to. Private!"

"Think about what?"

"I think it's swell," he grinned.

And then he left us. We sat there and we too began to think. We thought a lot of foolish things. We thought how nice and tonic it would be to have a lot of those war-contract commission merchants, priority whiners and dirty politicians up in Washington and a few huge nights on a Panama Coast Artillery mountaintop. We thought about pensions for congressmen and laughed. We thought of a few army-howlers (taxes and debt and the war) back in the States and thought they could be with us. We thought, "Here's a swell spot for a fire-eater, Mr. President." We thought, "Here's unity, truth and vigilance up here, Mr. Willkie. Come on up, Mr. Willkie." We thought, "It's all clear and defendable here above the jungle, above Knox and Mr. Stimson. You can learn about devotion, learn from the kids how to fight without hate. Come on up! We'll carry you if you want." We thought, "Come up to this place in the skies, Archie MacLeish and Leon Henderson, Tom Connally and Jim Fish, John L. Lewis and Bill Clegg. You can make it, General Marshall and Admiral Stark. Do you want to breathe the rank, sharp reek of the jungle a few days. Listen! These kids don't have to be exhorted to fight, make sacrifices..."

We have gone on like that if the only voice of the officer at the radio

hadn't snapped us out of it. Planes were coming. Our own planes? He didn't ask. He didn't ask anything, just repeated what the central yonder on that other mountaintop was saying. Right. Yessir. Right. Yessir. And as he talked, the searchlights and the guns were trained on that square in the dark heavens that in a minute or two would be the frame of the oncoming planes.

This is the way it would come—the long-expected attack on the Canal. Okay, we were ready. Men move in the darkness, swift, sure, to posts. There's a brief whir of wheels, a soft sliding of metal, a quiet, almost murmured command.

In the clear indigo above us, the jungle moon softening it with thin cold light, we saw the planes—six of them. The guns picked them up. A button could be pressed, and the planes would be blinded in the terrible light of the most powerful glares the Army has ever owned. All we were waiting for was the word from below, and these mountaintops would burst into fire—a more murderous fire than ever rose from that now dead volcano yonder.

But the word came that they were Navy planes, on their course, all accounted for. They roared over, their melodious baritone song magnified in this ocean of silence. But that's the way it will come—when it comes.

If this wasn't war we'd tell you how many American Jungleers there are on these mountains. If we could we'd tell you just where we are tonight. Anyway, we wish you were here. You'd stop grousing about sugar, tires, girdles, silk stockings. You'd stop hoarding. You'd pay your taxes and be glad. This place gets you!

But we can tell you that never before in your country's history has anything like this come to American troops. We're here in the Darien jungle for the duration. We're happy, we're healthy, we want a fight. That's what these kids are telling us to write.

They get three days off a month. They can slide down the mountain, hit the jungle trail for civilization. Call it that, for the want of a more accurate word. Some of them do that, maybe catching Enoch John Hooper's epileptic rattler and maybe not. But many times they don't leave the jungle or the mountains but carve new machete trails to neighboring mountains to see what gives with the guys across the valley.

Their hero is General Douglas MacArthur, to whom they send word that never gets to him: "Wish we were with you, Pal."

Their peeve is the Jap to whom they extend the invitation: "Come up and see me sometime, li'l boy!"

Their motto, the new war cry of the Panama jungle, is carved high upon the blue-black mountains:

WHATEVER THE TASK.

Hell! Something's just bitten our belly again!



Pour it with Pride...



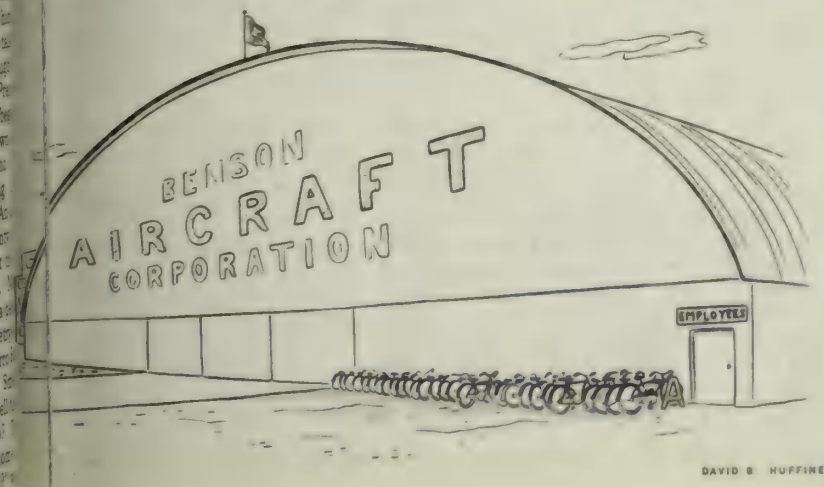
Brown diamond ring courtesy of De Beers.

Drink it... with Pleasure!

I. W. Harper is unexcelled in taste and quality . . . for which it has been awarded gold medals at many great international expositions . . . in making I. W. Harper, cost is no object.

I.W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey



DAVID B. HUFFINE

The Perils of Judy

Continued from page 14

DISCOVER THE SECRET
OF PERFECT SLEEP—

MAKE THE

Serta
Tuftless
TESTPress your hands into a
Perfect Sleeper Mattress

FEEL the difference!

Feel the Velvety Softness,
yet that Supporting FirmnessAn amazing combination for health-
ful sleeping luxury. You sleep *on* it, not
in it. That's Serta Vitalized Cushion-
ing. It comes from the patented rib-
bon steel innerspringing which adjusts
to your individual size and weight, and
assures guaranteed lasting comfort.

SEE the difference!

Absolutely Smooth! You
actually see the Extra ComfortNo tufts, no dust hollows, no tied-
down, tilting coils to break loose. It's
lighter weight, easier to keep clean and
handle. Makes a smoother, neater bed.+ Fine quality Sertaseptic coverings
are fully ventilated, permanently germ
and odor repellent...fresh...antiseptic.Compare this guaranteed vital-
ized luxury no other mattress
can give you!Enjoy the difference that fully relaxed,
vitalizing slumber can make in how
you feel, how you look and how much
you and your dear ones get out of life.
Don't delay! Visit your Serta dealer
today. Make the Perfect Sleeper test.
You'll buy no other mattress.ALSO AVAILABLE: Serta Tiny Perfect
Sleeper, Restal Knight, Smooth Rest,
Tiny Smooth Rest, Smoothie, Coilux,
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PERFECT SLEEPER
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WEST COAST AND CANADA, \$42.50

AMERICA'S LUXURY TUFTLESS
MATTRESS OR BOX SPRING

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30 Leading Mattress Manufacturers from Coast to Coast and in Canada

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: • 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

that there's no longer any way for an
actor to get experience. "It's a vicious
circle, my dear!"For those who can take it—for those
willing to chance the terrible perils of
Pauline for a crack at the lived-happily-
ever-after part—here's how it's done:
First, book passage on the Athenia, or
a reasonable facsimile thereof—which
is to say, a boat aimed at a torpedo.Judith did precisely that. An Ameri-
can woman alone in London just before
the war, she could hardly prove that
her work on the radio was essential to
the national interest. Therefore, she
packed the wardrobe she had finally got
together after a year and a half of hard
work; packed it tenderly because the
lack of proper costume had more than
once defeated her professionally.

How to Learn About Life

The ship was overcrowded with refu-
gees—mainly female and infant—and
on the night war was declared Judith
went down to dinner beset by the feeling
that she was playing in a rather seedy
revival of Outward Bound.Nothing seemed very real to her as
she sat between her fiancé and his fa-
ther. Then there was a crash, the smell
of cordite, and all the lights went out.
"This is it!" she remembers remarking,
and there was stumbling and carefully-
not-pushing and a great deal of trying
not to get panicky.Eighty people in a lifeboat built for
a maximum sixty—Andrew, her fiancé,
the only able-bodied man aboard. Fi-
nally, high seas got them; the boat cap-
sized.Of the eighty, nine dragged them-
selves onto the overturned craft, clung
grimly to it and shivered. An old man
slipped off into the darkness, and An-
drew dived after him. A few minutes
later Andrew was back—without his
father.They say an actress has to know life,
and they usually spell it Life. Nobody's
ever been quite sure whether this means
she should live immorally, fully, or just
frequently. If it's the last two, Judith
agrees. At one point in Angel Street
she has the stage to herself and is re-
quired to imitate a woman blowing her
top. Of her performance in this scene, a
critic wrote: "If she'd played it any bet-
ter, the audience would have screamed
aloud—in fact, some did."Judith thinks that maybe her por-
trayal of hysteria is helped by some of
the things she saw on that ship; certain
vivid memories of gaping, terrified faces.
In particular there are the eyes of a
woman who—just as the half-dead eight
on that capsized lifeboat were being
pulled aboard a destroyer—released her
tired hold on her baby and watched it
drop into the sea.The fact that she was on the Athenia
has been noted in many newspaper in-
terviews which quote Judith as saying
that those experiences helped develop
her acting technique."Now you have to have been on the
Athenia to get a part!" was the reaction
of one of the young actors of the vicious-
circle turn of mind.This isn't so, Judith thinks. It's al-
most as helpful to have been a child
prodigy. She, for instance, graduated
from the University of Manitoba, Win-
nipeg, Canada, at the advanced age
of seventeen. She was valedictorian
of her class and, equally important,
had the opportunity of playing most
of the leads in the dramatic club's pro-
ductions.

It all gave her a kind of head start so

that now, at twenty-nine, she
back on what seems to her a
and active life. "I'd feel like
old lady of the theater," she sa-
is, if I were grander."Tall—five feet six—a thir-
and sixteen pounds, she's incl-
pale under her blond ringlets.
of woman who looks best in
hats, she's also the kind of w-
usually wears little hats becau-
easier. See her on the street
know immediately that you
to face with a careerist—a w-
tor, a writer, somebody with
ideas on how to vote and what
source of Vitamin B.Actually the only way she b-
scholarly turn of mind is in h-
for correct pronunciation. Si-
more than a minute's walk fr-
six representative dictionari-
likely to confound her stage
with something like this: "W-
want me to pronounce it med-
course I will. However, the Ox-
med-sin and, as this is an Em-
I really feel—don't you agree

People usually do.

Which is not to say that
righteous about her speech. S-
has a certain calm undertone
British diction which makes e-
she says seem absolutely, in-
right. For instance, one of
hands at Angel Street is an
known familiarly as "Liver-li-
He loves Judith dearly. "With her,
sounds like it was Sir Liver-
mire the English.""The English," in this case,
in South Dakota. When Ju-
one year old, she and her mot-
to the bustling metropolis
Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada;
"Moose Jah." There Judith
through grammar school and
the mumps.For hopeful actors, the m-
optional but grammar schoo-
nitely obligatory. It was t-
Judith not only learned to re-
read aloud. That was her own
cause she was ahead of her c-
and because she had to spend
alone, she used to whistle up-
ionship by quoting the litera-
to herself in full voice.Today she's still at it. Th-
her single room at the Hotel
are regularly regaled by Judith
readings from the classics. T-
next door love it."Only one little suggestion,
lyn. With things the way t-
English, please. Not German

No Money—No Colle

For after graduating from
she got a Master of Arts degr-
man with an eye toward t-
Ph.D. at Heidelberg and re-
Canada, a full-fledged unive-
fessor.But there was one bug in
Her stepfather was an automo-
and the year was 1932. "Dea-
sadly, "about that trip to H-
Uh-uh."Judith shrugged. "Oh, well,
my degree at Toronto."
"Er, dear, about eating an
sort of thing—uh-uh."Thus we find our heroine
recting, operating marionett-
stenography, occasionally cl-
little wood—all for Cana-
tauqua. This group toured e-
in Canada that could boast eit

of two or more, or an auditorium
a roof, in which case population
normal.
very interesting ten months," she
seriously. "We reached the north-
points in the provinces of Al-
British Columbia and Manitoba."
s quite a traveler by the time
in Hollywood to visit an
had little or no difficulty man-
trip from Hollywood to Pasa-
ere she got a chance to act at
Pasadena Playhouse—in a
amateur capacity. For the first
her life she began to suspect
might be a career for her,
siding on the track to teaching.
dollars a month from home
er with two other young ac-
fed her occasionally—but
clothes. Eighteen months of
ere she decided she'd better
e her one remaining dress still
her shoulders. To Toronto,
s learned to be a great many
kinds of people over the air,
he she became engaged to a
Englishman of radio named An-
An.

we to England; sent for her. But
st, arrived she immediately be-
squeusy making money on the air
he shouldn't take time out for mar-

le from collecting that important
ob of hers—destined to sink with
thea—probably the most impor-
ve of her sojourn was seeing a
card Gaslight, known in some
an this story as Angel Street.

Alix Months' Rehearsal

k Hollywood after the Athenia
er, he was worse off than when
lef, Andrew was toiling on things
wi the Canadian military wire-
o e busied herself with a poor
rly honest theatrical group
na no theater, no money and no

remembered Gaslight and they
ee with her that it was a well-
ect script. In living rooms,
or beaches, and once in the mid-
a children's play street, they re-
d for six months to the constant
payment of grumbling noises
he own empty stomachs.

lly two of the sturdier members
grip forced their way into the
of the gentleman who owned a
ma theater called the Playbox.
in's office Judith and Company
vilent performance of the melo-
an threatened to keep doing it
e it on in his theater. Ama-
of curse. No money, naturally.
ue scenery, obviously.

n ey finally let him speak he
es, e thought it was a splendid
nd could they kindly get off his

of professional producer saw the Play-
sin of the play. He made the
in Equity and then moved the
kit and kaboodle to the Holly-
Fether which, to them, was big-
eally and everything.

an here for several months and
ud, read, with mingled I-told-

you-so and why-couldn't-it-have-been-
I reactions. of Shepard Traube's plans
to present the play in New York featur-
ing Vincent Price and Price's wife, Edith
Barrett.

But Miss Barrett fell ill just as re-
hearsals were scheduled to begin in New
York. Producer Traube found himself
with a double calamity—first, he was
leading-lady-less, and second, he was
haunted by Vincent Price and Leo Car-
roll. This pair followed him all over
Manhattan and never stopped dinning
into his ears their praises of Judith Eve-
lyn's Coast performance, which they'd
seen and he hadn't.

"I tell you," said Price, "she's so good
it gives me gooseflesh."

Finally Traube gave in and suspi-
ciously wired Judith's agent: "Want
Judith Evelyn hundred dollars week
plus transportation New York to play
Mrs. Manningham, also general under-
study."

That "also general understudy" line
had Judith chewing a lot of fingernail
during the train ride east. The role of
Mrs. Manningham is what the trade
calls an "actor killer." Arduous in the
extreme, it permits the actress to be
offstage a total of seven minutes an
evening.

What Mr. Traube meant, of course,
was that he still didn't have much con-
fidence in this female Lochinvar from
the West. If she was as bad as he
thought she'd be, he'd make her earn
her share of the budget by understudy-
ing. Otherwise—well, he'd see.

He saw all right. Judith marched
onto the bare rehearsal stage and played
to an audience consisting of Traube
and about half the play's fifteen or
twenty backers. She went right through
the first act and then turned on her heel
and walked off to her dressing room—
where she found Traube's lawyer await-
ing her. "Sign here," he said.

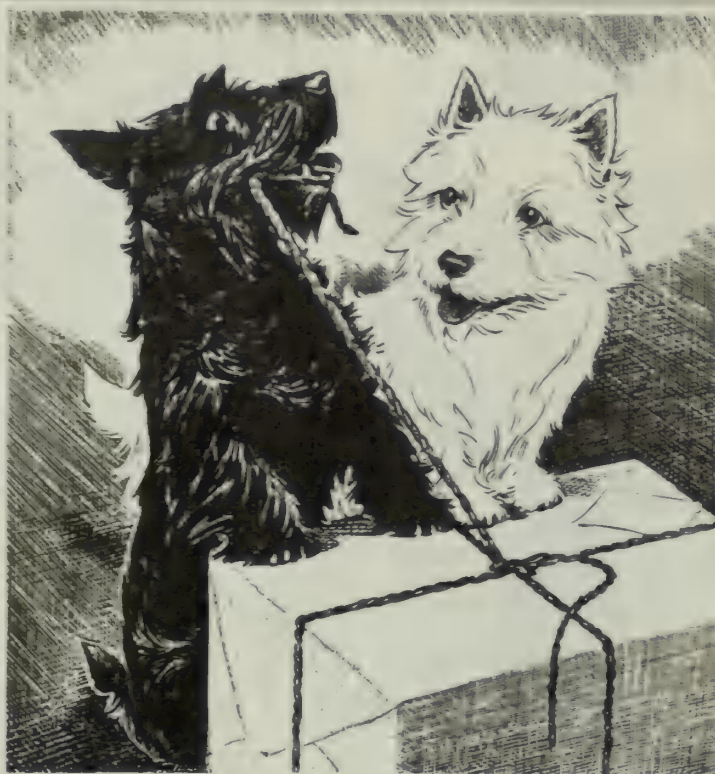
That contract has been the subject of
heated argument up and down Broad-
way, in drugstores, bars and agents'
offices. It provides Judith with a salary
of one hundred dollars a week—a sum
roughly equivalent to that earned by the
ticket sellers in the box office. In a hit
of Angel Street's dimensions—low run-
ning costs, high profits—it is customary
for the producing corporation to tear up
old contracts, drawn with an eye on fail-
ure, and replace them with something
more luxurious—tailored to fit.

Almost alone among those who dis-
cuss that contract, Judith is unperturbed. In the first place, she frequently
receives a bonus along with her weekly
pay check and doesn't much care
whether it's backed by a written guar-
antee or not. Then, too, radio-script
shows and guest spots swell her income
at least a hundred per cent.

Meanwhile, Hollywood winks and
leers and beckons to her. She gets bona-
fide movie offers by the gross in her
daily mail, but for the present she's
quite content in a part for which she did
everything but steal.

Plans for the future? "Oh, I don't
make any plans. That was knocked out
of me a long time ago. Not, you under-
stand, that I don't think I've been very,
very lucky."

Just for satisfaction



Blackie: "I'll never be satisfied until I
open this case, Whitey."

Whitey: "You're no different from any-
body else who gets a case
of Black & White, Blackie."



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Broadbill!

Continued from page 17



We've been fortunate! In recent seasons... wine-grapes from around HAMMONDSPORT have been better than ever. Yet even of these, we've selected only the finest. To their juices, we've given great care—to "capture" ALL the glorious flavor Nature gave them. The results? Just taste these fine wines—and you will have the answer.

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upon them and kept right at it until he had all the supper he wanted.

Swordfish really get tough after dark, and this fellow was no exception. Just at dusk I managed to lift the steel leader out of the water; but the fish got right in our wake and started to chase the boat, which was running as fast as she would go with the throttles wide open. The fish was about ten feet behind the stern and about three feet under water. Around half past eleven, he began to circle and at twelve o'clock came up, stone dead.

Why these fish put up a tougher fight after dark, I cannot explain, but Zane Grey fought one off Catalina, California, in 1924, that began to feed on flying fish more than eleven hours after it had been hooked. Once, at nine o'clock at night, I made Mrs. Farrington quit on one when she injured her back after having fought the fish eight hours and fifteen minutes. I took him on for over two hours more and was unable to move him fifty feet. The rod finally broke.

Mrs. Michael Lerner, who shares with Mrs. Farrington the honor of being the only women to have caught swordfish in both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, fought one for over seven hours off Tocopilla, Chile, which was estimated to weigh over a thousand pounds. The fish was lost after the guide took the leader, so they had a good look at him.

The Big One That Got Away

Mrs. Farrington also had the same experience with a fish estimated to be two feet longer than my 853-pounder. Hers broke loose from the guide after he had hold of the leader, which the fish cut with his sword. This is a common occurrence, even though the steel cable leader tests 500 pounds. Only seven women have ever caught swordfish on rod and reel. The first rod-and-reel-caught swordfish, by the way, was taken in 1913 by the late W. C. Boschen, who injured himself very badly in fighting the fish.

But don't get the idea that they are all tough. Mrs. Farrington took a 396-pounder in four minutes, hooked in the eye, and he came to the boat like a baby. In six days' fishing last year off Chile, I lost five in succession, some of which had been on the hook for as long as two hours. Then I caught a 390-pounder in six minutes!

Hooking and boating a swordfish is satisfaction enough for one day. But to catch two swordfish on the same day is the greatest prize and greatest thrill any angler can ever have happen to him. It's a trick that can only be compared to a pitcher hurling a no-hit baseball game, a golfer making a hole in one, or a hockey player scoring three goals in one game. Eight men and one woman are the only persons so far able to pull this trick in all the years of broadbill swordfish angling. Only one of these has done it more than once, Michael Lerner having actually accomplished the feat four times.

I had to fight my "second-in-one-day" for six hours and twenty minutes off Tocopilla, and you can take it from me, I wanted that fish more than any I have ever hooked. The tension and nerve strain I was under during those six hours in a rough sea (which of course makes the fight much more difficult) were unquestionably the toughest I have ever endured.

In 1940, Lerner pulled that trick of two-in-one-day on every one of the major species of big game fish. On five different days, he boated two black mar-

lin, two blue marlin, two striped marlin, two mako sharks, and a pair of broadbill. He has caught hundreds of fish, large and small, throughout the world, and has shot big game from Africa, Asia, and Indo-China to Alaska and the Canadian Rockies, but he always says that the one fish he wants to catch again and the one that gives him his greatest thrill of all sports is the broadbill swordfish.

The four species of marlin are magnificent fish; so, of course, are the giant tuna. Members of the marlin family jump repeatedly. I have seen the Chilean striped marlin jump clean out of water fifty-two times by actual count. This, of course, tires them out. I believe the swordfish is actually too smart to jump. The striped marlin, as he is found off Chile, is, I believe, the most beautiful fish in the world. The color of his stripes and body are lovely to behold, and believe me, he knows all the tricks of his trade. He can jump, greyhound, tail-walk, somersault, and charge on and over the surface of the water like no other fish I have ever seen. I took the 9-thread world's record striped marlin (a 425-pounder) off Chile last May. In fact, it was the largest fish of any species ever taken on 9-thread (which tests 27 pounds when wet). We used 600 yards of line, but of course nowhere near that amount ever leaves the reel. The rod weighed six ounces. The former record was 351 pounds.

That same morning I caught another that weighed 322 pounds, and lost a third after a two-hour fight. The record on 6-thread is 209 pounds, so I then attempted to catch one on that size line with a four-ounce rod tip. As there are not many striped marlin off Chile that weigh less than 300 pounds, I didn't feel I would have much chance. I hooked eight of them for periods ranging from ten minutes to an hour and a half, but on six different occasions the marlin's mate or companion swam up and cut the line. It was a spectacular sight to see them do it. I would stand on top of the cabin roof with the rod over my head, with the line out of water, and the other fish would leap clean out and cut the flimsy line with his bill. We would throw bottles at him, but it was of no

avail. The striped marlin usually swim in pairs, and even we were a mile away from hooked my fish, within an friend would follow him and appearance. With 24- or 39- they are unable to cut it easily.

This is absolutely stunt fish definitely do not advise it. parable to trying to shoot a g or an elephant with a sling s

The broadbill swordfish have only one marine enemy-shark. Of all the sharks that is the finest, fastest and only to catch. Sometimes he is a tack the swordfish from the he is on the surface and cut thus rendering him completely less. Actual battles have been between these two gladiators and several swordfish have been dead floating on the surface, tails.

Sportsman's Paradise

In 1939, off Bimini, Lerner 720-pound mako shark while side him, practically intact, a broadbill swordfish with his attached. The mako shark had edest set of teeth of anything the oceans.

Chile is without a doubt a sporting country in the world. In opinion, her fresh-water fish shooting, duck shooting, and shooting for golden plover species, have absolutely no equal also has as fine skiing to offer found anywhere in the world. the man who likes the small of salt-water fish, there are these too. The lovely dolphin and most beautiful of the small found off her coast in great numbers hard-fighting yellow-fin tun up to 100 pounds disport there by the thousands; the albacora is always plentiful. marlin are more numerous here than in any other place world. Mike Lerner counted them tailing in a single day's Tocopilla.

You can have them all—and My hat is off to the albacora!



"It's Smedley's idea. Afterward we eat it"

Your Sugar Bowl Blows Up

Continued from page 21

one that it takes years to cor-
There are a lot of things that can
or about sugar production this
a most are being tried. Another
ight lining is that the Cubans
a imper crop this year. Over and
e million tons earmarked for
cohol, they have 2,300,000 tons
ga for our market. That, with the
0,000 tons we can grow at home, now
h quota is on the scrap heap, plus
5,000 tons Hawaii and Puerto
w deliver, gives us almost "six
on vo" for the year, instead of the
lion tons we might have had.
ia, sugar men estimate that
another million tons tucked
the pantries of the country.
ewes, remembering how sugar
d 26¢ at the end of World War I,
n stocking up since this war
re out in Europe. In the single
h September, 1939, while the
re blitzing the Poles, retail
g wallowed up a 2,200,000-ton
ta of sugar, almost three times
or purchase.

The Problem of Containers

men say that some of the inci-
l gles to the sugar shortage will
n harder than the shortage it-
Of these is bags. Raw sugar
s refineries in this country in
lrap bags. After they were
ed they were laundered, lined
n, and used to ship bulk sugar
ark. The beet-sugar mills fol-
th bagging practices of the cane-
nkers. Both groups put up
ter, and twenty-five-pound quan-
in uslin bags for home use, be-
hsewives insisted on having
fe washcloths, dishtowels, for
ge vegetables, cottage cheese, and
ot Down South, some of the cus-
s en used the bags for under-
F years, the sugar refineries
be, trying—but without success
epee the muslin with kraft pa-
his is cheaper, cleaner, and keeps
e moisture. No, thank you, the
wivs were not buying their sugar
ay.

l, they're going to before long. The
llin new burlap bags which the
ry could customarily have do-
to e grocers, the bakers, the bot-
the canners, who ultimately
he out to the consumers, this
re a far-off Calcutta, the burlap
of the world. The available bur-
gs at were in this country or on
ay have been commandeered by
m for sandbags to build revet-
a airports and coast-defense
Some refineries are sending their
bag back to the plantations for
raw sugar and are substituting
w paper bags (like those used
me and lime) as containers for
t-bund sugar.

might be expected, the sugar men
bbing all their resources to fill
p used by the temporary loss
Pillipine sources and the de-
for hooting sugar. Although al-
ve plant that grows manages
er some carbon dioxide from the
ne and mix it with hydrogen and
a frin the soil to form $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$,
uga cane and sugar beets store
ff such form that the men can
t it easily and in great quantities.
I. S. Department of Agriculture
its ive tested sugar refined from
m, alms, bamboo, maples, wa-
ons and scores of other plants, as
s ce and beets, and concluded
by a chemical test can the pure

crystallized sugar from these different
sources be distinguished."

The quickest way to get more sugar
is to plant more of the long, wedge-
shaped beets that thrive on the Pacific
Coast and in the Rocky Mountain,
prairie and Great Lakes states. In Cali-
fornia, the leading producer of beets,
seed planted in midwinter can be beets
ready for harvesting in July; eighteen
hours after the beets flow into the sugar
mill they can be sacks of pure sugar
ready for delivery. In Colorado, next
largest sugar-beet state, beets planted
in the spring will be sugar by October.

This country's 150,000 beet growers—
who are unique among farmers in that
they invariably sell their crops before
they plant them, growing strictly on
contract for refineries—have been r'ar-
ing to plant more beets for years. Un-
der the Jones-Costigan sugar-quota law,
the Department of Agriculture held
them down to 916,000 acres last year.
Farmers like to rotate their beets with
other crops, the idea being that the sugar
beets' long roots reach down to aerate
and improve the soil for other harvests
to follow. Last year's twelve-million-
ton crop yielded not only every fifth bag
of sugar that we'll have this year, but
the sugar-beet tops fed tens of thou-
sands of farm animals, and the beet
chips, mixed with molasses and dried in
the sugar mills until they resembled
breakfast food, fattened additional
thousands of steers for market.

This year the sugar-beet growers
want to step up their plantings to the
point where the beet refineries can pro-
vide us with every third bag of sugar.
The quota is off, but another limitation
confronts them—labor. The Army, the
Navy and the defense plants have
pulled thousands of workers off the
farms, and the wages of those that re-
main have jumped twenty-five per cent.
Labor is the big item of expense in beet
farming because it takes a squad of
seventy men per thousand acres for
thinning, and forty for harvesting.

A Cinch for the Inventors

Fortunately, the Sugar Beet Institute
in 1938 sent a committee to see Pro-
fessor H. B. Walker, head of the engi-
neering staff of the University of
California agricultural school at Davis.
Professor Walker had gathered together
a group of gadget inventors to solve the
problems of farmers, and the beet men
hoped that these Edisons might evolve
a machine to thin and harvest beets.

Well, said the professor, maybe it
could be done if he and his colleagues
had a little money to build some ex-
perimental machines. They'd just fin-
ished an invention for the walnut
growers, a machine to hull walnuts.
Would the committee like to see it
work? The professor fed some walnuts
into a near-by machine, which neatly
drilled a tiny hole in each nut as it
passed by, and shot some gas into it, ex-
ploding the shell and leaving the meats
bare.

"Well, I'll be!" exclaimed one of the
committee. "Anybody who could in-
vent that exploder can figure out a ma-
chine to blow beets out of the ground."

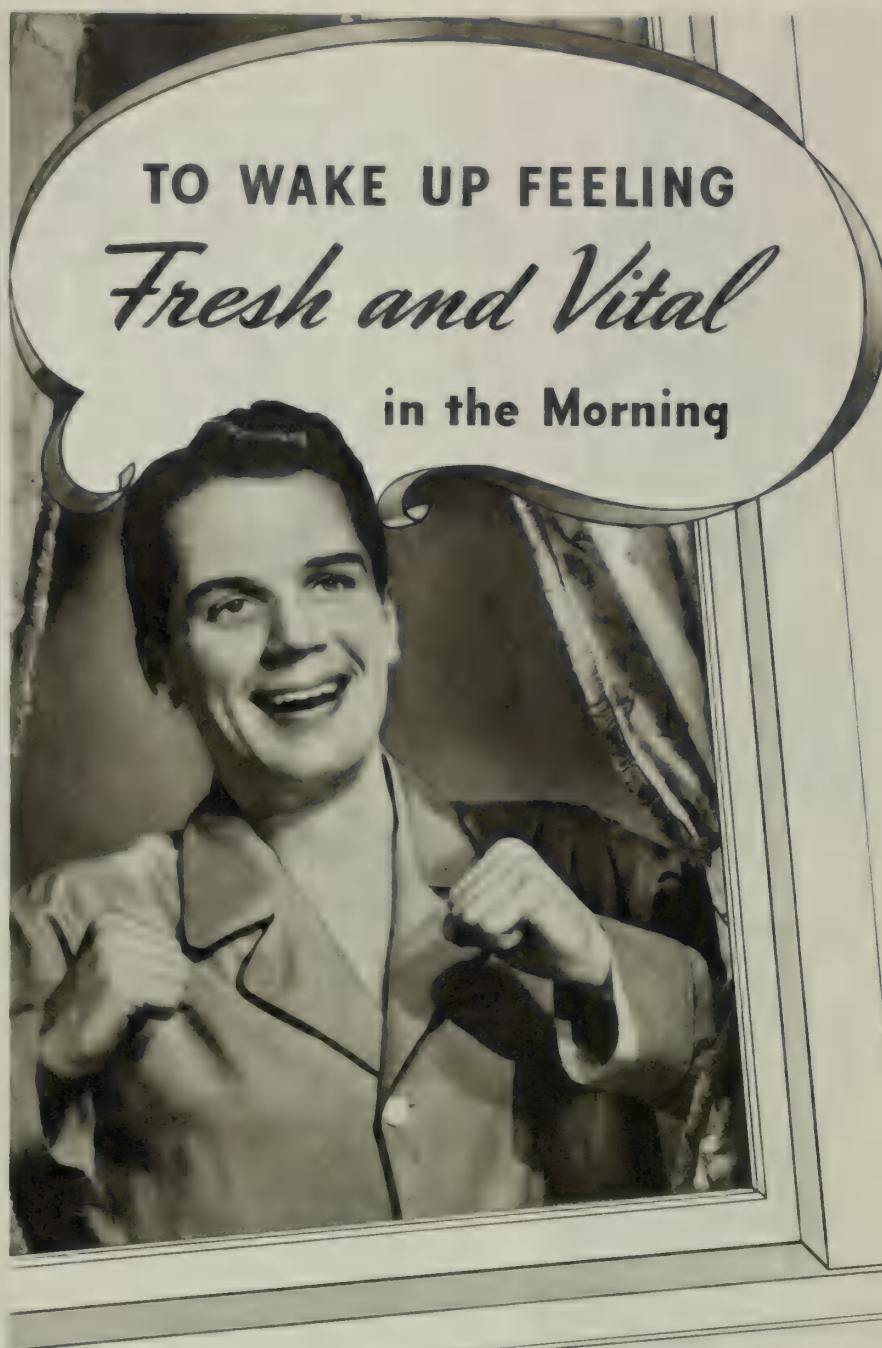
The Institute promptly raised some
money, and Professor Walker and his
staff began inventing. Last year, after
discarding a lot of contraptions that
didn't work, they had proven up three
ingenious machines the beet men think
will cut their labor requirements and
costs to one third.

The first is a beet-seed "segmenter."
A sugar-beet seed is a curious corky

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Try This At Bedtime Tonight

IF YOU awaken nerve-jangled or tired in
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fore night—you should know this. To-
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feel this way can wake up *fresh and buoy-
ant*, with lasting vitality to carry them
through the day!

For science has discovered certain al-
most-magic food elements—with power
to *revitalize* millions of the tired, nervous
or under par, and build them up for clear-
eyed morning freshness and vigorous,
energetic days.

As you may have read in recent maga-
zines, these new-found elements are so
important that governments throughout
the world are changing national diets to
include *more* of them. Warring nations
feed them to their armies, to build up
physical stamina and sound nerves. Deny
them to captive peoples, to sap resist-
ance and undermine morale.

Already our own government is seek-
ing ways to supply more of these ele-
ments. For government studies show
that 2 out of every 3 Americans aren't
sure of getting enough of these rarer food-
factors to be at their best.

What To Do

In light of these discoveries, thousands
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mins and minerals often deficient in
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cant amounts of Vitamins A, B₁, D
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proteins.

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eries about food may mean to you? Turn
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See if you don't begin to feel far fresher
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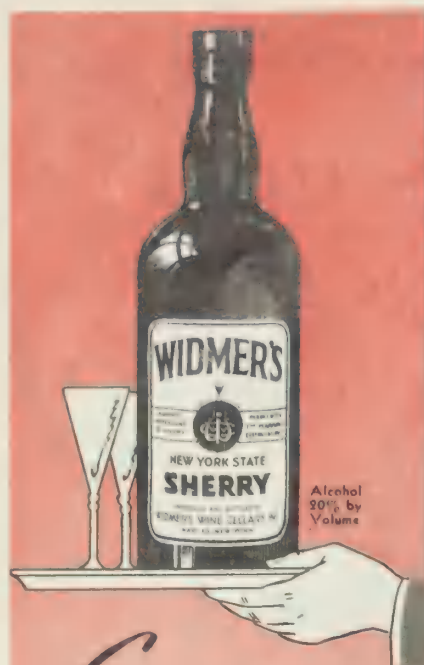
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proposition, about the size of the eraser on your pencil. In it nestle from two to five seed germs. Each germ makes a plant, and when all the plants are allowed to grow, they crowd together in long, skinny roots with little room for sugar storage. The tedious job in beet growing is to remove carefully all but one of these plants after they have sprouted. Thinning usually gives the remaining plant a setback in growth.

The "segmenter" devised by Roy Bainer, one of Professor Walker's men, consists of a hopper beneath which is a coarse emery wheel and a tiny shear bar. As the corky seeds feed out of the hopper, the whirling wheel clips them against the shear bar. When the pieces drop into the sack below, each has just one seed germ in it. The speedy, inexpensive gadget eliminates the job of thinning hills with multiple plants.

Meantime, the professor's gang perfected a single seed planter, which spaces the individual seeds an inch to two inches apart (depending on how the grower wants them), and two other gadgets for mechanically thinning the plants, after they are up and established. The ideal space was to have a beet every ten inches in the row because the professor had a still more ingenious machine up his sleeve, a beet harvester which does everything but think.

Last year, two of these machines were tested in commercial fields of California and Colorado. As the harvester, attached to a tractor, moved down the row, discs cleared away the dead leaves and loose soil, a finder found the beet crowns (some of them level with the ground, some a foot above it), indicated their level to a self-adjusting topper with a series of revolving knives.

Next, a series of V-shaped revolving rollers jiggled the wedgelike beets loose from their roots, making them setups for a battery of tapered rubber rollers that tossed them against a screen. After sifting out the loose earth, this screen deflected the beet to a conveyor which fed it into a bin.

The whole device weighs only a thousand pounds, costs only \$800 to build. With one operator, it harvests sixty tons of beets a day, does the work of twenty hand-toppers. The only hitch in turning the machines out in quantity is priorities on metal.

From Beets to Bowl

The process of turning the beets into sugar in the country's 101 beet-sugar refineries scattered from Michigan to California is a simple one. After their hot-water reception bath, the beets are sliced by revolving knives into strips resembling shoestring potatoes. The beets are not crushed, as sugar cane is, because the sugar is leached out in hot water. The resulting diffusion juice is concentrated by heat, then treated in lime-water vats to precipitate the non-sugar elements. Next it is routed through a series of filters for purification, concentrated again, whirled at high speed to toss off the moisture, finally shot through long revolving hot drums from which it tumbles in a snowy cascade, 99.9 pure crystal sucrose.

Refilling our sugar stock pile by the cane process, upon which the country must rely for two thirds of its next year's supply, is slower business. The fastest growing cane—which reaches its maximum sugar content when the cane stalks are one year old—is that of Cuba, Puerto Rico, Florida and Louisiana. In Hawaii, where the growers have developed a special disease- and insect-resistant cane, H-109, after thousands of hybridizing experiments, sugar cane is an eighteen-month crop. Where the West Indies growers harvest from January to May, the Hawaiians cut and

crush their staggered crops of cane all year around. That is one of the difficulties in harvesting the Hawaii supply. The mills, which have hitherto run day and night, can't do that now because all Hawaii is blacked out nightly.

To get the sugar-bearing sap, the plantation mills feed the cane through three sets of rollers under tremendous pressure. From the third set, the bagasse, or cane fiber, emerges almost as dry as wood, to be used as fuel or processed into wallboard. The sap, caught in great pans, is pumped into heated vats, where lime settles the impurities, after which the molasses (except that earmarked for ethyl alcohol) is dehydrated into brown raw sugar, sacked and loaded onto sugar boats bound for American refineries.

Purity is What Counts

The world's largest sugar refinery, at Crockett on San Francisco Bay, is owned by a co-operative of thirty-six Hawaiian plantations. Here, as in the other plants, the raw sugar goes through an astonishing series of chemical transformations: It is melted into "sweet water," subjected to a new lime treatment, concentrated into a thick, oozy brown fluid called "magma," treated to a whirling shower bath which turns it into brown sugar molasses, and liquefied again into "liquor." It is then fed through diatomaceous earth, the diatoms being microscopic sea animals that flourished and died in such numbers a million years back, that their porous skeletons form a mountain near Lompoc, California.

Finally, the amber-colored liquor flows through three-story tanks filled with charred bones of carefully selected beef shanks (there is \$600,000 worth of bone char in the Crockett refinery alone), and emerges from this Stygian mass—believe it or not—crystal clear, and 99.9 pure. At this point, the chemists call it a day and shoot the stuff through vacuum tanks and hot revolving drums into which you can peek through a little round window and watch the snowstorm of sugar whirling off to the storage bins.

The sugar makers of both the cane and the beet camps take unholy pride in their products. Each refinery's chemists make about 800 tests in the course of each day's batch of sweets, and either group would eat a Jap raw for a practical way of increasing the 99.9 purity to, say, 99.99—practically perfect. "We'll get it some day," they insist.

In the meantime, the sugar makers are right tickled with what the nutrition experts have been finding out about sugar as a food. When you invest in a pound of sugar, you buy 1,860 calories. A pound of beefsteak, costing much more, yields 1,130 calories of energy. A pound of eggs gives you 700 calories; a pound of whole milk about 300. So there you are. Of course, the steak, the eggs and the milk have other values which sugar, being a pure carbohydrate, lacks. But if you're going to play the old calorie game, you've got to play it with sugar. The sugar people figure that the twelve billion pounds of sugar they will produce this year will generate about one fourth of the energy requirements of the nation; which is pretty good for one food.

In this country, nutrition experts have been more interested in how quickly sugar is converted into energy. In tests, they have detected sugar's stimulation in the heart, the brain and the muscles in less than a minute after patients ate it. This lightning action is explained by the fact that sugar, being completely combustible in the human organism, makes no work for the stomach, the liver or the blood stream before it is assimilated. Downright quick energy, we call it.



"It's spring. He forgot to c
his radiator with Sani-F

Don't take chances this year on a radiator. When you remove an clean out dangerous rust and Sani-Flush does it scientifically: only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just with water. Sani-Flush is thorough it yourself, or ask your service Tests have shown Sani-Flush less to any engine or fittings, w according to directions on can most bathrooms for cleaning toil in grocery, drug, hardware and 14 The Hygienic Products Co., Ca

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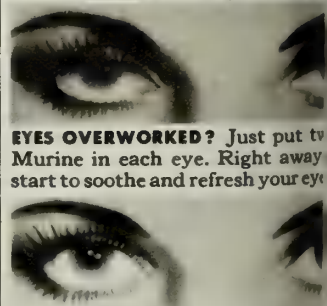


MAGAZINE

Your Guide to BETTER L

**Blessed Re
from
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EYES OVERWORKED? Just put to Murine in each eye. Right away start to soothe and refresh your eyes.

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientific blended ingredients quickly relieve comfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine helps thousands—let it be

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

Action at Sea

Continued from page 22

st uncomfortable acquaintance
tion of a corvette in a heavy
suddering crash of green water
mes took him up to his knees
tle bridge—and more than
a small flood into the asdic
He remembered the beards they
eise shaving was impossible
beds they still wore, even
pecially ashore, as a badge of
service.

he was far behind. There had
s of convoy work. He re-
thirty days on end, in the
estern Approaches, herding
en in fog and dark and all
l weather, or in bright sun-
danger was something you
t put out your hand and feel.
bered the littered sea in
pa, the lifeboats sometimes
sometimes full of bullet-riddled
hefts, the dead men bobbing
ly, lifebelts with their heads
as if in resignation, and all the
aff of the unceasing battle.

no y he remembered the strain,
ul cessant strain that squeezed
n an all-but-visible cider press
pt is insides wound up like a
For hours, five hours' sleep out
twenty-four, for days and weeks
Easy sleep, liable to be in-
ed any moment. Even in port,
e bssed spells between patrols,
or ours awake in his berth, and
we filled with a thousand wor-
d responsibilities.

was an antidote for strain. It
tio—action against a subma-
raiding Heinkel—anything.
corvettes had luck like that.
Windlestraw. Convoys had been
t not where Windlestraw
re shot. Ships had been tor-
an several times Windlestraw
a asdic contact, a good con-
ecting was sure of it—and eve-
e Senior Escort Officer had
d, Rejoin convoy" before any-
uld be done.

ADot minded the strain at first.
ha laughed at it, and waggled
black torpedo beard, and vowed
s vs the life. Now it weighed
me a stone. Raith said that
tra had a charmed life. An
arn said Portingale. He was
nd is wife in her last letter had
well he looked in his Glas-
toph—"and, darling, what a
ne heard!"—when he felt like
a d man.

an himself alone, either. He
e mark of these months in
ace aboard. He felt a certain
pit for them, the prairie flow-
po fresh-water devils. They
sted the gaff as he could, even
he irried on his big shoulders
lenf the whole ship. He won-
hic would be the first to go.

osvill, the blue-water man, was
neumatic fever, the sick-
terant thought. They carried
oreat the first port, grinning
nd wearing he'd be back in a
and Barnadine, a Wavy sub-
nt, ame in his place. And one
y a month back, somewhere in
ves with a dirty cross sea
ingo roll the funnel out of her,
tter wind from Iceland shrieking
the corvette's stays and aerials,
ld (ibroath had appeared on
ressd in his best shoregoing
d crying a packed valise, an-
g dietly that he was going
or aet, and would they kindly
ie gogway and call a taxi.

Some of the young seamen had
grinned, and Portingale had rebuked
them savagely. He remembered how
they had struggled to get Gilbroath be-
low, and left him weeping with the sick-
berth attendant sitting on his chest; and
how he, Portingale, had paced the little
bridge that night, whistling for action,
superstitiously, as his father would
have whistled for wind.

And the action came, next morning,
under the eyes of a whole convoy. An
asdic contact—a good one, young Reck-
ling swore. Portingale had rung Action
Stations and signaled "Preparing to at-
tack." He remembered the convoy
sheering aside in a hurry to give him
room, and the Senior Escort Officer's
destroyer tearing back to join action,
and the thrill of firing his first depth
charges at a definite foe. The cans had
made a good pattern, a very exact dia-
mond, with a pair—one light and one
heavy—at each corner and a pair in the
middle for luck.

HE REMEMBERED the terrific up-
heaval astern, the towering columns
of water, the lift and jar of Windlestraw's
stern which rattled all their teeth and
broke the sanitary pump, and his sharp
command that spun the corvette on her
heel, running back to plant another lot.
And after that, the silence, the sea
churned to a milk shake by his explo-
sions, and the thin patch of oil that ap-
peared and spread in colors beautiful as
paradise. And particularly he remem-
bered his triumphant signal to the
S.E.O., "Got a Hun!"

He should have known that asdic,
frequently denounced as a lady of un-
certain virtue, could also lie like a gen-
tleman. But Reckling had been sure.
And Portingale had thrust in and
watched the uncanny instrument him-
self. A beautiful contact; he had never
seen a better, not even in the training
course, where everything was cut and
dried. And there was the beauty of his
depth charge patterns, and finally the
oil, plain to be seen.

He remembered the S.E.O.'s silence,
and then Raith's opening mouth and
lean, accusing finger, and the shattered
carcass of a whale slowly breaking sur-
face in that pool of its own blood and
oil.

It might have happened to anyone.
But it had to be him, Portingale the
cocksure, and the convoy howled. He
remembered the quips that passed by
flag and blinker from ship to ship of
the escort. He had quipped back, of
course; it was part of the give and take
of naval humor, where no man asked or
offered mercy.

But now the tale was going the
rounds. In wardrooms all over the North
Atlantic they were spinning the yarn
of Portingale's submarine, and what
the S.E.O. had said about it. They
were telling it over tall drinks in the
hotels of Glasgow and Liverpool and
Derry and other places where men from
the Western Approaches blew them-
selves to dinners after long patrols. It
was the current jest of Halifax. And in
the officers' club at Reykjavik they were
calling him Jonah Portingale, the man
who swallowed the whale.

THROUGH the porthole he could see
the steep rock wall of the fiord. Raith
and Hogarty were up there somewhere,
climbing like goats for exercise. They
had invited him to go along, but he'd
refused, just as he refused to go with
Barnadine and Reckling to dinner
aboard one of the Yank destroyers an-
chored down the fiord. He wanted

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Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

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For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

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→**ZEMO**

neither exercise nor cheerful company. Tomorrow the eternal round would start again, Windlestraw to join an east-bound convoy, the Yank and her lean gray sisters heading west. He went to his cabin and threw himself on his berth.

He heard the return of the duty boat, its exhaust echoed thunderously in the enormous silence of the cliffs. Before long Raith and Hogarty were aboard, red-cheeked and weary, swearing they had seen a cow—a cow in Iceland, by gad! And later on he heard a clink of glasses in the wardroom, and young Reckling's voice: "You missed a good dinner, Raith—you and your cliffs. Afterward we had a fine rag in their wardroom—no drinks, of course, their ships are dry, did you know that?—but plenty of tomfoolery to pass the time. A good bunch of fellas."

"Somebody had an accordion and we sang a good deal. They insisted on singing Rule Britannia out of compliment to us, so we came back with Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, not to be outdone. And we ended up with—what d'you think?—sea chanteys. They sing the same ones we do, and pretty much as we do, except for the Drunken Sailor. Y'know how we sing it: *te, te-te-te, te-te-te, tum-ta-te?* Well, they go, *tum, tum-tum-tum, tum-tum-ta, te-ta-tum*—"

Portingale snorted and kicked his door shut. Reckling fancied himself as a singer. Probably he'd told the Yanks they didn't sing it properly. Reckling, the prairie flower—and the Yanks probably blue-water men!

THEY sailed in the morning—not that "morning" meant very much in this latitude where the summer sun sat up most of the night—and Windlestraw took post near the rear of the center line. The Yank destroyers pulled hook a little later and kept station astern for a time before heading west with a flicker of dot-and-dash farewells.

They were down in the wardroom shaking the dice for gins before lunch, with Reckling on the bridge, when the alarm bells rattled with a vicious suddenness. Portingale sprang for the bridge with Raith, Hogarty and Barnadine close on his heels. He could hear the men cheering, as they always did, going to action stations. He had tried to cure them of it, without success.

Topside, the asdic operator was on his stool, intent over the instruments, and Reckling standing beside him crying out, "Contact, sir!"

There was a funny little silence. Then Portingale said meaningfully, "A good one?"

"Perfect, sir. Come and look!"

"I'll take your word for it," Portingale uttered grimly. "But try for a hydrophone contact before we do anything rash."

He stood at the forward bridge screen, running an eye over the sea. It was choppy, with a stiff breeze flirting spray from the crests; hard to spot a periscope quickly in that. Still, a Hun wasn't likely to attack in broad daylight so close to the land. But you never could tell. You couldn't take chances. Better another dead whale, or a school of codfish blown to smithereens, than a freighter torpedoed right under your nose. It was typical of Portingale that he did not think of danger to Windlestraw herself. It wouldn't do to think of that—not with all those fuel tanks and magazines under you.

A quick low voice within, and then Reckling shouting out to him, "Hydrophone contact now, sir. Engines—unmistakable." He added a course. Portingale snapped to the signalman, "Hoist 'Preparing to attack.'"

The flags went up, snapping in the cold wind, and at once the merchant ships began to sheer off on either side.

The corvette followed up Reckling's contact at full speed. Portingale's mind was busy on the dozen-and-one things that confront a commander at such a moment. His own speed and course, the courses and speeds of the agitated merchantmen on either side, and their distances from him and from one another; the whereabouts of the S.E.O. and his destroyer, of the other destroyers and corvettes of the escort, of the Yanks hull-down astern.

He looked to see that the depth-charge crews were at their posts aft, and at the port and starboard projectors, and—more from instinct than anything else—to make sure that the pom-pom crew were standing by, and the machine guns ready at the bridge wings. Hogarty was watching the forward gun crew as a mother watches a child.

Inside, Reckling plied pencil on paper, consulted asdic, consulted the hydrophone operator and called out directions aloud. As high priest of the oracles he practically commanded the ship when a sub had been spotted, and the boy felt his importance. He pressed the signal button which warned the depth-charge crews to stand by, and then the indicator button which told them to set their detonators for such-and-such a depth. His hard young face stared down at asdic, but Portingale was not watching Reckling's face; he was watching the boy's thumb on the Fire button. Thought Portingale, "He's sure of himself, at any rate. It's all right for him, of course. The Old Man's the goat if the thing's a fizzle. Jonah—Jonah Portingale!"

The thumb moved slightly, and at once the after crew let go two cans, a heavy and a light. Windlestraw swept on. Calculating nicely—because the corvette's speed would throw the side cans ahead a bit—Reckling signaled Fire to the port and starboard projector crews. The firing charges barked in the little mortars, and out flew the deadly cans on either side. Now another pair over the stern, and after an exact interval a final pair to make the diamond complete.

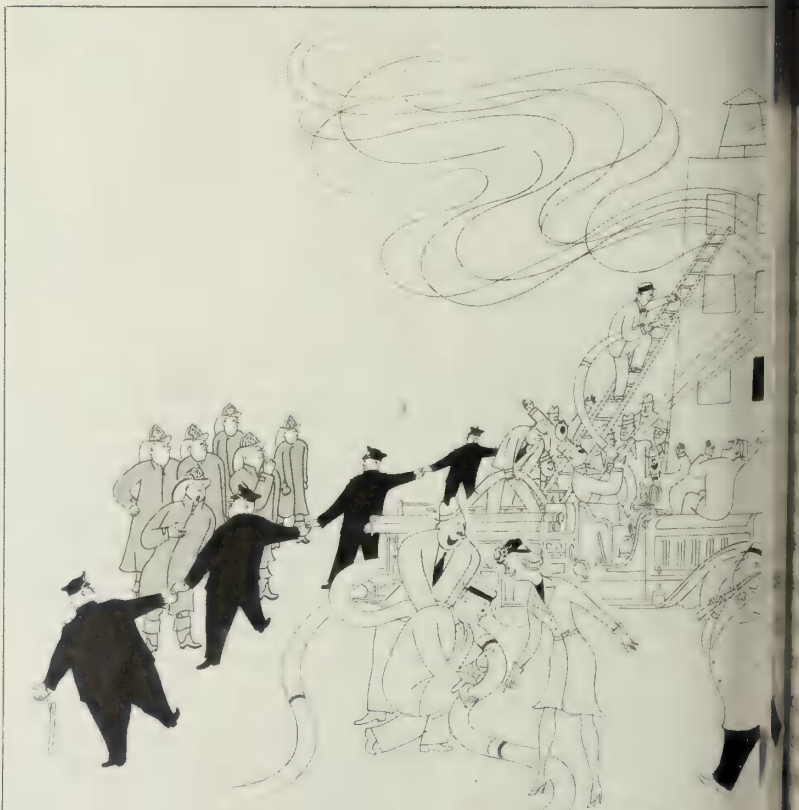
All eyes were astern, where suddenly the sea spewed up five giant columns of water and smote Windlestraw's body and bones with mighty hammer blows.

A nice pattern. Now for an Vaguely, beyond the collar columns, Portingale observed and a bang from the steamer board. He knew what it was. of rocketing a fighter plane in from a freighter's deck had setting at first, because the and the simultaneous appearance low-flying plane made you think attack by Hun aircraft. But used to it. He could see a plane's wing disappearing in smoke. Windlestraw was on course now, and Reckling clicked Fire button ready for another. Ahead, the convoy was beautiful. Nothing like the a depth charge to get 'em into

AS RECKLING poised his the button for another bat there was a startled yell at sound of the airplane was sudden was terrific, was filling the water Portingale looked aft and at shape swooping around his practically eye level.


"S'truth! It's a Focke-Wulf out!"—that was his thought, was no time to say anything. aircraft gun broke into a star pom-pom; but you couldn't pom-pom—or anything else—moving as fast as that. No warning, you couldn't. The come out of the sun, and for a second cast its immense shadow Windlestraw like the shadow itself.

In that split second Portingale aware of a number of things how fast your mind could time like this. In the first knew that Jerry was staging plane-and-sub attack in broad right under the noses of 'dromes. The big Focke-Wulf out of the sun and planted an on the freighter to starboard had dipped low and banked, to hell of antiaircraft fire that to come up at him. And now a devil was skimming around Windlestraw's stern, knowing corvette couldn't do any damage on the level—not with ships to starboard. The roar of its motors



"One by one they started helping us, and the next thing we knew we were back here!"

RODNE



... that wasn't made
in a day!

FT R all, Time is the only real master
man.
reations have lived and died to make
vash of yours keep good time. The
d rplanes of today, glinting in the
re born in the brain of Leonardo da
fi centuries ago. And your automo-
ate back to the time when primitive
reved crude wheels out of logs.
—that we make today is the result of
we learned yesterday, and through
had millions of yesterdays.
delker has more yesterdays to draw
an ny other company in the automo-
ndustry—for over 90 years we have
creting quality transportation.
s means—it must mean—that more

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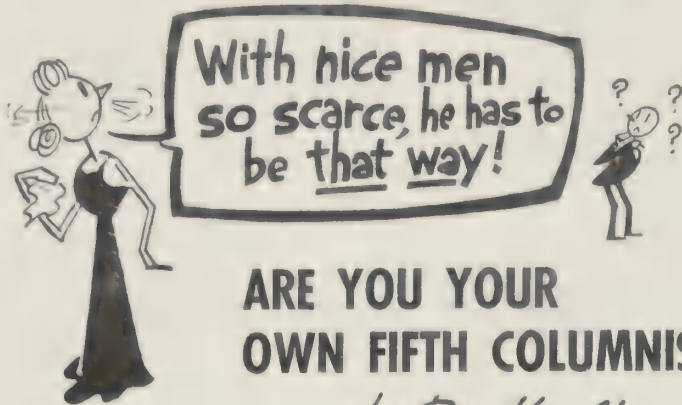
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—and, along with other automobile manu-
facturers, has accepted the responsi-
bility of giving America the greatest out-
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ARE YOU YOUR OWN FIFTH COLUMNIST?

by Don Herold

Do you sabotage your personal attractiveness with underarm perspiration short wave broadcasts?

Men will never be so scarce in this world that people will want ANYBODY around who is careless about this one thing. Women friends, sweethearts, employers and business prospects may well cease to be such.

I don't say that Mum will put you over socially or in business, but I do swear that if you are guilty of the offense which Mum can prevent—you are as OUT with most people as a man with perpetual smallpox.

Can you, frankly, afford to take this

chance? No, 1000 times no—not even if Mum were \$1 a jar, which it isn't—not by a long shot.

And your own nose is no test. You may be a veritable one-man zoo and never know it. You just have to sense this offense in others and figure that there, but for the grace of baths and Mum, go you!

Baths take care of the past, but even shortly after a bath, you may be a perspiration villain, unless you cinch your cleanliness with Mum. Mum works forward—for a whole day or an evening.

Mum is a pleasant cream in a jar, easy to dab under each arm after your bath and before evenings out.

Does not stop perspiration, irritate skin or injure shirts.

In Winter as well as Summer, play safe with Mum. See your druggist.

I play safe with Mum



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

ened them all as it came along Windlestraw's starboard side, steeply banked, one wing tip almost touching water and the other high and black against the sky like the steeple of a church.

Everybody had forgotten the submarine—Portingale, and Number One, and Hogarty, the pom-pom crew, the four-inch crew, the machine gunners firing wildly from the bridge wings. Everybody but the men in the wheelhouse and the asdic room. There the helmsman was still at his post although, hearing the roar of the diving plane, he might have dived into the little steel kennel behind the wheel, put there to shelter him in such moments. Barnadine was still bending grimly over his chart. Reckling's gaze was still upon asdic, and his potent thumb had already dropped two cans over the stern. It was a study in discipline, and afterward Portingale was fond of painting that picture of them.

NOW—just as all hell seemed to be falling somewhere aft—Reckling pressed his button for the port and starboard projectors. And the faithful men at the projectors jerked their lanyards, and the heavy cans flew out.

The man at the port projectors saw his cans make their usual arc into the sea. But the starboard view was blocked by the hurtling apparition of the Focke-Wulf, and a terrific flash and explosion knocked the men at the starboard projectors flat and breathless. It did the same for the men at the after depth-charge ramps. It knocked the crew of the pom-pom off their feet and stirred them all up together in their armored cup like so many beans in a pot. It smashed the starboard boat in its davits. It blew two ventilators out of their stays and overboard. It stripped the sand-padded screens from the starboard wing of the bridge. It broke all the wheelhouse windows, and a flying sliver of glass cut the helmsman's bearded cheek to the bone.

The seamen at the starboard machine gun had ducked instinctively into the handy cruciform shelter, and were miraculously unharmed. But Portingale, Raith and Hogarty were flung into a heap and stunned.

Portingale dragged himself to his feet by clawing at the rags of the bridge screens. His head sang like a factory whistle and he was aware of blood running down his face and dripping from his beard. He wiped it out of his eyes. A signalman ran up to him crying something, with a hand on his arm. He shook the hand off angrily. He didn't want help—not he, not Orton Portingale!

He stumbled over to the side, to see if the old girl was still under way. She was—at full speed, too, by the look of it. He was turning away when he saw, just astern and to starboard, the tail of an aircraft—a big tail—sticking out of the sea and going slowly down. It went under as he stood there, gasping and fascinated, steadying himself with a hand on the rigid plates of the cruciform shelter. Instinctively he looked ahead, and saw the Yank destroyers coming up fast toward him. They had turned back at the sound of his depth charges.

Again the signalman's voice, cracked and urgent: "Message from the S.E.O., sir." Portingale stared down at the scrawl confusedly. He could taste blood in his mouth, and somebody was standing behind him, winding a bandage around his head.

"S.E.O. to Windlestraw. Abandon sub attack. Cover me while I put fire party aboard bombed ship."

He looked astern and to port, and saw an ominous column of smoke rising from the smitten freighter, and, up-sun a bit, the S.E.O.'s destroyer standing by. Carefully, with the jerky movements of a tin toy, he walked to the shattered

wheelhouse windows and gaver to change course.

Reckling's voice came out: "But the submarine, sir—w begun—" "Orders," said F. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "The Yanks'll of your bloomin' submari grinned as he said it, and cracked the dried blood on Reckling, like all asdic enthusiasts considered the ships of other nations deaf and senseless.

His mind was clearing far Windlestraw rushed to get up the destroyer. Evidently the expected further air attack. "Ca he muttered to Raith.

"Seven busted ribs among pom crew. Some of the dep men badly bruised and shaken ward gunner with a bloody there's yourself, sir: nasty sea that."

"Look here," blurted F. "What d'you make of all this?"

"Hanged if I know, sir," blew up, I guess. All by its.

"The pom-pom was firing."

"Yes, sir, they chucked u dozen rounds—all wild. The close enough—and big enough came without warning, like a l shades—faster than the pom-p could move. Same story with chine gunners. Yes, that's happened faster than a man co—or think."

Windlestraw drew up-sun destroyer, and the S.E.O. sto smartly lowered a boat. They it pull over to the steamer, w still smoking blackly, though seemed to be confined to the hold. Her crew had made no lower their boats. They were fire. Good lads, thought P. Things like that made you pr your origin in the merchant There was no monopoly on g man's war.

The convoy had pushed on, rest of the escort, leaving the and the destroyer and Wind settle their own affair. Porting wryly. You couldn't help fee lonely when you dropped bel a lame duck. But now a sudden woomp-woomp of depth ch westward told him there was

HE TURNED and saw the destroyers racing back and fo ping cans with a savage scie seized his admiration, not unm regret. Then it was a sub, and had been right. The Yanks drop cans just on somebody e so. They'd picked up the sub own asdics—or whatever it used—and were raising their ticular hell.

He looked at the freighter a smoke was diminishing fast, a blinker flickered busily on the

"S.E.O. to Windlestraw. F convoy. Ship's engines intact under control. Make full rep later regarding aircraft shot c

Portingale rang full ahead His head was aching. He thod denly of the forgotten lunch-gins. He made his voice very of-fact: "Let's go down to think we could all do with a d one watch go too, Number One no sign of other aircraft. A lo I guess."

He laughed thinly at his c In the wardroom young burst out urgently, "The Yanks our sub—well, good luck to what a pity for you, sir. I me man deserves a mention, you all these hard months."

"Ah!" said Portingale. "The tell you, I can get a mention i

v. The S.E.O. thinks we shot it Focke-Wulf—and a Focke-ry good business."

reigns shot up comically, and hghed.

ke of it is," added Portingale. "—we did! That plane ran to the cans from the starboard—in mid-air—and detonated perhaps both of 'em. I saw one w, before I was knocked gal-ey. Something to tell your grand-er. But I'm not telling the S.E.O. S.O.'s a nice old boy, he stood gner in Reykjavik; but apart th he's a stiff old dug-out, R.N. her him now, givin' me a lecture p charges and the reasons why to ator set for fifty fathoms 'possibly explode in mid-air. I e the letter he'd write recom-ny relief, and an examination ve specialist, and six months' in quiet area—Canada, maybe. oy it's too preposterous." s preposterous damn' war," ob-ith warmly.

s. Any other man could tell al and get away with it. But not no Jonah Portingale. Can't you ehat they'd be sayin' in every oc from here to Halifax? That Pcingale—Jonah Portingale, the w swallowed the whale—has if ou please, knocked down a w a depth charge! Nothing do-

me, sir," Hogarty said—but innr. tiale grinned back. He was ab-ppy. The preposterous blast ined the Focke-Wulf had in am breath blown all the dead the past months from his des. His head still sang from the b the strain was utterly gone. as marvelous. Actually he felt a in—not thirty, he would never e again—but five-and-thirty, e went on coolly, "Too bad we ve the sub. A D.S.O.'s a nice t swank ashore. I might have oter half stripe, even. But, be- it not, I don't care a hoot. I can a hoot about the plane, either. ke Vulf's too big a feather for a y te. My head's not so swelled e to be. No, I'm sorry for Reck-

ling, that's all. He took that damn' whale to heart, y'know—worse than I did. He wanted so badly to vindicate himself, and there was his chance, and we had to drop it."

"Fortune of war," murmured Number One. He added, "What are you going to say about the plane, sir? You'll have to say something. You'll have to explain why half the Hun's instrument board is now stuck in a great hole in Windy's funnel, and twelve feet of his wing wrapped round the pom-pom platform. And the thing that conked you was the beggar's radio set. An inch lower and—"

"I'm the only man aboard who saw what happened," said Portingale calmly. "I've told you—but that's a matter between us, now and forever. I'll report to the S.E.O. the only truth you can swear to—that the Hun was on us before the pom-pom could get going, and that he blew up from a cause unknown while shavin' our starboard side. That's good enough. I tell you I'm thoroughly happy about the whole thing. It's the luck—don't you see? The luck's turned. Things are comin' Windy's way at last—and I wouldn't swap her for anything, not even a destroyer. I'll tell you something else. I wouldn't swap my crew of wavers for any men on earth. By gad, I'm proud to live in the same ship with 'em. But we're forgettin' the drinks. Pick up your glasses and drink a toast with me—to the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve—the Wavy navy—and long may they wave!"

THE glasses clinked and a moment later Portingale's tiger, coming along with a tray, was astonished to hear his officer in song with the others. Portingale was not a singing man. But it was the song that really startled the tiger. It was a jingle that had come out of one of the corvettes on the Iceland patrol. It went to the tune of a Western ditty that had to do with covered wagons—not ships—but it had caught on like a prairie fire:

"Roll along, Wavy Navy, roll along,
Roll along, Wavy Navy, roll along;
If they ask you who you are,
You're the R.C.N.V.R.—
Roll along, Wavy Navy, roll along!"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

on published monthly for the ye of Boeing Aircraft Company ublic relations department, has d character named Oxnard A. etumb, Esq., who typifies the of employee we've been talking e each issue the adventures of etumb are portrayed. The lat-ow him utilizing the pliers from ol as a fork for a slingshot and g much fun shooting rivets at the of conscientious employees. the big aircraft company has just nce a contest for a name for the a-typical employee. He is de- d the guy who takes short cuts ablished production methods and ets to deep trouble; the guy who t remember the factory rules. If e ones off the line with two left e, it's his fault. He is the plant's Flying Cadet Knucklehead. try to remember to let you know e contest came out.

not reassuring to learn that we e me than 100,000 civilians in this y who can fly. Three years ago we 1,000. But to avoid a false impres- hat any time these 100,000 can to heavy and medium bombers or

swift single-seater fighters and go forth to war with a minimum of military and naval indoctrination, we'll take a closer look at the roster.

Of the grand total, about 1,600 are multimotored airline pilots, who are sorely needed where they are. A little more than 15,000 are commercial pilots whose experience extends from 200 hours to many thousands. The largest pilot group in the 100,000 total is represented by the private pilots, who number 84,000. Most of these are graduates of the Civilian Pilot Training Program and they won their tickets by flying 35 to 50 hours solo.

But in this large group of private pilots there are many experienced sportsman pilots who prefer the private classification to avoid the obligations of renewal and physicals imposed on commercial airmen, because they fly only for pleasure. Then there are 3,200 women pilots, of which 184 are commercial and the remainder private.

From the foregoing, neither you, nor I nor the Axis can figure out to the exact head just how many seasoned, experienced airmen and women we do have on civil status suitable for combat work or behind-the-lines flying duty. F. R. N.

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Four-and-Twenty Cobblers

Continued from page 12



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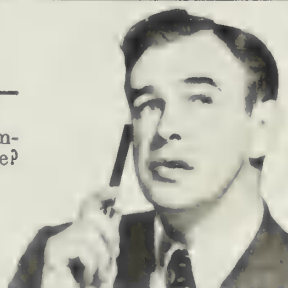
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a port glass. He possessed a sort of extra sense which, but only at odd times, enabled him to read from a man's eyes what that man was thinking. Such a message had just reached him from Dawney; it was this: "I believe Major de Maura was murdered."

"I take it"—the bimbâshi seemed to be thinking aloud—"that the message, and its strange effect, gave you the idea that there had been foul play?"

COLONEL DAWNEY stared and said: "I don't know how you knew, but you're right. It startled the poor devil like an electric shock, with the queer result I have mentioned. I assume his reaction to have been one of urgency; a sudden, uncontrollable desire to get away—presumably from Gabriel Varez: hence his words, 'My shoes.'"

"Was he undressed?"

"Yes; they found him in bed. But my idea wasn't based on the message entirely. Charlton—he's one of the M.O.'s here—came on duty soon after de Maura died. It was he who phoned me just now. Charlton spent some years in South America; and although I'm inclined to think that the patient's nationality and the mysterious message inspired his theory, Charlton insists that de Maura didn't die of tetanus at all—"

"What's that?" Bimbâshi Barûk's sleepy blue eyes woke up. "Then of what did he die?"

"According to Charlton, of *curare* poisoning."

"Curare poisoning?"

"I have never come across a case myself, but I understand that the symptoms are similar, except that the onset is sudden and the end more swift. A mere touch, of course, is sufficient to do the trick with *curare*—and there was that tiny pinprick on his finger. Point is, B.B., that if it was, as Charlton believes, *curare*, the case goes very deep indeed."

"What is *curare*? Is it something one can buy at a druggist's?"

Colonel Dawney laughed. "Don't be a fool. It's an alkaloid found in the extract of some South American tree and principally used as an arrow poison. Next to unobtainable."

"That fact rather narrows down the inquiry, don't you think? If you really think that there's anything underlying this business, I should be glad—if it would relieve your mind, I mean—to look into it."

Colonel Dawney smiled his gratitude. "Thanks, B.B. I should naturally have hesitated to suggest such a thing; but—I'll have Mrs. Saunders called up..."

MAJOR DE MAURA had apartments forming a suite, accessible from a side entrance. The sitting room offered no useful evidence. Mrs. Saunders, a hushed little woman who looked fragile, the bimbâshi had dismissed from the inquiry, although, if one were to accept as authentic a spacious and gaily colored photograph of the late Mr. Saunders which hung above a bureau, her survival became a minor mystery. It exhibited a gentleman who wore a well-nourished but angry mustache and a Masonic apron, a gentleman whose hypnotic glare would have frightened anyone to death, the bimbâshi thought, with the possible exception of W. E. Gladstone.

A row of textbooks in English, French, German and Spanish lay on the bureau. The bimbâshi glanced at them and went into the bedroom. This he found in wild disorder.

There were few tasks he had more than that of taking stock of man's private possessions, in a sense sacred, by of death. It approached the cency. But he went on with it. He found himself considering a parade of shoes, lined up two a cupboard. Clearly Major de Maura had been a shoe fancier: the counted ten pairs. Another pair under a chair beside the bed, and he saw some red Persian slippers.

For a long time Bimbâshi Barûk considered the rows of shoes, wondering what way they differed from shoes. They were unusually soft, but it was not until he took one up and compared it with that he grasped the real difference. The heels were all but an inch too normal. De Maura, a man whose age height, had been anxious about his stature.

Nearly an hour elapsed before Bimbâshi Barûk came downstairs. Mrs. Saunders good night. He had covered nothing of importance. The bimbâshi knew, now, that de Maura had had no visitors that day, but had gone out to meet correspondence shortly after seven, returning before eight; that he was a chronic amorist; that he dyed that he had been involved in intrigue; that he had expended in cigars and a streak of sadistic character; together with one or two other trivial facts.

But as he walked on through the darkness, Bimbâshi Barûk found himself saying aloud, "My shoes." It was in a variety of ways, pronounced two words with subtle intonation that a number of motives had inspired them. But "My shoes" was a morselessly haunted him, until he pulled up, turned, and went to the immediate outcome of his visit to Mrs. Saunders (from which he brought away a pair of shoes which in newspaper) was a phone call from Colonel Dawney...

"Hullo, Colonel. Barûk here. I believe you are right about de Maura. Looks like an amazingly clever fellow. I'm afraid I shall have to look over the body. You seem to have something. Will it be trouble?"

ON THE following morning, Barûk set out on a tour of shops in and around Lychgate. His time was as follows:

"Good morning. My friend Maura left a pair of shoes paired. Are they ready?"

On learning from one that de Maura was not a customer, he turned the name of another. In this he had made six futile calls which body suggested that he might stick. The name sounded familiar, but although Mr. Stick's establishment proved to be not more than three hundred yards from the cottage, he had no small difficulty in finding it.

The cottage, an eighteenth-century survival like the inn, had a roof, diamond-paned window was smothered in sweet brier, and eled richly with scarlet berries. A path, worn in the center so as to seem a shallow ditch, led to porch. Above this porch a sign which stated:

Jeremiah Stickle
Shoemaker
Established 1739

cross-legged on a bench inside
t window, so that he commanded
of the path, was seated at his
e other than the little red man
d a voice like a macaw. The
ai entered.

l morning," he said. "My friend
e Maura left a pair of shoes to
red. Are they ready?"

iah Stickle took some nails out
mouth. "Collected 'em hisself
y mornin'," he squeaked.

The bimbâshi looked puz-
ou mean of course a pair of
oes with perforated white up-
ometimes known as 'correspond-
oes?"

—and he had 'em Friday
Punctual I am and knows me
gather," said the bimbâshi.

you were amusing yourself at
te Hart on Thursday night.
in charge here?"

min' myself!" Mr. Stickle's
most audibly crackled. "Let me
something, mister. Nobody
me out of a night—nobody.
Thursday night were a challenge.
refuses a challenge. If there's
anion shoemaker around these
eckon everybody knows where
him. But"—his voice assumed

os pathetic squeak—"I wish I
ed who done it."
ho was here while you were out?"
oby. I lives by meself. When I
out a pint I puts this here board
hasays, 'Back in ten minutes.'
oth night there wasn't no board
I t a good lock and all the win-
we fastened."

ad anything been disturbed when
etured?"

ur, nothing had been disturbed.
I turb it?"

he did you finish work on the
"

uray afternoon. Half-heelin'
the ob. He has extra high heels
lea 'em down accordin'."

ho except you, could have known
the shoes were finished and when
we to be called for?"

lybly who knowed me methods.
of people drops in for a talk like
if 'n could have knowed."

me some of these people."

STICKLE scratched under his
bar. "Well—Tom Payne were in
da I think it were. Then Bill
ay come in Friday. Sam Jollet, the
blehe steps in nearly every day
atin'."

is ay of these a key of the door?"
y the door! I wouldn't trust a
m floor to no livin' man, no, nor
can either, nobody livin'—except
llayce."

ay "cept Dr. Allardyce?"

cau. Dr. Allardyce have one."

He laughed as though he had scored
■ point. "Maybe you think Dr. Allar-
dyce stole them shoes? Likely, too, I'd
say!" He chuckled until his spectacles
threatened to fall off.

"But why has Dr. Allardyce ■ key?"

"Cause I never ask for it to be give
up. When I were layin' in me bed here
with me bronchitis last spring, Dr. Al-
lardyce have ■ key made to come in an'
out. Stay best part o' one night along
o' me, too. Aye, there ain't another
doctor in Lychgate would have did it. I
challenge you to find one. That's what
I calls a real doctor. Always droppin'
in for ■ chat, too, friendly like—"

"I see," said the bimbâshi. "Does Dr.
Allardyce live near here?"

"Heath House. That's where Dr. Al-
lardyce live." He took up the notice
"Back in ten minutes," and: "Would
there be any objection to me goin' along
to the White Hart for me pint?" he
inquired.

HEATH HOUSE. tendrils of creeper
—running like veins across its weather-
beaten face, challenged the Heath in
rather forbidding silence. On ■ brass
plate beside the gate appeared:

*Julian Allardyce F.R.C.P. (Edin.)
Dr. M. Allardyce.*

A trim, grim and elderly Scotswoman
opened the door to Bimbâshi Barûk. He
was presently shown upstairs and left
in a well-appointed study, both win-
dows of which commanded extensive
views of Lychgate Heath. He had
waited no more than a minute, when
one of three doors opened, a man who
wore ■ long white coat came in; and the
bimbâshi felt the impact of a powerful
personality.

"Good morning, Major Barûk. I un-
derstand that you wish to see me."

"Dr. Allardyce?"

"Julian Allardyce, at your service."

Julian Allardyce was tall, of a lean
but athletic build of which his visitor
approved; clean-shaven, with abundant
silvering hair brushed back from a fine
brow. His gray eyes were steady in their
regard and he would have been strik-
ingly handsome if the bridge of ■
strong, straight nose had not been
broken at some time.

"My call concerns one of your pa-
tients—"

"I do not practice, sir, although I hold
■ medical degree." He had a light, vi-
brant voice and at times ■ somewhat
arrogant academic manner. "I am em-
ployed in research work." Another of
the three doors opened and a woman
came in. Julian Allardyce extended a
large, capable hand. "This is Dr. Al-
lardyce."

Bimbâshi Barûk turned, and was
about to say something about "your
daughter," but his nimble wit stepped
on his tongue in the nick of time: he
contended himself with a formal bow.

"Major Barûk wishes to see you
about one of your patients, Marian."
Julian Allardyce bowed slightly to the
bimbâshi. "This is my wife. And now,
no doubt you will excuse me, sir, as I
am engaged upon work of some ur-
gency."

He went out.

"Won't you sit down, Major Barûk?"
Mrs. Allardyce spoke in quiet, cultured
and musical tones.

Bimbâshi Barûk took a seat in an
armchair and Mrs. Allardyce on a deep
settee placed between two windows.
The bimbâshi wondered how even Jere-
miah Stickle had contrived to gabble
for several minutes without betraying
the fact that "Dr. Allardyce" was femi-
nine. He noted that she was dressed
now in a smart tweed suit, that she was
slight and shapely and her husband's
junior by many years. Her dark hair,
in which one might detect faint coppery



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streaks, had a most intriguing wave. She wore spectacles, and, smiling, so as to display small, milky teeth, she removed the spectacles and laid them beside her.

"My professional disguise," she explained. "I have learned that they give patients confidence."

He found himself looking into amber eyes fringed by long, curling lashes, and he knew that Mrs. Allardyce was a remarkably beautiful woman; he knew, too, that she was not English.

"Actually, I am interested in two patients," he replied slowly. "The first is Gabriel Varez."

Mrs. Allardyce watched him steadily; her expression was unfathomable.

"I have no patient of that name."

"Shall I say, then, was Gabriel Varez? The other is Jeremiah Stickle."

"I have certainly attended Stickle, but not lately. Is he ill again?"

"Not at all, nor is he of more than secondary importance. I am chiefly anxious to know why you sent a phone message to Major de Maura on behalf of Gabriel Varez."

"You say that I sent such a message?"

The bimbashi hated his task more and more every minute. His peculiar system of interrogation called for great moral courage in practice; but he had outlined the inquiry to Colonel Dawney in this way:

(1) Definite evidence that *curare* was used. This he believed he had secured. (2) Somebody who had some or who could obtain it. In this household he had found, at least, somebody who could obtain it and also somebody who could have had access to de Maura's shoes while they were in Stickle's workshop.

"My dear Mrs. Allardyce," he said, "it would be nearly impossible to mistake your voice."

"My voice?"

"Your words were, 'Please tell Major Rafael de Maura that Gabriel Varez is with him in spirit.' Your voice is undisguisable."

"But you did not—"

SHE checked herself, dropped protective lashes; but it was too late. At last, that extra sense of the bimbashi's had awakened. The completed sentence reached his brain: it was—"But you did not take the message." He sighed and stood up. He was actually uncomfortable. He stared out of a window, learning that the cottage of Jeremiah Stickle was visible from that point. Then, he turned.

"Let me make my position clear." His voice was gentle, almost apologetic: "I hold a sort of warrant, authorizing all officers commanding, chief constables and others, to afford me every facility. In point of fact, my present visit is not an official one." Mrs. Allardyce rose from the settee and confronted him. "Would you care to give me particulars and leave the result to my conscience, or do you prefer that I pass the inquiry over to the police, with such evidence as I have?"

Her hands had been clenched, but she relaxed them. "What evidence have you?" she asked coldly.

He took out a small leather box, velvet-lined: it had formerly held pearl studs. It now contained an odd-looking object which he handled gingerly.

"This thorn—a brier thorn, I think—neatly attached to a wooden peg. It was inserted in a hole bored between the sole and the upper leather of de Maura's right shoe, so that his toe would come in contact with the point. In fact, this occurred according to plan, and he removed the shoes to learn the cause of the trouble. His finger also was pricked by the thorn. Now, the case rests like this:

"There is a black substance on the thorn; and I suggest that no one in this

neighborhood—except your husband and yourself—knows, or knew (a) Gabriel Varez; (b) Major de Maura; and (c) where to obtain this substance—which is *curare*. Furthermore, no one else, other than Stickle, has a key to Stickle's cottage. No, Mrs. Allardyce, I did not receive your telephone message, but I believe that it was you who sent it, and I suggest that it was someone in this house who lured Stickle out on Thursday night. I have only one question to ask: Why was it done?"

THERE was an interval during which amber eyes searched his own, an interval which the bimbashi knew must decide the swing of the pendulum. Then, Mrs. Allardyce pointed to the armchair and returned to her place on the settee. "You are a clever man, Major Barûk," she said, speaking with perfect composure. "I salute you. Since you have found the shoe it would be useless on my part to refuse your offer. Scotland Yard would meet with no difficulty in tracing my former relations with Rafael de Maura and the identity of Gabriel

both studying medicine. I learned then that what I had mistaken for love was no more than an outburst of adolescent passion. Gabriel taught me this."

Her eyes glowed as if a somber fire burned in the brain behind them; and the bimbashi wondered by means of what arts the dour Scottish scientist had won the affection of this beautiful, turbulent woman.

"To come to the point of my story: Rafael found Gabriel and myself together. There was an unpleasant scene. Later, there was worse, when I told him quite plainly that Gabriel knew everything about us and that Gabriel and I were to be married. Now, you must understand that Rafael's ardor had by no means cooled. He was not yet tired of me; nor would his vanity permit him to believe that I was tired of him. He made threats which would have shown me—supposing I had not known it already—that I had been infatuated by as callous a ruffian as ever breathed. . . . All the same, the next two months were among the happiest of my life. Then came the end. If you will excuse me

and put to bed. I was terrific symptoms were those of paral-

"I sent for the nearest doctor—ther—and almost lost my reason because he was so long in coming. He arrived, it was already too late: briel's mind was clear, but he had the power of speech—"

Her composure, which had the bimbashi's respectful attention threatened to break down, but quered this weakness and went

"Late that night, Hannibal came a message from Rafael de Maura. It was this, which you have seen, the room before I had read it, I replaced it in the box. 'Now, I understand that I belong to a blooded race—I was Mariana. I swore a most solemn—as I later—a most dreadful oath, before briel's bed, that I would repay.'"

She shrugged her shoulders, lighted a second cigarette from the first. "The de Maura, with misfortune. Indeed, we Rafael fled to Spain so soon after briel's death that I had no time to go to Buenos Aires and lose my degree there. It was during that year that I met my husband. I was as a visiting lecturer from the School of Tropical Medicine."

"Ah, Major Barûk, England knows her greatest men. Beginning with an almost religious respect for the intellect, my affection for Gabriel grew into a love that nothing could ever change—perhaps nothing could ever change. If Gabriel had lived, I not have been possible, but, dead, I found in Julian all that I lost—indeed, more. He does not work for profit, nor to aid destructive works for human good. He has been wealthy, titled, if he wishes, does not so wish—nor do I."

SHE paused, and the bimbashi found that her eyes glowed in a new way. He found occasion to reproach her for his bad habit of jumping to conclusions. This was not the story as reconstructed it.

"We returned to England, and I set up in practice. I was fairly successful. Then, one day—nearly two months later—I saw Rafael de Maura, and I remembered my"—she hesitated—"solemn obligation; but I made up my mind to tell Julian, as I knew how it would hurt him. I saw Rafael going to the shop of an old patient, Jeremiah Stickle, and I could not refuse to believe that he had been chosen as an instrument of justice."

"My husband is working on a treatment for tetanus: it is briel's *curare*. And I remembered the key of Stickle's door! All that I was to get ready and to await visit of Rafael to the shoemaker's. I pared a brier thorn, coating it with *curare* from Julian's laboratory, then fixing a bead of gum on the end (as had been done in Gabriel's shoe) so that the scratch would not take until the heat of the foot dissolved the gum. This, a bradawl, and a glue, were all that was necessary."

"I made it my business to come on Stickle when passing—for I have known Rafael's shoes at because of their small size and heels. My opportunity came at last—"

"A month ago?"

"Yes, my first opportunity. I had heard that a pair of Rafael de Maura's shoes would be finished on a Wednesday evening—and I gave a seat for the local cinema. He refused to go. I am afraid I g-

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



Varez. So I will tell you the story, and you may do as you please. Shall we smoke?"

She offered a cigarette from a box beside her and took one herself. Bimbashi Barûk took one also and lighted both. He sat down again.

"Am I to suppose from your words, Major Barûk, that you believe my husband to be concerned?"

"Not necessarily. I await your story with an open mind. You spoke of your former relations with Rafael de Maura. Suppose we begin there?"

Mrs. Allardyce nodded quietly; her expression grew introspective. . . .

"Rafael de Maura was a member of a well-known family which owned large estates in South America. They adjoined our own. Rafael was handsome, fascinating, and an experienced woman-hunter, although I did not know it at the time: I was nineteen. But deceived by all sorts of solemn promises, or perhaps because I was blindly infatuated, I consented to his proposals—only to discover that he had a devoted wife living in Buenos Aires. Even this might have failed to cure me completely, if I had not met Gabriel Varez. Gabriel was the son of a neighboring doctor and we were

for a moment, I will show you in what form it came."

Mrs. Allardyce stood up and went out.

When she returned and resumed her place on the settee, she handed the bimbashi a faded note. He glanced at it and shook his head: it was in Spanish.

"I will translate for you, Major. It says, 'Please tell Gabriel Varez that I am with him in spirit. Rafael.' Gabriel was dying when it came—I nursed him throughout. And this was the cause of his death."

FROM a wooden box she took a thorn fixed to a round wooden plug and held it up for the bimbashi's inspection.

"An *Opuntia* thorn—prickly pear—coated with *curare*. The de Maura employed an old colored servant, Hannibal, who was widely credited with being an Obeah man—and such people understand the use of secret poisons. He was utterly devoted to Rafael. I knew from experience that Hannibal could smuggle messages with incredible cunning; he seemed almost to be able to make himself invisible. Gabriel one evening walked over to see me, and had scarcely set his foot on the veranda when he collapsed. I had him undressed

But the attempt had to be given. I declared that nothing would induce me to leave the house at night. I pondered the problem for a week or more before a possible solution came. Stickle's professional vanity and lack of money.

In the meantime I found out all I could about Rafael de Maura. He saw me, but owing to my 'disguise,' I could not, failed to recognize me. I discovered the name of the poor little soul who was risking her happiness to amuse me beyond saying that she is the wife of a young officer commanding a submarine in the Mediterranean. I must be careful. Many women would condemn me, but few who had had the misfortune to be hunted by Rafael de

—her brilliant eyes challenged the bimbashi's— "I know you thought some time that I was his secret visitor. My second opportunity came. I saw that absurd advertisement in the County Mirror. I typed it on a sheet of paper and enclosed a ten-shilling note. It succeeded. While Stickle was on Thursday night, I opened the door and made a fairly neat job of what had come to do."

"The telephone message?" the bimbashi asked.

"It was purely by accident that I met you on Friday night how well I had heard. I was called out to a case in the same street and was told about a disturbance calling at Mrs. Saunderson. This tempted me to send the message from a public call-box—spoken in really bad English—which, I supposed, completed the case against me. Now, you know how Rafael de Maura reacted, and why."

"On the contrary, Marian," came a pleasant voice, "you have grossly deceived me!"

"Bimbashi Barûk sprang up and fell all in one movement. Julian Barûk stood in a doorway directly behind him. His expression was puzzled. He was looking at his wife, and she was something like a smile about her lips and in his steadfast eyes.

"Julian!" she whispered—and that was all.

"Fair Barûk, I fear I have been deceiving you. I beg your pardon. I did not, not by design, to see my wife from her bureau certain—relics. But it is to be my duty to do what I can. The story which you have heard, the death of Gabriel Varez, is in every particular. I have, my dear, examined the substance on the table which killed him. It is *curare*. It lies upon the brier which you have

"Julian!"—his wife's voice was husky. "What are you saying?"

"I am endeavoring to correct any misunderstanding under which Major Barûk is laboring. Allow me to make my point clear, Major. When Rafael de Maura first appeared in this district, some months ago, I chanced to hear of his arrival. I may say that I had not met him, but I knew the whole story. I knew, also, that one of Marian's light well hold views regarding the propriety of an oath made to a dying man, which others would look upon more seriously. I feared the outcome of a

"I crossed to his wife, with that light step which characterized his movements, and stood beside her, one hand resting on her shoulder.

"Nevertheless, Marian, I knew from your behavior that you had seen him—your fears of mine were shown to be unfounded. Your earliest experiments with barbed wire and small spigots of wire did not escape my attention." He fixed his analytical gaze upon the bimbashi. "You may possibly inquire,

sir, why I hesitated to put an end to these preparations for murder. I will answer you in this way: By the common laws of men, de Maura's life was forfeit; by the private laws of the Borregos—of whom my wife is one—it was forfeit to her. But I hoped and believed that if the attempt should be made, and fail, she would consider her duty—for as a sacred duty she regarded it—to be done. I knew, also, that de Maura was soon to be posted elsewhere."

Julian Allardyce sat down beside his wife.

"Forgive my discourtesy, Major. Please be seated. I cannot know if Marian has told you—I overheard only part of your conversation—but I am engaged upon experiments with a new antidote for tetanus, a condition which accounts for so many casualties in war. I am employing, not without success, one based upon *curarine*. It follows that I have a stock of *curare* in my laboratory. It is somewhat difficult to come by in England, and I keep what I have in a special container. However, detecting my wife's purpose, I transferred it to another and placed a harmless preparation of similar appearance in the original flask—"

"But, Julian"—Marian Allardyce's voice remained husky—"how could it have been harmless, when—"

"When de Maura died?" He patted her shoulder. "You planned your murder perfectly. Do not reproach yourself." Unmistakably, now, Julian Allardyce was smiling. "You see, de Maura did not die of *curare* poisoning; he died of *tetanus*."

"If I may interrupt for a moment," said the bimbashi diffidently, "I have seen the scratch on his foot as well as that on his finger."

"No doubt, sir. I have conceded the point that this attempt was well planned. But there are laws higher than those of Spanish retributive justice. De Maura some days before had sustained a cut on his left calf from partly buried barbed wire. No doubt you have seen this scar also?"

The bimbashi inclined his head.

"He called upon a local practitioner, who noted unsatisfactory conditions and who also chanced to be acquainted with me and my special studies. Dr. Weldon and his patient came to consult me a few days ago—"

"YOU mean"—Mrs. Allardyce spoke in a low tone—"that Rafael de Maura came here?"

"Certainly. I made the appointment for a time when I knew you would be away from home, and de Maura had no reason to suspect the identity of my wife. Perhaps I need not stress the point, Major Barûk, but prognosis in such cases is extremely difficult. Tetanus sometimes supervenes as late as ten days after infection. Even I am not infallible. Indeed, I am weakly human. I will not deny that the temptation to thrash de Maura to within an inch of his life was strong upon me. He would have defended himself, for cowardice was not among his vices; but man for man I stood in a different class, and I conquered the impulse.

"I examined the wound and gave the best advice in my power. Finally, I should be glad if you would arrange to have the substance upon the thorn examined by a competent person, other than myself. I naturally regret this exposure of intimate domestic matters, but I have complete confidence in your discretion. I do not pretend to apologize for my wife." He put his arm about her shoulders. "Circumstances and the heritage of Borrego blood explain her slightly irregular behavior. If I can assist you in any other way, at any time, pray call upon me, Major Barûk. I shall be at your service."

"Friends!

Romans!

Comptometer operators!"



• "Lend me your eyes!

• "I come to praise this man, not to bury him! And I don't mean Caesar—I mean the guy who invented the Keystroke-Censor on Comptometer adding-calculating machines: the device that makes it practically impossible for us Comptometer operators to make an operating error! The exclusive Comptometer feature that protects us from the Boss' wrath, and gives us confidence to turn out figure work at top speed (and that's some speed, on a Comptometer!) without having to worry about fumbled or incomplete key strokes.

• "While I'm at it, permit me to orchid-ize the bird who figured out how to eliminate answer-dial zeros on the Model M Comptometer—unless they occur in the actual answer, of course! I'll personally contribute to a monument for him!

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• "I thank you!"

(ASIDE TO THE FRONT OFFICE: For information on high-speed Comptometer machines and money-saving Comptometer methods, telephone your local Comptometer Co. representative . . . or write to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.)



Aggressive, But Not Crazy

PUBLICATION of Lt. Col. W. F. Kernan's book, "Defense Will Not Win the War" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1942, 193 pp., \$1.50), touched off a conflagration of demands for an American offensive, somewhere, this spring.

It's a fine book. We admire especially its pugnacious tone, and Col. Kernan's insistence that we must become offensive-minded and actually mount an offensive sometime if we hope to win the war.

However, we want to point out a few things which Col. Kernan does NOT advocate in this book. It is as important, we think, for all of us to know what he doesn't advocate as to know what he does.

The distinguished field-artillery officer and military scholar does not urge a blind, ill-planned, sketchily implemented offensive at some point or points chosen more or less at random, just for the sake of being able to say, "We're on the offensive, boys, gr-r-r!"

Col. Kernan does not suggest that we dissipate our armed strength by scattering it in a dozen places around the map, thus setting up fragments of it like so many ninepins for the enemy to knock over.

He does not advise that we strip this country so bare of defenses and fight-

ing men that we shall invite invasion.

He does not urge any leeching away of defensive strength from such key points as Hawaii, the Aleutians, the Canal, the West Indies bases, Newfoundland, Greenland, Iceland, Dutch Guiana.

Some of our more excitable civilian strategists and tacticians are urging some or all of those near-suicidal steps.

Kernan, a hardheaded, realistic military man, thinks he sees a chance for us to hit at Italy, the Axis' Achilles heel, this spring or summer, provided Russia keeps Hitler sufficiently busy on the Eastern Front. Kernan proposes that we jam an initial A.E.F. of 200,000 men into Italy, and follow this with waves of 200,000 men a month till victory. Thus, he believes, a second front can be set up, and the Allies enabled to rip the Axis up the back and rally the Greeks, Yugoslavs and French to their aid.

But, to repeat, Kernan does NOT advocate throwing this multiple fist into Italy without careful planning and thorough bracing of the fist with brass knuckles before the punching begins.

We hope that if our war chiefs go in for Kernan's plan they will follow it, by and large, instead of some would-be improvement dreamed up by amateurs.

Boom Year for Babies

IT TURNS out that 1941 was a big year for babies in the United States—2,500,000 close on the heels of the 1921 record of 2,600,000, showing hoisted our birth rate for 1941 to 18.8 near Germany's 1940 high of 20. Incidental marriages in 1941 hit an all-time high of 1,560.

All of which furnishes a peg on which to hang remarks which we think should be made.

You hear more than a few people nowadays deriding out loud why anybody should "risk" a baby in times like these. Bring a poor little into the world without its consent, to grow up in panics, revolutions, possible famines? It is felt by alleged thinkers to be some kind of crime.

Very superficial thinking, if you ask us. There never has been a time in the world's history, in any country, when a case couldn't be made out in any way against having a baby. This always was a certain world, in which you can't predict today what is going to happen tomorrow, let alone 10 or 20 years hence. That was as true in the quiet depths of the Victorian era, along about 1885, as it is in the present day.

Our notion is go ahead and have one or two babies, provided only that you want them and have a fair prospect of bringing them up in healthy surroundings. We hope 1942, the United States' first year in World War II if it lasts that long, will see a birth rate in 1941 and 1921 birth records knocked staggering by several hundred thousand.

Some Sugar and Some Saps

THE country is settling with many a grunt into the sugar-rationing nuisance, while it anticipates rationing of other commodities.

We can blame some of these squeezes on our enemies—rubber, of course, and oil if the submarine war in the Atlantic and West Indies nail enough tanker ships. But oil rationing in some sections of the country is much of sugar constriction was brought on by our own other than a bunch of saps on our own home.

A comparatively few people got jittery about sugar after Pearl Harbor because of rumors of heavy cuts in sugar imports. Undoubtedly there will be less sugar from Hawaii this year, and some of the Cuban sugar will go into smokeless powder. But sugar, unlike many other commodities we can do something about. We can grow a great deal more beet sugar in the United States. One thing, as Mr. Frank Taylor explains in his article on sugar in this issue of Collier's. These considerations should not stop people from grabbing up sugar and hoarding it away, thus precipitating an apparent shortage. There was any such thing and before we could do anything about alleviating the one in prospect, the government had to step in to protect the rest of us.

Wartime hoarders almost always outsmart themselves in their efforts to outguess war developments and cheat expected shortages. They usually buy up what presently become overplentiful, and then when things that all of a sudden become scarce, they pose themselves to public hatred and ridicule and sometimes to legal penalties.

We believe that if you just take this war in your stride—don't let it scare you down, and especially don't try to wring advantages over your fellow citizens out of it—stand a better chance than the hoarders and the wise guys of going through it smoothly and without incident from it a bigger, broader-shouldered person than when it began.

Collier's

APRIL 13, 1942

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA



ARGENTINA—AXIS GATEWAY BY FRANK

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1/38

20443

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and more of every-thing needed here.



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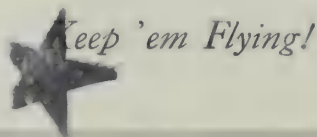
Be patriotic—drive carefully!

Civilian carelessness mustn't delay convoys. Drive at moderate speed—obey all traffic rules. And remember: an accident on the road today may mean *no car* for you for the duration!



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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Picture OF THE MONTH

JEANETTE MacDONALD • NELSON EDDY

"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

DIRECTED BY: Major W. S. Van Dyke II

SCREENPLAY BY:.....Anita Loos

PRODUCED BY:.....Hunt Stromberg

SORT OF FOREWORD: We confess that we had quite a problem about selecting the Picture of This Month. Having passed up more serious fare we narrowed the choice down to two: "Rio Rita", starring Abbott and Costello; and "I Married An Angel", starring MacDonald and Eddy. Even now we're not certain about our choice, so please don't sulk, Mr. Abbott, and please don't brood, Mr. Costello. "Rio Rita" is good, too.



CAPSULE REVIEW: Nelson Eddy has his trouble with women. They can be extremely trying what with jealousies and extravagances. In despair he prays for some angel to marry. Heaven opens and Jeanette MacDonald, beautiful winged creature, drops onto earth. Very good, Eddy. Develop the complications and they add up to charm, merriment and wisdom. All in all, one of the dreamiest screen concoctions in these many moons. It is the perfect sort of escapist entertainment. Not too wise for the world but still not crass with harsh realities which we must face with a will in flesh and blood and not merely in shadow form. The film is thoroughly recommended from the standpoint of action, direction and script. It is a cameraman's field day and the M-G-M exceptionally proficient staff have missed no bets. By all means see "I Married An Angel".

TITLE NOTE: All Characters, says the foreword, are fictitious. We suppose this includes the Angel. Angels don't sue.

FORMER INCARNATION: Based upon the Broadway Stage Success. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. A musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart (Lorenz not Moss, *New Yorker* please note) from the play by Vaszary Janos.

CAST EMBELLISHMENT: In addition to the stars, Jeanette and Nelson, one sees the stars Edward Everett Horton, Binnie Barnes, Reginald Owen, Douglas Dumbrille, Mona Maris, Janis Carter and Inez Cooper.

HUMMING WORD: All of us may join in the chorus:

"Have you heard I married an angel?
To Heaven she's carried this
Fellow with a kiss".

REGRET: Dear Abbott and Costello: If we had two columns we'd write about "Rio Rita". Yours.

WALTER DAVENPORT
AIMEE LARKIN
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
KYLE CRICHTON
KENNETH LITTAUER
JAMES N. YOUNG
MAX WILKINSON
WM. O. CHESSMAN
HENRY L. JACKSON
GURNEY WILLIAMS

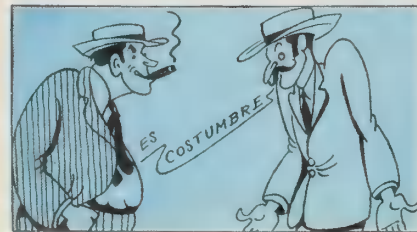
Politics
Distaff
England
Screen and Theater
Fiction
Fiction
Fiction
Art
Fine Feathers
Humor

DENVER LINDLEY
FRANK D. MORRIS
CLARENCE H. ROY
W. B. COURTNEY
FRANK GERVASI
MARTHA GELLHORN
JIM MARSHALL
ROBERT MCCORMICK
IFOR THOMAS

Articles
Articles
Syntax
Far East
Near East
Articles
West Coast
Washington
Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE HAVE caught no more than a fleeting glimpse of Señor Domingo Turner but we are glad that our acquaintance with him is no more remote. In the politics of the Republic of Panama, Señor Turner is what the late Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania used to call a Pearly Revolving Door. In brief, Señor Turner is a political dissenter, a reformer, an individualist whose support of a candidate or office winner is violent until his man by word or deed departs a millimeter from the Turner convictions. In Panama Señor Turner is regarded as a radical but we'd scarcely call him that. He merely has standards, one of which is that the underprivileged should get a break. Anyway, whenever a revolution brews, at the first thin rumor of political upheaval, the government loses no time in arresting Señor Domingo Turner. He is always first in the roundup of those suspected of wishing ill upon the current administration. It is not necessary that Señor Turner should utter a word for or against either faction; the police fare forth at once and arrest him. He always goes to jail cheerfully and is always lodged in the same cell until the rebellion is frustrated or the government falls. Señor Turner has become a philosopher about all this. One day a Yankee visitor in Panama asked him why he was always the first to be arrested. Señor Turner spread his hands and sighed: "It is customary—es costumbre."



WE'VE had an enlightening talk with a gentleman from Costa Rica. He said that we might not have heard of him—Patricio Ryan y Masacolle—but most surely must know of his brothers, Feliz and Antonio. We didn't commit ourselves, asking Patricio to proceed with his tale. So we learned that Feliz and Antonio were bandits who had, according to the newspapers, been executed no fewer than seven times during the past twelve years. Patricio explained that, according to the newspaper reports, they had been shot, hanged, poisoned, knifed, garroted and clubbed—always fatally and always together. "But these reports are not true," explained Patricio. "My brothers are in excellent health and spirits. They are eager to become soldiers against the tyrant Hitler. Would you care to pay a modest sum to interview them and

perhaps have the privilege of sending them to the United States to fight for your country? It is impossible to destroy my brothers."

BUT we declined the honor and wandered over to a large, pleasant beer garden. It was almost deserted, a few languid waiters huddling in the shade of a red awning, apathetic in the tropical heat. But suddenly customers began to arrive in what the military calls force. In no time every table was filled. The waiters came to life. Beer began to flow in quantity. The world's loudest juke box, aided by a loudspeaker turned all the way on, began to fill the heavens with dance music. We made inquiries. "Church services are over," explained our waiter. "From their devotions have come all good Christians to dance and be happy. Thus they show the good God that they are grateful to Him for hearing their prayers and permitting them to see yet another beautiful day of rest. Ah, no, the American beer is not arrived upon the ship that was not permitted to arrive because of the war. And yet—"



SO WE had a sandwich and went to a baseball game (still alert, of course, against the ever-expected enemy). We're glad we went. It was like seeing the Phillies playing the Phillies. They did everything unusual short of running the bases on their hands. In the grandstand the betting was ferocious, the bets being laid as each man went to the plate. If he didn't hit, the losers became frantic, often requiring the services of the police. For his own safety it is better that a man get a few hits, however feeble. Frequently a hitless day means a police escort for the luckless swinger. Or if the odds are against his hitting and he crosses them up by smacking the ball out of the park, he may require protection. "One comes to have a pleasant time," explained Señor Hannigan, a spare umpire who sat with us. "Every player you have seen today has been wounded at least once."

AS WE bide our time here in Central America awaiting an assault or two by enemies who may long to damage that beautiful and important piece of engineering known as the Panama

(Continued on page 55)

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENER
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
THOMAS H. BECK

THIS WEEK

APRIL 1

SHORT STORIES

STUART CLOETE

The Day of Great
and heroism aren't

VEREEN BELL

The Sounds of God
the discovery of a

DONALD HOUGH

Internationally Known
build up, complete

THE SHORT SHOP

A Pair of Gloves,

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Moving Finger. The
parts.

PEARL S. BUCK

China Gold. Con-

ARTICLES

FRANK GERVASI

Argentina—Axis
happening to one of
neighbors.

NORMAN SOONG

Flight from Hong Kong
story by a famous

OUR FIGHTING MEN

LUTHER DAVIS and

JOHN CLEVELAND

Hi, Hazel! Hazel's
swing.

MICKEY OWEN and

CHARLES DEXTER

The Mystery of the
Strike. Let Mickey

RUTH CARSON

Front Line in the Fight
for Victory.

SHEPARD BARCLAY

The Lady Leads.
players of Contract

HENRY L. JACKSON

We'll Match Your
shirt and tie.

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the War

WING TALK.

EDITORIAL

This is WAR!

COVER

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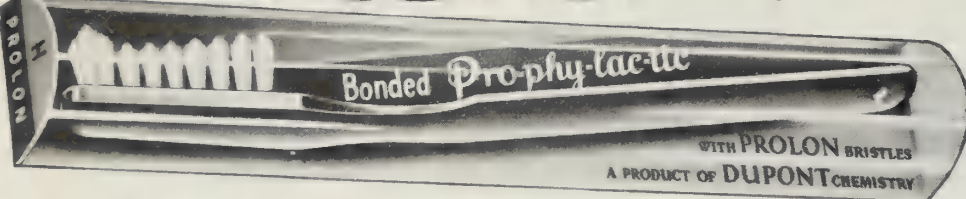
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No matter what you pay, you cannot buy a tooth brush that has any better bristle than "Prolon".

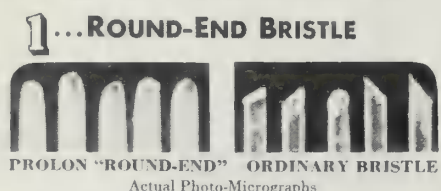
Because "Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for the most costly grade of du Pont synthetic bristle. And du Pont's is the finest on the market.

When you hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *how can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer than under the name "Prolon" in a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a mighty important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name... only "Prolon" is rounded at the

ends! See for yourself, in the photomicrographs, the difference between the rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bristle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

The only Tooth Brush in the World with...

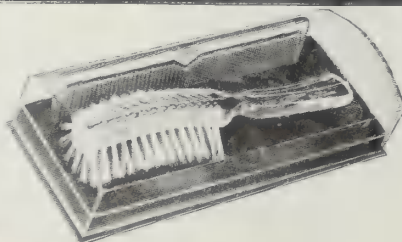


2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Every Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush carries a money-back 6-months guarantee—a clear-cut guarantee of complete satisfaction for, at the very least, 6 full months of use! That's how sure we are of its dependability... and durability!

Hair Brushes in Gleaming, Gem-like Plastic!

Another Pro-phy-lac-tic triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in clear plastic... in a choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. \$1.50 to \$10.00 at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush... with comb, \$4.50



Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORK By Freling Foster

The Cistercian Monastery in Alcobaca, Portugal, obtains all the fish that it requires for food at no cost and with little labor. The cooks merely drop nets into a branch of the Alcoa River, which flows through the middle of their huge kitchen.—By Maryanna McGovern, Wyola, Montana.

Fruits, vegetables and other foods are now being dehydrated in vast quantities to solve wartime storage and shipping problems. After being thus dried in thousand-pound lots, for example, citrus fruits weigh 200 pounds, eggs 200, potatoes 170, milk 100, peas 90, carrots 80, corn 80, cabbage 60, spinach 50 and tomatoes 30 pounds.

The longest painting on record was the Panorama of the Mississippi, a canvas nearly 16,000 feet in length, which depicted the 1,300 miles of landscape of the river between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans. Executed by John Banvard between 1840 and 1846, this picture was exhibited by being passed between two upright revolving cylinders and required two hours to be shown in its entirety.

In nineteen states, when pardon or parole authorities are convinced that a former prisoner has violated the terms of his release, he is summarily returned to prison without being given a chance to disprove the alleged violation.—By Philip Lee Lotz, Staunton, Virginia.

In 18th-century Italy, a woman of high rank was never escorted by her husband to social events or places of public amusement. She was obliged by fashion to employ a male companion, called a *cicisbeo*, to accompany her on all such occasions.

Although it is rock, slate becomes so flexible, when sliced to a thickness of one thirty-second of an inch, that it will bend like the blade of a long saw.—By Andrew W. Robertson, London, England.

One of the strangest in nature is that of the and the yucca moth, which live without each other is fertilized only by brought to it by this the insect's larvae are live only on food of this plant. Incidentally spends the daylight in the closed blossom, nocturnal.

Even on a sunny most of the heat in the from the land and water being absorbed by the from the sun.—By Mary Yankton, South Dakota.

The praying mantis insects that can turn like man, the pelican a few birds that loses its ers upon reaching the python is the only animal whose temper several degrees above surrounding air when eggs.

For more than ten schedules of both the American baseball league and where the sixteen play their combined 1,232 games, have been by an employee of a baton.—By Henry B. Brook, New York.

While American clocks are miniature clocks, European "gr are often carved in the woman. One interesting model in the National Helsinki. Finland, has sleeved blouse and stands on two human—By Jane Smith, Brooklyn.

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It's a secret!



6NX

A STARTLING NEW DISCOVERY!!!

MAKES YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

Everywhere men are discussing 6NX! 6NX—the new secret process which is amazing thousands upon thousands of shavers!

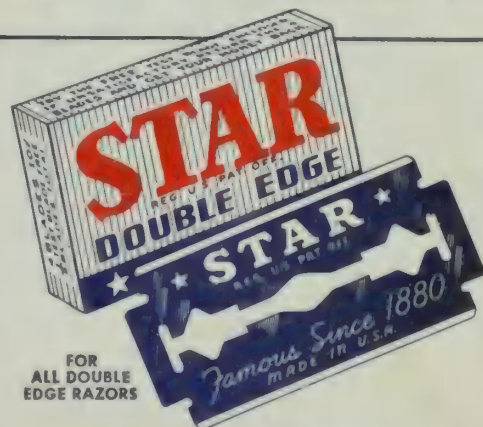
X is a symbol representing a certain combination of special steel, tempering, lacquering, honing and stropping. This X process produces a safety razor blade astonishing in its keenness and long that it will change your whole concept of blade shaving!

X is your secret, closely-guarded formula

applied to the new Star Double Edge Blade. It's the result of hundreds of scientific experiments! It's an achievement which has produced the most remarkable double edge blade ever manufactured!



Not just another good blade. Don't think that for a moment. THE 6NX PROCESS STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADE takes edges steel has never taken before—truly amazing in their keenness and uniformity . . . On sale at retailers everywhere! Star Division, American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn, New York.



INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

1 TEST BLADE FREE

TOTAL 5 FOR 10¢

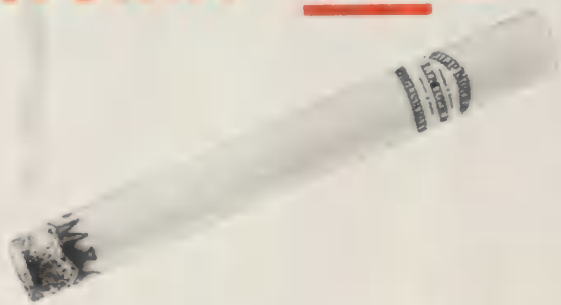
Money back if free test blade doesn't give you the best shaves you've ever had in your life!

ALSO 15 FOR 25¢

INCLUDING 3 TEST BLADES FREE

STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF STAR SINGLE EDGE BLADES

DON'T LET INHALING WORRY YOU—



ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT NEEDN'T EVEN KNOW IT!

There's a cigarette that not only tastes better—but is proved better for you . . . even when you do inhale!

A vital difference has been found by eminent doctors who compared the leading popular brands. They report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

Real protection—added to your enjoyment of PHILIP MORRIS' finer-quality tobaccos. No worry about throat irritation even when you inhale!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *Finest* CIGARETTE



WING TALK

Many industries may build planes in wartime, but from the drafting rooms of the basic air industry come all the advances in design.

THIS is to clarify a little matter that makes our aircraft manufacturers unhappy whenever they get time to think about it, though they'll never come out and make an issue of it. The reason is that they, just as much as our High Command, want airplanes built faster and faster and they don't care who does it—they're that loaded up with government orders themselves. So there's no dog in the manger here.

When it became apparent that the present and potential capacity of the American aircraft industry would be insufficient to meet the war needs of the United Nations in the short time allotted, the government turned to other industries and told them to make parts, subassemblies and even the complete airplane. It did this for tanks, arms and other instruments of war. These heretofore nonaeronautical industries were asked to make planes and engines that have been developed and proved by aircraft designers and builders who have specialized in this work continuously for the last thirty years.

Therefore the other groups that are changing over to make aircraft are reproducing the government-accepted types, not newer types of their own creation. The aircraft industry has loaned its engineers and technicians to the new groups to teach them how airplanes shall be built, and all the while the basic aircraft industry has gone ahead with its own expansion and in the past twelve months has established a record for combat-plane production that is phenomenal. But even that is not enough for this modern air war.

The government depends entirely on the aircraft people to lead the way in the air armament of the nation and this is supported by the orders for new experimental types, of which each military aircraft firm has at least one. These pioneers in combat-airplane design, development, testing and production are the only people to whom the government can look for constant improvement in speed, range, fire power and load capacity. The Army and Navy do not design aircraft; they tell the aircraft industry what they want in performance, and the industry creates the plane.

The airplane builders, for the sake of safety, performance, and speed in delivery, hope that inexperienced people in the other industries now building aeronautical equipment will not monkey too much with the proved designs.

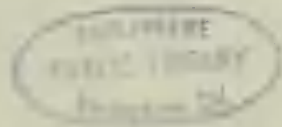
LAST August we reported the government was going to do something to protect airplane windshields against

collisions with reckless-flying dead chickens. A lot has been done since, in a program of hurling dead chickens at terrific force at the equivalent plane cockpits. All this work on the ground, because it takes too much time to go flying around looking for them. So the C.A.A., the Bureau of Standards, the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, and the Wild Life Division of the Department of the Interior all have put their heads together and are tackling this problem. How important it is.

Many good ideas have been advanced but had to be ruled out because shield insurance against lightning and ice formations could not be secured in favor of protection against a bird. However, recent developments in transparent glass-plastic combinations have resulted in windshield plexiglass of reasonable thickness that has stubbornly resisted impacts.

In case you're concerned about dead chickens were thrown at windshield setup, it's done with a pressed-air gun of 3½-inch diameter. Freshly killed chickens are fired at the rate of 200 feet a second. Now the government and industry experts are arranging for the Veterans' house people of Pittsburgh to build an air gun capable of firing a killed 20-pound swan (minus its wings which brings the weight down to 15 pounds) at a velocity of 270 miles an hour against a variety of transparent materials suitable for windshield of this size and weight is as the maximum to protect against something bigger and heavier along. High-speed movies will be taken and strain gauges and accelerometer pickups will be established at points of the test apparatus, to the bottom of just how much our feathered friends can create out of our birds of metal and glass.

EVEN though the airlines hourly are increasing in value in war effort, have been given preference rating for parts and to keep their ships in tiptop shape operators are not sitting back for the necessary equipment to be delivered as promised. The larger firms in particular, who have elaborate maintenance bases, are equipped with machine, sheet metal and drifter facilities. So they are making that have been delayed or are to get.



This can be told

★

Today, wise military censorship keeps news of most current American inventions behind a cloak of secrecy.

This must be so.

Every true American wants it so.

But this absence of news must not let us forget that American pioneering is one of the great powers that built this nation. And don't let anyone tell you that we have run out of inventions.

Actually, the ability that invented the sewing-machine and the airplane, the telephone and the caterpillar tractor, the elevator and the revolver, the flying boat and the leak-proof gasoline tank—is at its peak right now.

To add to your confidence, and strengthen our faith in American inventiveness (if it needs strengthening), we tell you at this time the story of a dramatic tire development that has taken place in this country.

It is a straw in the wind—and it is a story that can be told now.

The seemingly impossible hurdle that tire designers have faced for years is this: the most effective non-skid tire was the old

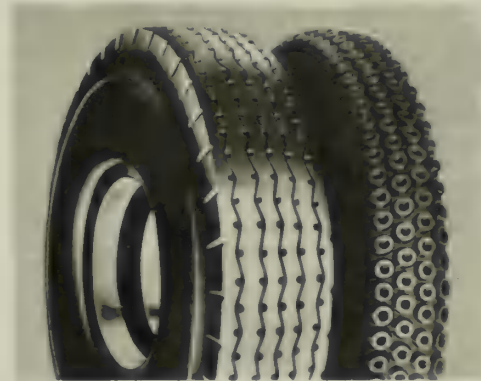
Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup—but it was noisy. . . . The quietest tire is a bald tire—but it is frightfully dangerous. So, to cater to the public's desire for safety, and for silence, tire treads have had to be a compromise. The more cuts and grooves added for safety, the greater the possibility of noise.

But American inventors continued to brush aside the word "impossible" in their desire to harness these two opposites and give both advantages in a single tire.

In 1941, the invention that cut this Gordian Knot took place at the Pennsylvania Rubber Company—the home of the original Vacuum Cup Tire.

The new Vacuum Cup Tire accomplished the feat by upsetting the entire current principle of non-skid design. Instead of depending upon noisy ridges (only at their best in one direction), the new vacuum cup gets its amazing results by the silent indented cup which is equally effective in all directions. This resistance to skid at all 360 degrees of the circle introduced a wholly unexpected, and vitally important factor: *it eliminates much of the friction-producing side-to-side weaving and*

thereby extends materially the mileage from every pound of rubber. And it does the job silently. It may prove the salvation in the use of synthetic rubber for tires.



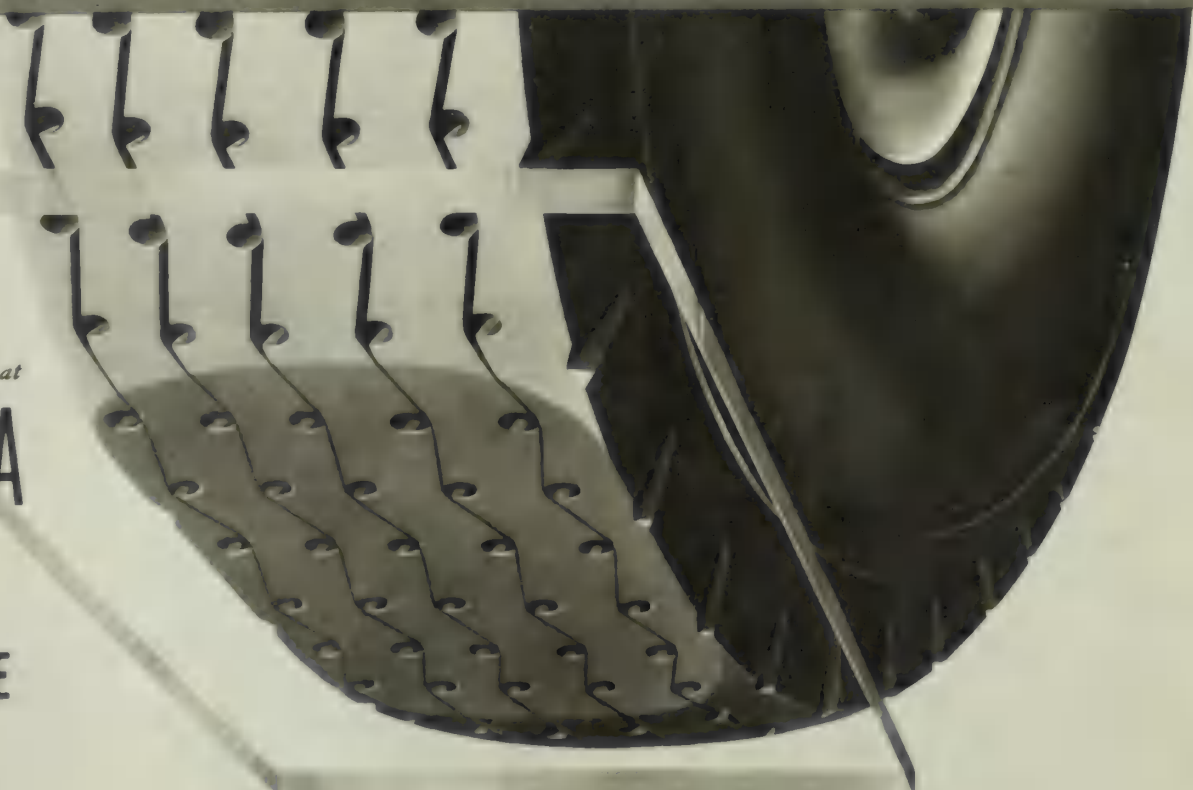
(Left) The new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire
(Right) The original Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tire

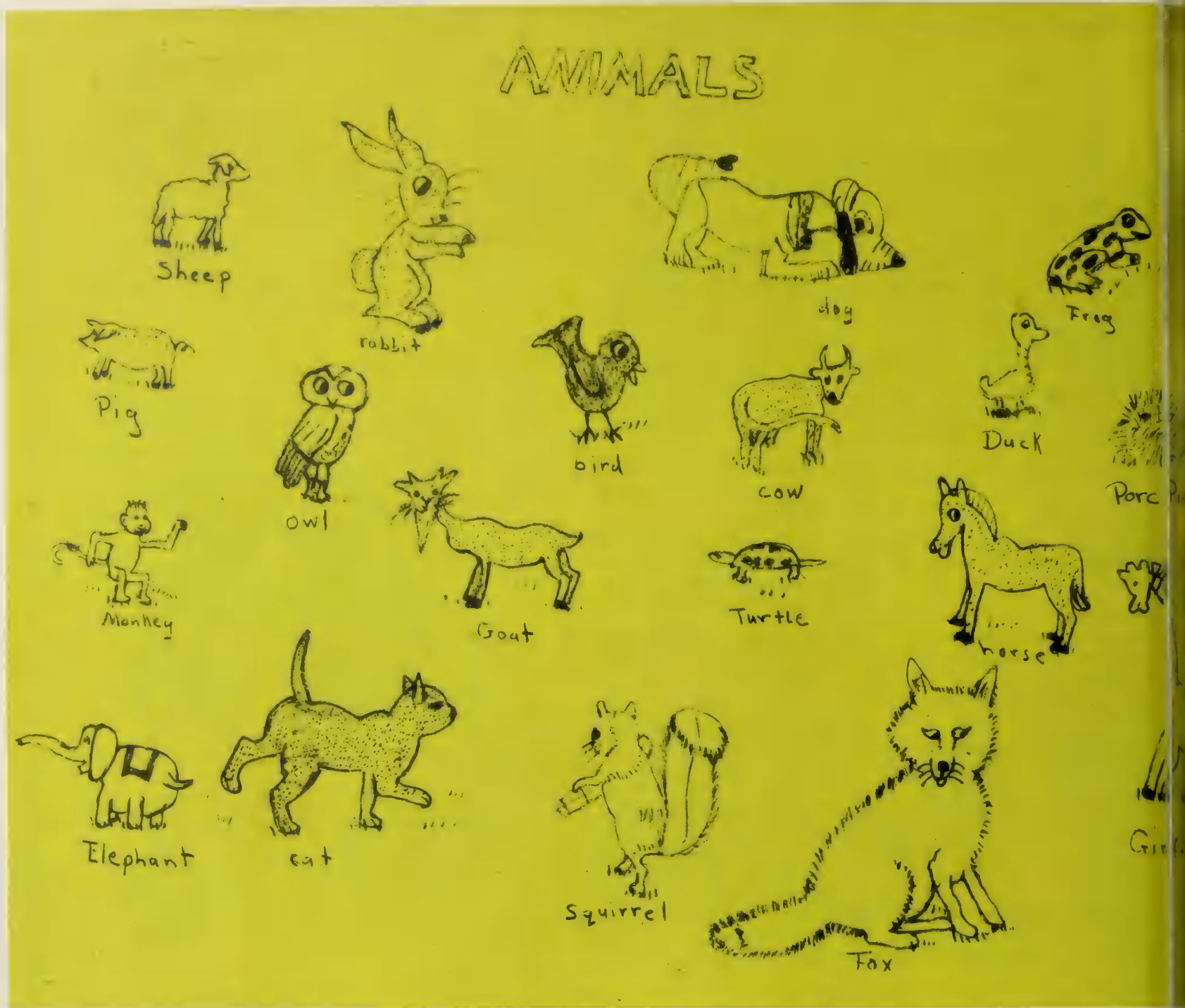
★ ★ ★

Of course, we cannot make deliveries until Victory permits, BUT when you wonder what is going on behind the scenes in the American inventors' war effort, think of this vacuum cup tire development, and multiply it hundreds of times. . . . Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

Looking up through a glass road at

PENNSYLVANIA
Silent
VACUUM CUP TIRE





Concerning these animals drawn by a ten-year-old girl

THESE pictures were drawn by a yellow-haired, pretty little girl who lives in Bronxville, New York.

She is ten years old and her first name is Jane.

At present, Jane is absolutely certain she's going to be an artist when she grows up.

Not only is she determined she's going to be an artist, but it's all set in Jane's mind that she's going to be a certain kind of artist. She's going to draw and paint animal pictures, and nothing else.

Already her father has to bribe her to draw a human being.

If you'll think back to those days when you were a child, we think you'll recollect that you also had very definite plans as to what you were going to do when you grew up. And most likely what you're doing today isn't remotely connected

with what you expected to be doing when you were a kid.

Some of the men who planned, as children, to be doctors, engineers, lawyers, or who wanted to be firemen or policemen are today Travelers insurance agents.

They will tell you that they're not only content, but very, very happy that they are insurance men. The reason is quite simple: a Travelers agent gets a lot of satisfaction out of his job.

You'd see why if you were with him when he goes to a hospital and hands over a check that makes a worried face light up, a check that means this man has no more worry about where he will find the money to pay the doctor, the rent, the food bill, and the myriad other bills of his family while he's laid up.

You'd see why if you could follow him into the

home of a man who has injured so badly in an automobile smash-up, and who might be paying for damages running into thousands except for the insurance policy this agent has.

You'd see why if you walked by a family that thanks to a life insurance policy this agent has is able to live decently and comfortably.

Yes, it's a good job, an interesting job.

And when a Travelers agent or insurance agent next calls on you, these are good reasons to be a member as he walks in the door.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. Travelers insurance and fidelity and surety Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

think in our hemisphere
s in Argentina, where a
is government, plus of-
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the brothels along the water-
hy call the *boca*.

Buenos Aires, complacency is a
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reminds you of Singapore, and
y to the Axis recalls Vichy.

ruption is a craft. An honest
in Argentina is unknown. In
1940, the Minister of War was
all in a huge land fraud. In the
year before, the Conserva-
sted the ballot boxes in the
Catamarca Province so fla-
at Radical President Ortiz was
to declare the voting invalid.

Buenos Aires, abundance is a
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government of Dictator (nomi-
ne Acting President) Ramón S.

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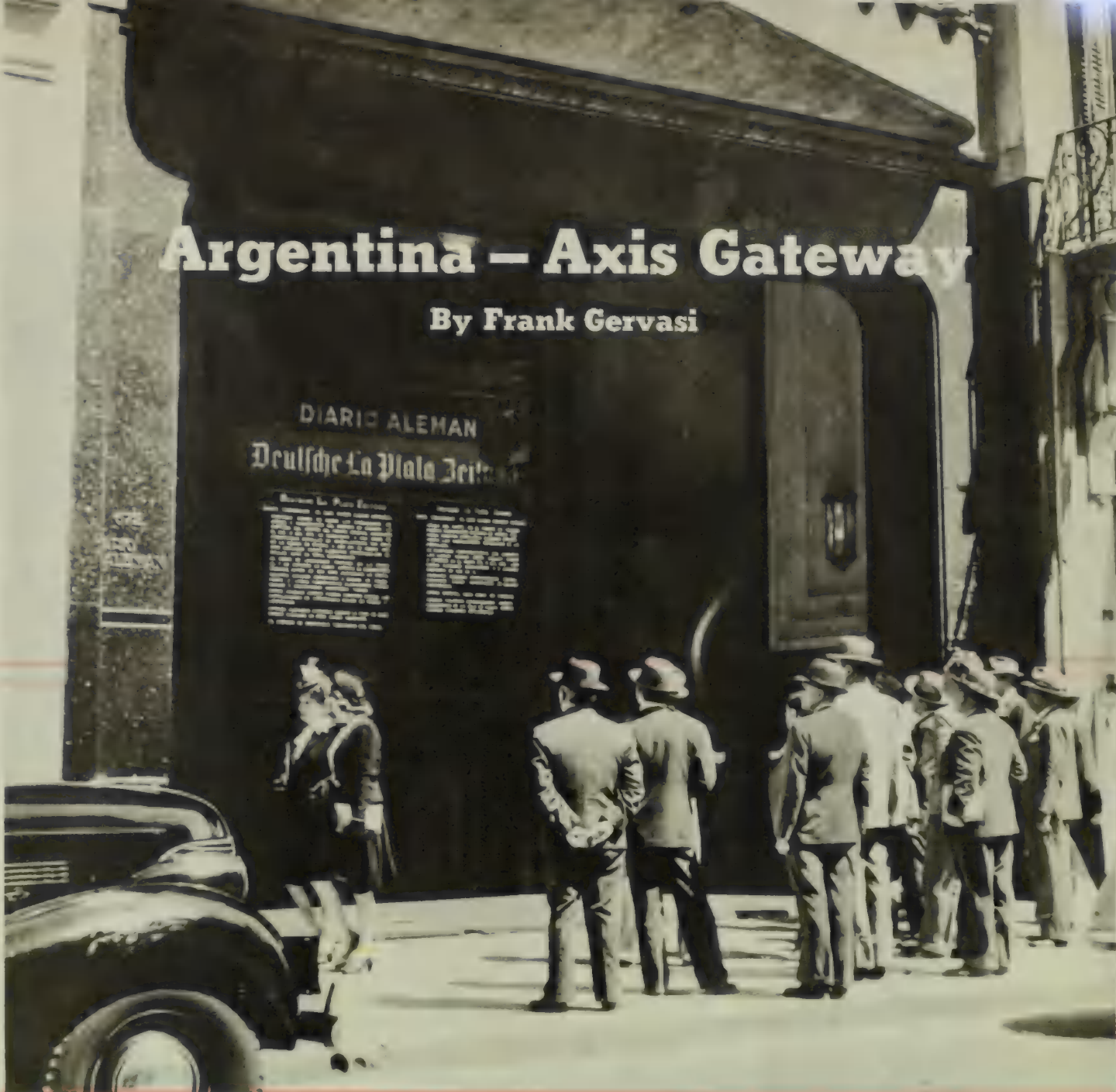
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he grower. She can't believe such
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of bubonic plague in the prov-
le people of Argentina ruled their
Argentina would by now have
(Continued on page 51)

Argentina — Axis Gateway

By Frank Gervasi



THREE LIONS

Passers-by read a German-language newspaper's bulletins in Buenos Aires. Argentina has 700,000-odd Axis nationals



INTERNATIONAL

Acting President Ramón S. Castillo, whose "neutral" policies facilitate Axis penetration in Argentina



JULES BUCHER

Mail still comes from Spanish ports to Buenos Aires, a wide-open route for Axis propaganda against America

The Day of Great Fear

By Stuart Cloete

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The American was as brave as any boy in China. Toa-Tuen knew this, and she was proud to wear his clothing

SINGLOO looked at Cheng's face. Cheng had just asked for volunteers . . . young boys.

"Only boys will do," he said.

There were great objections to being a leader among the boys. They thought a lot of Singloo because he was an American citizen and could speak English and read it. He thought with longing of his father's laundry in Bourbon Street, New Orleans . . . of the beautiful smell of washing and the hot scorched smell of his father's iron as it slid over shirts and slips on the big table by the window. He thought of the parcels of finished laundry all done up in brown paper and each parcel marked with a Chinese letter.

He stepped forward. "I will go," he said.

He had no idea where he was going. He had never had less desire to go anywhere. All he wanted was to stay safely with others . . . the men and boys of Cheng's guerrilla band.

And here he was standing like a fool by himself in front of them all.

There was nothing to indicate pleasure on Cheng's face but Singloo knew he was pleased. That what he had done had been expected of him. That by so doing, though he felt a fool, he had brought honor to his dead ancestors. But all the same it was not pleasant. On the contrary it was not only that he felt ridiculous, he also felt conspicuous and it made him look as if he held himself superior to the others. More brave than they. This was of course absurd. The only reason he had volunteered first was because he was so frightened. To

be frightened made him angry. He would teach himself not to be afraid. By adding danger to fear, fear could be conquered.

"Six," Cheng said. "There is only one."

Ten boys joined him. He felt better. Now he was one of a group, no longer alone on the black earth in front of the band holding a rifle with a fixed bayonet that was taller than himself. Cheng came up to them.

"You can go, and you, and you." He sent five back. Out of the corner of his eye Singloo looked at the rejected boys. On what principle was Cheng choosing them? Why had Fanyan been sent back? He was nearly as big as a man, strong and known to be a brave fighter. Perhaps the bravest of us all, he thought. He looked at those who were left. They, including himself, were the smallest, the youngest, the slightest of the band.

Ah, he thought. We are going to be sacrificed. Like a wise leader Cheng is choosing those who can most easily be spared. His knees knocked together. It is for China, he thought. My ancestors must not be disgraced. And if a boy was killed without having children no blame could be laid upon him . . . this was obvious since he was still too young to have them. At least not too young, but too young to make it practical.

"Now go to the girls," Cheng said. "They are ready."

The girls . . . what was this? A strange

idea entered his head. Perhaps they would leave sons after all; perhaps . . . but that was an absurd thought . . . or was it a hope?

"Go, I say," Cheng said. "They are at the temple. And you, Singloo, since you stepped forward first, are the leader. Do you agree that he should lead you?" he asked the others.

"We agree," they said.

THIS was a terrible thing. He was going to have to lead. It only showed where a combination of fear and vanity could lead you. What was it Confucius said about fear? He could not remember.

"The temple," Cheng said again.

Singloo moved slowly toward it. The others followed him. Whether he wanted it or not he was the leader. They were following him. It was most embarrassing. It made him very conspicuous.

The girls were giggling, laughing. They sat on a low wall like brave little black-haired birds on a perch, chirping like crickets in a cage. Birds, he thought again, as pretty as birds . . . as bright. And what had they in their hands? Clothes. They all had clothes in their hands—red, blue, green, yellow, embroidered silks and cottons.

"Here," one of them cried running up to him. "You are about my size."

What had size to do with it? He was suddenly very frightened. What would she do to him? He wished he were older, more experienced. He wished he were

back in Bourbon Street. ing the clothes against his

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes," s

Birds. She chirped lil little bird. Her hair was like the back of a bird.

"Now put them on," sh

"Me?" he said. Won

This would certainly upse

"It is an order from Ch

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you knew a maiden's name

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(Continued on pag

"Do not run," he said. "Do not turn. Pretend we do not know they are coming. . . . Pretend we submit. Then turn and strike"



Light from Hong Kong

Norman Soong

FROM CHUNGKING

American-born Chinese sampan man outwits the Japanese in disguise in this inside story

IDE in the hot Hong Kong summer the shop fronts remained silently boarded. No trams were running. A few pedestrians hurried by in an effort to get out of the dark. The Peak railway was operating. A few Sikh policemen lined up a line of people in front of a shop.

Machine gun shells warbled overhead and against the hill a short distance. From Wanchai rifle and machine gun fire sounded like a battle of snipers in action. At five o'clock the firing ceased. An hour or so later a servant reported to my friend, a Canadian, that a twelve-hour truce had been arranged.

At dawn some panicky soldiers discarded a tin hat and tossed it into the next compound. A servant, seeing complications from the lack of military equipment, returned the helmet—which promptly fell to him. Our nerves were on edge every two minutes by the clatter of a battered tin headpiece landing on the concrete.

At dawn came the central district

was piled high with war material—parts of uniforms, helmets, gas masks, cartridge belts and holsters—but significantly there were no pistols or rifles. A truck whizzed to a stop and discharged a lone Japanese soldier, who took up a position on a corner with his bayoneted rifle resting in the crook of his arm.

On the opposite corner stood a bewildered and bearded Sikh policeman, armed only with a futile short baton. Small crowds gathered and gaped from a distance. A newsboy did a brisk business selling papers with headlines announcing the cessation of hostilities.

Three Japanese soldiers came by, escorting 105 Canadian prisoners—I counted them, twice. The Canadians were in a cheerful mood—more cheerful than you would have expected from just-captured soldiers. One carried a guitar and another hugged ten precious cans of Capstan cigarettes. They were all young and looked inexperienced.

In the darkness that night I heard cries for help from a Chinese maid in the servants' quarters; then the sound of running footsteps and screams. Never in my life have I felt so helpless; there was nothing I could do.

My mind went back to my experience on the ill-fated U. S. S. Panay on the Yangtze River four Decembers before. At that time also we were helpless before the Japs, with no place to which to run—but it was better then, because I had my camera and was able to strike back later with my pictures.

In the first few days after the conquest and occupation I got a pretty good idea of what happens when the Japanese march into a captured city. And there was no end to the number of my friends in Hong Kong who eyewitnessed the orgy of rape, particularly in the Happy Valley race course section, a residential area for upper middle-class Chinese. The few foreign women in the colony generally escaped this fate, except in a few individual cases.

First to Be Organized

Conduct of the victory-related Japanese soldiers improved somewhat after their military police began functioning and brothels were established. These institutions were the first to be organized after the setting up of army headquarters.

In the process of exploring their new conquest the Japanese discovered warehouses full of liquor, tobacco and assorted merchandise, to which they helped themselves generously before giving their local gangster allies the signal for a general looting.

Private residences were looted in a more gentle but no less effective manner. Japanese officers installed themselves in the better homes, evicted occupants and then later removed pianos, electric refrigerators, radios and furniture. The conquerors appeared particularly fond of hard, uncomfortable Chinese blackwood furniture, judging by the truck-

loads of it hauled to the water front.

Meanwhile, all Hong Kong worried about food. Ostrichlike, most people had not prepared for war by storing food and the others had consumed their reserves during difficult weeks of siege when it was impossible to buy food unless one was willing to stand in line for hours through shelling and bombing to get a loaf of bread.

Not that there was an insufficiency of food. The Japanese army had gone into business, shipping from Hong Kong large stores of rice to Shanghai for sale, and shopkeepers weren't interested in exchanging their food for currency backed by a nonexistent Hong Kong government.

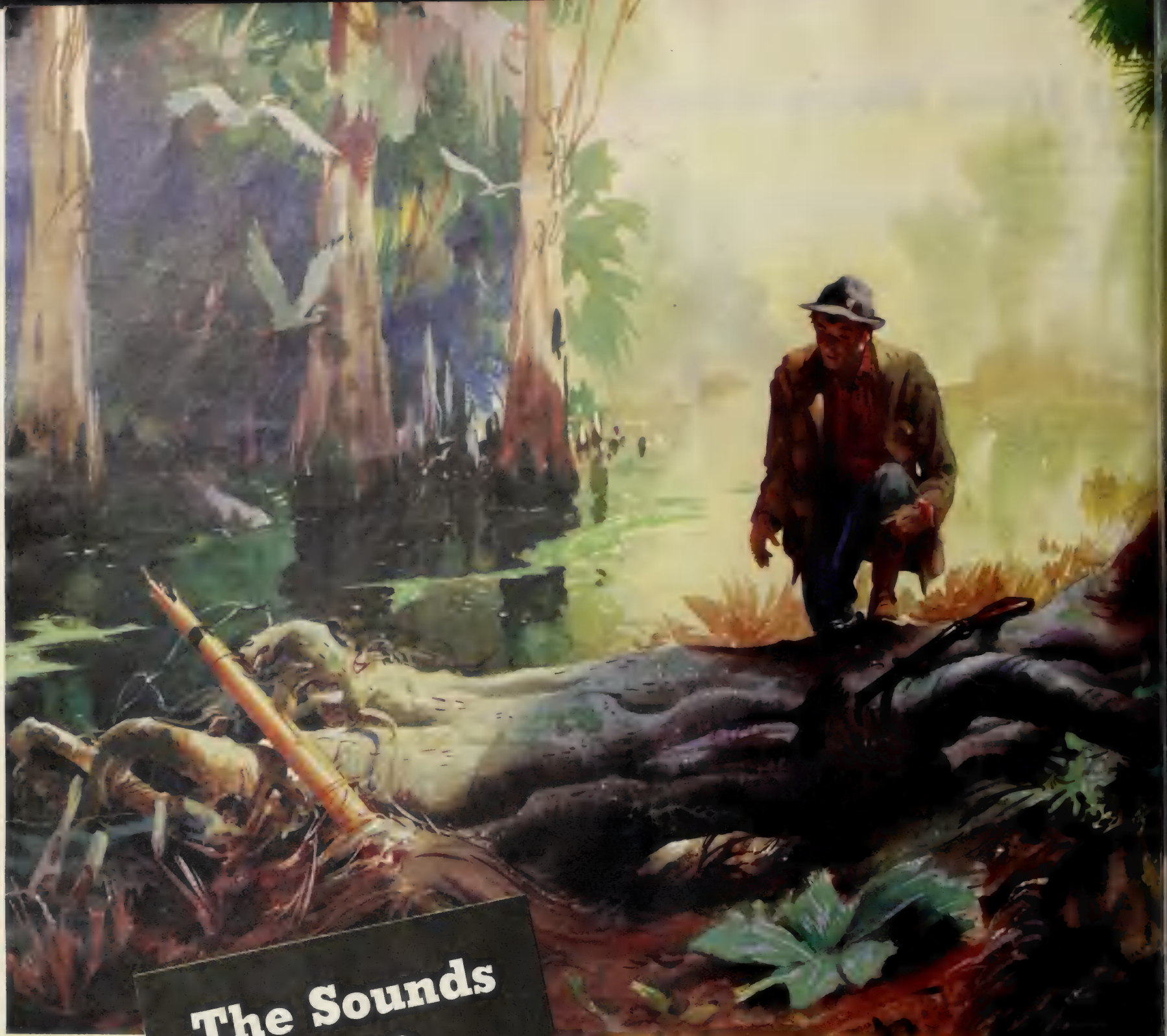
Money also was a big problem. The majority continued the usual habit of signing chits for food and drink throughout the siege with the result that the sudden surrender caught them practically penniless.

Hong Kong's population was hungry for news about progress of the war elsewhere in the southwestern Pacific. The only news available came in a puppetized press which everybody read but nobody believed. Despite their recent

(Continued on page 55)

At dawn of the tenth day I talked a sampan man into making the run across to Kowloon. Never did the mile of water seem so wide





The Sounds of Geese

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

With the Lord's help Joe Bullock bares the villainy of Crabtree Myers, meting out punishment therefore

THE wild geese flew over high, the November sun momentarily glinting on the white of their chins and tails. Joe Bullock looked up from his painting and watched them briefly. "Them's late gitting here," he thought. Three skiffs passed the Pelican II, the gill nets piled on their stern decks. Without breaking the steady rhythm of their rowing, the men nodded as they moved by, partly to Joe, but mostly to Nellie Barnaby.

The fishermen turned in at Jules Bar-

naby's fish-house dock with their catch, and Joe said, "Nellie, I been thinking."

Nellie Barnaby sat on the rail of her father's party-fishing cruiser boat and watched a niggergoose feeding under an overhang of bay brush.

"Nellie," Joe said, "ain't no sense in you marrying me."

"Ain't it?" she said. "How come?"

"You don't want to marry no old hard-luck somebody like me."

"Thought you said you wasn't hard luck no more, after gitting me promised to you," Nellie said. "You ain't backing out, are you, Joe?"

"No. Ain't nothing like that. It just looks like everybody's making money but me. Party fishing's plumb done, you might say, until spring er so."

"You could go gill netting."

"Ain't got no gill net."

"Pa'd let you have the loan of one."

Joe leaned to tie his boot, saw the broken mast. He stared at i

Joe shook his head. "Ain't fishing with no borrowed net. Hard luck the way I am, a shark'd git in it, er a sawfish, and then I wouldn't just only be broke, I'd be into debt. Then I couldn't never build you no little bumbalow."

"The way the fish are running now," Nellie insisted, "you could pay for a net in one night."

"I'm scared if I went gill netting, it'd put a stop to the whole dadgone run, and then wouldn't nobody catch no fish. Be dog, if that ain't the truth. I ain't got the heart to mess up everybody's moneymaking."

"Ah, foot, Joe," Nellie said in disappointment.

JOE'S brush smoothly spread the paint over the scars the Pelican II had received in the September storm, when the water had been knee-deep in Crab-flake Myers' store. Joe didn't look up, avoiding the hurt in Nellie's dark eyes, until Walt Minton called him. Walt Minton was the preacher and the best red fisherman in town. He stood below them on the pier, with his little outboard resting on a croker-sack pad on his shoulder.

"Let me have a skiff, Joe," he said.

"Them reds is going to be hor the mouth of the river. I aim a few." Noticing the downca of them, he said, "What ail Ain't had no disagreement, I

"Everybody's making mone Nellie said. She nodded towa ther's fish house, where the la was being weighed.

The preacher had been wo ing this period of prosperity jooks were getting too much He said, "Too much money is tlesnake."

"Is that the truth?" Joe ask

"The Lord's own sweet tru

"We don't want too much said. "Just some."

"Ain't you working for Ju

"Yes, but he cain't afford t nothing much, except when tl ing parties er goose hunters to Trout and reds, they've come river now and don't nobody ne to find them. As for goose hun many folks got the guts for th

"Guess old John Ulm was c few shore-enough goose hun his soul," the preacher said, t the outboard's clamps on the t

(Continued on page 3

OUR FIGHTING MEN



General Douglas MacArthur charge in Australia things began to hum—as they did in the Philippines, where natives used to tell soldiers how thankful they were that MacArthur was there. “They thought the world of him,” states Pvt. Carpenter of Melrose, Mass., who joined the Army two years ago to get some ground floor and was transferred to the Philippines after ten years for reasons of health. Soldiers were fairly soft before MacArthur came along. They were good soldiers, but they refused to drill hard in the morning to keep in shape, but because it was so hot they were off duty from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M., except on days when they had drill duties. MacArthur got them to get up in the mornings, sent them on marches in the cool of the evening, and constituted a “parachute guard” stationed on the roofs of hotels and other buildings. A lot of cushy customs were out the window. No longer on tap for Filipino boys to make bunks, shine shoes, do laundry and take over K.P. for \$1.50 a month; and tailor uniforms at three dollars became a thing of the past. No wonder, Pvt. Carpenter says, that the American soldiers on Bataan are the happy ones such as going-over.

Long before the war, the Filipino Scouts who fought with MacArthur have been calling United States soldiers Joe or Joe American. The nickname is now beginning to stick, and the soldiers of this country who call each other Joe are really paying tribute to the brave little Scouts of Bataan.

WEST DEFENSE SECTOR. The army's bookkeeping system is that the boys sitting out in the hills are on hilltops manning search-

lights, anti-aircraft guns and barrage balloons have to account for every shot fired. Expended, the quartermasters call it. So far, none of the reports from this sector list any ammunition expended on Japs, but the guys at lonely defense posts can't be blamed for taking advantage of the hunting opportunities. Their so-called covering up on the ammunition-fired reports, though, isn't fooling anybody. Standing gag at Anti-aircraft Defense headquarters concerns the flock of pheasants that “attacked our installation” and were knocked for a loop with three shells. Another report told of killing a deer which—yes, that's right—was attacking an installation: but, for some reason probably not flattering to the prowess of the Army, the report concluded with the cryptic note that “some Marines got the deer.” A bear was killed because it was using, as a claw-sharpening instrument, a post on which a searchlight cable was strung, and the claws were lacerating the wire—it says here. However, since cats aren't good eating, officers are more inclined to believe the report of an engagement with a cat on a barrage balloon wire which had to be shot down because the boys couldn't coax it down. It might have clawed the balloon, they said.

Actually, animals frequently sabotage the Army, and it's not always so funny. The anti-aircrafters have hundreds of miles of wire laid along the ground in the Pacific Northwest, and besides being bothered by people who “find” the wire and use it for clotheslines or to tie up rosebushes, soldiers find that cows sometimes chew up the wires along with the adjacent grass. Porcupines seem genuinely fond of the wire insulation.

Air officers are elated by the friendly spirit prevailing between near-by resi-

dents and the soldiers on gun, searchlight and balloon emplacements in their back- and barnyards. The lads “on location” have virtually been adopted by their neighbors, but some field groups are stationed in odd places. One balloon outfit, commanded by an old-line cavalry officer, is quartered in a Girl Scout headquarters; and the C.O. has been riding horses long enough to get “government spread,” with the result that he finds it a little tough trying to fit himself into Girl Scout desk chairs. One searchlight crew is in a Grange hall, and every other Saturday night the boys from Brooklyn and Washington, D. C., move their cots out and spend an evening dancing the polka with the Swedish gals in the neighborhood. Prize for ingenuity goes to a crew stationed by an airplane factory. The commanding officer, a former engineer with draftsmanship experience, spotted and appropriated some of the giant wooden boxes in which plane engines arrived, laid out a floor plan and set the boys to work building packing-box barracks. A fellow down the street contributed some window frames, and a woman neighbor tossed in eight window curtains.

FORT GREELY, Kodiak, Alaska.

Since last December 15th the boys at this outpost have been issuing an eight-column newspaper which puts to shame some of the mimeographed jobs run by outfits in more comfortable surroundings in the States. A complete file of the Kodiak Bear has just reached our desk, together with a letter from Corp. Gene Newhall, the editor. “There's quite a story,” writes he, “in the mechanics of publishing a printed paper at all on this bear-infested island (two of the world's largest extant carnivorous animals have been shot within sight of

BACTERIA BURNER. Newest method of purifying water for Army use is provided by a mobile machine called Sterozone by its designer, Calif.-Tech. Engineer Donald K. Allison (shown on truck above). Water passed through a filter, then treated with ozone generated by a high-frequency electric discharge, is delivered at the rate of 9,000 gallons an hour, free of all bacteria, taste and odor. Thirty units have been ordered by the government. In the field, one machine will furnish sufficient water for a division

camp). Our first two printed issues were hand set and rammed through a gummy little press in the ancient Russian-settled town of Kodiak. Two soldier-printers worked 26 hours at a stretch to get the thing in type, and two Aleut printer's devils did the press work. A linotype machine had been ordered, but the war left it sitting on the dock at Seattle.

“Public Relations Officer Lt. Roy D. Craft, San Francisco Examiner man who put out the Fort Ord (Calif.) Panorama before coming up here, finally worked out a scheme for printing by remote control. We prepare and dummy all copy here, mail it to Anchorage on the mainland where it's printed and loaded aboard the first available transportation back to Kodiak. Naturally there are hitches in such a system, and we don't hit the street with the speed of a metropolitan extra, but we haven't (Continued on page 60)



HI, HAZEL!

By Luther Davis
and John Cleveland

Everyone she knows is on "Hi, Hazel!" terms with the Scott girl. Even old Franz Liszt would be if he were around to hear what she does to the music he wrote

ONE of New York's top music critics whispered to another of New York's top music critics: "Wait until you hear this! Liszt would die laughing in his grave!"

They were in New York's musical Mecca, Carnegie Hall, and the next item on the program had been announced as "Miss Hazel Scott playing Franz Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody."

On the stage appeared a lovely col-

ored girl of an even twenty years, a dusky beauty with large flirtatious eyes, a pouting mouth, a quietly confident grin. She wore a strapless evening gown, and it was a dressmaker's dream; her mere appearance won applause. She bowed, went to the concert grand, took her seat deliberately, and immediately gave forth the introductory chords.

The composition was familiar to that well-manicured audience of musical intellectuals, and the house was quiet as Hazel played. She played well, with the forthrightness of an accomplished classical musician.

Then, subtly, something strange began to happen. Delicately the tempo changed and there was a stir in the auditorium. Someone in one of the center boxes laughed nervously, another person giggled, and then the entire aggre-

gation was snickering happily. For Hazel Scott was swinging it.

Her left hand continued to beat out the careful, measured bass notes which the composer had written, but from her right hand came something syncopated and jazzy; something neither Hungarian nor Harlem, but pure Hazel Scott.

"It was the most impudent musical criticism since George Bernard Shaw stopped writing on the subject," according to one reporter of the event. "It was witty, daring, modern, but never irreverent. I think Liszt would have been delighted." Certainly the Carnegie Hall audience didn't mind. They applauded her as they applauded none of the other distinguished artists who appeared on the all-Negro bill that night. They kept her on-stage for many encores and made her swing such sacred

composers as Bach, Chopin and Liszt. Only one musical die-hard refused to like it and was seen to run out of the hall with his hand over his face, presumably overcome by his emotion.

"Me," said Hazel when she heard that precipitous exit, "I'm not going to agree with him. I know lots of people have good reasons why it's not worth swinging the classics, but—well, I wouldn't do it." Then she dropped her eyes demurely. "I'll try to help it."

It's just as well that she does, for it's a little knack with this very talented young woman that twenty thousand dollars a year comprises the main attraction of New York's most successful clubs and is stock in trade for a phonograph-record company. Hazel is very happy about it.

It allows Hazel to live precisely the kind of life she wants. Through the night at the night club Carnegie Uptown at which she is the featured princess; a few hours of conversation with the customers, chiefly representatives of the city's great, the Social Register's city and Dun & Bradstreet's money tycoons. Then she leaves through ranks of stay-up-late seekers, steps into her cosy sine, snuggles comfortably into cushions, and remarks to her colored chauffeur, "Home, honey."

Home is a brand-new studio in New York's swank Westchester County, where Hazel habitually spends her daylight hours listening to recordings of swing artists or recording classical experts.

"I like them separate," she says. "My stuff is hybrid. I'm not good enough for the classics. As for the well, I'm not sufficiently a

Twelve-Year-Old Wonder

Hazel had been in Carnegie Hall before that triumphal concert in December, 1940. When she was a music teacher Paul Wagner entered in a children's competition before the concert Professor Wagner made a unique request of the judges: like Hazel Scott to play a piece of her own choosing," he said.

The judges expressed the opinion that the required Beethoven Minuet was a charming selection, within the capabilities of a talented child.

"Yes," Wagner said excitedly. "Just it. Hazel is a genius! I mean nothing harder would be easier for her."

The hard things were always for Hazel. Aged three, she started her neighbors by reading intelligent accounts of a murder trial in the papers. Aged three and a half, she discovered to have perfect pitch, used by her family as a convenient substitute for a tuning fork. Hit a note and she'd chirp "Wwong!" E and she'd cry, "Bwavo!"

The bravos for Hazel started before her birth. Her parents, the lights of the citizens of Trinidad, West Indies, made a perfect match. Hazel's father, R. Thomas Scott, a well-known colored scholar, a pool, England, and had come to teach English at St. Mary's. Hardly was he settled in town when he met Alma Long Worrell, daughter of a ranking debutante in local society. If their only child had been a genius, if she had been, say, a highly gifted or greatly talented whole town would have been mourning.

Mr. Scott taught at St. Mary's for four years, and then the entire town (Continued on page 5)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Moving Finger

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Thus Far:

injured when a plane he is piloting, Jerry Burton, a young Londoner with his lively, fun-loving sister, the small town of Lymstock, goes to recover his lost strength. He settled (in "Little Furze," a story by Miss Emily Barton, an old friend of the author's) receives an insulting anonymous letter.

disturbed for a time, he soon learns that he is being attacked in a similar manner which, the question is: "Who is the letter?" And two of the most intelligent Nash and Inspector to work to answer it. . . . All of a sudden, appears, are composed of printed matter on paper and addressed with a typewriter—one of which, old chard Symmington, a prominent had given to the Woman's Exchange happens to be easy of access to

the Burtons meet are: Symmington's wife; Owen Griffith, a whom Joanna is presently "in" his strong, self-reliant sister, vicar—the Rev. Dane Calthrop, a very pious wife; Mr. Pye, a well-known; Megan Hunter, Symmington's daughter (whom everyone pities, she does not "do something"); and, of course, the Symmingtons' beautiful house. None of these persons appear to be the sort of person who might "open" letters. . . .

in her home, Mrs. Symmington, who had received a nasty letter. . . .

At his new home, Burton hears his telephone ring. He answers it. A female voice says, "Oh!" Then—"Could I speak to Miss Partridge, just a moment?" ("Miss Partridge" is the maid.) "Certainly," Burton says. "Who shall I say?" There is a silence. "Oh," the voice says at last, "tell her it's Agnes, would you?" Agnes Waddle.

A few minutes later, Megan Hunter—who has become the Burtons' guest after the death of her mother—insists that she must go home. Joanna argues with her, tries to make her stay; but the girl is adamant—she has decided that home is the place for her. And go home she does.

IV

I WAS annoyed, I must confess, at the abrupt way in which Megan had left us. Perhaps she had suddenly got bored with us.

After all, it wasn't a very amusing life for a girl. At home she had the kids and Elsie Holland.

I heard Joanna returning and hastily moved in case she should make more rude remarks about sundials.

Owen Griffith called in his car just before lunch time, and the gardener was waiting for him with the necessary garden produce.

While Old Adams was stowing it in the car I brought Owen indoors for a drink. He wouldn't stay to lunch.

When I came in with the sherry I

found Joanna had begun doing her stuff.

No signs of animosity now. She was curled up in the corner of the sofa and was positively purring, asking Owen questions about his work, if he liked being a G. P., if he wouldn't rather have specialized. She thought doctoring was one of the most fascinating things in the world.

Say what you will of her, Joanna is a lovely, a heaven-born listener. And after listening to so many would-be geniuses telling her how they had been unappreciated, listening to Owen Griffith was easy indeed. By the time we had got to the third glass of sherry, Griffith was telling her about some obscure reaction or lesion in such scientific terms that nobody could have understood a word of it except a fellow medico.

Joanna was looking intelligent and deeply interested.

I felt a moment's qualm. It was really too bad of Joanna. Griffith was too good a chap to be played fast and loose with. Women really were devils.

Then I caught a sideways view of Griffith, his long, purposeful chin and the grim set of his lips, and I was not so sure that Joanna was going to have it her own way after all. And anyway

a man has no business to let himself be made a fool of by a woman. It's his own lookout if he does.

Then Joanna said:

"Do change your mind and stay to lunch with us, Dr. Griffith," and Griffith flushed a little and said he would, only his sister would be expecting him back—

"We'll ring her up and explain," said Joanna quickly and went out into the hall and did so.

I thought Griffith looked a little uneasy, and it crossed my mind that he was probably a little afraid of his sister.

Joanna came back smiling and said that that was all right.

And Owen Griffith stayed to lunch and seemed to enjoy himself. We talked about books and plays and world politics, and about music and painting and modern architecture.

WE DIDN'T talk about Lymstock at all, or about anonymous letters, or Mrs. Symmington's suicide.

We got right away from everything, and I think Owen Griffith was happy. His dark sad face lighted up, and he revealed an interesting mind.

(Continued on page 26)



"I started looking around, and I stepped into the storeroom under the stairs and—and—she was there . . ."



Internationally Known

By Donald Hough
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The funny character in the singular trousers is about to become both the happiest and the luckiest character in Hollywood—thanks to his pal Joe

I AM out of work and my heart is in my shoes and my shoes are wet; I am standing in the rain. Thinking. This is Hollywood, I am thinking, and I am an actor. I am an actor from Broadway, and I am not the best actor in the history of the theater, but neither does Hollywood make the best plays in the history of the world. It looked like a natural, from a long distance. Such a long, long distance.

I thought they'd at least give me a screen test.

No screen test.

I have tried every studio, and no

screen test. Too busy. I am not too busy; they are too busy. I have worked hard in the theater; I have studied and I have tried. And I know I'm set for the movies if I can get a fair test.

I am standing in the rain and in my pocket are two dimes. This is not the most fashionable part of Hollywood. I cannot look across the street at the home of a movie star, but I can look across the street at a lunch room, where hamburgers are for sale. And I cannot make up my mind whether to spend both dimes right now, or save one for tomorrow. One of the dimes is a comparatively new 1937, the other a nicely preserved 1892. One hamburger for a dime, two for twenty cents. Two right now or one now and one tomorrow?

I am not counting the fifty-cent piece in my watch pocket. That is for the last. The very, absolute last. It is not time yet. Not quite. Almost, but not quite.

I go across the street and into the lunch room and hang up my raincoat. I forgot to say I have a raincoat. It leaks where it folds. I hang this up and sit on a stool and put the 1937 on the counter.

I guide Caroline around the floor, and the boys are kneeling on getting pictures of u

"Hamburger," I tell "Coffee?"

"No; just hamburger raw. And a pickle."

He takes a pat of hamburger between some waxed paper the hotplate. He slices

"Toast the bun?"

"Yes. Wipe it around first. Wipe it a lot."

The door opens and a and sits a couple of s says, "Fix me a shot. The counterman nods. He turns my hamburger the fellow who has come me. Suddenly he says,

I look over there. I the voice in the first pl son," I say. I can feel when I grin. Long time moves over to the sto "Gee!" he says. "Who pected to see—What lot

"I'm free-lancing," I out the 1892 and slip it "Have a hamburger?" on the New York Express on the edge of being bro ing around in his pock two or three cents to ma of his coffee and cakes.

"PLEASE don't men says. He makes thought of it nauseates

"Get a good hot hamb I tell him, "and you'll f

"That's not the troubl gives him his bicarb ar

"Two hours from now, full of steak, grouse, lo I won't be able to take Then a few hours later, again." He looks kind "It's getting me down."

"Tough," I say. I wait. Jason says, "I don't kno

been here, whether you' not, but I'm on the Los I'm doing the night-life Where-to-Eat stunt. I the best spots and eat th I come in a place they p the chef and he piles it

"You mean it's on th

"Of course. Peter, it' perience. I got to eat th spot might complain to t to hang on to the job."

Joe gives me my han thick slice of raw and tw tra pickle," he says.

"Thanks."

My first bite is good fo wich. While chewing it, things over. And fast. got to be done. Maybe t I was just thinking. Ma use a guest expert. Like radio, or something. I c you. Know what I mean

Jason's eyes are narro he says. He nods slowly Hagen," he says, "the known bon vivant, polo ah—gourmet, in Hollyw the Transvaal to—" J counter with his fist. "S "Peter, would you do i sake?"

"Old times' sake."

"Fine, Peter. Swell stu umn. Look, be at the Pa nine. I'll meet you there; couple calls on the way. shape. Be sure and don'te "I'll be sure."

(Continued on p 6)

...n began when Mickey Owen's er-
...ned a Dodger victory into a crush-
...d feat in the last World Series. You
...ly have read all the experts' ver-
...the incident. Now, here's Mickey's

RIA had been shopping in Springfield that
...ernoon, and after the baby was put to bed, she
...reading a detective story. I was fussing
...y desk, trying to find some bills beneath the
...a letters which were still arriving. Suddenly I
...laugh.

"It's so funny?" I asked, turning
...t thought of a great title for a mystery story
...to write some day," she grinned. "It'll be a
...er."

"write a detective story? Hah!"
...you the murdered man—"
...murdered? What for?"
...I'll be the man everyone hates. I'll call it The
...of the Missed Third Strike."

"you have a conversation like that with your
...it's about time to call a halt. I missed that
...te on Tommy Henrich four weeks before. It
...rning point in the World Series; and the two
...ween my glove and the ball had been the dif-
...etween Dodger defeat and Yankee victory.
...o mystery," I told Gloria. "And no joke. I
...ve caught the ball. It was low, inside and
...enrich's shoe tops. I simply held my glove

...stared at me—the way wives stare when they
...ake sure that hubby knows what they mean.
...said: "It's about time you stopped explain-
...n had fun again."

...ince I started to play professional ball, I've
...ward to happy October weeks at home, put-
...und the farmhouse, hunting a little, resting.
...in midautumn in my part of Missouri, and
...work was to be done in our house near Brook-
...I was no ordinary ballplayer last year. I was
...with all that that means. And from the moss-
...ssed Hugh Casey's pitch in that fourth game
...es, with two out in the ninth, three strikes on
...t and nothing to do but celebrate because the
...Dodgers 4, Yankees 3, I was a marked man.
...ites after that strike zipped by, the Yankees
...o 4; they were over the hill to the champion-
...urs later. And it was all my fault.

The Neighbors Pay Off

...ri had been in the stands that fatal Sunday
...oo. She had been waiting for me afterward, on
...that leads to the Dodgers' dressing room at
...s field. A question hung on her lips as she saw
...it couldn't tell her what had happened just then,
...e thousand other people were waiting, too. I
...t they had fire in their eyes. I thought I heard
...oo. I imagined—well, you never can tell about
...rns—I was even prepared for a lynching bee.
...t had nothing to worry about. Dodger fans not
...nd stood how I felt, but they told me so. When
...e t that the next afternoon, they cheered me as if
...th Series hero. And five thousand and more
...n every state in the Union rained letters down
... wonderful letters of advice, encouragement
...t it.

...eel later, as she sat across the room watching
...lon knew what was in my mind. "You've been
...a rain," she said. "It's about time to laugh it

...I needed some tools, I drove down the pike
...to farm sale the following morning. Cars were
...d the driveway, and I shoved my sedan into an
...pe on the grass and hurried into the shed back
...huse. Various implements were on display,
...d against the wall or on tables. From the corner
...e, I noticed that several of the farmers were
...g, pt at the tools, but at me. They were dis-
...g, course, The Mystery of the Missed Third
...e. Would have been happy to tell them the same
...I had told hundreds of others, for I have never
...ed answer a fair question. But farmers aren't
...the way—they're shy. One of the number, Joe
...a red man, was bolder than most. He came to-
...mesaying:

"Mickey, we Missourians are sorta plain-spoken.
...al Dodger fans, and Mickey Owen fans, too. We
...puling plenty hard for you at the World Series."
...hahs," was all that I could say.

hen his voice rose, and I (Continued on page 40)

The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike

By Mickey Owen as told to Charles Dexter



The play that cost the Dodgers the fourth Series game: Henrich, having swung at and missed the third strike that should have ended the game, goes to first as the ball gets away from Catcher Mickey Owen



Embarrassed hero of the most talked-of play in recent baseball history, Mickey Owen spends his winters as usual at his farm home near Brookline, Missouri. Even Mickey's neighbors forgave him

A Pair of Gloves

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By William Cole

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

HIS name was Nikholai. Nikholai Gregorievich . . . his last name has slipped my mind. There was nothing unusual about him. Nothing to distinguish him from ten million other Red soldiers. Nothing, unless . . . well, unless you'd want to count those gloves.

I didn't see him come up to my table. I was listening to the evening Tass bulletin coming over the radio in the back of the restaurant. When the news was over, I saw him standing there, looking down at me. "Zdravstvuy, tovarich," he said.

"Zdravstvuy," I said. "How goes it with you, comrade?"

"Fine." He grinned broadly, the grin splitting his square, rugged face. "It goes very well." He pulled off his military cap, and his thick, closely cropped hair stood up on end. "Do you mind if I sit here?" He waved the cap, indicating that the other tables were all full.

"Certainly not. Please do."

He put the pair of gloves he was carrying down on the wooden table. His cap and his greatcoat he hung next to my things on a peg on the wall. Then, with an audible sigh of satisfaction, he sat down.

"Ah," he said. "This is good."

His big hands went out to the gloves. He drew them over to him and smoothed them flat. There was something special about those gloves, I could see. They weren't military gloves; they were knitted, and very well knitted, too, of heavy brown wool.

I would have given a lot for a pair of gloves like that. I would have given a great deal.

We introduced ourselves. When he heard my name was Jones, his eyes glowed and his grip almost crushed my hand. "An American!" he exclaimed. "Good! Good! That would make you either a correspondent, a diplomat or a very great engineer."

I smiled. "Why 'very great'?"

"All American engineers are great,"

he said. "What machines you people turn out! What perfection in every detail! I saw your tanks at Kalinin. They were marvelous!"

The waitress brought his order—*golubtzi* and a glass of *kvass*. Nikholai was in high spirits, the natural reaction from having been released from the stifling discipline of the front. He grinned insolently at a group of girls seated at a table across the room and saluted with his hand. The girls smiled back.

"INTERESTING," Nikholai said. "The long, narrow one with the full mouth looks most interesting. If I did not have to catch a bus in an hour, I would investigate that."

He'd had just this one day in Moscow; one day's leave in five months of continuous battle. In one hour, he was going back. Going back to stand there and fight against an overwhelming superiority of tanks and planes, to fight with his rifle, with his bare hands if necessary, but to stand in his place as long as he was still alive; not to yield an inch.

These were the orders. Stalin had given them.

I asked him, as I had asked others, if he thought the Germans would take Moscow. His answer was the same as all the rest. "No," he said simply. "No, they will not."

We sat silently a moment, listening to the gypsy string orchestra coming faintly over the radio. I offered Nikholai a cigarette. He accepted it with delight. I took a cigarette myself, noting that there were now only eight left in the pack. I wondered what I would do when these eight were gone; they were the last that I had.

"That's a fine pair of gloves you have there," I told Nikholai, as I held out the match. "Could you tell me where you bought them?"

"Bought them?" He squinted at me through the smoke.

I explained that I had lost the only pair I had brought to Moscow; I had tried several shops but, like the vodka and cigarettes, there didn't seem to be a single warm pair to be had.

"Yes," he said. "Clothing is scarce." He looked at the gloves. "These," he said, "these I didn't buy. My . . . my mother knitted them for me. She did not . . . does not," he quickly corrected, "see very well. But the day before I left home, she knitted them. All day and night she worked to finish them on time. 'Matushka,' I said to her, 'Matushka, they will give me gloves. Please . . . you will ruin your eyes.' I could do nothing with her. All day and night she sat there, the needles flying, right up against her face."

He was silent again and I said what I dreaded to say but what I had to say. "Your mother," I said, "where is she? Where is your home?"

"Nogradilov," he said. The name meant nothing to me. It meant nothing until he told me it was a small village in the western Ukraine.

The rest of his story poured out quickly.

How many times had I heard that same story! . . . The village, when the Russians had fallen back, had been destroyed. Methodically, completely—everything that could not be taken out had been burned—every foot of ground scorched. But, because of the lack of trucks and wagons, the civilians had been forced to remain behind.

"My mother," Nikholai kept repeating, "she does not see well. She is not very strong. What will she eat? Whom will she turn to? How will she get along?"

I looked down at the table. At his big, calloused hands smoothing out the gloves. For a long while, it seemed, he smoothed them. Then, in a quick movement, he shoved them across to me and withdrew his hands.

"Take them," he said. "Take them

and not a word. I don't n
have my military pair."

When I could trust r
thanked him. I told him
fully express my gratitude
not try. But no, I could no
I pushed them back.

His grin was returning. I
crooked; one side of his mot
up. "You are sending us m
said. "You are giving us
tanks and guns. Cannot we
the very least, give you in
of gloves?"

I said that, if anything, t
the other way around. I t
again but said no, I could
gloves. They were . . . well,
to explain, I said.

He shrugged. He said h
could persuade me. He sa
stubborn man.

And then, soon, he glar
clock and got up.

I watched him cross the
goodby, first, to someone h
gypsy band went off the
speaker came on. Fresh
had been thrown into the
zhaika, the speaker said. E
able Red soldier was being
the spot.

Automatically, I put a c
tween my lips and struck a n
the flame I watched that n
room laughing and shakin
thought of what he and all
kids were going back to. I th
Stukas coming first and the

THE match went out. I p
rette back in the pack. Re
to the wall, I slid the pack i
of the greatcoat. I didn't w
him the cigarettes. I didn'
more of that polite arguing.

He was still laughing wh
back. "The Nazis have le
he said. "They came in, did
reception they got, so they
feelings are hurt."

He stood with his back to
into his coat. When he turn
and we shook hands.

"Goodby, comrade," he s
haps, sometime, somewhere

"Perhaps," I said. "If, ir
so from now, I pass through
name of that place?—No
will pay you a call."

He stared.

"You and your mother, bot
recklessly. "At your new h

This time I thought for sur
ing to lose my hand. "Do the
"I . . . we will be expecting y

He swung his cap in a wide
vidanya," he said. "Until I
then." He strode to the do
his shoulders so they would

UNTIL Nogradilov! . . . I
ing about that, as I got i
and coat and picked up the c

I was thinking that whe
came—as I knew it would c
Nogradilov—when all the N
—were free again, that he
wouldn't be there to see it.
nor his mother. None of
who had given the most wou
to see it.

I was thinking of my own
tion to the cause, as I groped
money. My own tremendous
tion—eight cigarettes.

And then my hand stop
lights swam. When they w
again, I slowly drew out of th
my coat the heavy knitted g

Nikholai grinned insol
group of girls seated
across the room and sal
his hand. The girls sm





"What will you do when we get to the Japanese?" she asked—but she already knew the answer. "Come. Quickly!" he said

China Gold

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

to Thus Far:

BRIAN'S mother—"the richest in the world"—dies in New York and unhappy Elaine leaves New York without telling her father, a surly (destination) flies to China. There, Elaine, Ta-ming, she becomes an assistant—Father Valerian, one of her dearest friends—in his work at a little

to China, she meets an American Field—who lives in Shanghai. Hoping for her money, Field is ex-attentive. Then, his advances repelled, he informs him that his in peril, and urges that she be to home.

Verian's right-hand man is a German, Rudolf Helgel. With a young guilla leader, Captain Siao, Helgel ing attack on Ta-ming, which is held Japanese. Seeing much of Elaine, the fa in love with her. . . . Meanwhile, Kun Field's Eurasian mistress (re-disced) has left Shanghai, gone to a, opened a "house of amusement."

he girls is Mei-su, Captain Siao's pan captain, interested in Mei-su. Ele place frequently. Once, while he raves about "fighting the ans, and bombing American ships "in bor But he cannot be induced to he bor.

ew York City, Paul Brian, Elaine's fa- ce, Elton Field's cablegram. He ing the summoning Larch Corpran (a nan who loves Elaine), he gives him a assignment: To fly to China, meet Field and bring Elaine back to America. v da later, Elaine is astounded to see who she detests) and Corpran on a a Tening. Hoping to avoid Field, she to Chinese home, where a charming ly bites her to stay—permanently! ed bher disappearance, Field searches Leening that a Japanese officer whom he help him—and that the officer is n King's house—he goes to the "house

of amusement." There Helen (who, adoring him once, now hates him) kills him.

A short time later, Rudolf Helgel finds Elaine. Realizing that the city will soon be attacked by Siao's guerrilla band, and that Elaine will be in peril, he takes her to Helen's establishment. Then—following a talk with Helen and Mei-su—he turns to Elaine. "Go with the young girl," he says. "Do not be afraid. I will come for you myself when I can. But keep yourself hidden."

Elaine, knowing that Mei-su will escort her to her home village, does not answer. She rises and follows the young girl away.

Conclusion

IN THE village of the Siao, Elaine was alone. She had followed the young Chinese girl out of the city and along the country road. At the city gate they had been stopped by surly Japanese guards, but Mei-su with a scanty half dozen words had taken out a paper with Japanese writing upon it, and the guards had fallen silent and let them pass.

"What is it that has so much magic?" Elaine had asked.

"I do not know," the girl had replied with indifference. "It is something my mistress gave me. She is very clever."

"Is she kind to you?" Elaine asked. She was amazed at the warmth that flushed the girl's face. "She is always kind to me," Mei-su answered.

But after Mei-su had spoken, her face closed. She had followed her mistress into that room when she went to take the paper from the Japanese and she had seen the white man dead. By accident she had followed, as she so

often followed her mistress and when Helen heard her footsteps she had turned with a leap of fright.

"Oh, it is only you, child," she had said. But her face was white.

Mei-su had stared down at the two men. "Is the white man dead?" she had whispered.

"He is dead," Helen had replied. "I am waiting for the Japanese to wake and see what he has done. Tell no one what you have seen, child."

In silence now therefore she led the way along the country road to her village. Tell no one, her mistress had said and yet, Mei-su thought, "I ought to tell my brother. He must know everything."

She walked along two yards ahead of Elaine, her frowning young face bent toward the dusty road. These two loyalties were her religion—her love of the strange beautiful woman to whom she now seemed to belong, and her own brother who was of her family and blood. She strode along with the free step of the girl whose feet had never been bound.

"I wish I knew how to be friends with her," Elaine thought, watching that tireless stride and the dark bent head.

But the girl was as impersonal as the landscape to which she belonged. It was a beautiful landscape, wide as a desert, brown under the blue sky by day and dark by night, human with clusters of small villages under clumps of trees. But it was a landscape strange to Elaine

in its age and in the simplicity of its quality. Who could be native to it if he had not been born here?

For some reason which she could not understand she felt more and more alien as she went. Earth was under her feet, sky over her head, the houses of people were near, a woman walked with her, and yet for the first time she had a surge of homesickness for her own country and her own people—not for her father, not even for Larch, but for men and women who spoke her tongue, and the familiar faces of people whose names she did not know, but who were her own people. She remembered Father Valerian. But now even he seemed alien. He seemed to belong here.

"He has forgotten everything," she thought, "perhaps—even Mother."

And thus they had come to the Siao village and she stood at the door of a small earthen farmhouse while Mei-su explained to an old man and woman why she had brought a foreign woman here. Elaine watched the brown old faces, wrinkled with dust and wind and age, and could not tell whether she was welcome or not. She could only obey when Mei-su beckoned to her to come in.

"My father says you had better stay inside," she said. "He says there are many men about today."

Mei-su led the way into a small room with a little glassless window that opened upon a fragment of a back yard and a pigpen. A chair, a table, a bed

(Continued on page 44)



Below: Sybil Conant is cheerful over the full-sized breakfast Dr. Mack substituted for her usual snack. Didn't eat all her cereal, though

Above: Family dinner in the Floyd trailer—chuck roast and potatoes, with stewed fruit waiting. Good? Just ask Baby P



Below: Norman Brightcliffe selects a model lunch in his company's cafeteria: Liver, yellow corn, escarole, whole wheat bread, milk, baked apple

Front Line in the Kitchen

By Ruth Carson

Uncle Sam is taking a personal interest in what you're eating nowadays, because winning a war takes strength and energy. Here's how to help him, and yourself.

TODAY you're being deluged with diet charts and vitamin counts and health advice. And maybe you think: "But this doesn't mean me. I'm healthy and I feel pretty good and I eat plenty."

But it isn't as simple as that. You can eat a lot and still be undernourished. You can look pretty healthy and still be accumulating a lot of little lacks that don't total up to strong resistance, under the stresses of today. And even the diet doubters would like to have what it takes. So Collier's had you investigated.

We turned you over—by proxy, to be sure—to a staff of technicians at the Ellen H. Richards Institute of the Pennsylvania State College, headed by Dr. Pauline Beery Mack, a jolly, brown-haired woman who can—and does—relish two desserts the same as you, but who counts her vitamins, too.

These are no armchair advisers. For the past seven years, with the co-operation of Pennsylvania's Department of Health, they have been studying farmers, city workers, miners, office workers, school children—country and town, all ages and all incomes. Now, under the wing of the Philadelphia Child Health

Society, they are testing some of their families. They test, prescribe diet, and prove results. And they find that most of us, left to our own devices, don't get as much out of our food dollars as we should.

After a few thousand tests, it's possible to generalize, since we live in patterns. Take, for example, children and country children.

"Many city children are undernourished and fed baby food too long," says Dr. Mack. "Their bones are weak because they get no cod liver oil as a daily ritual. But get other needed foods. Farm children sit up at the family table at a younger age, eat most everything the rest of us do. Their hemoglobin, the matter of blood, which carries oxygen through our bodies, is better as a result. They shouldn't sell so much of their milk. Farm children too often lack enough of these foods, and show the lack of them."

Now to generalize about the records of people who are

(Continued on page 7)



FLETCHER GRABILL, veteran T. W. A. "pilot, and operations officer for T. W. A.'s Squadron in Kansas City, talks of the future of aviation, who has flown over 30,000 miles.

"Son, I've Seen the Blueprints of a *Brighter World* ahead for You"

"I saw them building army planes for Uncle Sam when I was in Wichita. And the way they're turning them out over there makes you feel mighty good. Our aircraft builders are certainly doing their full share to help America win this war. And they'll be doing just as good a job to help make America a better place to live in when the war is over. For instance, the Cessna Aircraft Company have plans for a Family Car of the Air that's as simple and safe to fly as driving an automobile.

"They won't start building this new Cessna Family Car of the Air until this war's over. But when they do, it's going to open up a whole new world of opportunity for your generation. Until they showed me those Cessna blueprints, I hadn't believed much of this talk about people flying their own planes. But I'm certainly convinced now that you'll be travelling all over America in your own Cessna Family Car of the Air as soon as this war is over. And so will everyone else."



All Out for Victory Now!

That's our big job today—our only job. And we're not letting anything interfere with our 24-hour effort to keep twin-engined Cessnas flying regularly to the U.S. Army Air Corps and the Royal Canadian Air Force. In the past 12 months Cessna Bobcats and Cranes have flown over 50 million miles in bomber training service. That's equal to over 200 trips to the moon. Deliveries are well ahead of schedule. And they're going to stay ahead. That's our only job until this war is won. Then, and only then, can we take time out to build your Cessna Family Car of the Air.



**Wear Your Wings!
Keep 'Em Flying!**



Yes, wear these wings-with-a-reason! They'll be a handsome, permanent reminder that you're helping to "Keep 'Em Flying." Send 10c (coin or stamps) to

Cessna Aircraft Company, Wichita, Kansas. We'll send you a 10c Defense Stamp in return... and enclose your wings free, postage paid.



Call It Your Family Car of the Air... because you'll learn to fly it as easy as you'd learn to drive a car. It will be just as easy and as safe, only you'll be covering three times the distance, cruising comfortably and naturally along the skyways instead of the highways. And all those skyways will be planned and regulated for air traffic as carefully as they are controlled for the airlines now.

It's only natural that Cessna with its 31 year background in aviation should have developed the airplane that everyone can buy and fly. It was an aviation problem that could be answered only by men who have spent their lives developing such aircraft as the Airmaster, three times judged the World's Most Efficient Airplane. And that answer is in the future Cessna, ready to be produced for you as soon as this war is over.

Cessna SYMBOL OF *Aircraftsmanship*
FOR THIRTY ONE YEARS



The Parade of the Seasons
does not disturb the slumbers
of Briggs' choice golden tobaccos,
which sleep on for years in fragrant casks
of oak . . . gathering extra mellowness,
losing all harshness.

Briggs is cask-mellowed for years
(longer than many luxury-priced blends).
You can enjoy the flavor difference

it makes . . . for
only 15¢ a tin.



CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

Front Line in the Kitchen

Continued from page 22

most of us—people who eat what they want, who feel pretty good, who have enough money to pay for the food they need (if only they knew what it was) and who have jobs with demands on them that are typical of most of ours. They are:

Miss Sybil Conant, secretary, stand-in for millions of desk-job women. Sybil is young, pretty, graduate of The Pennsylvania State College, where she majored in psychology. She is secretary to Dr. James J. Waygood, neuropsychiatrist in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Norman Brightcliffe, answering "Present" for men with hard office jobs. He is an assistant supervisor at an important plant manufacturing precision devices used in making parts that go into planes, ships and tanks. He must be at his best all day in this defense plant.

Mr. Brady Floyd, mechanic, his young wife and their three children—Shirley who is six, Burton just turned five, and Baby Patricia, eighteen months. Mr. Floyd is in the maintenance crew of a company where the largest castings in the world are made—locomotives, gun mountings, tank chassis—the heavy machinery of war. "We keep 'em rolling," he says. He sometimes works two shifts straight, does every kind of repair work except electrical, earns a good wage.

Mrs. Floyd has a full-time job as housekeeper and mother. The Floyds live in a trailer. It's in a big trailer camp near the plant.

A Real Going-Over

Dr. Mack and her crew of helpers set to work on your representatives. Maybe you don't know what diet testing has developed into.

You have your body measured thirty-six different ways, to find out whether you have been growing on schedule since birth.

You have your bones X-rayed for skeletal development in children and degree of mineral content in everybody. Don't think that once you are an adult your bones can't change. Their degree of mineralization may change within a few weeks on an inadequate diet. Bones have to be fed the same as the rest of you. Milk, cheese, eggs and many kinds of vegetables and fruits will do the job.

You go into a dark room and peer into a machine called a photometer, with an eyepiece somewhat like that of your favorite stereoscope. Only instead of pictures there are lights of varying intensities which you either can or cannot see, depending on your degree of darkness-adaptation—meaning your ability to see in different degrees of semidarkness. The better you can see, the better your storage of vitamin A, and the manufacture of this vitamin into visual purple, the light-sensitive substance in the retina of your eye. Better stop cutting down on butter and take more milk and green and yellow vegetables, and an occasional slice of liver, if you're given to stumbling in darkish places.

You rest your chin on another instrument called a slit lamp, and a high-powered microscope trained on your eyeball enables an expert to determine whether you have been getting enough of certain vitamins—principally riboflavin, or B₂, one of the important B vitamins, in which most Americans are too short. Riboflavin is found in whole-grain cereals, liver, milk, some leafy green vegetables, and in many lean meats. Lack of adequate riboflavin causes a lot of disasters, including blind-

ness in extreme cases. From such severe deficiency, but we show some deficiency because the foods we eat. We need more of the food this valuable B₂ vitamin whole-grained cereals.

You have your blood tested, by colorimeter, by laboratory full of electrical equipment—to determine its bin value and red-cell content of other minerals and

You are examined by a physician who judges your nutrition being on the basis of his past experience with hundreds like you. You are examined of dental surgery who X-rays and by a chemist and a mac who test your saliva.

Breakfast is a M. A.

Here are the high points of your as chalked up by your physician.

Sybil Conant passed a good to medium threshold means that she is doing all could do better—the case us. Sybil's major eating breakfast. A cup of coffee little fruit juice, a replica of other breakfasts gobbled by commuters.

"I wouldn't waste a breakfast," says Dr. Mack. needs three good meals a never be able to catch up in two. Breakfast should be a of the day's food. That workers, too. You've had fast overnight, and any ahead of you these days. pared."

For Sybil's breakfast dander:

Half a pint of orange juice drugstore glass holds only a

Whole wheat cooked cereal cupful, with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of white

One poached egg on toast.

Glass of milk unless you

Sybil does object, pre with her breakfast. That Dr. Mack, so long as she milk sometime during the form.

Of course Sybil will vary fast and other meals from. In general she needs, like protective foods—milk, cereals, vegetables, particularly green and leafy ones, and She should have meat a day, liver once a week. So of this and not increase she doesn't eat excessive bread, candy, sugar oratoes, however, contrary think, are not especially eaten in excess of your

Lunch for a Desk

Norman Brightcliffe breakfast and dinner at the company cafeteria with choice of soup, several dozen vegetables, several tests show good results. could use more minerals a slight riboflavin deficiency of many of us.

As a reminder that liver source of riboflavin, as other nutrients, Dr. Mack his model lunch, along with and escarole (both sources A, of which he can use much

constantly with his eyes), whole bread (B vitamins and several s), and butter (more vitamin A), and apple (small but important es of many minerals and vita- whole wheat cookie, and milk, his bones a snack of mineral. ly he wouldn't eat this same very day, even if it were on the hich it isn't. But he should get ce a week for lunch or dinner, the milk and whole wheat bread, y his vegetables to suit his ap- Meat once a day, or twice on ew days of a week, is enough workers.

Floyds have dinner about three afternoon, because Mr. Floyd n at the plant at 4:30 for the t shift. The Floyds like a meat to dinner, including baked po- hich they eat skin and all, and thing, too. They try different es for the children, and various es. But not enough of them, g to their diet records and tests. Mr. Floyd what he needs for his xacting work, and to increase rals and vitamins in the diet of le family, Dr. Mack recom- this for a typical dinner:

roast (B vitamins, proteins— for tissue building, and iron). potato (Some vitamins, and —especially just under the ed carrots (Vitamin A, con- the steaming). greens (Vitamin A. Helps Mr. see well in the factory, in spite re of blast furnaces. And any- izes turnip greens. Good and). ed canned tomatoes (Vitamin will flit out of the pan under cooking. So serve them cold. te even better). wheat bread (Minerals and B) and butter (Vitamin A). spread. dried fruit, stewed (Minerals e vitamins). for Mr. Floyd, to give him a the way to work.

Milk, the good old bone builder, for everyone else.

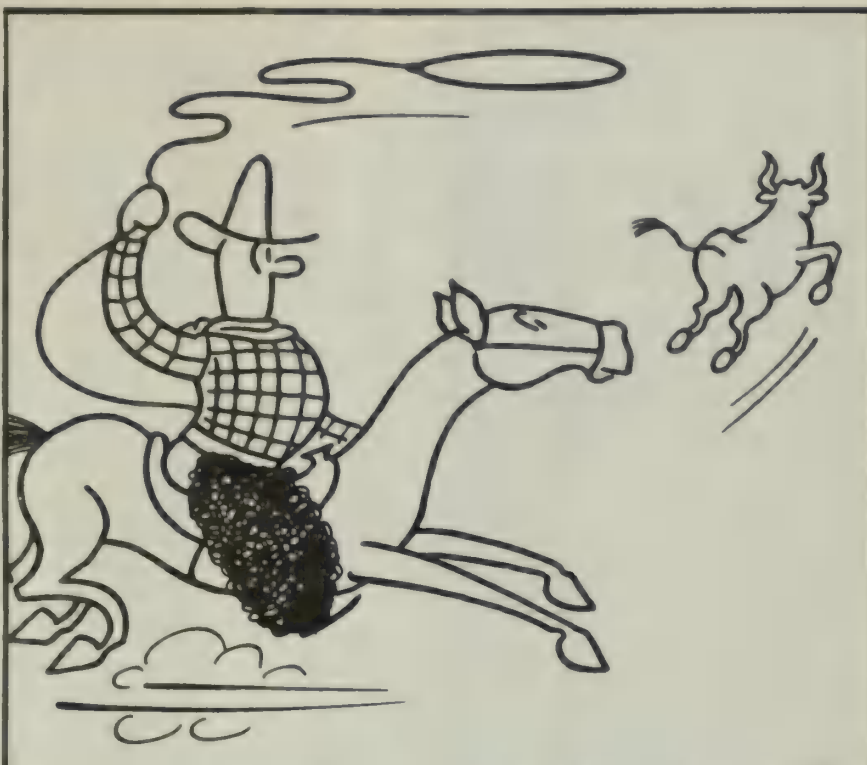
Those turnip greens, to repeat. We don't pay enough attention to variety in greens, and we don't eat enough of them. Too many of us call greens spinach, and maybe we don't like it. And so we miss a lot of fine messes of beet greens, kale, chard, turnip tops, dandelion greens, and escarole, that are just as full of vitamins and plenty cheap. We should get out of our rut, and grow some beets and turnips in our winter window box, and all year if we haven't a garden. We don't need to wait for the roots to mature, to eat the leaves. And the fresher we eat them the better they taste.

Baby Patricia wasn't invited to tackle all this dinner, although the way she stood up at the table and spooned into things she indicated she was ready and willing. In addition to her milk, she had soup from the meat stock, juice from the tomatoes, and cooked whole wheat cereal with milk. She tasted some of the family dinner, and soon will be eating almost everything in small portions. Shirley and Burton ate some of every- thing, with portions graded down to size.

We have hit, of course, only the high points. But they are the points we could mind the most. We vary in individual ways, but our proxies, picked because they are representative of thousands of us in our jobs, have proved to be representative in their tests and eating habits too, says Dr. Mack. They fit the patterns defined by close to four thousand other subjects and what goes for them can go a long way for us, too. If you want to go even further, and get down to more details, we can direct you to them.

Two more questions we asked Dr. Mack: Sugar rationing? She says it will do us no harm. Maybe good. Most of us eat too much sugar. We can get along with a great deal less than usual if all other aspects of the diet are taken care of.

Vitamins in capsules? Okay, as a safety margin. But mind your diet first. There are still too many unknown elements in food for food not to come first. THE END



O. SOGLOW

Collier's

WAR-TIME FOOD CHART

HOW TO SERVE YOUR CO

MEAT

POULTRY

EGGS

DAIRY

FRUIT

VEGETABLES

GRAIN

OTHER

AGE	SEX	ACTIVITY	MEAT	POULTRY	EGGS	DAIRY	FRUIT	VEGETABLES	GRAIN	OTHER
1-3	BOY	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
4-6	BOY	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
7-9	BOY	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
10-12	BOY	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
13-15	BOY	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
16-18	BOY	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
19-30	MAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
31-40	MAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
41-50	MAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
51-60	MAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
61-70	MAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
71-80	MAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
81-90	MAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
1-3	GIRL	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
4-6	GIRL	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
7-9	GIRL	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
10-12	GIRL	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
13-15	GIRL	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
16-18	GIRL	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
19-30	WOMAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
31-40	WOMAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
41-50	WOMAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
51-60	WOMAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
61-70	WOMAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
71-80	WOMAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2
81-90	WOMAN	ACTIVE	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2	1/2

Collier's War-Time Food Chart lists essential foods and how much of you need each week, depending on your age (for children), and job. A colorful 25x36-inch copy will be sent to you post- on receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps. Address: Collier's Food ditor, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio

Moving Finger

Continued from page 17



This lovely watch mounted with rubies and diamonds expresses the elegance of styling of a Longines Watch for a lady. The enlarged photograph shows the sculptured detail and exquisite finish. This Longines Cordoba model \$190.



Charm is expected in a Longines ladies' watch. Unexpected is the unusual accuracy and sturdy dependability of this tiny mechanism. Ten world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals are Longines' awards for elegance and excellence. Longines-Wittnauer jewelers show Longines Watches for every timekeeping need; also Wittnauer Watches, a companion line moderately priced from \$27.50*—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

*Federal Tax Included

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals



Illustrated: Longines Trinidad (top left) \$93.50; World's Fair LA (top right) \$67.50; World's Fair strap (center) \$67.50; Hall of Fame man's bracelet \$82.50

When he had gone I said to Joanna. "That fellow's too good for your tricks." "That's what you say!" Joanna said. "You men all stick together!" "Why are you out after his hide, Joanna? Wounded vanity?" "Perhaps," said my sister.

THAT afternoon we were to go to tea with Miss Emily Barton at her rooms in the village.

We strolled down there on foot, for I felt strong enough now to manage the hill back again.

We must have got there early, for the door was opened to us by a tall, raw-boned, fierce-looking woman who told us that Miss Barton wasn't in yet.

"But she's expecting you, I know, so if you'll come up and wait, please."

This was evidently faithful Florence.

We followed her up the stairs and she threw open a door and showed us into what was quite a comfortable sitting room, though perhaps a little over-furnished. Some of the things, I suspected, had come from Little Furze.

The woman was clearly proud of her room.

"It's nice, isn't it?" she demanded.

"Very nice," said Joanna warmly.

"I make her as comfortable as I can. Not that I can do for her as I'd like to and in the way she ought to have. She ought to be in her own house, properly, not turned out into rooms."

Florence, who was clearly a dragon, looked from one to the other of us reproachfully. It was not, I felt, our lucky day. Joanna had been ticked off by Aimée Griffith and Partridge and now we were both being ticked off by the dragon Florence.

"Parlormaid I was for nine years there," she added.

Joanna, goaded by injustice, said, "Well, Miss Barton wanted to let the house. She put it down at the house agents'."

"Forced to it," said Florence. "And she living so frugal and careful. But even then, the government can't leave her alone! Has to have its pound of flesh just the same."

I shook my head sadly.

"Plenty of money there was in the old lady's time," said Florence. "And then they all died off one after another, poor dears. Miss Emily nursing them one after the other. Wore herself out she did, and always so patient and uncomplaining. But it told on her, and then to have worry about money on top of it all! Shares not bringing in what they used to, so she says, and why not, I should like to know? They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Doing down a lady like her who's got no head for figures and can't be up to their tricks."

"Practically everyone has been hit that way," I said, but Florence remained unsoftened.

"It's all right for some as can look after themselves, but not for her. She needs looking after, she does, and as long as she's with me I'm going to see no one imposes on her or upsets her in any way. I'd do anything for Miss Emily."

AND glaring at us for some moments in order to drive that point thoroughly home, the indomitable Florence left the room, carefully shutting the door behind her.

"Do you feel like a bloodsucker, Jerry?" inquired Joanna. "Because I do. What's the matter with us?"

"We don't seem to be going down very well," I said. "Megan gets tired of us, Partridge disapproves of you, faith-

ful Florence disapproves of both of us."

Joanna murmured, "I wonder why Megan did leave?"

"She got bored."

"I don't think she did at all. I wonder—do you think, Jerry, it could have been something that Aimée Griffith said?"

"You mean this morning, when they were talking on the doorstep?"

"Yes. There wasn't much time, of course, but—"

I finished the sentence: "But that woman's got the tread of a cow elephant! She might have—"

The door opened and Miss Emily came in. She was pink and a little out of breath and seemed excited. Her eyes were very blue and shining.

She chirruped at us in quite a distracted manner:

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry I'm late. Just doing a little shopping in the town, and the cakes at the Blue Rose didn't seem to me quite fresh, so I went on to Mrs. Lygon's. I always like to get my cakes the last thing, then one gets the newest batch just out of the oven, and one isn't put off with the day before's. But I am so distressed to have kept you waiting—really unpardonable—"

Joanna cut in:

"It's our fault, Miss Barton. We're early. We walked down and Jerry strides along so fast now that we arrive everywhere too soon."

"Never too soon, dear. Don't say that. One cannot have too much of a good thing, you know."

And the old lady patted Joanna affectionately on the shoulder.

Joanna brightened up. At last, so it seemed, she was being a success. Emily Barton extended her smile to include me, but with a slight timidity in it, rather as one might approach a man-eating tiger guaranteed for the moment harmless.

"It's very good of you to come to such a feminine meal as tea, Mr. Burton."

Emily Barton, I think, has a picture of men as interminably summing whisky-and-sodas and cigars, and in the intervals dropping to do a few seductions of villagers, or to conduct a liaison with a ried woman.

When I said this to Joanna I replied that it was probably thinking, that Emily Barton have liked to come across such but alas, had never done so.

In the meantime Miss Emily fussing around the room, arranging and myself with little table carefully providing ashtrays, minute later the door opened and came in bearing a tray of some fine Crown Derby cups which I gathered Miss Emily brought with her from Little Furze tea was China and delicious as were plates of sandwiches a bread and butter, and a quantity cakes.

Florence was beaming no looked at Miss Emily with a maternal pleasure, as at a favor enjoying a doll's tea party.

JOANNA and I ate far more I wanted to, our hostess pressed earnestly. The little lady was enjoying her tea party and I put that to Emily Barton, Joanna were a big adventure, two people the mysterious world of London sophistication.

Naturally, our talk soon dropped local channels. Miss Barton warmly of Dr. Griffith, his kind his cleverness as a doctor. Mr. Symington, too, was a very clever and had helped Miss Barton to money back from the income tax she would never have known about was so nice to his children, too, to them and to his wife—she herself up. "Poor Mrs. Symington it's so dreadfully sad, with the children left motherless. New

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"It ain't th' whizzin' bullets or th' screamin' sirens that I mind—it's th' click-click-click of th' cab meter!"

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1. Gilbert, the Goldfish, was noble of soul
But he swam all alone in his circular bowl.



2. Gracie was charming, and neat as a pin,
And Gil met his "Bowl-Mate" when Gracie dropped in.



4. So speak up for CALVERT when you're on a quest
For a whiskey of mellowness, flavor and zest;
And your search will result in a true Happy Ending,
For CALVERT'S a triumph of true Happy Blending.

3. A true Happy Blending—
That's Gil and his Grace;
And the same perfect mating
Makes CALVERT an ace!

Yes, CALVERT'S a blend
Of great qualities, sir,
Which is why it's a whiskey
That millions prefer.



Clear Heads.
Choose **Calvert**

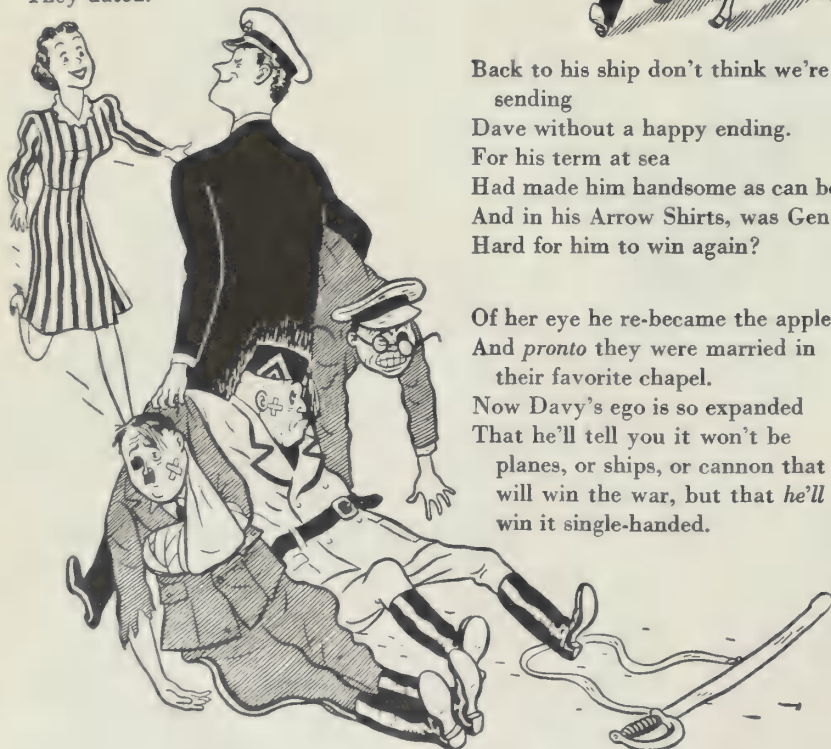
THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Drillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

A while back, Davy
Joined the Navy.
And whenever he had leave
He'd visit, if he could, his old
girl, Genevieve.
But by and by her home which
receptions had been warm at
Lost the welcome from its doormat.



At last, or so Dave reckoned,
The fiddle he would play would *not*
be second.
But when her man is way out yonder
A gal of other guys grows fonder;
And all the men that Genevieve
knew
Wore, like Davy, Arrows, too.
And so when Davy called
Genevieve hemmed and hawed and
stalled.
But it was fated:
They dated.



ARROW SHIRTS

See: HITT • HULL • GORDON

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

★ BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Well, Davy got to be a C.P.O.
(Chief Petty Officer, just in case
you didn't know).
These higher-ups among the sailors
Look as if they'd been turned out by
swanky custom tailors.
The shirts they wear are crisp and
white;
Might they be Arrows? Yes, they
might.

Davy found that Arrow Collars
Are nearly as smart as Defense
Bond dollars.
And whether you're small or big your
Arrow "Mitoga" fits your figure.



Back to his ship don't think we're
sending
Dave without a happy ending.
For his term at sea
Had made him handsome as can be.
And in his Arrow Shirts, was Gen
Hard for him to win again?

Of her eye he re-became the apple
And pronto they were married in
their favorite chapel.
Now Davy's ego is so expanded
That he'll tell you it won't be
planes, or ships, or cannon that
will win the war, but that he'll
win it single-handed.

haps, a very strong woman—and her
health had been bad of late.

"A brain storm, that is what it must
have been. I read about such a thing in
the paper. People really do not know
what they are doing under those cir-
cumstances. And she can't have known
what she was doing or else she would
have remembered Mr. Symmington
and the children."

"That anonymous letter must have
shaken her up very badly," said Joanna.
Miss Barton flushed. She said, with
a tinge of reproof in her voice:

"Not a very nice thing to discuss, do
you think, dear? I know there have
been—er—letters, but we won't talk
about them. Nasty things. I think they
are better just ignored."

Well, Miss Barton might be able to
ignore them, but for some people it
wasn't so easy. However, I obediently
changed the subject and we discussed
Aimée Griffith.

"Wonderful, quite wonderful," said
Emily Barton. "Her energy and her or-
ganizing powers are really splendid.
She's so good with girls too. And she's
so practical and up to date in every
way. She really runs this place. And
absolutely devoted to her brother. It's
very nice to see such devotion between
brother and sister."

"Doesn't he ever find her a little over-
whelming?" asked Joanna.

Emily Barton stared at her in a
startled fashion.

"She has sacrificed a great deal for
his sake," she said with a touch of re-
proachful dignity.

I saw a touch of Oh, Yeah? in Jo-
anna's eye and hastened to divert the
conversation to Mr. Pye.

Emily Barton was a little dubious
about Mr. Pye.

All she could say was, repeated rather
doubtfully, that he was very kind—yes,
very kind. Very well off, too, and most
generous. He had very strange visitors
sometimes, but then, of course, he had
traveled a lot.

We agreed that travel not only broad-
ened the mind, but occasionally resulted
in the forming of strange acquaintances.

"I have often wished, myself, to go on
a cruise," said Emily Barton wistfully.
"One reads about them in the papers
and they sound so attractive."

"Why don't you go?" asked Joanna.

THIS turning of a dream into a reality
seemed to alarm Miss Emily.

"Oh, no, no, that would be quite im-
possible."

"But why? They're fairly cheap."

"Oh, it's not only the expense. But I
shouldn't like to go alone. Traveling
alone would look very peculiar, don't
you think?"

"No," said Joanna.

Miss Emily looked at her doubtfully.

"And I don't know how I would man-
age about my luggage—and going ashore
at foreign ports—and all the different
currencies—"

Innumerable pitfalls seemed to rise
up before the little lady's affrighted
gaze, and Joanna hastened to calm her
by a question about an approaching
garden fete and sale of work. This led
us quite naturally to Mrs. Dane Cal-
throp.

A faint spasm showed for a minute on
Miss Barton's face. "You know, dear,"
she said, "she is really a very odd
woman. The things she says some-
times."

I asked what things.

"Oh, I don't know. Such very unex-
pected things. And the way she looks
at you, as though you weren't there but
somebody else was—I'm expressing it
badly but it is so hard to convey the
impression I mean. And then she won't
—well, interfere at all. There are so
many cases where a vicar's wife could
advise and—perhaps admonish. Pull

people up, you know, and
mend their ways. Because
listen to her, I'm sure of th
quite in awe of her. But s
being aloof and far away,
a curious habit of feeling
most unworthy people."

"That's interesting," I sa
ing a quick glance with Jo

"Still, she is a very well-
She was a Miss Farroway
very good family, but these
sometimes are a little pecul
But she is devoted to her
is a man of very fine intel
I am sometimes afraid, in
circle. A good man, and
but I always find his hab
Latin a little confusing."

"Hear, hear," I said ferv

"Jerry had an expensive
education, so he doesn't re
when he hears it," said Jo

This led Miss Barton to
"The schoolmistress her
unpleasant young woman
"Quite Red, I'm afraid."
her voice over the word "

Later, as we walked hom
Joanna said to me:

"She's rather sweet."

AT DINNER that night,
to Partridge that she h
party had been a success.

Partridge got rather rec
and held herself even

"Thank you, Miss, but
turned up after all."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It didn't matter to me
tridge.

She was so swelling wi
that she condescended to p
us:

"It wasn't me who thoug
her! She rang up hersel
something on her mind a
come here, it being her da
said, yes, subject to you
which I obtained. And afte
sound or sign of her! And
apology either, though I
I'll get a postcard tomorr
These girls nowadays—don
place—no idea of how to
Joanna attempted to
tridge's wounded feelings:

"She mightn't have fel
didn't ring up to find out

Partridge drew herself up
I did not, Miss! No, inde
likes to behave rudely tha
out, but I shall give her a
mind when we meet."

Partridge went out of th
stiff with indignation and
I laughed.

"Probably a case of 'A
Aunt Nancy's Column,'" I
boy is very cold in his m
what shall I do about it?"

Nancy, Partridge was to b
for advice, but instead the
a reconciliation and I ex
minute that Agnes and her
of those speechless coupl
each other's arms that you
suddenly standing by a
They embarrass you horri
don't embarrass them."

Joanna laughed and said
that was it.

We began talking of the
letters and wondered how
the melancholy Graves we

"It's a week today exact
anna, "since Mrs. Symm
cide. I should think they
on to something by now.

or handwriting, or someth
I answered her absently.
behind my conscious mind,
easiness was growing. It w
in some way with the phr
anna had used, "a week e

I ought, I dare say, to l

together earlier. Perhaps, un-
der my mind was already sus-
pended the heaven was working now.
The mess was growing—coming to
be noticed suddenly that I wasn't
in her spirited account of a
counter.
at the matter, Jerry?"

It answer because my mind
by piecing things together.
Symmington's suicide. . . . She
in the house that afternoon.
in the house because the
were having their day out. . . .
to exactly. . . .
what—
erpted:
maids have days out once
n't they?"
ternate Sundays," said Jo-
at on—
re mind Sundays. They go out
ne day every week?"
hat's the usual thing."
was staring at me curiously.

TRIAL BY MARRIAGE

the story of a great
wing dog and the
who gambled his
age to prove him
champion. A brilliant
of three uncon-
querable spirits

IS IN NEXT WEEK'S
COLLIER'S

and had not taken the track mine
the room and rang the bell.
came.
n," I said, "this Agnes Wod-
in service?"
At Mrs. Symmington's. At
Symmington's, I should say now."
w sleep breath. I glanced at the
it as half past ten.
she be back now, do you

id was looking disapproving.
ir. The maids have to be in by
re. They're old-fashioned."
I, "I'm going to ring up."
at it to the hall. Joanna and
ge followed me. Partridge was
furious. Joanna was puzzled.
I was trying to get the num-
ber are you going to do, Jerry?"
to be sure that the girl has
a right."
id sniffed. Just sniffed, noth-
e. But I did not care twopence
Partridge's sniffs.

Holland answered the tele-
phone the other end.
y ring you up," I said. "This
y Burton speaking. Is—has—
aid Agnes come in?"

sn until after I had said it that
myself felt a bit of a fool. For if
he come in and it was all right,
each was I going to explain my
up and asking. It would have
tte if I had let Joanna ask the
n, though even that would need
f explaining. I foresaw a new
gossip started in Lymstock, with
the unknown Agnes Woddell
ent.

Elsie Holland sounded, not unnatu-
rally, very much surprised: "Agnes? Oh,
she's sure to be in by now."

I felt a fool, but I went on with it:
"Do you mind just seeing if she has
come in, Miss Holland?"

There is one thing to be said for a
nursery governess; she is used to doing
things when told. Hers not to reason
why! Elsie Holland put down the re-
ceiver and went off obediently.

Two minutes later I heard her voice:
"Are you there, Mr. Burton?"

"Yes."

"Agnes isn't in yet, as a matter of
fact."

I knew then that my hunch had been
right.

I heard a noise of voices vaguely
from the other end, then Symmington
himself spoke:

"Hullo, Burton, what's the matter?"

"Your maid Agnes isn't back yet," I
said.

"No. Miss Holland has just been to
see. What's the matter? There's not
been an accident, has there?"

"Not an accident," I said.

"Do you mean you have reason to be-
lieve something has happened to the
girl?"

I said grimly, "I shouldn't be sur-
prised."

I SLEPT badly that night. I think
that, even then, there were pieces
of the puzzle floating about in my mind.
I believe that if I had given my mind
to it, I could have solved the whole
thing then and there. Otherwise why
did those fragments tag along so per-
sistently?

How much do we know at any time?
Much more, or so I believe, than we
know we know! But we cannot break
through to that subterranean knowledge.
It is there, but we cannot reach it.

I lay on my bed, tossing uneasily, and
only vague bits of the puzzle came to
torture me.

There was a pattern, if only I could
get hold of it. I ought to know who
wrote those cursed letters. There was
a trail somewhere if only I could fol-
low it. . . .

As I dropped off to sleep, words
danced irritatingly through my drowsy
mind:
"No smoke without fire. No fire
without smoke. Smoke. . . . Smoke?
Smoke screen. . . . No, that was the war
—a war phrase. War. Scrap of paper.
Only a scrap of paper. Belgium—
Germany. . . ."

I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was
taking Mrs. Dane Calthrop, who had
turned into a greyhound, for a walk with
a collar and lead.

IT WAS the ringing of the telephone
that roused me. A persistent ringing.
I sat up in bed, glanced at my watch.
It was half past seven. I had not yet
been called. The telephone was ring-
ing in the hall downstairs.

I jumped out of bed, pulled on a
dressing gown, and raced down. I beat
Partridge coming through the back
door from the kitchen by a short head.
I picked up the receiver.

"Hullo?"

"Oh—" It was a sob of relief. "It's
you!" Megan's voice. Megan's voice
indiscribably forlorn and frightened.
"Oh, please do come—do come. Oh,
please do! Will you?"

"I'm coming at once," I said. "Do you
hear? At once."

I took the stairs two at a time and
burst in on Joanna.

"Look here, Jo, I'm going off to the
Symmingtons'."

Joanna lifted a curly blond head
from the pillow and rubbed her eyes
like a small child.

"Why—what's happened?"

"I don't know. It was the child—Me-

"NOW what have I done?"



Nothing! That's just it!

You come home too tired even to
talk and bury yourself behind the
paper. Why act so old so soon?
You can make evenings the Best
Part of the Day if you just do this
before dinner . . .



**Brighten up in an
IVORY BATH!**

Give yourself a good brisk going
over with fistfuls of lather from
that big white floating cake.
That's it . . . rub! Ivory's so
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"heavy" feeling's gone. Your
muscles feel keen, your mind
carefree. Feeling alert and lively
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It's that grand *rested* feeling after
your Ivory Bath that can make
evenings such *fun*! Why, it's a
great lift just knowing how fresh
and clean-smelling Ivory leaves
your body. You're much better
company, and a much happier
man, after your Ivory Bath. To
get more *fun* out of life, get a Fresh
Start *every* day, the Ivory way!

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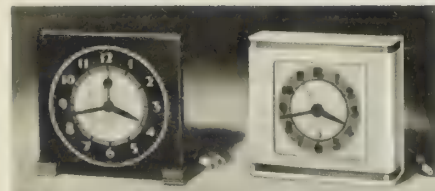


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gan—who called. She sounded all in."

"What do you think it is?"

"The girl Agnes, unless I'm very much mistaken."

As I went out of the door, Joanna called after me, "Wait. I'll get up and drive you down."

"No need. I'll drive myself."

"You can't drive the car."

"Yes, I can."

I did, too. It hurt, but not too much. I'd washed, shaved, dressed, got the car out and driven over to the Symmington house in half an hour. Not bad going.

Megan must have been watching for me. She came out of the house at a run and clutched me. Her poor little face was white and twitching.

"Oh, you've come—you've come!" she cried.

"Hold up, funnyface," I said. "Yes, I've come. Now what is it?"

She began to shake. I put my arm around her.

"I—I found her."

"You found Agnes? Where?"

The trembling grew.

"Under the stairs. There's a small storeroom there. It has fishing rods and golf clubs and things. You know."

I nodded. It was the usual storeroom.

Megan went on:

"She was there—all huddled up—and—cold—horribly cold. She was—she was dead, you know!"

I asked curiously, "What made you look there?"

"I—I don't know. You telephoned last night. And we all began wondering where Agnes was. We waited up some time, but she didn't come in, and at last we went to bed. I didn't sleep very well and I got up early. There was only Rose—the cook, you know—about. She was very cross about Agnes not having come back. She said she'd been before somewhere when a girl did a flit like that. I had some milk and bread and butter in the kitchen—and then suddenly Rose came in looking queer and she said that Agnes' outdoor things were still in her room. Her best ones that she goes out in. And I began to wonder if—she'd ever left the house, and I started looking around, and I stepped into the storeroom under the stairs and—and she was there . . ."

"Somebody's rung up the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, they're here now. My stepfather rang them up straightaway. And then I—I felt I couldn't bear it, and I rang you up. You don't mind?"

"No," I said. "I don't mind."

I looked at her curiously.

"Did anybody give you some brandy, or some coffee, or some tea after—after you found her?"

Megan shook her head.

I cursed the whole Symmington ménage. That stuffed shirt, Symmington, thought of nothing but the police. Neither Elsie Holland nor the cook seemed to have thought of the effect on the sensitive child who had made that gruesome discovery.

"Come on, slabface," I said. "We'll go to the kitchen."

WE WENT around the house to the back door and into the kitchen. Rose, a plump, pudding-faced woman of forty, was drinking strong tea by the kitchen fire. She greeted us with a flow of talk and her hand to her heart.

She'd come all over queer, she told me, awful the palpitations were! Just think of it, it might have been her, it might have been any of them, murdered in their beds they might have been.

"Dish out a good strong cup of that tea for Miss Megan," I said. "She's had a shock, you know. Remember it was she who found the body."

The mere mention of a body nearly sent Rose off again, but I quelled her

with a stern eye and she poured out a cup of inky fluid.

"There you are, young woman," I said to Megan. "You drink that down. You haven't got any brandy, I suppose, Rose?"

Rose said rather doubtfully that there was a drop of cooking brandy left over from the Christmas puddings.

"That'll do," I said, and put a dollop of it into Megan's cup. I saw by Rose's eye that she thought it a good idea.

I told Megan to stay with Rose.

"I can trust you to look after Miss Megan?" I said, and Rose replied in a gratified way, "Oh, yes, sir."

I went through into the house. If I knew Rose and her kind, she would soon find it necessary to keep her strength up with a little food, and that would be good for Megan too. Confound these people, why couldn't they look after the child?

Fuming inwardly I ran into Elsie Holland in the hall. She didn't seem surprised to see me. I suppose that the gruesome excitement of the discovery made one oblivious of who was coming and going. The constable, Bert Rundle, was by the front door.

Elsie Holland gasped out, "Oh, Mr. Burton, isn't it awful? Whoever can have done such a dreadful thing?"

"It was murder, then?"

"Oh, yes. She was struck on the back of the head. It's all blood and hair—oh! it's awful—and bundled into that cupboard. Who can have done such a wicked thing? And why? Poor Agnes, I'm sure she never did anyone any harm."

"No," I said. "Somebody saw to that pretty promptly."

She stared at me. Not, I thought, a quick-witted girl. But she had good nerves. Her color was as usual, slightly heightened by excitement, and I even fancied that in a macabre kind of way, and in spite of a naturally kind heart, she was enjoying the drama.

She said apologetically, "I must go up to the boys. Mr. Symmington is so

anxious that they shouldn't

He wants me to keep them

"Megan found the body said. "I hope somebody is l her."

I will say for Elsie Holle looked conscience-stricken.

"Oh, dear," she said. "about her. I do hope she's been so rushed, you know, lice and everything—but it of me. Poor girl, she must bad. I'll go and look for h I relented.

"She's all right," I said looking after her. You get kids."

She thanked me with a fl tombstone teeth and hurri After all, the boys were her Megan—Megan was nobod sie was paid to look after Sy blinking brats. One could h her for attending to it.

As she flashed around th the stairs, I caught my bre minute I caught a glimpse o Victory, deathless and incre tiful, instead of a conscien ery governess.

THEN a door opened ar tentent Nash stepped o hall with Symmington behin

"Oh, Mr. Burton," he se just going to telephone you you are here."

He didn't ask me—then here.

He turned his head as Symmington, "I'll use this may."

It was a small morning r window on the front of the "Certainly, certainly."

Symmington's poise was j but he looked desperately ti intendent Nash said gently:

"I should have some br were you, Mr. Symmington Miss Holland and Miss Meg much better after coffee ar



"Very well, you may have a vacuum-cleaner demonstration or two, but don't let anybody else in"

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bacon. Murder is a nasty business on an empty stomach."

He spoke in a comfortable family-doctor kind of way.

Symmington gave a faint attempt at a smile and said, "Thank you, Superintendent. I'll take your advice."

I followed Nash into the little morning room and he shut the door.

He said then, "You've got here very quickly? How did you hear?"

I told him that Megan had rung me up. I felt well-disposed toward Superintendent Nash. He, at any rate, had not forgotten that Megan, too, would be in need of breakfast.

"I hear that you telephoned last night, Mr. Burton, asking about this girl? Why was that?"

I suppose it did seem odd. I told him about Agnes' telephone call to Partridge and her nonappearance. He said, "Yes. I see. . . ."

He said it slowly and reflectively, rubbing his chin.

Then he sighed.

"Well," he said, "It's murder now, right enough. Direct physical action. The question is, what did the girl know? Did she say anything to this Partridge? Anything definite?"

"I don't think so. But you can ask her."

"Yes. I shall come up and see her when I've finished here."

"What happened exactly?" I asked. "Or don't you know yet?"

"Near enough. It was the maids' day out—"

"Both of them?"

"Yes, it seems that there used to be two sisters here who liked to go out together, so Mrs. Symmington arranged it that way. Then when these two came, she kept to the same arrangement. They used to have cold supper laid out in the dining room, and Miss Holland used to get tea."

"I see."

"It's pretty clear up to a point. The cook, Rose, comes from Nether Mickford, and in order to get there on her day out she has to catch the half-past-two bus. So Agnes has to finish clearing up lunch always. Rose used to wash up the supper things in the evenings to even things up."

"That's what happened today. Rose went off to catch the bus at two-twenty-five. Symmington left for his office at twenty-five to three. Elsie Holland and the children went out at a quarter to three. Megan Hunter went out on her bicycle about five minutes later. Agnes would then be alone in the house. As far as I can make out, she normally left the house between three o'clock and half past three."

"The house being then left empty?"

"Oh, they don't worry about that down here. There's not much locking up done in these parts. As I say, at ten minutes to three Agnes was alone in the house. That she never left it is clear, for she was in her cap and apron still when we found her body."

"I SUPPOSE you can tell roughly the time of death?"

"Doctor Griffith won't commit himself. Between two o'clock and four-thirty is his official medical verdict."

"How was she killed?"

"She was first stunned by a blow on the back of the head. Afterward an ordinary kitchen skewer, sharpened to a fine point, was thrust into the base of the skull, causing instantaneous death."

I lit a cigarette. It was not a nice picture.

"Pretty cold-blooded," I said.

"Oh, yes, yes, that was indicated."

I inhaled deeply.

"Who did it?" I said. "And why?"

"I don't suppose," said Nash slowly, "that we shall ever know exactly why. But we can guess."

"She knew something?"

"She knew something."

"She didn't give anyone her name?"

"As far as I can make out, she's been upset, so the cook says, Mrs. Symmington's death, a thing to this Rose, she's been getting more and more worried, and kept didn't know what she ought to do."

He gave a short exasperated sigh.

"It's always the way. They come to us. They've got to get rid of their seated prejudice against being up with the police." If she'd come and told us what was wrong, she'd be alive today."

"Didn't she give the other woman a hint?"

"No, or so Rose says, and I don't believe her. For if she would have blurted it out at a good many fancy embellishments, her own."

"It's maddening," I said. "I know."

"We can still guess, Mr. Burton. We begin with it, it can't be any definite. It's got to be something that you think over, and as it goes over, your uneasiness grows. What I mean?"

"Yes."

"Actually, I think I know what it was."

I LOOKED at him with respect. Good work, Superintendent.

"Well, you see, Mr. Burton, something that you don't. On the afternoon that Mrs. Symmington committed suicide both maids were supposed to be out. It was their day out, but Agnes came back to find the house empty."

"You know that?"

"Yes. Agnes has a boy friend, Rendell from the fish shop. When he is early closing and he comes to meet Agnes and they go for a walk to the pictures if it's wet. That day they had a row practically as they met. Our letter writer was active, suggesting that Agnes should fry, and young Fred Rendell all worked up. They quarreled, and Agnes bolted back to the house. She said she wasn't coming out until he said he was sorry."

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Burton, the kitchen is at the back of the house but there's a door that looks out where we are looking. There's only one entrance to the house, come through it and either out the front door, or else along the side of the house to the back door."

He paused.

"Now I'll tell you something. A letter that came to Mrs. Symmington that afternoon *didn't* come by post. It had a used stamp affixed to it, postmark faked quite convincingly, so that it would have been delivered by the afternoon letters. But it *had not been through the post*. See what that means?"

"It means," I said slowly, "that the letter was left by hand, pushed through the box some time before the afternoon letters were delivered, so that it was among the other letters."

"Exactly. The afternoon post comes around about a quarter to four. The story is this: The girl was in the kitchen looking through the window—it was by shrubs but you can see through quite well—watching out for the man to turn up and apologize for his behavior."

I said, "And she saw who delivered that note?"

"That's my guess, Mr. Burton. It's wrong, of course."

"I don't think you are. . . . It's plausible and convincing—and it means Agnes knew who the anonymous writer was."

(To be continued next week)

The Sounds of Geese

Continued from page 14

if "Just come from a visit to his
I been mighty proud of Miss
e. Look her sorrow bravest I ever
ld up fine, to now. But I'm
s done sagged a mite, last few
I less Crabflake Myers has been
fo to her—he's been solacing her
the I visited her."

et the insurance money yet?"
ated.
p she ain't, and it's just too bad.
oy knows poor John is dead,
im But you can't blame the in-
company for wanting some kind
e. Guess Miss Gussie'll have
few years, till John's declared
le l."

ho Crabflake Myers won't be
ti his Christian attention to her
he sees the money ain't coming
sp l," Nellie said, thoughtfully,
th preacher had motored away
he lock and downriver.

at ain't no way to talk," Joe ad-
he
to you don't think Crabflake's
g at mean cat of a Miss Gussie
or in."

Y aid John Ulm had known as
l anybody that September was
e go sailing off to Cedar Keys in
tt sloop of his, but they figured
e ld got another bait of listening
ss, Gussie and took off for a rest,
h he'd rather risk a good many
od squalls than stay home with
ife on one of her quarrelsome

tl way it turned out, it wasn't
n afternoon squall that came up.
l stem cut loose, with a seventy-
will that blew the shingles off
le scales off a fish.

th afternoon before the storm,
Ul's boat was sighted from Gar
Pot, below the mouth of the Au-
An that was the last time it was
Jon Ulm was dead, and every-
knv it. But the company that
d s ten-thousand-dollar insur-
poly—with a double indemnity
t made it now worth twenty
and understandably declined to
ff til some sort of evidence of
wck was brought to light. Even
e the boat would be sufficient,
aid
ek passed, and no sign of John
at could be found. Finally,
Gusie offered five hundred dol-

lars for part of her husband's wrecked
boat. This, it turned out, was Crab-
flake Myers' suggestion. Not that the
offer did any good. The fishermen kept
looking, but John's boat wasn't found.

"Don't make no difference," Nellie
said, "if Crabflake's got his mind set on
it, he'll figure some way to git that in-
surance company to pay up."

"Sh-sh," Joe said. "Yon he is, right
now."

They watched Myers striding across
the shell road that led to the Barnaby
office. He was a big, slightly stooped,
slightly bald man. He was good at fig-
ures, especially those preceded by the
dollar symbol. He wasn't well liked, but
nobody wanted to be enemy to someone
who could foreclose on them at will.
"Shucks," Joe once said, "before I'd
have folks scared of me like that, I'd
rather be in bankruptcy."

Myers went into the office of Jules
Barnaby. Presently old Jules stuck his
head out of the door and called Joe.

"Come here."

Joe went into the little kerosene-
warmed office. Nellie went too.

"Is it him you goan send me goose
hunting with?" Crabflake demanded.

"He's the best they is," Jules said.

"I believe I'll take the next-best this
time," Crabflake said angrily, "and git
somebody else."

"That's plumb up to you," Jules said.

Crabflake started toward the door;
then, apparently struck by a new
thought, he turned and said, "I don't
know, Jules. If you say he's a good
goose hunter, I'll tolerate him."

Joe shook his head. "Ain't no use go-
ing goose hunting today."

Nellie nudged him sharply. Jules spat
in the sand box under the desk, and said
nothing.

Crabflake said, "How come it ain't?"

"The wind ain't right. On a quiet sun-
shiny day like this, them geese most
generally just lay offshore, squonking
and feeding. They ain't goan fly, not
none."

"I'll chance it," Crabflake said. "Git
moving."

Joe shook his head. "Ain't a bit of
use."

Nellie's elbow punched him again.
"I'll help you get your things together."

"You going er not?" Crabflake de-
manded. "I'm paying for it, and if I
say go, we go."

"Nope," Joe said. "I wouldn't feel



"Hit him back, Mr. Brownell, right in the puss!"

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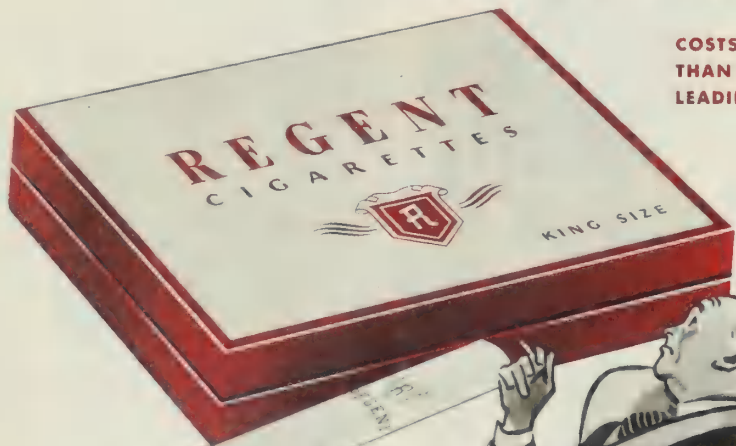
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right in my mind about taking no man's money fer guiding on a day like this. Now you take a day when they's a good breeze of southwest wind, we can have some luck."

"Joe," Nellie said incredulously, "you goan refuse to go, bad as we need money?"

"Nellie, I just wouldn't feel right about it."

"Well, for gosh sake!" Crabflake exclaimed angrily. "I guess I can get somebody else to go!"

"I expect you can," Joe answered, "but you ain't goan kill no geese."

Before long, Crabflake was back, his face red with anger, a touch of color even showing through the thin hair on top of his head. "Bullock," he said, "I'm good a-mind to brad your nose! Cain't git nobody in this place to take me goose hunting. They all said that if you said weren't no use going, they didn't care to try it, either. You've messed me up good!" He drew back his fist, cocked and ready.

"Let 'er go," Joe said firmly. "Just pile right on in."

But Crabflake noticed the size of Joe's fist, and he thought better of punishing him. With an angry grunt he turned and slammed out.

Old Jules took his vaporous pipe from his bony jaw, and said, "Joe, you got to learn that the customer is near-bout always right."

"I ain't taking nobody goose hunting on a day like this. I'm hard luck enough when conditions is right. A man would sit a long time on his behind, waiting fer geese to fly today."

"Joe," Nellie said, and he saw that she was crying, "you're just no-'count, that's your trouble. You make out to be hard luck, but you're just purely trifling! I don't want nothing more to do with you, Joe. You hear me?"

Jules said, "You ain't quitting him just because he won't go goose hunting with Crabflake, Nellie, for gosh sakes?"

"No. I've learnt something about him, that's all."

Joe sat down, because he felt sick. Finally he said, "Guess I knowed from the first you wouldn't never come right out and marry me. I couldn't expect no good luck like that to happen to me."

THAT night the wind changed around to the southwest, and blew in a good high tide, and brought flying foggy rain. With daylight, the cabbage-palm fronds rattled and glistened wetly, and the water in the river carried a surface of broken suds; and droves of restless wild fowl moved up and down the coast line.

Joe had stayed awake most of the night, grieving about Nellie, so that when he did drop off he overslept, and daylight was almost there by the time he got dressed. Then he heard somebody calling for him from below, the voice muffled by the blow of the wind. He went down from his room over Jules' boathouse, and found Crabflake Myers waiting for him.

"Now what's wrong with the weather?" Crabflake asked.

"Drizzly."

"I mean for goose hunting."

Joe admitted, "She's a pretty durn' good goose day."

"Well, what's your reason for not going with me today? Got a bad cold or something another, I reckon."

"No, my health's tol'able good. But this goose hunting—it takes a right smart of a man to tough it out, in weather like this."

"I been goose hunting before!" Crabflake said angrily. "You going er no?"

"I'd just as soon," Joe said finally.

They loaded their guns and shells and a few cans of beans into Crabflake's little launch, the Kingfish, and presently shoved off down the chopped water of the river. They had forty miles to go

down the coast, to the vast sea marsh beyond tiny Limestone Island.

Here, on calm days, the Canada geese fed in the s Joe had lain on shore in muck, hidden by needle-cus grass, watching them tentedly about, upending their long necks would re the tender bottom shoots while he waited for their close enough for a shot, he to their satisfied squonks with an occasional full ah-sentinel gander.

But on days like today too high for them to feed o and they had to keep sw stantly to prevent being bl by the wind. So they flew back toward the hammock tiny fresh-water ponds, v possible for a good woods them. Others kept beating and down the coast line, wind, and offering an occ shot.

THEY were flying when Joe boat into Rock Creek. I sadness because of Nellie moved fast, seeing the mag flying in bunches of eight listening to their honks abo Ducks were flying, too, a far offshore a thousand over Limestone Island in cloud. As Joe manuevere fish past the rocks of the c curious about Crabflake, w cabin bunk chewing his ciga so hell-bent to go goose hu strangely unexcited by a c that should stir the blood fowl hunter.

"He sure don't act much hunter," Joe mused. "May till he proves hisself he's prohibition with me."

They anchored the bo island, and Joe went ashore a scrub oak. From this marsh now took on anothe and he could see number creeks, and the round ponc dollars in the sea marsh, a salt flats. None of the pon geese close to the coast. down, and they started island inland.

Slogging across the mars ing gusts of rain at their ba through the thick, stabl Crabflake showed little ent the hunt.

"How come we cain't sit and try for a flight shot?" h finally. "Ain't no use to kill for a few old geese."

"They might fly over you if you're lucky," Joe said. "so I most generally go to n stead of waiting for them me."

"Tomorrow I'm goan sit Crabflake said.

JOE shrugged and kept wa ing through the rank grass John Ulm hadn't gone and drowned. He and John, no like this, would stalk the when night came they'd b geese they could stagger out John had been a fine hunt He hadn't ever wanted to go because his wife, Miss Gu pretty severe letdown after a hunt, or even a poor one. J ally the one who had made to go home. . . .

They reached an island l had named Bell-Cow Island rattlesnake—John called cows—had almost got him day last season. Joe climbe

many times, and from the top of the marsh flattened out beneath Joe's stiffened. On a little out a quarter mile away were Canadian geese, quietly feeding. "Git on your belly like a rat

of the distance they walked in a As they drew closer, Joe moved advance on hands and knees. At hundred yards they slid on lies, Crabflake protesting in anpers that the mucky water was him to the skin. But Joe didn't and crawled on, inching through grass. He listened. Above the wind the grass he heard *pum-pum* se flapped its wings in contentthey were close.

ered through the grass. Now he n. Five of the geese had their nder water. One gander picked at his wing feathers. Another held his head up in semialert-

"h're right up ahead," Joe whis- d. Git ready to shoot."

"Where?" asked Crabflake, and raised nes to look.

oe the geese rose from the water, cir noisily.

he claimed fervently, "Dog take uel!" and fired at the lead gander.

he first shot the big goose wavered, fe with the second load, striking

war with head under, and paddling on lusive circles. Crabflake finally

ved enough to fire a couple of es, at the geese were out of range.

g one!" Crabflake said, seeing dy goose on the water.

f u hadn't stuck that bald head we a-had four or five," Joe said

ustly. "If that's your goose out e, ide on out and git him."

ait the guide. You waded out and ny pose."

Yes sir," Joe said, and stepped out th water.

At night Joe lay in his bunk, think- g about Nellie and listening to

fail honking of the geese, like the tin of country dogs in the distance.

He dimly thought he heard Crab- up, then he went back to sleep.

After breakfast they started out again. ead there small flocks of geese

ed back out to sea.

Wenissed our chance yesterday," esai as they came to a small creek.

et maybe we'll git a shot or two be- th all go back outside."

He waded out into the creek, and Crabflake followed. Joe started to step up on the opposite bank when his foot struck something. He thought it a rock, and gave it only a passing benediction; but a glance showed that it was a piece of wood, imbedded in the soft mud of the creek bottom.

"Hey, look," Joe said. He loosened the wood and finally pulled it free, and it was a piece of sailboat rudder, splintered near the upper end where the tiller would have been. Two pieces of brass strapping, discolored with verdigris, bound the flat surface of the rudder.

"That's the rudder of John Ulm's boat!" whispered Crabflake. "I'd know it anywhere. I sold him that brass on there."

"It sure looks like it," Joe said. He washed the mud from the rudder.

"BOY," Crabflake said, "you've sure stepped in luck this time! That's five hundred dollars you stumped your toe on!"

"If this turns out to be John's rudder, and Miss Gussie pays five hundred dollars for it," Joe said, "half the money is sure yours, by rights."

"No, sir," Crabflake said. "You found it, and the money belongs to you. I ain't goan try to horn in on your luck. Let's git on back to the boat and take that rudder home."

"Ain't no powerful hurry. We might git two or three shots. We can deliver the rudder tomorrow."

"Today's better," Crabflake said firmly. "Come on."

Crabflake's impatience was understandable to Joe, because if this was really John Ulm's rudder, Miss Gussie would get the insurance money. But, as they made their way back to the boat, the thing that puzzled Joe was Crabflake's generosity regarding the five-hundred-dollar reward. It just wasn't natural for him to waive his share in a claim like that.

The tide was low and there was no getting out of the Rock Creek for two hours. While they waited, Joe studied the rudder they had found. With his knife, he scraped it to examine the grain of the wood. Finally he said:

"I hate to tell you, Crabflake, but this ain't no rudder offn John's boat."

"How come it ain't? I'd know that rudder anywhere."

"Nope. This un's pine. John's rudder was oak. I helped him plane it smooth. And one time me and him harpooned a shark that turnt and tried to bite the

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boat. His teeth marks was in John's rudder," Joe said. "Come on, let's go after them geese."

Crabflake walked back and forth nervously. Suddenly he said, with a wise smile, "Won't nobody but me and you know it ain't John's rudder. You can git that money right on. I ain't goan let the cat out the bag."

"I'd feel sort of guilty about pulling a trick like that," Joe said. "We better git started if we want to try the geese."

Crabflake exploded. "I swear, I don't believe you got good sense!"

"Me and you just don't think like each other," Joe said. "You coming or not?"

Crabflake subsided abruptly, and said, "You go on stalking. I'm tired of wallowing in that muck. I'm going out on one them points and set down and wait for a flight."

WHILE Joe hunted that afternoon, he figured the whole thing out. Crabflake had decided to use him as a guide because people knew they weren't friends, and wouldn't suspect the two of them of conspiring together. Probably Crabflake had made the rudder a while back, and exposed it to weather and barnacles. Some of the green touches on the brass looked a bit like green paint. Then last night Crabflake had planted the fake rudder on their trail, so Joe could find it. Yes, Joe thought, he had all the steps of the scheme figured out.

All, he discovered, except the next step. For when he got back with three geese to Rock Creek just before dark, Crabflake Myers and his boat, Kingfish, were gone.

"Hey!" Joe shouted, thinking at first that Crabflake might have simply moved the boat around a bend for some reason. But a half-hour of searching and shouting convinced him that Crabflake had gone and left him.

Joe stood there by Rock Creek with night falling around him, and realized that he was alone on the sea marsh, fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest settlement, with a half-dozen rivers and creeks between. Crabflake had gone home to report finding John Ulm's rudder, and to tell of Joe Bullock's getting lost. Possibly he would get the insurance money for Miss Gussie and then come back to find Joe.

"Or maybe he figures just to let me parish to death out here," Joe figured. The unfairness of it overwhelmed him, and he said angrily, "It shore ain't no way to do a fellow!"

JOE made his way to the nearest island and prepared to spend the night. With dried palm leaves and cedar and pine sticks he built a fire, and while it was catching up he used his pocket knife to cut green cabbage-tree fronds for his bed. He roasted the livers and gizzards of the geese and ate them. Finally he went to sleep, shivering in the cold.

Next morning he set out for the hammock, leaving the dead geese, for they were heavy and he had a lot of rough walking and swimming to do. "He's plumb mistaken if he reckons I'm goan set here and parish to death," Joe told himself.

Now the tide was out and the creeks were low, so that only once or twice did he get wet all over. The sun came out, and the dogflies attacked him in hordes that left blood flecks on his face and hands. He went on, wading and walking and pushing through the grass, thinking, "It ain't no way to do nobody."

He stopped to rest before wading the last creek short of the hammock. A flock of ibis sailed overhead. Joe leaned down to tie his boot and saw the broken mast of a boat. For a second he stared at it, puzzled. Then he started searching.

Before long he found what he was

looking for. He found all that was left of John Ulm. If they had thought about it, they'd have remembered that in the storm the water had covered the marsh.

A heavy sadness weighed upon Joe, here beside the bones of his old friend. He sank to the ground and leaned back against one of the palm trunks and closed his eyes. A gull flew lazily above, looking about inquiringly; from the hammock came the scolding bark of a gray squirrel. A breeze rattled the palm leaves pleasantly.

A new thought gradually came upon Joe's consciousness. This was no place of sadness; this was a place of peace. John Ulm had lived a full life, and now—away from woman's sharp tongue—he rested on his beloved marshland; where the wild fowl flew, and the raccoons hunted, and where, even now, far off, came the honking of wild geese. . . .

Joe fought the hammock that afternoon. Bamboo and prickly ash cut him and tore his clothes, and cypress knees tripped his stumbling feet. Joe thought, "It just ain't no way to do a fellow." But now, if he ever got out, he had Crabflake Myers where he wanted him. For he could easily prove that the rudder was a fake, and then never mention that he had found genuine evidence of John's death. Of course, he'd lose the five hundred dollars Miss Gussie had offered, but he was willing to do that to get even with Crabflake.

Still, it seemed inadequate revenge. What he wanted was something permanent. And next day just as he reached the high palmetto flatwoods beyond the hammock, he knew the terrible thing he could do to Crabflake Myers. . . .

JOE BULLOCK was spreading his gill net—the one he had bought with part of the five hundred dollars—on the grass to dry, and Nellie Barnaby was watching him, and Joe said, heavily: "Nellie, I been aiming to try to tell you: you ought not to marry me."

"Why not, Joe?" she asked. "You've proved you'll work, since you got that net."

"Well, I hate to say it, but some-

thing's been heavy on my co ain't no kind of man for you. I pulled a powerful dirty trick low. Dirtiest I ever heard to said in remorse.

Before she could inquire a Preacher Walt Minton came dock with his outboard motor, fishing. Joe was glad he came now he could confess to his g his preacher at the same time, it done with.

"WHAT'S the trouble with u," Walt asked.

"I pulled a dirty trick on C Joe said. And he told them w done. "At first I wasn't goi about finding John. Then I rer what you said about too mu being like a rattlesnake, and about Miss Gussie, and I kr worst thing could happen to was to have to live with Mi Ulm and all that money the i life. If I'd a-just shot him it a-been so heavy on my mind."

Walt thought a minute, and said, "Joe, it ain't for us to workings of the All-Mighty. N in His book for Crabflake Gussie to be married up, and y git mad and make things come I don't know about that. But I positive that John Ulm a-wanted all that money he ha on that insurance policy to go It was Miss Gussie's money, a flake don't concern us, not non you had the wrong idea, all Miss Gussie was shore due her Walt added. "For all we kno the Lord caused all this to haj so John Ulm's widow could was coming to her."

"You reckon so?" Joe ask fully.

"Like as not," Walt said fi clamped the motor on a skiff. Nellie smiled at Joe.

"I guess it's like the good Bo Joe sighed. "The Lord move cheevous ways."

THE END



"Excuse me, madam, but have you heard the ugly rumor goi around that Seattle's blackout isn't one hundred per cent effective

LEON

How to win a carton of Raleighs

TRY THIS BET ON ANY
OF YOUR FRIENDS



"Easy as taking candy from a babe! I bet the gang a carton of smokes that I could pick Raleighs from any other brands just by looking at the color of the tobacco.



2. "I let them take Raleighs and some of their other brands, conceal the labels, and show me just the open ends of the packs. Then I bet I could pick the Raleighs.



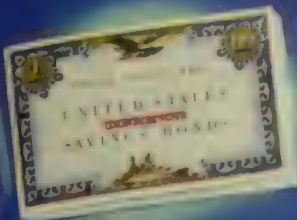
3. "I won a carton of Raleighs—and you can, too. It's a bet you can hardly lose! That's because the tobacco in Raleighs is more golden. You can see it at a glance.

Raleighs are
more golden

4.

"Golden color is proof of quality. At the great tobacco sales, golden leaves bring top prices. It's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke. Try Raleighs and see."

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PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
UNION MADE

The Lady Leads

By Shepard Barclay

WINNERS OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS—1941-42 SEASON

Masters' Events

Individual—Lee Hazen, New York.
Pairs—Merwin D. Maier and Howard Schenken, New York.
Fours—A. Mitchell Barnes, Atlanta, Georgia; Edward Hymes, Jr., Samuel Fry, Jr., and Waldemar von Zedtwitz, New York.

Open Events

Pairs—Mrs. Ralph C. Young and Sidney Silodor, Philadelphia.
Knockout Fours (The Harold S. Vanderbilt Cup)—John R. Crawford, Philadelphia; Myron Fuchs, Robert A. McPherran and Sherman Stearns, New York.
Match Point Fours—Mrs. Wilkinson Wagar, Atlanta, Georgia; Mrs. Alexander M. Sobel, Peter Leventritt and Simon Rossant, New York.

Women's Events

Pairs—Mrs. Mae P. Rosen and Mrs. Edith Seligman, New York.
Fours—Mrs. L. B. Buchanan, Mrs. W. P. Dickens, Mrs. Randolph Scott and Mrs. W. L. Terry, Memphis, Tennessee.

Men's Event

Pairs—Joseph E. Low and Simon Rossant, New York.

Mixed Events

Pairs—Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Glick, Miami Shores, Florida.
Fours—Mrs. Alexander M. Sobel, New York; Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Charles H. Goren and Sidney Silodor, Philadelphia.

Nonwinners Who Earned Second Places

Oswald Jacoby, New York, Dallas, Texas, and Washington, D. C. (4); B. Jay Becker, New York (3); Theodore A. Lightner, New York (2); Harry Feinberg, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Gussie Planco, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.; Philip Abramsohn, Hollywood, Florida; Miss Ann Bryant, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Wynne Cross, Newark, New Jersey; Joseph Davis, Philadelphia; S. Garton Churchill, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Robert B. Fuller, Mrs. Ruth Horn, Mrs. Olga Ross, Mrs. Joseph M. Rothschild, Mrs. William Tucker, Mrs. Stuyvesant Wainwright, Jr., Dr. Richard H. Ecker, Harry J. Fishbein, Charles Lochridge and Charles Sanders, New York.

THE FIRST TEN

1. Mrs. Alexander M. Sobel*
2. Sidney Silodor, Philadelphia
3. Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia
4. Simon Rossant
5. Merwin D. Maier†
6. Howard Schenken
7. Lee Hazen
8. John R. Crawford, Philadelphia
9. Waldemar von Zedtwitz
10. (Tied) A. Mitchell Barnes, Atlanta, Georgia, and Sherman Stearns.

*New Yorkers unless otherwise stated.

†Died February 15, 1942.

I USED to do most of the talking but now I do most of the listening." So says Alexander M. Sobel (Al Sobel to you), stentorian-voiced tournament director of bridge championships whose 105-pound wife has just landed the Number One place in the ranking of the nation's contract stars for the competitive season of 1941-42. Brilliant, canny, resourceful little blond Helen Martin Sobel and her versatile husband together form the first outstanding married couple of bridge since the days when the Culbertson and Sims families monopolized so many headlines. One difference is that this time the female of the species is the more deadly competitor. In this case, the husband taught tournament bridge to his wife.

This is the second time in history that a woman has ranked first in national championship accomplishments for a season. The other was two years ago, when Mrs. Ralph C. Young, of Philadelphia, gained the top. This season Mrs. Young is in third place, with another Philadelphian, Sidney Silodor, second. These three won two national championship events apiece, out of the eleven contested, and each also had a second place—the two women while playing as partners in the women's title teams-of-four, and Mr. Silodor in the men's pairs.

To settle the relative standings and break what otherwise was a tie among them, it is necessary to consult their performances in nonnational events. These are best appraised through the medium of Master Points, those awards of merit furnished in varying amounts by the bridge players' voluntary national organization, the American Contract Bridge League, to competitions all over country. The number awarded in specific event depends upon the importance of the sanctioned contest, the size of its total entry and the strength of the field, according to a fixed formula. Fractions of Master Points, known as Rating Points, are awarded in all officially sanctioned duplicate tournaments.

Rated this way, Mrs. Sobel outdistanced her competition, as she accumulated a total of 162 for the season, as against 127 for Mr. Silodor and 121 for Mrs. Young. Among the important nonnational victories she gained was the Eastern pairs for the Julian Goldman Trophy, playing with Charles H. Goren of Philadelphia, who led this ranking three years ago and whose pupil, Mrs. Young, was the leader in the following year. Mrs. Sobel is the first woman to

gain the William E. McKelvey trophy awarded for the most Master Points in a season, the runner-up for this being John R. Crawford, Philadelphia, with 145, who finished this ranking. Philadelphia's year in championship play bel was born in Philadelphia, second and third placers both there.

Fourth place goes to Simon Rossant of New York, a newcome national winners, with two victories and sixth are the late "Jimmy" Maier and Howard Schenken of New York, members of the Four Aces team, each with two seconds, whose tie with the former having 117 Master Points and the latter 113. Mr. Maier died of a heart attack on February 15, 1942, at the age of 33, is the first player to have been humously in these rankings were instituted twelve years ago. The fifth place is Lee Hazen, New York, who won the individual championship and also gained place. John R. Crawford, Philadelphia, in eighth place, had one second and that great Sherman Stearns of New York is placed ninth, earned more Master Points than any other. Sherman Stearns of New York, each also with a first and a second, are tied for tenth place.

The new season champion is 3 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 104 to 105 pounds. She was born on May 22, 1910, in the Philadelphia. She completed her education at Temple University and then embarked on a career as a dancer. She was truly adept, and she gained a reputation as Helen Martin Sobel. Her interest turned to bridge in 1932 when she met Al Sobel at the old Contract Bridge Club. Recognizing her aptitude for the game, he induced her to try duplicate. As her partner, she has since that time she ever played, at the Contract Bridge Club in New York. From then on, she played bridge, a more general skill, to rubber bridge.

She's in to Stay,

In 1934 Helen Sobel entered a big tournament and won a mixed four championship. The late Louis H. Watson, Howard Schenken and Helen Bonner, summer of that same year, the first national champion. She entered, the women's tournament at the Walden Hotel, New York, with Mr. Sobel as her partner. After that, she was by the stars as one of the best. In the meantime Al Sobel was becoming more prominent in the world of bridge than in the world of industry. A native New Yorker, born in 1908, a graduate of New York University, he had a degree in industrial engineering, he had the building business. He had trained mathematical talent in scoring and other technical game. His first work at the Walden Hotel was as chief scorer of the Eastern Championships.

In 1935 both he and the woman who was later to become his wife were summoned to Los Angeles by Stoddard, principal bridge player of the Pacific Coast, who was a major in the U. S. Army, to further organization. The duplicate tournaments are now being promoted and conducted by Helen and Al. Helen wrote about the lessons and helped in the clubs. Finally, Ely Culbertson (Continued on page 4)



Top ranking in contract bridge play for the 1941-42 season goes to Helen M. Sobel of New York. With her is her husband, Tournament Director Alexander Sobel

shoot the green to that little job"



... the little coupe, south of the field
... little coupe . . . if you can hear me, wiggle
... But the little coupe can't hear the
... control tower, because it has no receiv-
... so it doesn't wiggle its wings. It just
... and round. Then the dispatcher says,
... green to that little job." And the oper-
... with a light-gun, shoots a green flash
... with pilot's eyes, a green light that means
... it's safe to land."

And that's what the green flash of the Quaker State sign means to motorists, too . . . "Come on in, it's safe to land" . . . It means greater motor safety for little cars as well as big cars . . . for old cars as well as new cars. It means you get the greater protection of Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil . . . an oil that's engineered to resist oxidation, an oil that's specifically designed to prevent the harmful formation of

sludge, varnish and corrosive acids.

In these days, safety means more to your motor than ever before. So change to Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil wherever you see the green flash of the Quaker State Service Station sign . . . a safety signal for your motor, no matter where you drive. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Penna.



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Convenient folding
Pocket Pouch—10c

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STREET**
PIPE TOBACCO

A product of PHILIP MORRIS



The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike

Continued from page 19

knew what was coming: "But when you missed that third strike, we could have kicked you in the pants."

"Why don't you do it?" I asked.

He looked at me in amazement. "Do you mean it?"

"Sure do," I said soberly. "It might do me good." Mr. Wise began to laugh and the other men chuckled as I moved into the open space between the rows of hand tools. "Well, sir," he said, "if you think it'll do you any good—" I turned around, standing my ground as he stepped behind me, planting a boot where it hurts the least. And then I laughed with the other fellows, a good, fine, deep laugh which shook off all the regrets, and cleared up forever The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike. I knew then—and I know now—that the name of Mickey Owen will never be inscribed on the list of baseball's goats. I know, too, that the missed third strike, instead of ruining my career, will make me a better catcher not only during this new season of 1942, but also until the day I hang up my mask and glove forever.

I have no excuse for failing to catch that ball. Hugh Casey threw it, and it should have sealed his greatest victory. From the time he retired Joe Gordon on an easy fly with the bases full in the upper half of the fifth inning, he'd been pitching the greatest ball of his life. Higbe, French and Allen had failed. But not Hughie. He had control, speed, change of pace and curves. Yes, sir, curves that broke with a fork like the jagged end of summer lightning. He was taking my signals without question, and delivering the ball on X-marks-the-spot. We had the Yanks hog-tied as the ninth inning began.

Hugh breezed through the first two batters, Johnny Sturm and Red Rolfe. He wasn't afraid even of Henrich, although we knew that Tommy is a clutch hitter. We knew that the pressure was on Tommy. He had to hit the ball for a clean drive, or curtains! So we determined not to give him any piece of the ball, but to put it where he would be compelled to swing, swing and swing.

Casey's great curve made this easy. The ball would come roaring up to the plate and then break away. Henrich was outsmarted on two strikes, but managed to work the count to three and two.

The Play That Made History

And then came the third strike. I signaled for a low, inside curve, figuring that Henrich was so deep in the hole that he would swing at anything. The ball shot toward the plate, then suddenly broke down and away, fooling Henrich, who swung and missed. It certainly fooled me, too. It had the wickedest inshoot I've ever seen. My glove was placed too near my body; that's how the ball got away. It was all my fault. Henrich raced toward first. I dashed madly to retrieve the ball.

Many fans believe that the special police, who thought that the game was over, and who ran out of the field boxes and dugout to protect the players, obstructed my quick throw to catch Henrich. This is not true. Henrich got to the bag too soon for me.

Charles Doyle, of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, has criticized Manager Durocher for not removing Casey from the box at once. He also believes that the skipper should have held up the game to permit Casey to settle down. But Casey was not flustered. And Leo did hold up the game, by a signal from the bench to me. He decided, and decided correctly, to leave Casey in the game.

Joe DiMaggio was the next to golfed a fast ball into left field. Henrich pulled up at third. The ball was still ours. Two were out. My only job was to dispose of Keefe. He swung for distance, and there it was at bad balls.

Casey fed Keller wide curves, keeping the pace with each pitch he threw. Charlie swung as if his eyes were missing two curves far outside. I signaled for one more out. Casey and I shot the ball exactly where it belonged, far beyond the reach of Keller's bat. He let it go by. Plainly the situation called for a side curve. It came low, where the batsman in a hundred could drop beyond the reach of our outfield. Keller was that batsman. He hit the ball against the right-field fence, scoring the tying and winning run.

How It Feels to Be a Goatsucker

The rest is a blur to me. I was sitting on the stool before my locker, tired to strip off my clothes. Wyatt, Fitz, Medwick, trying to talk to me. "Forget it, Mickey . . . To another day," they were saying. I knew, and I knew that we had been beaten by a great exhibition slugger. They also knew that they had caught the third strike. I think, stood beside me for a moment. "Never mind, Mickey," he said. "I can't keep chain lightning in a room." Mr. MacPhail slipped his arm around my shoulders and said: "Well, they won't, Mickey. And I want to know that I wanted to win that bad as you did. Forget it, will you?" I nodded, and looked up. I knew that the Dodgers' boss had tears in his eyes.

I was still in a daze as I met Casey on the ramp. Police escorted us, and we whizzed through Brooklyn. New York hotel. I could feel the excitement of the city, the few boys as I quit the park were still running. As we drove across the city, Gloria asked me for the first time. I had missed Casey's winning pitch the first time, I told her. She said she couldn't be helped. It might have happened in any game since the season began. Everyone has faith in Mickey."

At that moment I was thinking of the other "goats" in baseball's history. Goat . . . the word smacked between the eyes. I had failed at least of the many things I am supposed to do on a ball field—to catch which would have made millions happy.

Telephones were ringing, the were arriving, the hotel clerk was queering at me, the elevator said, "Good evening, Mr. Owen." We ordered the telephone disconnected and decided to eat a private dinner. During the meal, John McDonough, Dodger road secretary, dropped a quiet guy, and, from force of habit, a thoughtful one. He sat down, and "Just met Larry Goetz in the clubhouse." John looked me straight in the eye and continued: "Larry's been umpiring for years. He says that from where behind the plate this afternoon Casey's curve had the most violent break of any ball he's ever called." I said to John then asked: "Does that make me feel any better, Mickey?" "No," I replied. "It doesn't make me feel any better."

But the applause of the fans

losing game on Monday did feel better. And by the time ed Brookline, the local post-as snowed under by the weight from all parts of the country. my mouth—tight, as we ball-ay—I ripped open the first. What. would the fans say? ld they feel about the missed st te?

ne of the thousands who wrote used me of deliberately fail- ch Casey's curve. On a sheet scratch paper the threat was le. With cowardly caution, the ned no name. He wrote:

h don't you quit when you throw me like today? You ought to ood. You ain't no ballplayer M. You ain't got no guts but ter. I'd like to make you quit

er riters had no other object than me understand that although we eagerly rooting for a Dodger ey did not blame me for our ome offered personal advice. eemed to know that I was suf- a tried to buoy me up with ex- on of their faith in my ability.

h tters made me realize how y fans love baseball, especially w live in small towns, far from ag cities. From the eastern shore ynd, an 82-year-old man wrote: ar young, but not until you are y age will you know that your e your greatest success. For ill now how to conquer yourself e, and to see everything in e perspective. You are a player ar er, and therefore a man of e. Everyone here is pulling for at s home for the aged where I, thi, still live."

m eastern State Penitentiary in ylnia, a convict laboriously ead this message on the narrow, off al writing paper: "You had o the same kind of luck that dvn, kid. Chin up, now. Keep ee on the straight and narrow, no r wat."

ing That Keep a Man Going

ll, is is next season, and to this rier in a jail, and to so many, otors, I owe more than the solu- f T. Mystery of the Missed Third. r now I have friends, friends he—a sweet Catholic nun in y Cy, a police officer in Omaha, ad a great shipping company in ranisco, a small boy in a Georgia t—m going to drop off and see he the Dodgers move north this d a World War veteran who n service station far up in Maine, an soldiers in our Army of to- on st in Newfoundland, one in na Cone, and one from Honolulu, th war struck that December

tel these friends of mine how I appreciate their thoughtfulness engh. Perhaps I ought to ex- hat their good wishes have proved th I have succeeded in one re- I y to work harmoniously with ocker pitchers. I try to make and every other player on our ke me personally. This, I think, e doe. And although few loyal ylnians are acquainted with me e field, I believe that all of them, er they have seen me play or not, stan this simple precept. Per- ecause I was a member of the St. Gas House Gang for a time, a real at a hat, I have the reputation of a scappy, fighting player.

e r pitchers, for example: r. Fisimmons and Davis of our ionship staff seldom shake off gna, because they have con- e in my knowledge of batters.

Wyatt and Higbe are two exceptional pitchers, now at the top of their form. Whit and Kirby both study batters carefully; sometimes Whit shakes me off, as we say when the pitcher disagrees with the catcher's judgment. Kirby likes to pitch his own game. I try to keep them at ease, working with them so that they will feel that their catcher is part of their own pitching skill.

Perhaps these pitchers have never been aware of my help in many other respects, for battery work does not consist merely of throwing and receiving the ball. It's the catcher's job to encourage pitchers when they weaken, to prompt them to watch base runners, to point out to them that some runner is wandering far from the bag and can be picked off with a quick throw. A catcher must sense a play on the bases before it happens; he must tell his pitcher what base to cover on infield grounders, and where to place himself so as to back up a throw from the outfield.

How to Nail 'Em on Third

The catcher holds the ball almost as often as the pitcher. He has much more to do than merely to throw out base stealers. He can pick them off at any base with quick, accurate throws, sometimes shot from a crouching position. Sure, I get a kick out of rifling that throw to second base when some speedy runner, say Linus Frey of the Reds, tries to steal. But my favorite play is the throw to third. Let's suppose that Johnny Hopp of the Cards is on first when Enos Slaughter slams a liner to center. Hopp scurries past second, past third as Petie Reiser grabs the ball and throws to the plate. Hopp sees the throw and turns in his tracks, backing toward third. I must throw the ball straight up the third-base line, always avoiding Hopp, for if the ball hits him, it will roll away and he will score easily. But I must also throw low and to the right of the bag so that my own third baseman can scoop the ball out of the dirt with his glove and tag Hopp out as he belly-whops back to base.

As for the more commonplace work of outguessing the batter, baseball would be a far more interesting game if the fans could read our minds as we plot and plan.

Great hitters (Mel Ott is one) wait for the pitch they like before they will swing. The catcher in such cases works like a master of chess. He must call for pitches which the batter will not expect. He must also be careful to call for pitches which the batter thinks you will not dare throw to him. It's like leading to strength in bridge—and most ball-players are good bridge players, too.

I became a catcher accidentally. Ten years ago I was a shortstop, playing on a St. Louis amateur club. In the middle of the game, our catcher fell ill, and I put on the mask and glove for the first time. Today my head is a card index of the batting styles of all players in the National League, and my body is ripped with spike wounds and bruises. Hard work? Yes. But I'm glad I'm a catcher, even though that error on the missed third strike will stand on my record as long as baseball is the American national game. A catcher's big-league life is long, because, more than any other player on the team, his stock in trade is experience.

I earned my spurs in experience that Sunday afternoon at Ebbets Field. I learned then that although baseball is only a professional sport, it welds together the people of our country in one solid mass of believers in fair play.

I'm a better man because I missed the third strike. Not exactly a hero, but certainly not the villain of Gloria's imaginary mystery tale.

THE END

Are YOU the type who mixes well?



The Face of a Sociable Fellow
... Eyes, pupils shiny—lids etched with lines of merriment. Mouth, large—easily given to laughter. This type who makes friends easily—serves friends "double-rich" Cream of Kentucky, made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers.

Then meet another "good mixer"

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If you're the congenial type with a host of friends, you'll be the kind of host who serves Cream of Kentucky and so gives his friends a "double-rich" treat... Remember, the password between "good mixers" is "make mine Cream!"

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There is a story about a town called Kings Row

All knew it, but none talked about it—except in whispers...

Out of the hushed strangeness of these lives, and out of the shadows that hid their shame, film-dom has fashioned a drama most unusual, most touching and Most Wonderful! Here is screen greatness, truly!

ANN SHERIDAN

the girl from the 'wrong' side of town

ROBERT CUMMINGS

he knew women's minds and hearts—too well

RONALD REAGAN

his whole life was one wild search for love

BETTY FIELD

she couldn't have the thing every girl desires

in

KINGS ROW

NOW READY FOR SHOWING!



WARNER BROS.
NEW SUCCESS WITH

CHARLES COBURN

The Screen Play is by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann • Music Composed by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

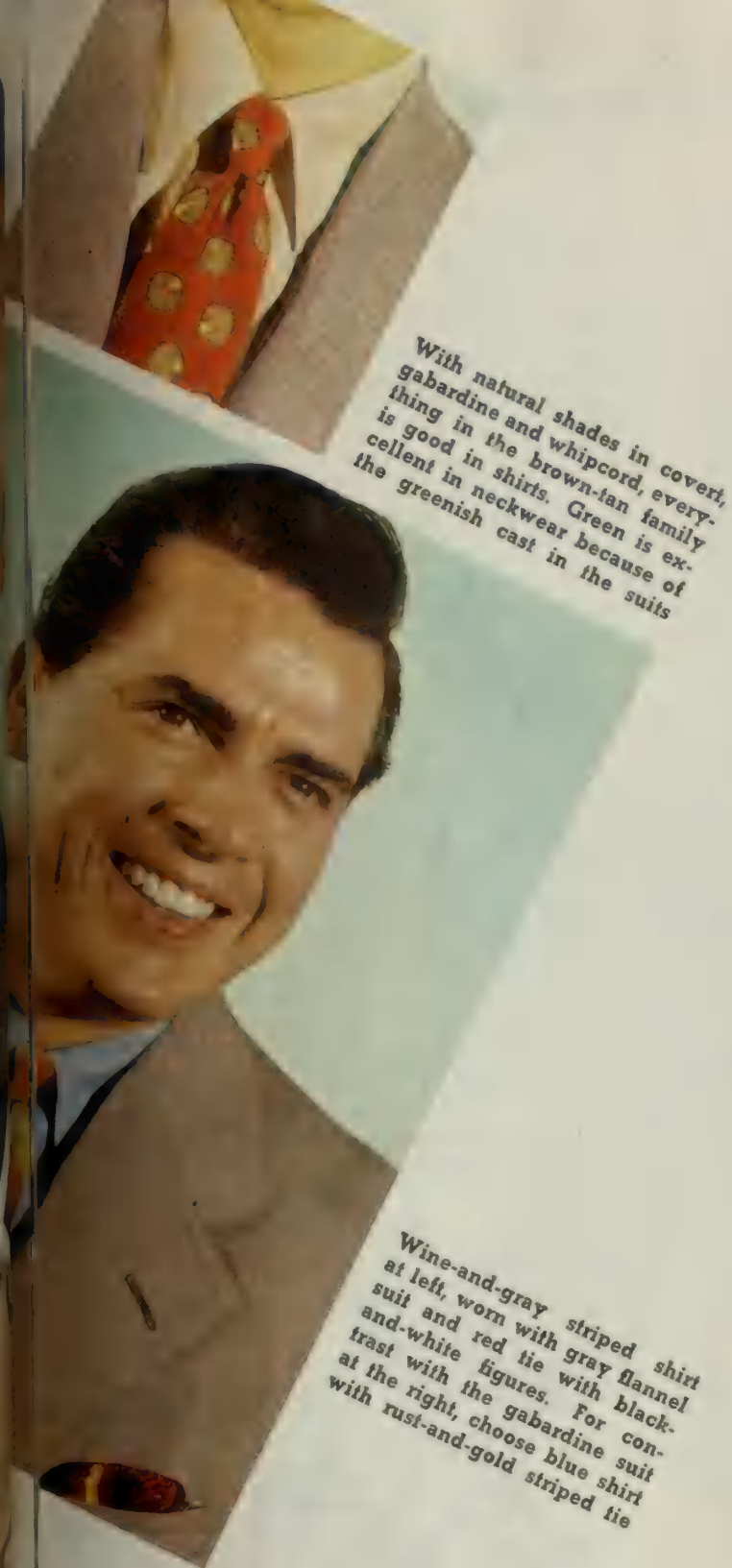
Directed by **SAM WOOD** of 'Mr. Chips' and 'Kitty Foyle' fame

Claude Rains • Judith Anderson • Nancy Coleman

KAAREN VERNE • MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • HARRY DAVENPORT



With blue-gray business suits, white, cream, gray and blue shirts are best. The shirt at left is a close-stripe blue, worn with small blue-and-white all-over-effect tie. The complete harmony between shirt, tie and suit makes for conservative but dressy appearance. Shetland jacket, right, worn on the campus or in the country, looks well with tan and brown shirts. Yellow thread in jacket fabric is repeated in tie with contrasting figures



With natural shades in covert, gabardine and whipcord, everything in the brown-tan family is good in shirts. Green is excellent in neckwear because of the greenish cast in the suits

Wine-and-gray striped shirt at left, worn with gray flannel suit and red tie with black-and-white figures. For contrast with the gabardine suit at the right, choose blue shirt with rust-and-gold striped tie

We'll Match You

erry L. Jackson

Navy have good shirt-tie color combinations: Khaki and black (soon to be khaki and blue and black, white and black. Life you have a wider range of color juggling due to shortages.

Before long white shirts will be up cream color, due to shortage. There'll probably be more colored shirts, but plenty of the old kind. This won't hurt: ties should be lighter than

Three chief suit colors: blue, gray, blue. Mix 'em or you can't go wrong. But a green shirt with a blue suit. You have four collar styles to choose: Medium point, spread, for big-shouldered California long point; the

button down. The California's the most comfortable.

Ties? For town wear, simple designs, subdued colors. For country, bold colors and patterns. Let the basic color in your tie be that of your suit or shirt; then add a contrasting color.

Good combinations: Gray suit, blue shirt, maroon tie; dark blue suit, gray shirt, blue-and-white polka-dot tie; brown suit, tan shirt, green-and-tan tie.

Tip for men whose wives buy their shirts: Get the Little Woman a color chart from an artists' supply store—but do it tactfully, Brother! And when she tells you to unknot your tie at night, instead of just loosening it and slipping it over your head, take her advice. Your ties will last longer and not wrinkle so badly.

Want to know where to get any of the ties or shirts shown here? Just ask us. ★★★



PARTY

Peach Short-Cake with Gingerbread layers. M-m-m! Add water to mix... bake layers... spread with whipped cream and fruit.



LUNCH BOX

Hearty, wholesome dessert for young or old. Use greased muffin pan (or line with paper cups). Extra-delicious with frosting.



AFTER SCHOOL

Mouth-watering gingerbread, and a glass of milk... real nourishment there! Only the choicest ingredients in Dromedary mixes.

HOT GINGERBREAD

LIKE YOU NEVER ATE BEFORE!

Just add water to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix!



FOR TONIGHT'S DESSERT serve a piping hot square of this fragrant, melt-in-your-mouth gingerbread, topped and filled with whipped cream. If your folks don't throw their arms around your neck, they just aren't human!



2-MINUTE RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE STUDD "GINGIES" with whole pieces of chocolate!

You'll want to send them to boys in the service, children at school—they're so tasty, so easy to make.

Just add 1/3 cup water and a 7 oz. package of semi-sweet chocolate pieces to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven—350°.

BEATS ANY HOME RECIPE... yet costs you less!

• Even the best cooks admit Dromedary gingerbread mix beats their own! And it comes out perfect every time! Yet it actually costs less than mixing at home! Made from the private recipe of George Washington's mother.

DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX



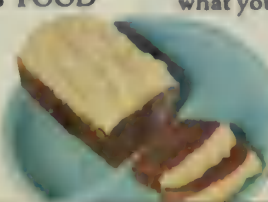
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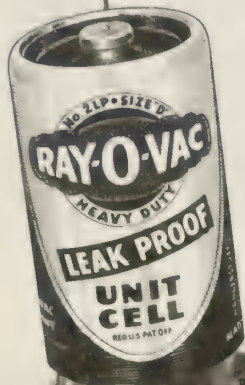


Dark delicious cake... rich and chocolatey... tender and velvety... Makes cookies too. Try it!

China Gold

Continued from page 21

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were there, nothing else. "This was my room," she said. She looked about it with bitter eyes. "You will be safe here, perhaps," she said, "safer than I was. My mother will bring you food. If you are tired, sleep upon my bed."

"Thank you," Elaine said. "I think it will not be long until my friends come."

She saw Mei-su give her a quick look, but the girl made no other answer. In a moment she was gone and Elaine was alone. The country silence was deep about her. The day had been windless, a rare day, and now the small noises of the country carried clearly to her ear through the open window. A hen cackled, a dog barked. Someone called and two women laughed. Men's voices shouted across a field. But no one came near her.

OUTSIDE the room Mei-su had stood for long minutes, thinking, weighing in her right hand and her left her loyalties. This house in which she was born pressed upon her, though she did not know it. It was made of the earth of the fields which had belonged to the family of Siao for generations. Floods had flattened it, but it had been built again and again through the centuries. Here she had spent her childhood, here her life had been. The weight of the house pressed upon her and after she had stood a little while, she sighed deeply and moved toward an inner room. There, her mother had told her, she would find her brother. She went there and opened the door. He was walking up and down the earthen floor. When she came in he stopped.

"You," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I was told to bring a white girl here," she said.

"A white girl," he repeated. "Who sent you with her?"

"The German," she said.

"The German," he repeated, as though he did not understand. Then a fury came into his eyes. "That is why the signal has been delayed!" he shouted. "We have been waiting for two hours and more. By this time the city ought to have been taken."

"Wait," she said in a whisper. "Here is something else I cannot understand. I—she—they told me I was not to tell you—not to tell anyone, you understand. But you are my brother. A white man is killed! The Japanese killed him. The Japanese is drunk, you understand—yes, and he is also sleeping. That is—she must have given him a great deal of the drug because he has been asleep now for many hours—ever since last night."

"Where is he?" her brother whispered.

"In her house—I mean, where I belong, you understand. The Japanese is lying across the white man's body."

"Do you know the room?"

"Yes."

"Can you take me to it secretly?"

"Yes."

"Then—at once!"

The brother and sister went out of the house, not by the main door, but by a small gate that gave out of the pigpen.

"What will you do when we get to the Japanese?" she asked—but she already knew the answer. "Come. Quickly!" he said.

Elaine leaning at that moment on the earthen sill of the window, saw them slip through the late afternoon light. They were strangers to her, and yet less strange than all else around her and in this house and when she saw them go she felt her first pang of fear. At that same

moment a clangor rose from the near-by city and spread through the air. She lifted her head and listened. It was the noise of the church bells. Surely it was the bells, but ringing as she had never heard them ring before. They rang and rang, and when at last they stopped she heard the sound of voices, roaring like the waves of the sea, muted by the distance into a deep roar.

She listened and was terrified.

"IT IS not possible to open the door of every house in this city," Father Valerian said at last to Larch. "We have gone into all the doors on the streets that she could have reached in the moment in which I lost her. Let us go back to the mission and hear the others. As for me, if she is not found I shall go into the church and pray while the search goes on."

"There's a very queer feeling in this town," Larch said, staring about him. "Look at the streets—empty!"

"Since the Japanese took the city no one comes out unless he must," Father Valerian replied. He looked old and full of trouble and he was longing to get to prayer and find out what he must do next. Within him his heart was continually crying, "Mary—Mary—Mary—" Was she blaming him somewhere up there in that heaven in which he believed she was waiting for him?

"The people's faces look scared," Larch said, gazing at a man passing by.

"Perhaps they are afraid of you," Father Valerian retorted. "You are very large and foreign-looking. They are not used to white men, except me, and I am not very white after all these years. My color now is about like theirs."

He came out of his daze for a mo-

ment. "Why do you n Elaine marry you?" he the innocence of a saint. lieve you want her mone see you. You are very Paul Brian."

Larch turned crimson u "Did she tell you I wante

Father Valerian tried exactly what Elaine had s words to that effect," he be honest. Larch's crim fury. "She's crazy, then, angry vigor. "I don't wa give me anything. I war what I get. Believe me, w married by now if she'd poor. But since she's ind won't marry her at all."

"Ah," Father Valerian "I must tell her that."

Larch stared at the tall at his side, but the face of as innocent of irony as a needn't tell her anything

But Father Valerian dic He was thinking to his walked back to the missio thing had happened to El pray God to forgive him if one's life for it.

"Here we are," he said gate stood open and he h "Now let us see—God in have found nothing!"

He was interrupted by of the church bells near t ately there was an answ from the city about them. stopped and stared upwar

"What is that?" Larch "The guerrillas!" Fa

cried. "It must be the gu Then he saw Rudolf hu



"Don't give me that 'I pledge my sacred word of honor' stuff! I want something definite"

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the house. Father Valerian looked at him. "Rudolf—have you—found Elaine?"

In the midst of the noise his voice sounded as weak as a child's.

"Come here with me," Rudolf said pityingly. He drew Father Valerian toward the hospital, forgetting Larch until he saw him following. "Please," he said, "go into the house and wait a little."

"Tell me—just one thing—have you heard anything about her?" Larch demanded.

"Please," Rudolf begged him, "wait."

He hurried Father Valerian into the hospital and took him to the first room and shut the door.

"I know where she is," he said, "and she is safe."

Father Valerian sat down suddenly on a bench and put his hand to his mouth. His lips were trembling, also his knees. He could not speak for a moment. Then he took his hand away, "Where is she?" he gasped.

"I will not tell you unless you promise not to tell that young man," Rudolf said. "It is what she herself made me promise."

"Did Elaine say I wasn't to tell him?" Father Valerian asked.

"She does not want to see him. She wants to be hidden until the two Americans go away again."

"How can she be hidden safely in this?" Father Valerian asked.

SHOUTING voices filled the air. The bells had stopped. Someone was battering at the mission gate. "She is safe," Rudolf insisted. The battering grew louder and voices shouted over the wall: "Priest—foreign priest, open to us! There are wounded men here!"

"Wounded!" Father Valerian exclaimed. He rose involuntarily. His mind so trained to years of service, went back to its unconscious work.

"Yes, you must open the gate," Rudolf said.

"You say she is safe?" he asked Rudolf.

"She is safe in the village of Siao," Rudolf replied.

Father Valerian was rolling up his sleeves. "Is that where she is?" he cried. "Yes, that is good. Let her stay there. She will be safe enough for a while. Where is Chen? I need him to help me."

Rudolf gazed at him. The priest, he thought, is greater, after all, than the man. What strange drug poured into a man's veins when his spirit was given to God? "You agree that we must send her home, Father," he said gently.

"Certainly we must," Father Valerian agreed absently. Now that she was safe he had almost forgotten her. At the gate there were wounded men waiting for him. "Yes, this is no place for a young white woman," he added, "especially Elaine." He looked restlessly toward the door. "Find Chen for me," he commanded, "and I will go and open the gate. They will not understand it that our gate is locked against them when they need to come in. It is never locked. They will think we have changed—or run away."

"We must not let them think that," Rudolf said, half smiling. He stood aside as he spoke and let Father Valerian stride past him, his ragged robe flying back from his long legs.

"How wrong it would be if I let Elaine stay here with him," he thought. "He is already an angel in heaven, and what would he do with her? She is all woman and how lonely she would be!"

It was at this moment that he knew he had all the time been arguing with no one but himself. His heart had been trying to defend its own longing to find it right that she be kept here, in spite of all. Knowing how helpless he was, how none would trust him as a friend,

yet, he had argued with himself ever thought that perhaps it could be happy with Father. Now he saw that she could not slowly toward the mission. Larch waited for him.

"HERE!" Mei-su whispered. The lowing of voices, the non, the bursting of guns ground upon which the cit. A voice could not be heard an ear, and she touched her sleeve as she spoke.

He turned at her touch at the door she opened. He wanted to be where he ought to be, ment, eager to be gone, an signal of the bells had been. If he found the German he him to account. But mean was the enemy who must find. He saw the two men there still, but the Japanese were to wake. The noise had per the dimness of his drug he was muttering and his striking out against imagination.

"We are almost too late that German," he muttered quite!

He drew his pistol as he bent and put it to the temple. Japanese and fired. Mei-su hid her face. He went touched her shoulder.

"You wanted him dead," she lifted her face. "I killed him!"

"And you," her brother are forgiven for everything as he spoke and leaped out of the window and disappeared now that she had disobeyed, went to find her and she had done. She went to Li-hua stood at the door, but to him that she must go in. "She is sleeping," Li-hua willingly.

"This is life and death simply and he let her in.

But Helen was not sleeping. Lying on her back, her hair streaming over her pillow, she looked up with envious eyes as Mei-su came in.

"The Japanese is dead," "It was my fault. I told my brother has killed him."

A MOMENT ago Helen herself she did not care. And yet when these words she leaped out and rushed to the room where dead men lay and Mei-su her. Yes, the Japanese was dead. "Oh, stupid child!" Helen now how will we explain this?"

"We can say they killed Mei-su faltered.

"There is no pistol here," she stared at this elder, bling, her round black eyes tears. Helen flung back sighed. Then she saw the her anger was gone.

"Come," she said, "don't men! Let us escape as fast as we can." "Escape?" "Overland, until we can road, then back to Shanghai." "All of us?" Mei-su asked. "No, you and I," Helen. "Li-hua shall stay here to keep the house open a few take the other girls home."

Mei-su took the edge of the bed in her fingers. "But I am to go with you," "Until you leave me," Helen replied.

as hours later that she remembered what the dead Japanese had told her at somewhere at some harbor, that ships would be bombed by Japanese airplanes. She and Mei-su were in a filthy inn where they had come back. The same paper she had seen from the captain's pocket had their safeguard whenever they stopped. Another day's journey was leading them to a railroad.

It had been easy enough. She had a sense of miraculous freedom, as though she had cut off all her old life and was beginning again, with this child and her, a human being to love and protect her. She was weary of men. She lay on the brick bed, thinking, and thus she remembered that portentous night when the drunken Japanese had spilled from his unheeding lips.

"It does no good to me now to know what you thought. 'Whom can I tell? I have told the German.'"

She was regretful for a while, and then she gave it up with a sigh.

"I cannot go back," she thought, and she was asleep at last.

THE rightful din of the attack had been on while Rudolf was talking to her. It had been a difficult talk. They were wary of each other, and for a little while neither had said anything, each waiting ostensibly for Elton Field to speak.

"You are sure Elaine is safe at that point?" Larch said two or three times.

"Oh completely," Rudolf had replied. "Perhaps, that is all. But I think you should wait for Field, because he will have some help from the Japanese. Why doesn't he come? Well, we must wait. It is not safe to go out."

The fellow who brought us was told to wait," Larch replied. "I suppose he will wait."

He was unusually somber and silent, as though he was thinking of what Father had said. Now to marry Elaine was the last thing he would ever do. He would take her home and put her on her doorstep, tip his hat and go off fighting—and mad as the devil.

Rudolf stood, as he so often stood, leaning against the table, his arms crossed, watching the surly young face of the white man. Could one trust one's beloved

to this young man? Yes, perhaps, there being no other! He sighed and bent his head and at this moment the clanging of the church bells broke out again like madness over the compound. The bell was a gentle thing accustomed to measured pealing for worship, to joy for marriage of Christian Chinese, to slow tolling for the dead. But now someone was jerking the ropes and the bells were frantic.

"What the devil is that racket?"

Rudolf leaped to the window and stared at the low belfry. "I cannot imagine," he said. But he knew. He could see someone there, pulling the ropes with all his strength. It was Chen, his robes flying out as he bent to and fro with the jerk of the ropes.

"It is a signal to the guerrillas, doubtless," Rudolf said hurriedly. "Where can Field be?" he said again most anxiously. "It will not be well for him if the guerrillas find him with the Japanese."

But Larch was already on his feet, cramming his hat into the pocket of his topcoat. "To hell with Field," he said. "If there's to be this sort of thing I've got to get Elaine out right away. It's no show of ours."

"No, of course not," Rudolf said, uncertainly. "Yes, you are right—we must think of her first."

He hurried out of the house after Larch. At the gate an old man stopped him. He felt the man's hand hard upon his arm and he could not shake it off. When he looked, he saw it was the old man he had seen in the half-caste woman's café!

"German," the man said, "I have something to put in your ear."

"Speak out," Rudolf said in Chinese. "This man with me does not understand your language."

BUT Li-hua stood on tiptoe and whispered: "There are two dead men at our house—the Japanese I can care for—I will give him to the Hill and Water men when the city is taken. But the white man—how can I care for him?"

"What white man?" Rudolf demanded.

"Him," Li-hua hesitated. He was loyal to his mistress and not a word would he say that once the dead white man had been her big-man. Then he













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pointed at Larch. "The white man who came with that one."

Elton Field! Rudolf, staring at the brown face with its scanty gray whiskers, all but cried out the name. Then he did not. Elton Field dead?

"How did he die?" he asked the old man.

Li-hua looked to the sky, his eyes full of innocence. Then he looked down at the earth. He knew how the white man had died. He was standing by the door, as he always did, and he had looked through a crack in the rough boards, and he had seen her take the long pin from her hair. Yes, but for such a thing that pin had been made. The white man had treated her very ill, and women had no way to right themselves if they did not use revenge. Never so long as he lived would he let her know that he knew what she had done. When he looked at her he saw always a little lonely half-Chinese child in a white man's house, who came into the kitchen for her only company.

He leaned toward Rudolf. "The Japanese killed him," he said.

"What is the old fellow saying?" Larch asked impatiently.

"Nothing of importance," Rudolf said quietly. "Come, let us go on!"

He paused for one word more to the old man. "When it is very dark tonight," he said, "past midnight, then bring the body here and put it in the church. The foreign priest will see to its burial."

"Ha," Li-hua said, and trotted off into the darkness.

ELAINE was waked from her shallow sleep by the light of a candle upon her face. The old farm mother stood there at her bedside. She had come in once to bring food, but now why did she come? Elaine sprang up and pushed back her hair with both hands.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Two men," the old woman said. "One the German."

"Oh," Elaine cried, "they have come for me, doubtless!" She leaped out of bed and drew on her Chinese cloth shoes. At last they had come—Rudolf and Father Valerian!

She followed the old woman eagerly through another room. Then at the entrance to the third she stopped.

"Oh!" she cried.

It was Larch. Rudolf had brought Larch.

"Elaine," Rudolf said, "you must go away at once—"

"With me," Larch said firmly. "But see here—I don't want you to think it is for—anything except to take you home. Your father sent me to get you and bring you home and it is a job, and that's all. I'll deliver you over to him and say goodbye. You needn't worry about—anything."

She flung up her head. "Rudolf, you promised—"

"Promises are nothing when the world changes around you," Rudolf said steadily. "Elaine, the city is being attacked. How do I know what will become of us?"

"But Father Valerian"—she broke in—"if Father Valerian is in danger—"

"We shall all be in more danger if you are there," Rudolf said ruthlessly. "We are two men. We can take care of ourselves. But not if we must always stop to think of you—to look after you—to protect you in the dangers which are yours. What if the Japanese win? Who can protect any of us then? If you value Father Valerian's life, go away!"

"But you—"

"I will take care of him," he said steadily. "Go home, Elaine, go home!"

She did not answer. But she and Larch stood facing each other across the room, stubborn, proud, young. Rudolf watched them, aware in agony of their youth and beauty.

"You two cowards," he said slowly. "Neither of you dares to marry the other. Each of you is thinking only of himself—of no one else. You, Elaine, you are not truly thinking of Father Valerian, no, but of your own pride. You, Larch, do you think I would let money keep me from marrying her? If she loved me, I wouldn't know her millions existed! I, a German, an enemy to her country! I wouldn't know that anything existed between us, though everything does—if she loved me!"

Larch looked at him, stupefied. "You love her!"

"I love her," Rudolf said gently. Elaine bent her head. "But she does not love me."

NONE of them spoke for a moment. Elaine did not lift her head. The old farm woman stood there holding the candle and wondering at the angry talk of these white people, of which she could not understand one word.

Then in the silence Rudolf began again, still in the cool gentle voice of an elder speaking to two children: "You've put me through a nice hell, you two, for nothing. Neither of you deserves anything if you have not the courage to trust each other."

Still those two did not speak. He turned away in seeming impatience. "Very well, Elaine, if you will not go home, then come back to Father Valerian. But I will be responsible for nothing that happens."

"Wait," Elaine said in a small voice. "Wait, Rudolf!" She lifted her head at last and looked at Larch. All her face was pink in the candlelight. "Can you trust me?" she asked him.

Larch shook his head and looked away from her to the candle. "No, you'll think you won't remember your mother but you will."

"What if she does?" Rudolf cried at him angrily. "Can you not help her to forget?"

"But if I can trust you?" Elaine's pleading voice fell upon the silence again.

"Who can make promises for years ahead?" Larch retorted, and went on looking at the candle.

Rudolf laughed, loud harsh laughter that made the old Chinese woman stare at him and shield the candle with her

hand that she might see clearly. "Come, Elaine," "marry me! After all, I desire more than this fellow does. You Americans are—always about money!"

"We aren't—he isn't—" Elaine out in fury.

"He is!" Rudolf shouted. "We are thinking about yourself."

"She isn't," Larch cried.

But Rudolf pretended no longer. "I give you both up! I take the two of you here. Elaine, for you at the mission for one I get back. Then if you are I will try to save my own life ther Valerian's—if it is not

"No," Elaine said in a snarl, "don't wait!"

Whatever these two men were the old Chinese farm mother the white woman obeyed. Even she did as she was told. The young white man led her away about her—his sister doubtless was so familiar. Then she whole matter, for the German money into her hand, a lot more than she had seen in money was saying something at last could understand.

"Tell your son by whatever comes from him, that even now to proceed according to

"Certainly I will tell him plied fervently. "And I will tell you are a good man."

"For that, thanks," Rudolf followed the other two.

IN THE airplane, soaring over the Chinese landscape which now barely see coming out of the beneath them, Larch spoke Elaine, though his eyes laughed. "Do I understand that you are going to me, madam?"

The wind was roaring past he had to bellow in her ear his warm sweet breath upon and she turned and the wind her hair about her face, and she vigorously. Then she saw all the mounting in those dark eyes her face and she dropped her shoulder, and his arm about her shoulders, and he held her again and again. But again



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midst of his kisses she felt his lips at her ear.

"I accept, formally," he said, "on one condition. If ever you mention the word money to me, for any reason, I shall return you to your father. Understand?"

She nodded again, her lips upon the brown smoothness of his neck. He took her left hand and kissed it. Her rings were hard to his lips, and he pulled them off and dropped them into the pocket of her coat.

"No more rings on this hand except mine," he said.

She did not deny him. Yes, it was better to put her mother's rings away. She and Larch wanted no memories of unhappy love.

Larch gave a sudden leap.

"I forgot!" he shouted. "The anesthetic!"

"What anesthetic?" Elaine shouted back.

"I brought a box of it—a fellow asked me to bring it along and it's there in the mission house. I forgot to tell anybody about it!"

Elaine laughed. "Father Valerian will find it—he'll think God sent it."

The machine gave a great dip, but they did not know it. In a little mirror the Japanese pilot was aghast at what he saw. Then he righted himself sternly. It was no business of his what two foreigners did behind his back. It was his duty only to set them down at the coast in time for the next clipper. The German had so told him and that he was not to wait for the other white man. Well, his duty he would do!

"EIGHT days," Helen Kung said anxiously, counting on her fingers. She was in Shanghai again but it was a strange city. Now it belonged to the Japanese. The proud English had given it up, the Americans had gone away. She was left there, she and Mei-su and Li-hua, waifs upon the wind. But they were still safe in her little apartment and she had most of Elton Field's money left. She would see what to do soon. Li-hua had come back to tell her that Elton's body he had taken by night to the church, after he had taken the girls home. Then at dawn he had come away himself, leaving the dead Japanese as he lay, and the café exactly as it was.

"It was a loss," he said to her regretfully, "the dishes and the furniture. Still, life is best."

"Yes," she agreed. "Life is I do not know why."

The newspaper which Li-hua brought into her room with her tea had horrible headlines: Bombs Pearl Harbor."

"Shall I pour your tea?" Li-hua asked.

"No," she had said, "I'll do it myself."

Pearl Harbor—that was whose name the Japanese tell! Oh, but those two, had caught on one of the islands waii itself?

She read the paper hastily to have told someone, she thought. It was strange that had always repudiated her will can blood, should now, as she that white blood boiling in anger. The treachery of it, the cruelty of it, the evil. If they had been caught, the Japanese, they had won.

"TELL your mistress," the G said to Li-hua, "that the sheltered has gone home—young man who came from to fetch her. Tell her—they were married."

When she heard it her turned over in her breast. Have killed Elton Field? Would come back to her? She had and then she had wiped away. What she had done she had had gone on living. Now her "Eight days." She counted fingers. She took each day or Oh, they were home! They have not caught them! They she thought, they have won! and put down the paper and her bed and walked around her bed robes, her arms hugging.

"Oh," she muttered. "Oh, they've won."

She thought of the dead Japanese a sort of crazy joy. Well, he was dead, anyway—one less and two Americans were safe. Then she stopped and laughing thinking in English," she said "for the first time in my life though I were an American."

She sat down at the table her face for a moment in. Then she lifted her head and herself a bowl of Chinese tea.

THE END



"The lady above me is a water-colorist, but I don't suppose that has anything to do with it"

Argentina—Axis Gateway

Continued from page 11

all relations with the Axis. They have taken their place at the peoples of Mexico and Central America and all the other countries of South America except Chile. They have broken all diplomatic, political and economic relations with the countries. They would have helped the Western Hemisphere against attack and would have prevented the flow of vital information from the fronts of North and South America to the enemy and enemy-dominated areas abroad.

because the common people of Argentina, like common people nearly everywhere, are decent and hard-working and fundamentally believe in the principles that resulted in the Bill of Rights in the United States. But the people are not sovereign in Argentina. Their rights are stolen. Their press is controlled by martial law arbitrarily imposed by Señor Castillo. He decreed martial law when the press demanded that Argentina honor her pledge to condemn attack against an American nation and aggression against all the Americas. That was after Pearl Harbor. As he saw that, as a consequence of an attack, an effort would be made to bring the Big Three of the Pan-American Conference—the United States, Mexico and Argentina—to rally all of the Americas against the Axis. He knew the attempt would be made at the Rio de Janeiro Conference of Foreign Ministers.

As he saw that, the press, which the Argentinos were warmly pro-American and pro-Democratic. They wanted to go to war against the Axis. At the time, they wanted Argentina's Foreign Minister Ruiz Guinazu to vote with the Americas for an immediate total rupture of relations with the Axis countries. Castillo—pious, glacially conservative, essentially pro-Fascist—simply scrapped the thermometer. He scrapped Argentina's Bill of Rights, suppressing free speech and a free press.

It Didn't Matter In 1918

Comically, Argentina's isolationism in the first World War didn't work. The Allies bought her beef, corn, hides, mutton, wool and quantities of tungsten, and carried goods away in their own bottoms. Argentina received in return what matter and manufactured goods she needed and Argentina's 2,000 families prospered. They hope to do so again. Argentina's neutrality in this war has been very much. For this, there are many reasons. One of them is the matter of communications. From Buenos Aires, you can send cables and radios and you can telephone any Axis country controlled capital in the world. There is the fifth column. The Axis agents in Argentina are more numerous, more organized and more influential than in any other Latin-American country. They are ably led and have plenty of money. They constitute an active threat to the security of the Western Hemisphere and to the success of the war effort. And they're immune to arrest or deportation.

At least one other reason is economic: Argentina, as a neutral, is able to sell wheat to starving Spain, for example, but these food supplies seldom go to Spain at all, but to Germany and Italy. On the ships that ply between Buenos Aires and Spanish ports, moreover, travel the reinforcements for the Axis fifth column in Argentina.

Easy communications between Buenos Aires and enemy points, plus the existence of a fifth column so strong that it is tantamount to an Axis invasion of the South American continent, and the commercial pipe lines between Argentina and enemy Europe make that country an Axis base in this hemisphere.

This is why freedom of communications is probably the most important asset of enemy agents in Argentina. A ship sails from, say, Rio de Janeiro. Enemy agents transmit this information to Buenos Aires. That part is easy. There are at least fifteen high-powered clandestine Axis radio stations operating at strategic points on the continent. The German Embassy receives the information and transmits it, in code, to Berlin. There the High Command communicates the message to a raider or a submarine. The ship that sailed from Rio is sunk.

Every scrap of information valuable to the enemy, legitimate news as well as military secrets gathered by Axis spies, can be transmitted to Berlin, Rome and Tokyo in this fashion. Any indiscreet news item appearing in the press anywhere in North and South America can be forwarded through Buenos Aires to where it will do the Allied cause the most harm.

Communications—Made to Order

Enemy agents operating in the Argentine capital don't even have to communicate directly with Berlin. They can wireless, cable or telephone to Madrid or Vichy, from where their dispatches can be readily sent on to Axis capitals. In the other direction, the fifth column in Argentina receives its orders and instructions.

That the Axis fifth columnists have a well-organized communications system on the continent itself is not a myth. The United States government knows of the existence of the clandestine radio stations. Recently, the Nazi Embassy in Buenos Aires was caught sending a new high-powered short-wave transmitting apparatus to Chile. The German diplomatic pouch on the Santiago-bound Pan-American plane looked over-bulky. The bag was legally opened and the transmitter was discovered. But how many radio sets did the German-operated Condor lines carry to scattered points in South America before the lines were grounded?

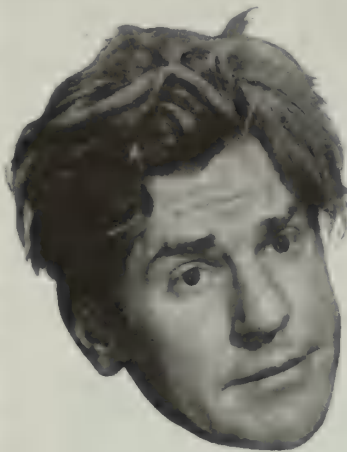
One of the war's major paradoxes involves the communications systems that enable the Axis and pro-Axis diplomats in Buenos Aires to keep in touch with their bosses in Berlin and Rome and Tokyo, or with Madrid, Vichy, Dakar, Stockholm, Geneva and a score of other points from where messages can be relayed to the Axis high commands. The ownership of most of the cable and wireless companies operating out of Buenos Aires is preponderantly American and British.

The All-America Cables and Radio Company, a subsidiary of International Telephone and Telegraph, is 100 per cent American. It provides cable, wireless and radio-telephone service with all foreign points. As a public utility, it cannot, under Argentine law, refuse to give the German Embassy in Buenos Aires a connection with the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin.

The Western Telegraph Company is all-British. It provides communications with Europe and the Orient. It's legally on the spot in the same sense as All-America Cables and Radio.

Italcable and Itaradio operated out

APRIL 'SHOWERS' A-HEAD?



SHOWERS OF TAP-WATER

... may mean "showers" of dandruff—because water washes away natural oils—leaves hair wild, unruly. Use Kreml to keep hair neatly in place, remove dandruff scales, relieve itchy scalp.



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it that his highballs were
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Before going to bed and
again in the morning, he had
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Help protect you
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honored guest. Many hosts
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of Buenos Aires until Italy entered the war. Then the Italian cable was cut, but Italradio is still working. It carries some Italian and Spanish traffic.

Communications experts admit that it is entirely possible for Nazi-Fascist operatives to make direct contact with submarines or Axis warships from clandestine stations operating on Argentine soil. Two such stations have been located and smashed up, thanks to the Taborda Committee of the Chamber of Deputies. But, radio and telephone men argue, if the Argentinos have been able to locate two stations with their poor finder equipment, there must certainly be others.

Where the Money Comes From

The fifth column itself draws its strength from the foreign born who reside in Argentina. There hasn't been an official census in the country for years, but a survey made on November 6, 1941, gave the nation's population as 13,320,641.

The foreign born, excluding first and second-generation citizens born in Argentina, who are largely anti-Fascist and anti-Franco Italians and Spaniards, included 50,000 Germans, 680,000 Spaniards, 780,000 Italians, and 850,000 "others." There are few Japs in Argentina.

Funds for the activities of the German fifth column, the strongest and best organized, are levied from the thousands of German nationals or descendants of Germans who are in business in the country. An estimate of how well provided with money the Germans are can be obtained from the following data: From 1932 to 1939, or in about seven years, the German Embassy in Buenos Aires spent an average of \$225,000 a year. In the year ending June 30, 1940, however, the German Embassy disbursed \$784,000, and in the year ending June 30, 1941, it paid out \$1,930,000. These figures have been reconstructed by the Taborda Committee from known withdrawals from local banks. Hidden cash outlays made directly to agents, propagandists, saboteurs and associated craftsmen must bring the totals up considerably.

The Wintershilfe, the German Winter Help organization, alone raised enormous quantities of money for fifth column work. The contributions levied upon German descendants and nationals varied from 4% to 32% of the individual's income. Wintershilfe produced \$287,000 in the year 1939-1940 and \$334,000 the following year. These funds were paid into the Nazi Embassy's Chamber of Commerce.

Investigating the accounts of German banks in Buenos Aires, Radical Damonte Taborda found innumerable "bearer checks" issued by the German Embassy. Amounts paid out varied from \$250 to \$5,000. Most of these were outright bribes. A check drawn "to bearer" in Argentina requires no endorsement.

German fifth columnism in Argentina dates from the moment the Nazis came into power in Berlin. There were already thousands of German settlers in the country. When Adolf Hitler took over, the Germans in Argentine business firms, those employed in important chemical firms, in the building trades, the wool industry and the old business, who wouldn't follow the Nazi party line were promptly fired. Almost all of them, however, fell into step with the Brownshirts. Relatives at home were held as hostages in a pattern of things that's now as familiar as that of the panzer blitz.

The National Socialist-Democrat Argentine Party and the Labor Front were duly organized. Both were dissolved on May 15, 1939, following a national scan-

dal over the discovery of plans in Patagonia, but the Taborda Committee a few months ago proved that they were still doing business at the same stands with new names. The Labor Front became the Association of Benevolent and Cultural Societies. The Labor Front became the Federation of German Trades Unions.

In the "Benevolent" association, strong-arm boys are organized into cells, or Stutzpunkte, of 10 men each. Every square mile of Argentina is divided into blocks, district zones, under their respective commanders, Landeskreisleiters and Landpenleiters. The officers for these troops are regular SS and SA men. Until May 15, 1939, they drilled, practicing shooting with rifles and did their exercises in uniforms. Now they shoot and do their exercises in civilian uniforms.

That the German fifth column is more than "cultural" or "benevolent" intentions regarding Argentina, therefore, the Western Hemisphere can be deduced from the fact that Buenos Aires and its environs have been divided into nine zones with a Gruppenleiter over each. At a proper moment, Buenos Aires is taken by the Germans with a few phone calls. Buenos Aires is a man's head on an anemic body, and the head falls, the body topples.

American and British oil companies and other firms have cleaned up in Argentina, Italian, Spanish and Fascist personnel. But the Argentine oil monopoly, the YPF, is controlled by Germans. One German engineer was caught making detailed drawings of a refinery on the Argentine coast, though he held only a minor valve-turner or oiler in one of the plants.

American oil men are confident that Berlin possesses complete blueprints for every oil refinery, storage depot, plant, railroad and key industrial in Argentina. In recent years, German nationals have completely taken over the chemical industries, the trades, engineering, drafting. In the past ten years, there has been a continual flow of German technicians into Argentina. Their supremacy in these fields might have been accidental, but there is a preponderance of evidence that it was planned and political.

The two electric-power plants which furnish Buenos Aires with power are owned by Belgian, Spanish and Swiss capital. One plant is owned by an Italian. In the provinces, the fifth column is almost as strong as in the centers. German "rowing clubs" have taken the headwaters of Argentina's rivers. The Argentine province of Mendoza, bordering on Bolivia and Paraguay, across the frontiers of which a band arms traffic flourishes, is virtually a German colony.

Attachés and More Attachés

Buenos Aires, however, remains the capital of Nazi espionage and sabotage. The Axis agents' German Embassy. This is staffed with a staff of 150 diplomats, consuls, military and naval attachés, and commercial attachés. Despite the fact that German trade in Argentina has been reduced since Berlin's affairs in Buenos Aires are handled by ten men.

The Nazi rendezvous is a comfortable, modern hotel near the German Embassy. That's where Herr Giese, Gestapo big shot, landed when he was tossed out of Venezuela.

Herr Giese's trail was picked up in loyal Venezuelan, Brazilian, Paraguayan, and Uruguayan papers. He made his way to Argentina



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...an freeze. Costs only a few cents.
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...ate, Sani-Flush is thorough. Use
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...to remain in your blood, it may
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he arrived, the American Embassy re-
quested the Argentine government to
arrest and deport him. Nothing was
done. Finally, under much pressure
from Washington, Buenos Aires police
inched up on Herr Giese but he had dis-
appeared.

He was located in a hospital, where he
had been admitted on presentation of a
doctor's certificate to the effect that he
was a very sick man. Had Argentine
police taken the trouble, they would
have noticed that Herr Giese's docu-
ment was signed by a German physician
who was, of all things a *gynecologist*.
Giese entertained in his hospital suite
for about a week, receiving many guests
and giving and taking orders. Then he
disappeared permanently.

Herr Giese is one of at least twenty
Nazi agents operating in Buenos Aires.
Their names and case histories are
known to the American government,
which has communicated its informa-
tion to the Argentine police and the
Foreign Office. But nothing has been
done about these men despite the Pan-
American wartime agreement that the
movements of spies and agents must be
mutually reported and the persons ar-
rested, detained or deported. At least
200 known agents have applied for
visitors' or permanent visas at the Ar-
gentine Foreign Office since the other
Latin-American nations put the squeeze
on enemy agents. They're all filtering
down now into Argentina and Chile, but
mostly into Argentina, where they can
be sure of continued hospitality. It's
possible that Chile will break relations
with the Axis one of these days.

How many enemy agents enter
Argentina by steamer from Europe, or
across Argentina's unguarded frontiers,
isn't known. They come with false pass-
ports and faked documents, and disap-
pear into the interior. Usually they
speak flawless Spanish. They take the
trouble to learn Spanish before coming
to South America.

Berlin-Buenos Aires Pipe Line

One of the chief sources of worry to
American and British military people,
as well as to diplomats, is the steam-
ship line owned by Franco Fascists who
confiscated it from the Republic pre-
Spanish Civil War owners. This line con-
stitutes a direct Axis pipe line between
Berlin and Buenos Aires. From one of
its ships at Trinidad, recently, the Brit-
ish arrested the notorious Leon Hirsch,
agent of Otto Abetz, with six or seven
other agents. Now the Buenos Aires-
to-Spain ships no longer stop at Trini-
dad or any other ports where they might
meet with difficulties. It was on this
line that the German ambassador to
Argentina, Von Therman, recently re-
turned to Germany.

British and American policy toward
Madrid is kid-gloved. Spanish ships on
the high seas are not annoyed. In Wash-
ington, it is still hoped that Fascist Gen-
eral Franco, Premier of Spain, will not
turn his country, army, navy and ships
over to Germany to be used against the
Allies, just as the myth persists that
anything we can do will prevent Vichy's
Marshal Pétain from knuckling to the
Nazis whenever it becomes impossible
for him to do otherwise. That's why
Spanish ships safely sail out of New
York with oil and from Buenos Aires
with food, despite the lack of positive
proof that supplies they carry don't
reach Axis countries. Wheat and meat
can take the same route to Berlin that
Ambassador von Therman took.

An integral part of Axis fifth column-
ism in Argentina is the Nazi-controlled
press. The bellwether of Nazism is El
Pampero, printed in Spanish, edited by
Enrique Osés. This newspaper has a
circulation of from 75,000 to 100,000, or
from one third to one half of the distri-

bution of pro-Democratic La Prensa,
and about equal to that of genuinely
Argentine newspapers such as El
Mundo, Crítica or La Nación.

El Pampero is brilliantly edited, well
written. It persistently plugs the Axis
party line, which is anti-American and
anti-British, of course. It distorts Allied
victories into defeats and extols Axis
losses into major triumphs. Editorially it
preaches anti-Semitism and, when it isn't
Red-baiting, it is screaming "Yanqui
Imperialism" and proclaiming Argen-
tina for the Argentinos. Cash comes
into the coffers of El Pampero to the
tune of 100,000 pesos every month, and
the advertising department of El Pam-
pero derives almost all of its income
from Axis advertisers.

El Pampero Goes to Town

The German Transocean News
Agency, an offshoot of DNB, Italian
Stefani and hopped-up "specials" from
Berlin, Rome, Tokyo and Madrid fill
El Pampero's columns. La Prensa, El
Mundo, Crítica and La Nación were
lukewarm, almost taciturn, when Ruiz
Guiñazú returned from the Rio Con-
ference after having knifed—with the
aid of oily little Juan Bautista Rossetti
—Sumner Welles' program for a unani-
mous outright break between Latin
America and the Axis. But El Pampero
screamed: "Guiñazú Returns Victori-
ous."

Proud and supercilious Argentinos
preened. There was a full-color Argen-
tine flag waving literally and figuratively
on El Pampero's front page, along with
an enormous picture of pince-nezed
Ruiz Guiñazú. The fact that Ruiz
Guiñazú's overloaded French Potez
plane ran out of the runway in Rio and
pancaked into the harbor was played
down. In Rio, Brazilian Foreign Min-
ister Oswaldo Aranha quipped: "It
wasn't the plane that was overloaded—
it was Ruiz Guiñazú's conscience."

For a long time, it was a mystery
where El Pampero got its newsprint.
American economic-warfare sleuths
traced the source—a Canadian firm.
The source has dried up on El Pampero
but the paper will keep going. It has
about one year's supply stored up. It
bought it in dribbles through straw men
in Brazil, Bolivia and Paraguay. The
decent papers in Buenos Aires are run-
ning out of newsprint, but El Pampero
is well fixed with the raw materials of
propaganda.

There are other pro-Axis, Nazi-ma-
nipulated newspapers in Argentina. The
German-language Deutsche La Plata
Zeitung plays the Axis game, but not too
willingly. It's the newspaper of the
old-timers who would be good Argen-
tinos instead of Germans if they had
half the chance. The same is largely
true of Il Mattino d'Italia, whose propa-
gandizing is limited almost exclusively
to unassimilated Italians. For the most
part, the Italians become more creole
than the creoles within six months of
settling down in Argentina. However,
there are plenty of Fascist die-hards
among them, although their loyalties to
the old country have been rudely shaken
by the sorry figure Mussolini has cut in
the war.

The government's pro-Axis policy and
the fifth column combine to make Ar-
gentina a menace. The proportions of
the latter are such that I heard Allied
diplomats and soldiers speak of it with
something of the horror that I heard
wide-awake but helpless men speak of
the situation that existed in Holland,
Belgium, France, Greece and still exists
in Egypt.

But until all relations between Bue-
nos Aires and Axis capitals are severed,
Argentina remains the potential Norway
of the South American continent.

THE END

GEE, I DIDN'T KNOW A
THIN COLORED LEAD WOULD
SHARPEN LIKE THIS

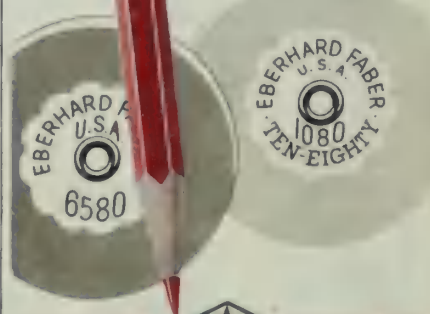
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AND THE SHARP
POINT WON'T
BREAK IN USE,
EITHER



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Thin, super-strong leads
that sharpen like a black
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colors that stand out
vividly even in fine lines.
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"hanging on
the
ropes"?



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Athlete's Foot,
Strains, Bruises

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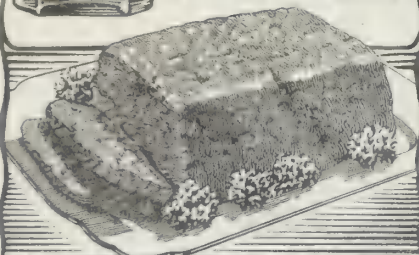
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reports of their work and arranged for them to come back East, Helen as manager of Crockford's Club and Al as associate editor of The Bridge World.

But before they left the Coast in 1937 they decided to get married, which they did across the border in Mexico on March 28th of that year. When they got back East both were in bridge to stay. Mrs. Sobel was chosen by Ely Culbertson to join the team of four which he took in 1937 to the international championships in Budapest, Hungary, where she, Charles Vogelhofer and the Culbertsons gained some notable triumphs. Back from there, she has played in an increasing number of events and her reputation has steadily grown, as has Al's.

It is pretty hard to get Mrs. Sobel to talk of her bridge unless you are about to become her partner and want to know what bidding conventions you are going to use. Then you will learn from her that she:

1. Uses no artificial slam conventions unless you insist, since most devotees overdo the use of them.
2. Prefers all bids in their natural meanings, as causing fewer misunderstandings.
3. May violate any convention at any time, for the sake of general results.
4. May bid the same hand ten different ways against different opponents.
5. In choosing an opening bid, likes to select the suit which will best prepare her to handle the worst possible response from her partner.
6. In general, prefers to play "by ear" rather than "by note," fitting her action to the situation which exists at the time rather than following some previously determined rule.

Just such a simple summary of general principles was discussed by her in the few minutes preceding the event which clinched her place as ranking player of the past season. It was the national open team-of-four championship, scored on a board-a-match basis, which was played in the greatest tournament ever held by the league, at Richmond, Virginia.

A Jolt for the Masters

Only a week before the tournament, Simon Rossant had telephoned her in New York that he and Peter Leventritt were going to the tournament and invited her to get a partner to make up the other pair for the team game. She wrote then to Mrs. Wilkinson Wagar in Atlanta, one of the South's greatest players, and Mrs. Wagar accepted. When they won the event, in the closest possible kind of contest, by a fraction of a match point, from the great five-man combination of Waldemar von Zedtwitz, Charles Lochridge, A. Mitchell Barnes, S. Garton Churchill and Lee Hazen, it signaled the first time that a pair made up of two women had been on the victorious combination.

During the season, twenty-seven different players shared in the winning of the eleven national events, and twenty others gained second places. The championship hard-luck record of the year—greatest since Waldemar von Zedtwitz five years ago earned eight second places—was registered by the famous Oswald Jacoby, who finished second, barely out of first place, in four of the most difficult events without gaining a victory. His second places for the year made him the leading Master Point holder of all time, with 1,338, ahead of David Bruce Burnstone's 1,332.

One of the striking achievements of

the season was the winning of the Individual Masters' Championship by Lee Hazen of New York by the largest margin in the history of the event, 27½ Match Points. His score was 638 as against 610½ for B. Jay Becker, who was second. The year before, his second place among the thirty-six selected Masters was with 623 points. This was beaten only by Morrie Elis, who broke the record for the event then with 640. Mr. Hazen's two-year average for the event is far above that of anyone else since it was instituted ten years ago.

Coast-to-Coast Bridge

One of the significant occurrences of bridge during the season was the consolidation of the Pacific Bridge League with the American Contract Bridge League, finally giving the game organization which places all parts of the country on an equal basis. Cementing the amalgamation is the fact that Morgan Howard, a former New Yorker but now a resident of Pasadena, California, has been elected president of the League for 1942. The Pacific Coast was better represented than ever before in the national championships at Richmond, and so, of course, was the South. The East is always well represented in both number and quality of contestants, but the Middle West had its least representative year in both total entries and their achievements.

War conditions have caused calling off of the World Bridge Olympic for 1942—the event in which identical selected hands distributed by mail have been played simultaneously in as many as sixty different nations. Last year it shrank to fifteen nations, and this year has had to be abandoned. Replacing it,

perhaps, may be a match between the United States and Brazil, which has sued a challenge for a tournament.

Organized bridge, as the League and its many members as larger events, has always had a good deal of its efforts directed toward the slogan, "Take a Hand." For many years the main beneficiary was the children suffering from cancer, which was continued during the war and still goes on, but the League found time to put on a drive to furnish ambulances. Bridge-for-Ambulances was active in nearly all parts of the country. Prior to our entry into the war, the ambulances obtained through the British-Ambulance Corps to the several world where fighting was going on by the nations which were allies. Since December 7th the drive has been most urgent.

Bridge will not fold up but it is going all-out efforts to aid. The winter drive was sought by three cities—St. Louis; Columbus, Ohio; N. Y.; and at the last allotment of it, New York. The invitation from Mayor La Guardia made by far the most sincere effort, guaranteeing all of the cities near by the event, to be held in New York. The individual masters' tournament is the first event of the season, April 10th to 12th, followed by the derbilt Cup contest April 13th to 15th, and the master tournament is scheduled for Asbury Park, N. J., in May. THE END



"My wife trussed him up while we were waiting. She just finished her first-aid course"

Flight from Hong Kong

Continued from page 13

with Japanese military efficiency. Hong Kong's people still hoped for an immediate disastrous Japanese attack and therefore preferred to believe many wishful reports being widely circulated.

When the Japanese kept bringing contingents of troops, gave us days to have a good look at the hills and blue water of conquest, then issued them and sent them on. Japanese worked to slick up the thousand busses and limousines as the Hong Kong Club's roads.

Days of Waiting

At this time I became impatient and confined on Hong Kong. Japanese were prohibiting people leaving the harbor to Kowloon and land because most important in whom they might be interested on the island, where they wanted them. After more than a futile effort to get across, many others, I noted Japanese along the water front did not give duty until eight o'clock morning. At dawn on the tenth celebration I talked one sampan taking the run across for five. Never did the mile-wide stretch between the island and the mainland seem so wide. I got ashore on the island in plenty of time but another Japanese sentries machine-gunned a junk that had started a fire. Two men were killed.

Sea services out of Hong Kong were suspended, the only way to China was by a land route. I ordered and up the East River, but no man had a gun and every gun was a guerrilla when it met Japanese.

One morning a neighbor's serv-

ant came in through my back door and told me the Japanese had searched my abandoned home, unearthed some of the many photographs I'd taken that were probably unfavorable to their cause, and found my correspondence file which included, among others, the letter I'd recently received from Navy Secretary Frank Knox along with a Naval Expeditionary Medal sent me for my work during the bombing and sinking of the Panay.

They offered three hundred military yen to anyone who could tell them where I was. I got busy immediately, obtained a "return-to-native-village" permit under an assumed name, made arrangements for my family to leave later by a less arduous route and by 8:30 A. M. next day I was waving goodbye to my wife and my baby.

I joined a stream of refugees shuffling out of Hong Kong, dressed in my manservant's clothes and with a sizable growth of hair I'd been saving for the occasion during the twenty-eight days since Hong Kong fell. My faithful man Friday carried a sack containing clothing which I knew would cost me three years' salary to purchase in Chungking and a Leica camera which I'd not been without for the past eleven years. For days I plodded on with the rest of the footsore mass. At last we passed the last Japanese barbed-wire barricade at Shataukok, in the No Man's Land which the Chinese call "guerrilla sector." I met the last Japanese I've seen sitting on top of an armored car swaying to the mournful cadence of a mountain air being played on a flute by a Chinese lad. The thought came to me as I walked past: perhaps some Pied Piper might some day, somehow, rid China of those dwarfish creatures, but as I walked more steps into Free China I thought perhaps it might be better to set traps for them.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

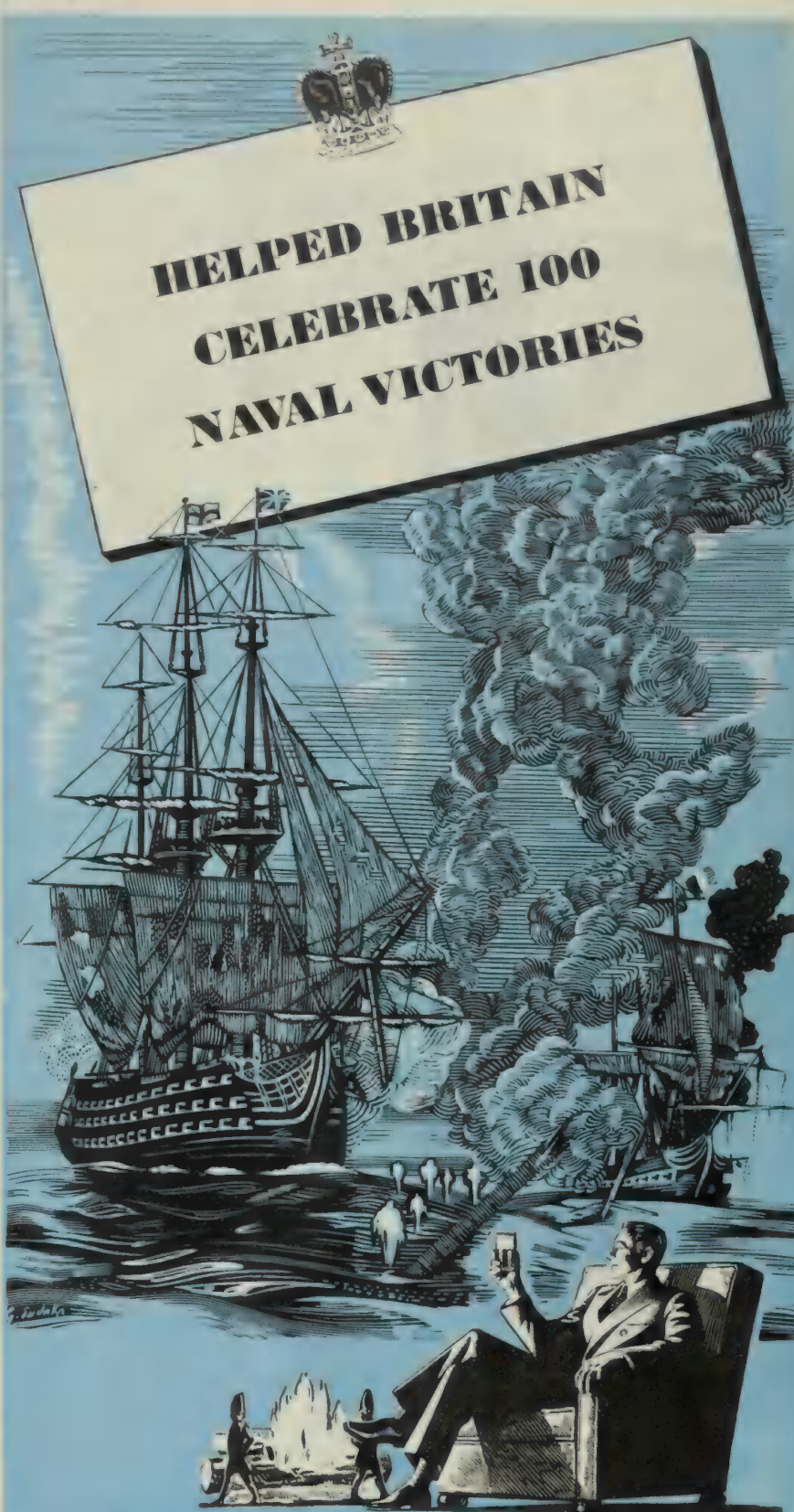
we're looking about a bit. We look to the social life of the city for example. In Mom's apartment a very young American with a grievance. Mom's Place tolerated in some sections of the United States where a less real people huddle more readily than in the neighbors. This American, a recent graduate from the University of a chain grocery store, told us he addressed himself to two of the hostesses. The ladies were affrighted and asked him to sit down at a table. He did both. Where he began to speak what he had in mind. The ladies looked at him with alarm, abandoned their drinks and fled through a window in the parlor that separates the dance floor from the rest of the place. Further there is beyond. Further, they screamed to Mom to call the police. "What did you say to me?" he asked him. "Not a thing," he replied, except to explain President Roosevelt's good neighbor policy. But they don't understand English.

One day. She's a small, motherly woman. She presides over a cash register. She hears the motto of her place and says: Most of the People Most

of the Time. She asked us if we recognized the phrase, saying that it was uttered by a great American statesman "as he mounted his horse to lead the great American revolution against the usurper." We floundered about a bit and Mom came to our rescue. "The Abraham Lincoln," shrieked she triumphantly. "Are you a child to learn your history from a humble woman of Panama?" Mom has one formula for meeting trouble, exorcising it in its inception. If a brawl is about to occur on her premises she rushes to the scene with a dish of holy water and sprinkles the vicinity. Having done that, the practical woman shouts loudly for the police. The combination almost always restores peace. Money that she suspects of dishonest origin or that may be spurious she also sprinkles. We asked her how life went with her. "I am at peace," she replied, "with God, with myself, with the Republic."

NO JAPS yet—just rumors. Almost everybody here would prefer Japs to rumors. But in their absence Panama has plenty of rumors, almost invariably false. But even false rumors have their merit. Without them the tropics would fall asleep. And that's not advisable if we're to remember Pearl Harbor. . . .

W. D.



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including Hazel's grandmother, migrated to a four-story private house on Harlem's 118th Street. Hazel entered public school there while Papa went south to teach at a large Negro university and win bread for the family.

Besides acting as family tuning fork, Hazel amazed her mother by picking out melodies on the piano before she'd had any coaching in its mysteries. Grandma had the honor of hearing the infant Hazel's first one-fingered concert. She was awakened by music in the parlor. Tiptoeing in, she discovered Hazel perched precariously on an unabridged dictionary mounted atop the piano stool. She was playing her own arrangement of the lullabies that were nightly sung to her—a medley of Rockaby Baby and Gentle Jesus.

If this performance by the five-year-old caused Grandma Worrell to rejoice, it was also responsible for the birth of a stern resolve in the heart of Hazel's mother: Hazel would learn to play the piano. She would learn thoroughly, she would practice assiduously and she would become great. For three years Mrs. Scott taught her daughter, and when Hazel reached the mature age of eight, she played so well that her mother felt she had imparted all her own considerable knowledge.

"Dear," she said, drawing Hazel to her, "we must now decide what you are going to do with your life. Do you prefer a career of popular music or shall it be the concert stage?"

Since Hazel had long since relinquished schoolgirl thoughts of Prince Charming and a cottage by a waterfall, it only took her a moment to reach her decision. "'Pop' music would be fun," she said. "But concerts—hot dignity! That's for me!"

Big Praise for a Small Girl

As a direct and immediate result of this conversation, Professor Paul Wagner of the Juilliard School of Music was privileged to hear Hazel's rendition of the Rachmaninoff Prelude. And it was indeed a privilege, even though Hazel, finding that her childish fingers couldn't handle the octaves in the piece, cut it down to her size and played it in sixths. When she had finished, Wagner put his hand on her head and quietly remarked, "I am in the presence of genius." Forthwith, to the great embarrassment of Hazel and her mother, he began to cry bitterly. After a while Hazel began to weep, too, for no particular reason, and then Mamma joined the wailing chorus. It degenerated into quite a scene.

Wagner explained that Hazel was too young for a regular Juilliard scholarship but added that he'd be glad to teach her himself. He did so, until shortly after her performance of the Minuet in G at Carnegie Hall. Then he became seriously ill, whereupon Hazel's formal musical education came to an abrupt halt. From that time on, Hazel worked at her music alone, playing the standard classics over and over until she had them pat. Then boredom set in and she developed the "bad habit" of syncopating the symphonies for variety's sake.

She knew her mother would be unhappy about her swing, and her father would be wrathful. He was an academic man, proud of his daughter's tastes.

Papa's sense of personal dignity was constantly in conflict with American race prejudice and, in Hazel's fourteenth year, he came home for Christmas a beaten man. He had been involved in a lynch riot in the South and at once took to reading all available books on

the subject of race differences. He died there a few months later of pneumonia.

Mrs. Scott, now head of the family, took the first available job as saxophonist in Mrs. Louis Armstrong's all-girl band. Before long she organized her own women's orchestra, and naturally enough, Hazel popped up as pianist.

Fifteen-year-old Hazel liked working in the smoky Port Chester bar that hired the band; she liked the late hours, the shop talk. When her job was threatened by delegates of the musicians' union who maintained she was too young to be a member, Hazel, gaining confidence in herself in the world of jazz, shouted them down: "I am over eighteen! And I'll outplay, outswing and outsing anybody who says different!"

The band broke up by mutual consent after it had been in existence a year, and Hazel got a chance in the 1938 Broadway musical show, Sing Out the News.

Hazel was a featured performer and sang the show's hit song, Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones. The song and its singer were the recipients of standout reviews, and Hazel's salary promptly bounced upward to a hundred dollars.

The show closed. Came smoky little places; big, noisy, air-conditioned places; medium-sized places selling soft drinks and hard music—two of them at the New York World's Fair. Then, mainly on the basis of his own over-enthusiasm, an agent organized a band for Hazel. He called it Hazel Scott's Band, adding only "Fourteen Men and a Girl." Which was all too true, because eighteen-year-old Hazel was too girlish to give her band the thought and time it required. She preferred roller skating and polishing her nails.

Finally the agent couldn't stand it any more. "You should be ashamed of yourself," he told her.

Hazel, lugubrious and guilty, nodded and turned toward her fourteen men. "You're all wonderful characters," she said, "and I'm awful. I'm spoiled, irresponsible, selfish—unworthy to have a band of my own. Therefore, you're all fired."

Somehow this led her to an audition as blues singer at a new Greenwich Village night club called Café Society Downtown. In the eyes of the proprietor of the club she was all right for a three-weeks fill-in engagement. However, when he planned on that short shift for her, he had never heard her play her syncopated classics. The first time he did, he rushed up to her and said, "Hazel! Hazel! Hazel! You have a job for life."

That was three years seems to have been as word. With only occasional to do quick but remunerable jobs at places like Boston's Hotel Roof, Hazel has stayed home in the bright new built especially to house her.

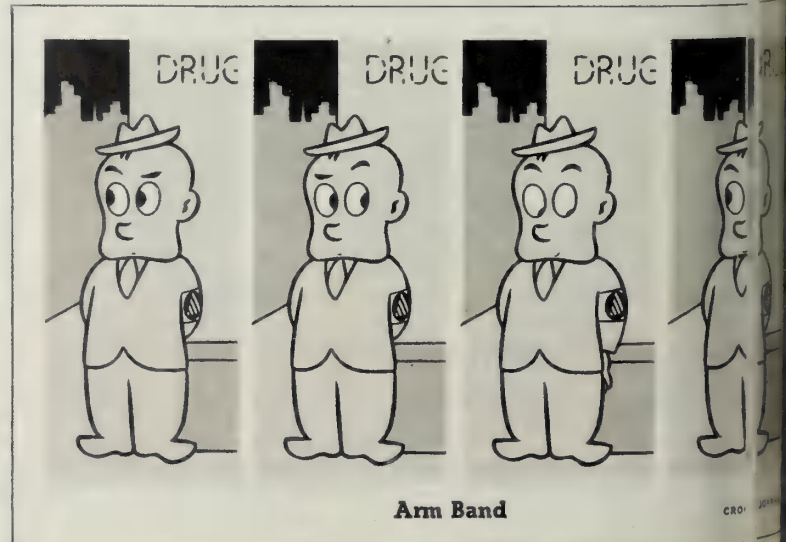
Her salary has risen a gross has gone up, and she is only for the time necessary her movie contract. This is ever Mr. Orson Welles de the signal that his forthcoming, It's All True, is ready eras. In it, Hazel has signed feminine lead opposite Lou but she can't guess when come for her to hurry west that Orson," she says. "a vague character."

And the Money Roll In

In the meantime, she can self by watching her phone "Swinging the Classics" cor to breaking the sales record. In the first month it was or it sold out in many parts of and one New York departm loaded three thousand of im than two weeks. Her sing as Mighty Like the Blues Bars, Boogie-Woogie and C are selling no less well.

Then she always has f her own clothes, including l but she calls her "Hi, which she calls her "Hi, fits because everyone, n know her personally or n "Hi, Hazel!" whenever she them in Harlem. Then t evening gowns, which are u less. "I think my shoulders point. Don't you?" she sa has a great assortment of for those two or three occa when she gets herself to enough in the day to rent go for a canter.

Mainly, however, she spe surveying her newly pur and planning what to do "There," she tells anyone "I'm going to build a swim on the proceeds of the mo the right, there'll be a long I can entertain in the ev from record sales. And think I'd like to have a lan den going all the way down—I'll think of some way t Then she sighs wistfully: though, it'll be by swinging THE END



Continued from page 12

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LOOKING HAIR



trucks loaded with all the things we need is passing down this road. And what do you think they will do if they see six young girls working in the fields bent over their hoes?"

Singloo did not answer, he was trembling too much.

"I will tell you," Cheng said. "The first who sees them will stop his truck and get out to have sport with our girls and then capture them and sell them. The other trucks will stop too, to watch and join in the play."

The men who had gone to the field had disappeared.

"We came here today," Cheng said, "from the mountains to attack the convoy but it would have been hard to stop them; some would have got through without this plan. So go, girls," he laughed, "go to the fields and stay bent over your hoes. Let them come up to you. The maidens have given you their knives. Use them. I must let them come right up to you and not start firing too soon for at that moment when they close with you and fling you down those who watch will have eyes only for the sport of hunting women; they will be in the road, crowded onto the drivers' seats and on the tops of trucks. At that moment as they grip you and you turn on them, we will open fire. But you must account for those who have you in their arms. We cannot shoot them, and you will only have your knives."

IT WAS not nice out there in the fields.

Singloo struck at a weed with his hoe, cutting it below the roots so that it fell on his feet. To his right and left the other boys worked, their bright clothes beautiful in the hot sunlight, glinting and shining as they worked. But it was not nice even when you knew that a hundred of your comrades under Cheng were concealed all round you.

He kept glancing sideways at the road. First there would be dust, then there would be the line of trucks and perhaps some armored cars. There might even be a plane or two. Then... he did not like to think further than that. He slashed another tall weed. The haft of Toa-Tuen's knife was hard against his belly as he bent. He thought of the knife. That it was fine, so handsomely ornamented, meant that she was of a great family. That she was a fine lady. He thought of his family. They had always been respected, his father said, but they had never been great, though one of them, Fuan-lo in the second century, had been a local governor.

And she had kissed him. He had never kissed or been kissed by a girl before. Of course in America it was different and he had seen a lot of it. He thought of the parked cars... Petting. But that was not for a Chinese. He was an American but in this he remained Chinese. He felt quite ill as he thought of that kiss. It would be a shame to get himself killed when, if he lived, she might kiss him again. Her clothes still smelled good, but the fragrance was dying as he grew hotter and as the smell of the cut weeds bled out into the summer day. In his mind he went over what he would do. The man would spring on him from behind, seizing his shoulder. He might use judo, but this was unlikely. He would not want to damage a girl. As he came he would drop his hoe, swing round and drive in the knife... the simplifier.

"Strike, turn and cut upward," she had said. How clear her instructions had been, how beautiful her voice, how fragrant her smell, how glorious her slender form—a humming bird of a woman, a lotus flower, a little living figure of ivory and ebony with dark laughing eyes.

They were coming. He saw the dust. "Do not look up, comrades," he said. "And when they come, kill. Remember

our sisters. We are boys," he said, "but we are also men."

The hoes rose and fell, the blades shining as the sun struck them.

The acrid smell of the weeds rose all round him. Now he could see the trucks. He heard the scream of brakes and some shouts and laughter. In a minute, he thought, in a minute...

"Do not run," he said. "Do not turn. Pretend we do not know they are coming... pretend we submit... pretend. Then turn and strike at their bellies."

He cut another weed, a thick one; there was a sound of running behind him, of heavy boots and the rustle of crushed foliage. The moment was coming...

There was a hoarse laugh; a hand was on his shoulder.

"Strike for China!" he shouted as he whirled round. The man's hand was dashed from the collar of his dress. He had torn it. His mouth was open with surprise as the simplifier flashed. How easily it went in. Nothing stopped the blade, there was no resistance—only a hot softness and a choking cry. Then came the shots and the beautiful chatter of Cheng's machine guns. He turned to help little Liopo; he had fallen beneath his assailant and was shouting for help. As Singloo ran toward him he could see the Japanese falling from the tops of the trucks; on the one nearest to him the driver hung half in and half out of the cab. His comrades were swarming over the convoy, dragging out the dead, killing the wounded, and changing clothes with them.

So that was Cheng's plan—not just to get some supplies for themselves but to steal the convoy. Those were Chinese truck drivers who had joined them this morning; he had wondered who they were. He heard the engines begin to roar as he drove his knife into the neck of the man who was holding down Liopo. It took him below the ear and the blood spurted on his shoulder in jerks. Toa-Tuen was beside him. Her bayonet dripped blood.

"You!" he said. "You... what are you doing here, so near?"

"I crept up," she said. "I was afraid

you might get hurt and dress back." She was laughing, her eyes were bright.

"I saw you kill him," pointed with a small foot.

Singloo bent over the belt. Now he would be embarrassed at having a belt out a scabbard. He wiped the ground, driving it in several times. It was for the top where the hilt was. He gave it to her and put c

OF COURSE he was to marriage. What would mother say when she heard if you were old enough to then surely the corollary, old enough to create one. It was a wonderful thought. "I am only a boy," he said. Toa-Tuen was picking of the hilt of the simplifier weed.

"It is dirty blood," she dirtiest this blade has ever

Liopo was feeling himself

Then Toa-Tuen said, "I find a consul, Singloo?"

He heard Cheng's voice, lowing:

"Come in... come in. ing this convoy to the m will fight our way through

How strange it was to in Japanese uniforms t small for them, on all the

Laughing so that they run, they ran hand in hand road with Liopo beside the

The fragrance of Toa-Tuen now—not just that of her he had a scabbard for his but it had been the day of fear. The day of great great fear. But he was Toa-Tuen's beautiful dress apologize to her for having carelessly.

He thought of his grandfather. There were great objections well brought up. You find having to apologize continuing

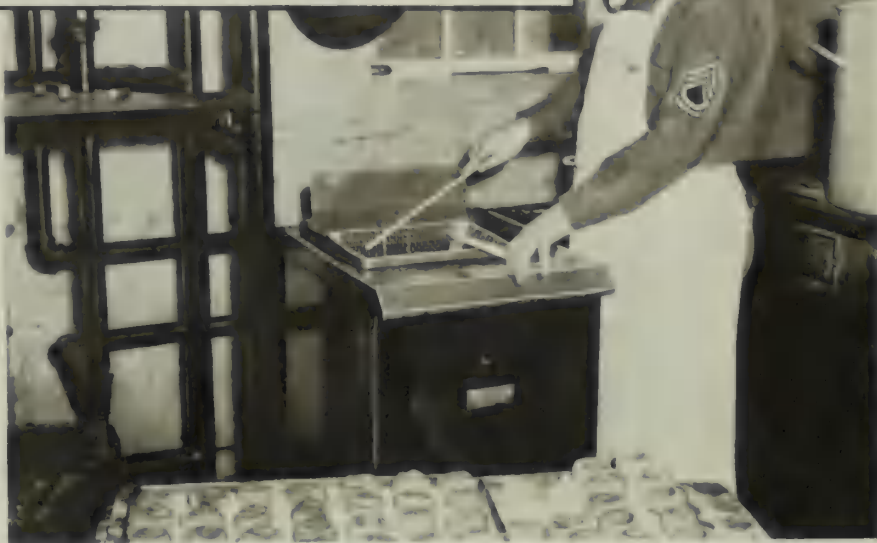
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WHICH of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO women live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these is seldom invited to go out.

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 15

had a single subscriber cancel. (We keep our advertisers happy by not having any.) . . . Steel yourself for some slightly incredible tales—such as the one about the beaver colony which went mad in a body when some Fort Greely guards wired a tree so it fell away from their dam—but be assured we shan't pull your leg. Alaska is incredible enough without any invention on our part."

NAPIER FIELD, Dothan, Ala. Pfc. Clarence Nelson had often looked back with nostalgia on the moneyed days he spent at the Havre de Grace track. He had never met his favorite jockey, Jerry Smith, but he always bet on him and usually won. Few days ago Pvt. Nelson got to talking with a new man sitting at the next desk in the field's Personnel Office. The conversation got around to horse racing and, as you've undoubtedly suspected, the new man turned out to be Jerry Smith. "Boy," said Nelson, "did I paste a lot of money on your nose!" Pvt. Smith leaned over the desk. "Just paste a War Stamp on it now," said he.

CAMP BOWIE, Texas. When the 31st Division was preparing to move here from Camp Blanding, Fla., everything was hush-hush as a cat in a velvet bag; but when regimental bands began playing Deep in the Heart of Texas, the cat got out.

PUT on K.P. duty soon after their arrival, three Dixie Division boys gave up hope of meeting any Texas belles, figuring their fellow wolves with more liberty would date every available gal for months ahead. But by the time the liberty boys got back to Bowie the three K.P.'s were smiling and humming tunes softly to themselves. Seems they'd called, and dated, the girls whose phone numbers they'd found on pie boxes delivered to the kitchen.

WITH ex-noncoms flocking back into the service from the ERC (Enlisted Reserve Corps), Barkeley is running over with strippers. The situation is being straightened out now, but some outfits have had sergeants and corporals doing K.P. and guard duty chores. Three companies of the 120th QM. Regiment are now settling the question of who's boss between the former topkicks and the guys who had been appointed to take their places. Company B neatly ironed things out by splitting the job. First Sgt. Ova C. Grantham, recalled from the ERC, takes charge of the men when they're in camp, and First Sgt. Paul Davis officiates when the company's in the field.

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION, Fla. Duncan White, of Glen Cove, N. Y., recently developed such an aversion to submarines he sat up nights figuring how best to give expression to it. He had a particular reason: he was third engineer aboard a Socony Vacuum tanker, and tanker engine room crews were taking a beating from U-boats. White is now an aviation cadet, and hoping fervently that before long he'll have the pleasure of dropping an ash can on one of the underwater sneakers.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke, Fla. Some months ago we revealed the case of the New Yorker who'd just been discharged from the Navy with a gunner's rating only to be drafted and assigned to a Blanding bakery school.

Here's the newest misfit and Edvar J. Andre, of Baton Rouge, a deep-sea diver with conscientiousness as such, is now a Blanding hospital detachment. A hunch the Navy would be a boatload of former truck Army for Andre.

THE Army can get tires a right, but the rubber shoe more work on Blanding. The boys have to check in sure before they step on the morning, and from time the day they inspect the cuts and gouges. The qua operating 450 trucks in an camp and they roll up a to miles daily. Yes, daily.

ARTILLERYMAN Pvt. I of Atlanta, Ga., says th quick for him. Cavin show line at his regimental dis before he realized what the to him one fellow had swa another had given him a and a third had eased to the entrance. "All I v nose drops!"

AND here's another on Texas tune. Pvt. Nor was wrapping himself arou order of ham and eggs in near Blanding when the j out with Deep in the Heart from Chicago, Apking was the melody, but a tall Texa to his table, accosted him a added: "When you hear tha up!" Anyhow, with so ma Blanding, the owner of ev within 100 miles has adda national anthem to the re the Lone Star Staters a bushels of nickels to hear

CAMP LIVINGSTON, La. days ago the last female gender was of here for the dura To cause an immediate de dog population of the are Every time the men wen training area to practice co fox holes, a multitude of along and, so to speak, stu into the military machinery to a head when the 28th Di manding officer, Maj. Gen was watching a group of from a simulated enemy. good at it and the general ginning to be highly pleas ability to spot a single s open when a pack of yelpi vestigators burst upon th pranced, tails wagging, aro cealed and cursing owners

FORT CUSTER, Mich. With the heat listed men into offi schools, the 5th Divi back into its records and f tween last June and the month only 300 men hac brass hat training, and onl were assigned. So far as t selves are concerned, the a there isn't enough dough up for the additional re As was pointed out here l an officer is no better off the end of a month than a he has twice as many head ever, according to instruct Gen. Ben Lear, command

with an I.Q. of 110 or better to automatically considered to be apt for training and are virtually overs to fill the unit quotas. If a soldier turns down the duty, General Lear wants to wh

When traditionally insist that Any can't teach them anything. Lt. Theodore H. Fossieck is proud of the job he did on Lt. O'Hare, the Navy pilot who, shot down six Jap planes in 1942 to set a record for quantity. Lt. Fossieck taught Lt. English, history and marksmanship at Western Military Academy. Ed averaged an A in marksmanship.

ETTY, R. I. Pfc. Johnny, of Providence, who fancied himself as somewhat of a jujitsu trying to show Pvt. Tony how to subdue an opponent by injuring him. According to Tony was a little awkward leaving. That, at least, is what the platoon sounded like, coming through the gap left by the two. Johnny sacrificed for his art. "I know," his pals reminded him anything you get from the hole to backfire on you."

GENERAL

INLESSLY comparing calendar birthdays of officers with needs for efficient continuous duty of field duty under arduous conditions of modern field service, making wholesale transfers of personnel. Within a couple of months all officers inside the age limit for service with troops will be in troops or will be in schools for such assignments. The officers are rapidly taking over the housekeeping jobs, which service in various station commands; teaching; athletic, recreation and direction; and various serv-ants.

ag limits for service with troops: majors (commanding divisions), 60; brigadier generals, 60; colonels, 52; lieutenant colonels, 52; majors, 42; first lieutenants, 35; second lieutenants, 30. Don't, however, officer friend on an average job now you think he must be a There will be a few exceptions above rules and you might find a man who's yearning to be in it is kept elsewhere by special qualification.

O. D. NO. 3 is the official name of the new brown-tan necktie adopted to replace the black silk (winter) and cotton khaki (summer) cravats. The new issue is made of cotton warp with a filling of mohair and will harmonize with both the olive drab and khaki uniforms. Sounds a lot snappier; black ties always seemed to us to be out of place with a completely o. d. outfit.

THE way we hear it, the officers training center established by Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger at Camp Bullis, and mentioned in this department last Jan. 10th, is unofficially known as Krueger's Kollege of Practical Tactical Knowledge.

PILOT OFFICER T. R. LEE, whose address is No. 5 Service Flying Training School, Royal Canadian Air Force, Brantford, Ont., Canada, wants to "get in touch with the editor of the newspaper of some large American flying training school such as Randolph or Kelly Field or Pensacola. Our school is turning out multiengine pilots and I would prefer communicating with a school of similar nature." Pilot Officer Lee is editor of his station newspaper, Sky-Line. That's all we know about this, and we don't guarantee that any but qualified correspondents will receive any reply to communications sent to Pilot Officer Lee.

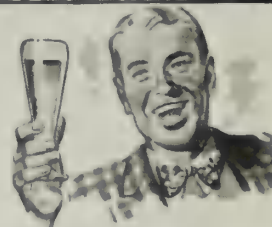
THOSE summer vacations the university and college R.O.T.C. boys used to get at Uncle Sam's expense are out for the duration and six months after that. Students who have completed military requirements and attended summer camps will be commissioned upon graduation; those who haven't had camp experience will go into basic training schools, then be commissioned. But regular R.O.T.C. camps? Nope! There's a war on!

ADD new slang: File 13 is any Air Corps wastebasket.

THE Army wants 3,000 registered nurses right away and will need 10,000 by the end of the year to keep pace with what's going on. The job pays \$840 a year plus maintenance and uniforms. A gal has to be an unmarried citizen between 22 and 30, at least five feet tall, a high- and nursing-school graduate and, of course, a registered nurse.

IT WOULD be a nice job for a recruiting sergeant. G. W.

THE END

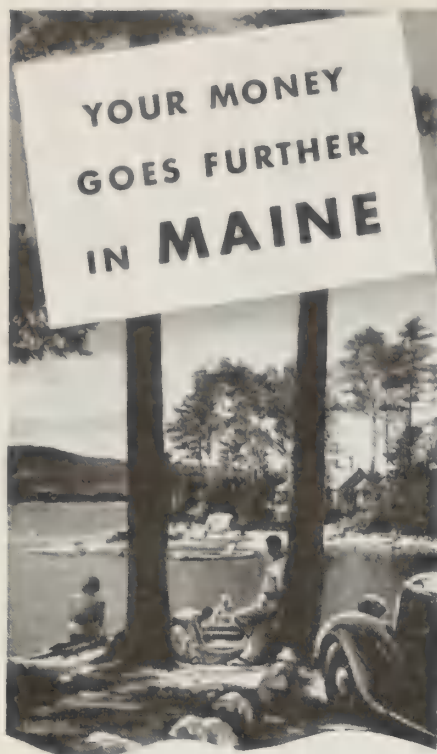


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Continued from page 18



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A-1 SAUCE

The DASH that makes the DISH

Jason gets off his stool and starts out. At the door he stops, turns around. "By the way, Peter," he calls. "wear a black tie, will you? Rule of the paper." He goes on out, before I can stop him—before, that is, I can recover from the blow.

Black tie. I haven't owned any dinner clothes for six months. They were the first to go. At the moment I am wearing a light gray checked suit, the loudest suit I could buy for a comedy part last year. It was the first thing I tried to sell, but no dice. Now it's all I have left. All. This and the raincoat.

I pick up the 1892 dime and put it carefully back into my pocket.

Joe comes along, wiping the counter. I feel like talking. "Well, Joe," I tell him, "that was almost a break. All I need is eighty bucks for a tux and I get a free meal."

JOE follows my glance, at my suit. He gets it. He grins. "That's a tough one, all right," he says. He keeps on wiping. After a while he says, "Listen, I got an idea. Up at my room I got a dinner jacket. Left over from a job I had waiting at the Alhambra last year, before it folded. We're about the same size. I also got a shirt and black tie."

"No pants?"

"Just the coat. I wore the pants out behind the counter here. I was hoping you'd have some kind of pants."

I shake my head. The only pants I have are on. And the only shoes; and the shoes are soggy.

A customer comes in and Joe goes to wait on him. I sit there thinking things over. Between me and grub lies a pair of black pants. I have no ideas. No ideas at all. When Joe comes back he glances at my raincoat. He says, "You got a raincoat there. If I was in your place, I'd wear the tux jacket and shirt and tie, and your pants, just like they are. Put the raincoat over the whole thing. See what I mean?"

"Sit down at the table in a raincoat?"

"No. The raincoat would be for later, for going out. What you do is, you go over there early. Nobody ever gets there before eight. Tell the headwaiter—the headwaiter won't even be on duty yet, it'll be somebody filling in—tell him you're to meet your friend at a table. Never mind if he looks at your pants. He can't do anything about it, see? None of his business. So when Jason gets there you're already seated. He can only see what shows above the table. When it's time to leave, you let him get up from the table first. Then follow right behind him, stay close to him, get your raincoat quick at the checkroom and put it on quick."

"Joe," I tell him, "I think you got something."

He reaches under his apron and takes a key out of his pocket and tosses it to the counter. "Around the corner at 217. Apartment 9."

I pick up the key.

I AM sitting in the Parakeet when Jason arrives at nine-thirty. The place is nearly full and I am feeling funny, sitting there at the table. I have drunk six glasses of water. Jason comes over to the table with the headwaiter and somebody who looks like the manager. It is the manager, I find as Jason introduces us. I start to get up, pretend to catch my knee under the table. The manager implores me not to get up. All right, I won't. Since you insist. Jason sits down, and the headwaiter gives me a menu with a grand flourish.

"Wait a minute," Jason says. He gets

up from the table and beats it. The headwaiter nods. "He'll be back in a minute," he says. "Excuse me." He goes away. I put down the menu.

Jason is talking to some people at a large table beside the dance floor. They laugh. He has told a joke. He comes back, looking around at people, smiling here, nodding there, waving a hand to somebody over in a corner. He sits down.

"Hal Galvern," he says. "Got a nice little item from him for the column. The producer, you know." Yes, I know. I tried his studio again this afternoon. I am a great friend of the doorman. Fine, sympathetic fellow, the doorman.

A waiter—evidently a special waiter sent by the headwaiter, and he is all bows and smiles—poises himself above our table. I pick up the menu.

Jason mutters a swear word. I look up from the menu. He is looking past my shoulder, toward the entrance, which is through the cocktail lounge. He is frowning. I look around. A fellow has come in with a beautiful girl. I am choosing my word carefully: beautiful. There are a couple of steps down from the cocktail lounge into the main dining room, which manifestly were put there to allow for a pause, as upon a platform, a stage, to give everybody in the dining room an eyeful of who you are and who you're with before you step down to the common level. Very effective. It is what is known as the Hollywood Entrance.

WHOWER this is, he is a master at the entrance. He hesitates just long enough to let everybody know this is something, here is somebody—and just long enough for three or four photographers, who have popped up from nowhere, to illuminate the scene with their flashbulbs—then ushers the girl down quickly, as though just now aware of the spotlight and anxious to avoid it.

"What's that?" I ask Jason.

He makes an impatient gesture. "Jimmy Blossom," he says shortly. "Runs the Hollywood column on the Enterprise."

"Who's the girl?" I ask.

Jason squirms in his chair. "Caroline Waite," he says grudgingly. He looks at me, evidently expecting me to whistle. "New York Waite," he adds. No register. "The society girl, you know. You must at least have heard of her. One of the old wealthy families. Started singing in night clubs about a year ago, as a sort of Junior League stunt. A dare, I think; something like that. Now she's out here, after the movies." Jason squirms in his seat some more, casts an uncomfortable glance toward them. "Blossom has her thrown and tied. On a leash."

"Engaged, you mean? Or whatever they call it here in Hollywood."

"No. Nothing personal. I think. Blossom's happily married. Just business. Those photogs were Enterprise men, planted there. Waite's a project of the paper, in a way. Of Blossom, anyway. A godsend to Blossom. In this business, Peter, this columning, you got to discover somebody, tie them up, make the people want to read about whoever it is, and they got to buy your column to do it."

I pick up the menu. The waiter is still there. New York steak, the menu says, three dollars and fifty cents. I clear my throat. "Well, Jason," I begin, "I suppose we may as well—"

"Peter!" Jason is leaning half across the table. His eyes are snapping. "Peter, how long have you been in town?"

"Two months."

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many people do you know
gives me a laugh. I am still
when Jason jumps up from the
but upsetting it. He runs out
cocktail room; I can see him go to
pne booths. The waiter looks at
sugs.

do the menu.
When Jason comes back he is beam-
"hey'll be here in five minutes,"

Will be here in five minutes?"
The photogs from the paper. From
Pss. There was one on duty at the
and they're pulling two off the
om Alaska premiere to run over

I pick up the menu. New York
three dollars and—

be terrific," Jason says. "We'll
Blossom's eye for him. Blossom
Waite. Maybe we can even—"
you gentlemen care to order

al, the waiter. My old friend.
rk steak. thr—

Per, whatever you do, don't give
ay. Just take the whole thing in
ride. Internationally known—
you just came in from London,
opped on your way from the
al for a new wardrobe, see?

a minute. Jason. Wait a min-
t explain this whole thing to me,
etl. Just what is this all about?"
is squirming in his chair again,
s time with reverse English.
u my project," he says delight-
My discovery. The boys are
in over for pictures. We'll make
so look sick."

h, ill we? I'm not feeling so well
elf And—

Pal on me." It is the headwaiter.
stopping Jason on the shoulder. He
s and says something to him.
nmps up. "The fellows are here
he says. He beats it. The
erms away, and this time I know
fo good. So long, pal.

ay own the menu forever.

so appears at the top of the en-
ceps, with three photographers.
rsh equipment is poised; there is
nd hungry look about their jaws.
er here," Jason says, loud enough
ybody to hear. He is pointing

ith Jason bringing up the rear, the
ogphers advance upon me like
k hops about to capture a pillbox.
y a still a dozen feet away when

they start shooting. Three quick flashes,
and they reload as they advance. Jason
comes around my right flank. "Thank
you, Mr. Hagen," he says in a very loud
voice. "Just a few more, for the London,
Rio de Janeiro and Capetown papers."
The photographers, deployed, shoot
again. One stands on a chair. Another
sits on the floor. The third takes a shot
from a leapfrog position.

A couple of fellows with pencil and
copy paper in their hands have mate-
rialized out of the cigarette smoke. I
can hear Jason:

"Peter Hagen, internationally known
bon vivant and world . . . leading parts
on the London and New York stage . . .
stopped off on his way . . . and Mada-
gascar. . . ."

Jason moves in on me. His forehead
is moist. "Mr. Hagen," he says, "I see
Caroline Waite over there. Would you
mind posing—" He leans over and
hisses in my ear, "Come on, quick! We
got things on the move! We got Bloss-
som!"

"Now, listen," I try to tell him, "I
can't do it. I can't possibly get up be-
cause—"

"Quick!" he says, taking hold of the
back of my chair and beginning to
pull it.

"I can't!" I tell him desperately. "My
pants—"

Too late. Jason has tipped the chair
just enough so I must either stand up or
sit on the floor.

I am not going to sit on any floor.

So I stand up. Jason has me by the
arm. We are moving toward the dance
floor. "The minute we get there," he is
saying into my ear, "take a bow. Just
bow. Never mind what I say. We're
stealing Waite for a picture. Then when
the music starts, dance. Dance! Grab
her gently and simply start dancing.
Never mind what anybody says."

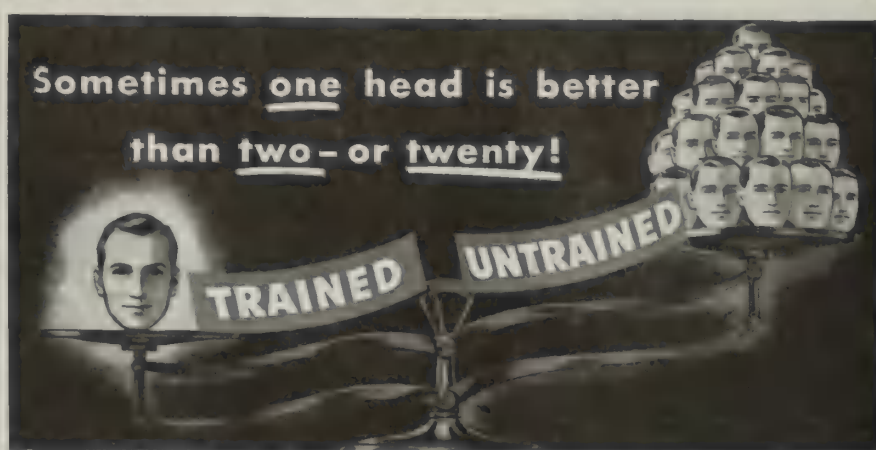
SUDDENLY before me, out of the con-
fusion, is this girl. She was beautiful
at long distance. In a close-up she is the
most superb creature I've ever . . . She
looks frightened. She has plenty of
poise, but I'm an actor and I can see
fear beneath it, showing through, show-
ing through even her smile.

The flashlights blind me as I bow.

" . . . Hagen, internationally known
bon . . ."

The music starts. "Dance!" Jason
whispers hysterically into my ear.
"Quick! The boys are reloading!"

I am supposed to grab her and dance.
But I do not grab people and dance. Not



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even this one. I am asking Miss Waite for this dance, and she is saying yes, or I don't dance. So I ask her, and she says yes. And we dance.

Suddenly I am weak. I am cold all over. I look around. The worst has happened: I am the center of attraction. From the waist down.

Everything has gone blooie!

I hold Miss Waite close to me, so she can't look down, although I realize I am merely postponing the inevitable. The dance will have to end sometime. I have a great hope that when it is over I can somehow contrive to disappear in a clap of thunder. Hindu rope trick. First you toss a rope into the air, then you climb the rope, clap your hands, and . . . I can see Jason standing just beyond the edge of the dance floor, rigid, his arms stiff at his sides, looking at me with a sort of hopeless Hollywood horror in his eyes.

All right. Let's pick up what pieces we can; let's make one hard try. I maneuver my dancing companion over toward Jason, and arrive just as the first half of the dance is over. As I slap Jason playfully on the shoulder I whisper quickly, "Latest thing from London, from the Transvaal, from any place. From Sitka. From Nassau. New style. Hollywood by storm. Call the photogs back."

JASON'S eyes open wide, there is a light in them; he turns away, beats it. The music starts. Miss Waite has seen the worst now, but she lifts her arms and smiles, a friendly smile; so far as she is concerned, evidently, I am in perfect attire. We dance. I can catch glimpses of Jason rounding up the boys. Miss Waite is humming to the music; Miss Waite is a peach. Dancing with the latest thing from Sitka, from Nassau. The very last word from Joe's. . . .

The camera boys are coming, with their flashlights. Jason is grinning. Peter Hagen, Internationally Known Idiot, Makes Fool of Self—Had Hoped to Work in Pictures. . . . I guide Caroline around to the edge of the floor and the lights pop. The boys are kneeling on the floor now, getting pictures of us as we dance.

Jason takes me by the arm, pulls us off the dance floor. We are beside the large table to which Jason had gone to crack his joke when he first came in. Two or three men are rising.

"Galvern . . ." Jason is saying.

Miss Waite is saying hello to them all; she knows them. I shake hands a couple of times.

"Galvern . . ."

I am shaking hands with a smallish, pleasant-faced man with a bald pate surrounded on three sides by white hair. He is smiling; a sort of eager, appealing smile. "Very original," he is saying. The music still is going on. "Welcome to Hollywood, Mr. Hagen. Hope you . . . not too many commitments . . . could use . . ." He turns to his guests, jerks his head toward me. "Andy Bruceworth in His Father's Son," he says.

Everybody at the table nods. "Yes!" they say. Galvern nods. He seems delighted. He pats me on the shoulder just as another flash goes off. A photographer is taking aim. Galvern grabs my hand, looks at the camera, throws back his shoulders. Flash. He turns to me again. Jason has taken some copy paper from his pocket, is scribbling. Galvern: "Glad to be the first to . . . my office ten in the morning, if convenient to you . . . hope you can arrange . . . been searching for Andy Bruceworth all over the world; three hundred and seventy screen tests . . . soon as I set eyes I knew . . . Andy Bruceworth . . . terrific part . . . made to order . . . very happy . . ."

"Yes!" everybody says. They nod. Galvern nods.

I nod. "Yes," I say. Ah, yes, yes, yes. Yes, sir. Yes, sir.

Jason hurries away toward the telephones. He had a colossal story for his column.

With a parting bow and a final yes, I turn and sweep Miss Waite, as the expression is, into my arms. She is a very fine dancer. But suddenly she is not a fine dancer. Suddenly, or fairly suddenly, she is a poor dancer and she is heavy. She is very heavy. When I feel her being heavy I look around. Just off the dance floor, at one side of the orchestra, is a pair of large French doors, open. They lead out onto a terrace. Lights of Los Angeles below and in the distance.

I dance over that way, and we stop dancing and go outdoors, and she still is heavy, she is heavy on my arm. There is a concrete seat near by, and we sit down on it. Miss Waite sits down rather quickly. She looks at me and smiles a bit uneasily, and says something about the cool air, then she stops smiling and takes a deep breath and leans over against my shoulder and puts her hands over her face. This easily could be mistaken as a surrender to masculine charms: the girl is overcome. But in my case it always means, I have found, simply that the girl is sick.

"Is there something wrong?" I ask.

She nods weakly. Then she sits up and takes her hands from her face and looks at me, directly, frankly, openly. She measures her words:

"Mr. Hagen, I'm hungry."

It's the gong. "Miss Waite," I tell her with deep feeling, "I think I know what you mean."

"You're hungry, too?"

"Madame"—talk about deep feeling—"I never was so close to starvation in my life."

She looks around in a kind of charming, pathetic confusion. "We'll never get anything to eat here," she says.

Check.

We are in a cab before I remember that all I have is the 1892, and the fifty-cent piece in my watch pocket, which, by the way, otherwise is empty. Well, the four bits must go. This is rock bottom, at last. How far, I wonder, is Joe's, in terms of cab fare? Probably thirty-five cents' worth. That leaves two hamburgers and one cup of coffee.

"Could I interest you," I ask my companion, "in a little slumming expedition? I happen to know a place that looks, at first glance, like any other lunch counter. But this one is really the secret rendezvous of all sorts of interesting people. Opera singers, for example. They drop in for the specialty of the house. Hamburgers. It's called Joe's."

MISS WAITE does not reply. Well, I can't help it. We're going to Joe's. I direct the cab driver, in as happy a tone as I can manage, then sit back. No word from Miss Waite. Well, I'm doing the best I can. I have four bits and an 1892, and I'm in love. I'm sorry, Miss Waite. I'm sorry, Caroline. I'm sorry, dar—

She's crying.

"I didn't mean to," she says presently. We are getting close to Joe's. "Mr. Hagen, I've simply got to tell you something."

She stops.

I wait.

"See here," she says, sitting up very straight, "the reason I'm hungry is that I'm—hungry. It's not temporary; it's permanent. And that's not all. I've never been to New York in my life. My home is in Salem, Oregon. I came here to work in an insurance office, which I did until I got canned. I met Mr. Blossom at a party, and he had this wonderful idea. He would get me into the movies. All I had to do was let him build me up in the paper, in his idiotic



Essential . . .

Today good vision is essential in every phase of our effort. Even if your eyes aren't troubling you, have eyesight examination. And if you need glasses, insist on Shuron Shurset. Vue glasses of Quality Beyond Question.



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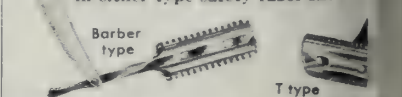


The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not freely, your food may not digest. You get cold, You feel sour, sunk and the world looks black. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing. make you feel "up and up." Get a package. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10c.

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Durham Duplex hollow-ground blades are top quality . . . made to take many shavings and honings. That means a lot more shaves per blade—less steel thrown away! So Durham's higher first cost actually saves you real money in the long run. The tougher your beard, the more reason for switching to Durham. Use these long-life blades in either type safety razor shown.



Both use the same double edge Durham Duplex TRAVEL KIT \$1.00: including either type razor and 6 hollow-ground blades. At dealers, or ordering style razor wanted.

For further economy: Semi-automatic stropper. DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Dept. P, MYSTIC, Conn. Also makers of Enders Speed Shave.

He said he needed a pet celeb-
the column. And he hadn't one.
anted to invent one. And I let
vent me. I think I'd had a
f drinks. But mostly I was just
gr You probably wouldn't know
t mean. You're an internationally
t ah—"

30 *vivant.* Mr. Blossom has been
30 *vivant.* Mr. Blossom has been
set to me and I hate to quit him.
I can't go on fooling people any
er I didn't realize it would be this
nd I didn't want to get into the
ie anyway. I just wanted a little
et to eat; but we never had time
at Too many people to see. And
a I want is a hamburger at Joe's,
wa it used to be. When you men-
d Joe's, I made up my mind. Be-
already owe Joe sixty cents

le we are," the driver says. We
at e's.

Eeter says thirty-five cents. On
e ose. I give the driver the half
h gives me the change and I give
a ckel. No coffee. I get out first
st Caroline. I do more than
st r. I kiss her. Just once. "Smile,"
l r. She smiles. Not much.

o go in. Joe is leaning on the
te reading the midnight edition of
p r. No customers. He looks up
ve nter, then stands up straight.
ll, he says, grinning, "how did it—"
se Caroline. He looks puzzled.
lo Frances," he says. "I hardly
y u. You look . . . Maybe it's be-
e u been away so long. Did you
j?"

Jo exactly," she says. "And, Joe,
eroly sorry about the sixty cents."
or t it," Joe says. "Hamburger?"
Vi a slice of raw," Frances says.
d pickle."

ars sits down, but before I sit
ake off Joe's coat and hang it
Tanks for the jacket, Joe," I say.
ka," he says, "perfectly okay. I
gh your things down and they're in
pad there, behind the screen. You
chge right there. I mean, when
wat to. No hurry. Shall I fix you
b r b?" he asks significantly.
shae my head. "I didn't wait for
er Joe. Give me a hamburger with
e raw. And a pickle."

ka," Joe says. "Frances, I thought
be ou'd gone back to Oregon."

"Tomorrow," she says. She looks at
the coat I have hung up. She shakes
her head a little, as though to dispel a
bit of fog. "Do you mean," she asks,
but with the air of a person who doesn't
expect a rational answer, "that that's
Joe's—coat?"

"Yes," I tell her; "Joe staked me to-
night. The pants are my own. I'm
sorry, Frances; it was just a circum-
stance. I didn't mean to—"

"Then you're not a—oh, dear—an in-
ternationally known *bon vivant*?" She
seems delighted. Upon her face is a
brand-new expression, one I haven't
seen before, and it indicates that she is
in favor of the idea. "You mean"—she
moves her hands around, in a helpless
gesture like that of a little baby—"you
were hungry? Just like—"

"Same thing. Different columnists."
We just sit there. We are laughing;
we are having fun.

"Boy," she says, "I'm glad I told you
about—me."

"Why?"

"Because otherwise . . . I don't know.
Otherwise— Well, I don't know. I like
us best this way. I like—dear me, this
is lovely. I'm glad I'm not going back to
Salem."

"You said you were going back to-
morrow," Joe says. He is turning the
hamburgers.

"I did not," Frances says. "And if I
did, it was a slip. I want to see how the
screen test comes out. I helped get it,"
she says to me, "don't forget that. I
helped. I did something, after all."

"I'll tell you all about it at dinner to-
morrow night. All about it. Frances, I
love you; I wish I knew your last name.
Tomorrow night we'll really be *bon vi-*
vants. I'll get an advance from Galvern
and we'll—feast."

"Don't have to ask for any advance."

Joe says. "My friends' credit is always
okay here." He is slicing the buns.

"Toast them?" he asks.

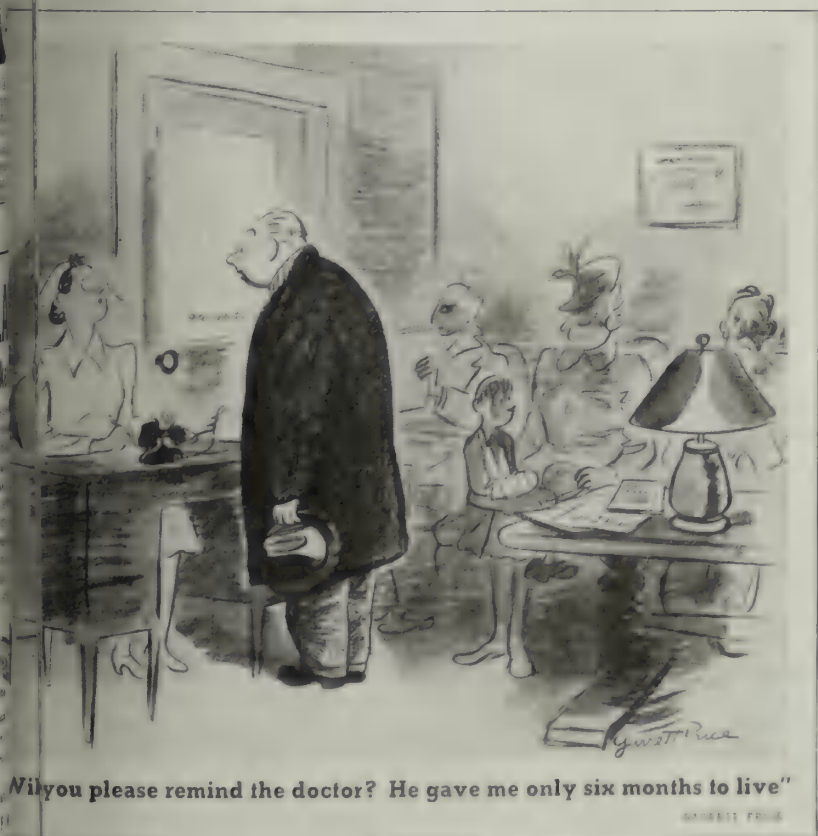
"Rub mine around in the grease,
first," Frances tells him.

Joe looks at me and I nod. "Rub them
plenty."

"Extra pickle," Joe says.

I take out both dimes and put them on
the counter. Goodbye forever, dear old
1892. I look at Frances and she looks at
me and she is smiling. As I have men-
tioned, she is even more beautiful when
she smiles. At me.

THE END



Will you please remind the doctor? He gave me only six months to live"

MAN OF WAR

PETE is a quiet, peace-loving man. Treats his family fine and pays his bills and gets along with his neighbors. Hasn't struck a blow in anger since he was a kid and caught another boy mistreating a dog.

But today Pete is mad clear through. You'd never guess it to see him at home; if anything he's quieter than ever. He isn't the kind to go around gritting his teeth and calling names.

When you see him at work, though—then's when you realize the difference. For there's a deadly precision in the way he goes about his work. He's on the job a little before starting time; he pays more careful attention to what he's doing; he knows what he's building and for whom he's building it. And that's why he's probably the most dangerous, the "fightingest" enemy the Axis powers have.

For it's men like Pete—who feel the way he feels, who are doing what he is doing—who are manning the machines in America's factories today. And they're turn-

ing out the deadliest, most effective array of weapons the world has ever seen.

There are a lot of men like Pete among the 125,000 General Electric employees these days. In their off hours you'll find them acting as air-raid wardens in their communities. You'll find them among the more than 100,000 G-E men and women who, without any fanfare or hurrah-boys, have signed up for U.S. Defense Bonds to the tune of more than \$20,000,000 a year. But most important of all, you'll find them on their job—doing what they know best, giving it the best they've got.

Quiet, peaceable, determined men of war. They're the men who, a few months ago, took pride in building refrigerators, radios, washing machines, and all the other contributions of electricity to peacetime living. Today they're putting their whole heart into the building of grimmer things so that they and all of us may the sooner pick up the never-ending job of making better things for a better America. General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

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This is WAR!

SOME blood, some sweat, some tears, and frequent defeats have been our portion in the first four months of war.

General MacArthur's brilliant and valiant defense of Bataan has been almost the only cheerful news. Douglas MacArthur caught our imagination and gave us comfort. He stood for the brave success we like to think of as American even though we knew well enough the dreadful odds against him.

The months that have gone have been grim. Now we know how Abraham Lincoln must have felt those first few months of the Civil War when the Confederates defeated the Union armies and all but captured Washington. Lincoln and his generation had to take bad military news for two years before the tide really turned.

The pace is swifter now and we have had our losses quickly. Yes, and we have taken them in our stride. All of us know that because of early defeats the struggle will be prolonged and the price we have to pay for final victory will be the greater.

But no one is discouraged. Every man and every woman knows that we must win this war, whatever the cost. We did not start it. We did not want it. But we must finish it. If we don't finish it triumphantly we shall be finished as a free people.

Everybody is sure of that. There are no

important differences of opinion this time. Pearl Harbor unified the nation. Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Batavia, Rangoon, opened our eyes to the power of the Japanese military organization. Nobody west of the Rocky Mountains regards the war in the Pacific as secondary.

The fact is that we could not have been compelled to choose more difficult battlegrounds. The war inflicted upon us must be fought in distant lands and remote seas. We have to fight where our enemies are and where they attack.

The Japs and the Germans chose the times and places for their war. We didn't.

But we have got to give whatever victory costs. If we don't win we won't even have honor left, much less any material possessions.

We cannot afford to waste time or energy on anything that delays or endangers our victory. We cannot afford partisan politics or avoidable wrangling in industrial or labor matters.

Some of the early New Dealers in Washington act as though the success of their little programs of social reform were more important than a successful prosecution of this war. A fat chance social reform will have if Hitler and the Japanese militarists are not stopped.

Some of the farm leaders think that they can use the opportunities of war to enrich the farmers regardless of what happens in this world war. That is a great mistake. If the Nazis or

the Japs win this war there won't be any or prosperity or anything else desirable for American farmers.

Some of the labor leaders act as if their interests were more important than the national defense. Another blunder. Labor would not survive an Axis victory.

Some businessmen think that profits are possible in this war. This is not to haggle. Free enterprise won't endure if we win this war.

Some politicians think that this is a time to place friends in soft jobs. Many silly undertakings of Civilian Defense transferred to Paul McNutt's health when Congress began an investigation of Civilian Defense. So jobs were found for dancers and storytellers and others. They help to victory.

We have to do better if we want to survive. We cannot afford business as usual, if it tends to win this war.

Sacrifice is required and not merely poor and the inconspicuous or of the rich and the politically negligible. High and low alike and out, we have a war to win and no time for waste or delay. The American people are not complacent or fretfully impatient. They are serious and aroused. Any individual group that stands in the way of victory is fated for rough treatment. They deserve

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1942

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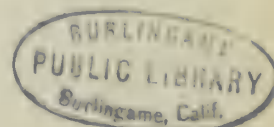
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Look! Is not this your Daughter?
Is not she young America?

She has a great Heritage,
A Future filled with Promise!



We see her a Woman, Sympathetic and
Smiling—with a Smile that owes much
to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

YOUR DAUGHTER—she is young America! Her future encompasses the things we stand for. We have helped give her the priceless dowry of strong in health, a mind shaped without compromise that faces the future hopefully and smiling!

Smiling! For even now this little girl knows the lesson in dental health that many an adult must learn. In thousands of classrooms* all over the country, youngsters of America are being taught the vital dental truth—that *firm, healthy*

gums are important to sound teeth and bright, sparkling smiles.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. It may not be serious—but let him decide. He may simply say your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of natural exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. When you massage your gums with Ipana, that stimulating "tingle"

means gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to healthier firmness.

So get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

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*At the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana and charts, teaching helps and other material for dental hygiene classes in American schools.



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EVERY WEEK

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Far East
Near East
Articles
West Coast
Washington
Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHEYNE
CHARLES COLEMAN
THOMAS H. BECK

ANY WEEK



THE handsome young American on the cover is Victor Irving Crutchfield, of the Klamath tribe of southwest Oregon, now working in the huge Douglas plane plant at Santa Monica, California. He was formerly a Forest Service patrolman and truck driver. The Klamaths are one of the wealthiest tribes of Indians in the country, own wide stretches of timber and farm lands and maintain their ancient right to fish the salmon streams of the coast mountains in their own way.

WE'RE afraid that we shall never become an important war correspondent. We've had a go at it, having been wandering for the past few weeks up and down Central America with particular emphasis on the Panama Canal Defense and its immediate problems above and below. We started out with the Army's exhortation ringing in our ears: Ignore the trifling incidentals and keep your mind on the great goal. We gathered that the great goal was the winning of the war, but we had trouble with it. We're back with, among other things, an immense respect for professional observers, particularly the journalistic observers or experts who, after reading today's newspapers, dope out the lowdown for tomorrow's readers. We observed and observed, breaking one pair of glasses in the process, getting ourselves suspected at least once of espionage and being thrown out of several strategic positions. Guess we're just the trifling kind. In beautiful Guatemala City where there is a great deal of a warlike character to observe, we ran afoul a couple of Army intelligence officers, the F.B.I. and the local police when our feet began treading forbidden ground and our tongue gave forth with a few searching questions. We settled it nicely by having them all over to the Palace Hotel for a few drinks. Having established ourself, we wandered

about until we got to talking to Señor Jorge Minero Zaccano, a silversmith. We asked Señor Zaccano how the war went with him and his people. "We are flattered and aroused," replied Señor Zaccano. "As to the fighting we are in the hands of the United States and her latent might. We trust that you are conducting your national affairs as efficiently as we are asked to conduct ours—with indifferent success. We are interested to learn that in its conduct of the war, your country is employing dancers, musicians, expert manipulators of the bowling ball, cinema stars and other artists in many peaceful occupations. We understand that the pay is good and the risks of a minimum. Guatemala is a nation of artists. We are interested. As for the fighting part, we are very sensitive.

IT WAS in Guatemala we think (or perhaps it was Costa Rica) that we ran headlong into a sample of Central American efficiency. We think it was Costa Rica, one of the very few countries which actually look like their colored picture postcards. We ordered breakfast, specifying one fried egg. The bill was ninety cents. We protested, showing the waiter that an egg breakfast according to the menu was but sixty cents. "You speak the truth," he replied. "You will observe, however, that this sixty-cent breakfast is of two eggs. You ordered one egg. Therefore your breakfast was à la carte and as such more expensive than our special combinations. Nothing can be done. Tomorrow morning I shall advise you to take the second egg which you may dispose of as your humor dictates."



IT WAS while Admiral Halsey and his intrepid American squadron were raiding the Marshall and the Gilbert Islands with heartening vigor that one of Japan's dive-bomb fliers made his bid for immortality by diving straight at the admiral's flagship. He missed and died but he came so close that the admiral instinctively ducked—a completely understandable reaction we think. But when the admiral ducked, a kid seaman laughed. When the raid was over, the admiral spoke to the boy. "Don't you know," said he sternly, "that nobody of less rank than a chief petty officer may laugh (Continued on page 49)

THIS WEEK

APRIL 5

SHORT STORIES

JACK MACMILLAN
The Baby of the
why a girl decided
life.

THOMAS MCINTYRE
None but the
cut to a lady's

EDMUND GILL
Hunter's Moon.
code of a sports

THE SHORT STORIES
Especially a
J. Breslow.

SERIAL STORIES

VEREEN BELL
Trial by Marriage
parts.

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Moving Finger.
parts.

ARTICLES

COREY FORD
ALASTAIR MACINTYRE
Sourdough Army
waiting.

ROBERT H. HINCHLEY
Fly for Your Life
in pilots, and we
about it.

ARTHUR J. DALY
Leaping Lester.
high jumper.

KYLE CRICHTON
The Personality
so watch your

ALICE LEONE MATHESON
Russia Uncensored
really think.

JIM MARSHALL
Wine of the Country
—the American

OUR FIGHTING

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the

WING TALK.

EDITORIAL
Thorough—But

COVER

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“No, it isn’t Cancer—”

THIS WOMAN WORRIED and worried when she discovered that she had one of the symptoms often associated with cancer. Again and again she asked herself, “Shall I wait and see what happens . . . or go to the doctor?” Wisely, she chose the latter course.

Now, after thorough examinations and tests, she has just heard the welcome words, “No, it isn’t cancer.”

How wonderful those words sounded! How thankful she is that she went to her doctor at once! For, even though the symptoms usually associated with cancer do not *always* mean cancer, they do indicate that something is wrong.

If cancer is present, the earlier it is discovered and properly treated, the greater are the chances for a cure. The chances of curing early cancer of the breast, for example, are almost four times greater than those of curing it in its late stages; in early cancer of the pelvic regions, the chances are *eight* times better.

That is why anyone with a suspicious cancer symptom should go to the doctor immediately—

should never “wait and see what happens.” Fortunately, those cancers which give easily recognizable danger signals are usually the ones which can be treated most successfully. Here are some of the danger signals:

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. Any sore that does not heal—particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.
5. Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.
6. Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.

The only positive way to tell whether cancer is present is a microscopic examination. If cancer is present, there are three forms of treatment—surgery, X-rays, radium, or a combination of these. Beware of quack remedies or “cures” for any condition which might be cancer.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, 52-C, “A Message of Hope about Cancer.”

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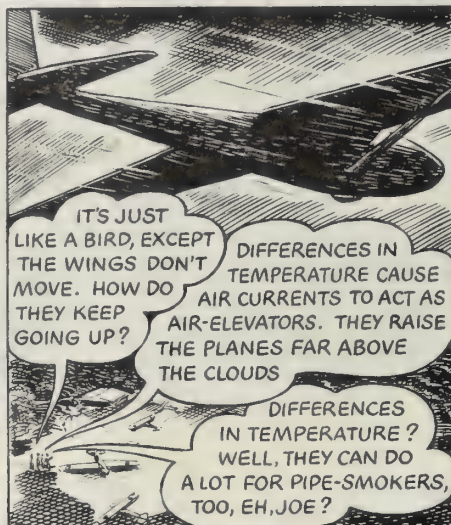
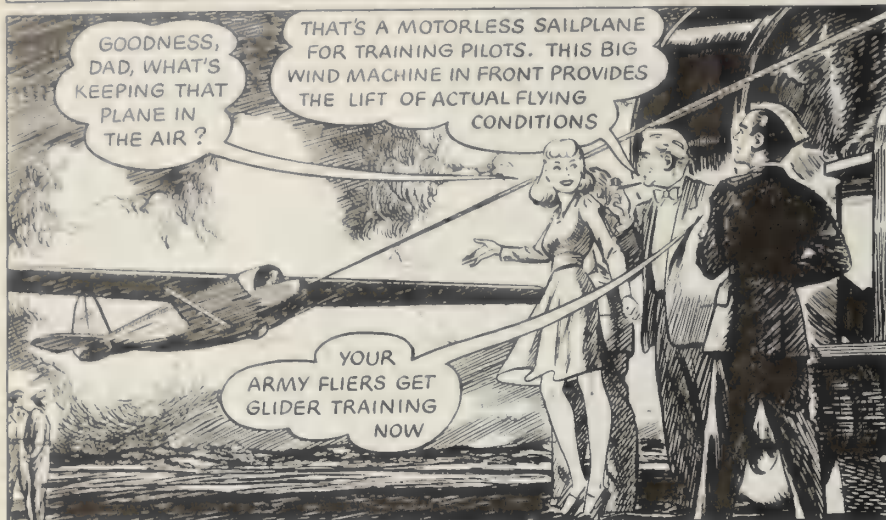


● THE UNITED STATES NEEDS MORE STUDENT NURSES!

The Metropolitan presents this appeal for 50,000 well-qualified young women to enter approved schools of nursing during 1942. The appeal is made at the request of the Government by the Nursing Council on National Defense. Here is an opportunity for patriotic aid in meeting the emergency needs of the Army, the Navy, and Civilian Defense. It may also be a step toward a career of lasting usefulness and future economic security in post-war reconstruction. For further information apply to your State Nursing Council on Defense, or to the Nursing Information Bureau, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Silent Warbirds



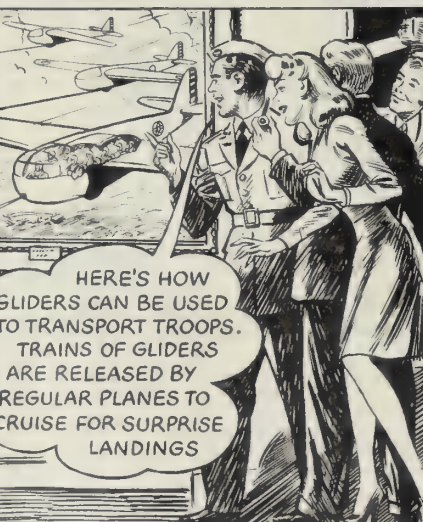
IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

NECESSITY CERTAINLY
LEADS TO INVENTION.
TAKE TOBACCO: SMOKERS
DEMANDED AN END TO
HARSHNESS, TONGUE-
BITE. ALONG CAME
PRINCE ALBERT WITH
A COOLER-BURNING
BRAND FOR REAL
MILDNESS WITH
RICH TASTE

IN 'MAKIN'S'
SMOKES, TOO,
DON'T FORGET
THAT P.A.
CRIMP CUT FOR
BETTER PACKING
AND DRAWING—
AND FOR EASIER
SHAPING, FASTER
ROLLING



50
PIPEFULS
OF FRAGRANT
TOBACCO IN
EVERY HANDY
POCKET CAN OF
PRINCE
ALBERT

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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new invention to protect automobiles is a simple electrical device that sounds the horn in a series of short blasts when a thief tries to steal the car or to remove any accessories or parts, including tires.

The olm, *Proteus anguinus*, an aquatic eel-shaped amphibian inhabiting the waters of certain dark caverns in Austria, has been blind for thousands of generations. Yet, if this animal is exposed to red light when young, its eyes develop the power of vision.

Muta is a form of legal marriage among the Shiite Mohammedans, whereby a man and woman are joined in a religious ceremony for a specified time only, which may be a year, a month or a day. When the couple wish to remain together after their marriage contract has expired, they are obliged to renew it and have another wedding.

The flag of the U.S.S. Arizona, sunk at Pearl Harbor, continues to wave in Arizona, where it was adopted as the official banner of the state in 1917.—By N. W. Washburn, Miami, Florida.

Twenty-six foreign countries had given women the right to vote and the struggle for such political liberty had been in progress in the United States for seventy-two years before our 19th (Woman Suffrage) Amendment became effective in 1920.—By Mary Bak, New Rochelle, New York.

An unusual criminal case was that of Mike Spinelli, who killed three men in Pittsburgh in 1932 and fled to Italy knowing that he would not be extradited for a crime committed abroad. However, upon the request of our State Department, he was brought to trial, convicted and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment in Salerno, Italy, merely on testimony in depositions forwarded from America.—By Claude B. Sweezey, Florence, Arizona.

The term "court" for playing cards bearing pictures of kings, queens and jacks has no connection with royalty. "Court" is a corruption of "coat," the cards being so named originally because they depict figures wearing coats.

When Anglo-Saxon countries married during the first century of Christianity, the groom paid the bride "for fairer and she promised always to be a 'buxom and bonny'."

The maximum penalty for a professional baseball umpire is more severe, states, than that for bribing a justice or a state, municipal official.—By Rob Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Confederate Memorial Day is observed as a holiday on May 30th in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, on May 10th in North Carolina and South Carolina, on May 30th in Virginia and on May 3d in Louisiana, Tennessee, until this year, in Kentucky.

Napoleon is one of the most famous figures in world history. His portrait has never appeared on a postage stamp of any country.—By George Vass, Springfield, Illinois.

More suicides occur between May 1st and May 31st than on any other two-hour period of the year. May is more than in any other month and between the ages of fifty-four years more than in any other five years of the life.

One of the greatest conquests of all time was Tamerlane's armies of Mongols who subjugated a large part of the 14th century. Although not successful in his ambition to dominate the entire world, he became the crowned ruler of many countries.—By Bernard New York, New York.

The Japanese soldier is paid \$2.36 a month, which \$1.89 is sent to his family. Thirty-eight cents is deducted for his compulsory savings and the other nine cents is given for spending money.—By M. Grant, River Forest, Illinois.

Five dollars will be paid for each unusual fact accepted for publication. Contributions must be accompanied by a factory proof. Address: Keep It World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue City. This column is copyrighted by The National Weekly. None of the material reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

*h! A baby-gentle floating soap that's
a sudsin' whiz—Swan up and see!*



*Me and mom? You bet we're for
Swan! It's mild as the finest
imported castiles! And suds so
fast—it's grand for everything!*



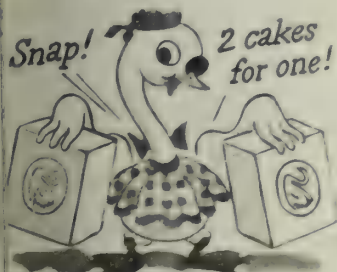
*Good brisk lather—and
plenty of it—even in hard
water! Gosh—this is a man's
idea of a bath!*

*Imagine a soap so gentle and good
to hands being so sudsy too!
And, say—those Swan suds
last and last—do more
dishes for my pennies than
old-style floating soaps!*



SWAN

*The baby-gentle floating
soap that's a sudsin' whiz!*



TUNE IN!

GRACIE ALLEN • GEORGE BURNS
PAUL WHITEMAN

See your local paper
for time and station.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



Spark plugs put the kick in an engine, and the men who drive and operate the nation's leading fleets of buses and trucks know this. They know, too, that it's costly to use any but the best. That's why most specify Champions, and a very good reason why you should too.

*More Vital-
More Dependable
than ever!*



Your car is a real family asset, and a useful friend. Treat it as such and it will serve you faithfully and well during this period of war economy. Spark plugs are the heart and pulse of its engine so have them tested and cleaned at regular intervals, and replace old, worn-out spark plugs with new Champions—the spark plugs champions use.



Operators of fleets also know the importance of maintaining equipment at peak efficiency and regularly inspect, clean and adjust spark plugs. Since the foundation of a national competition among fleets, for economy and efficiency of operation, Champion-equipped fleets have won a big majority of the awards.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN



WING TALK

First Officer Charles Johnson of the American Airline Flagship Abilene mounts the standard after the landing run

THE shiny aluminum airliner, with brilliant red trim on the engine cowlings, nose, fuselage and tail surfaces, taxis to the loading ramp, flying a pennant from a stub mast outside the co-pilot's window. People who go to the airport to watch the planes readily identify it as an American Airlines Flagship. That fancy flag, bearing white stars on a field of blue and surrounded by a red border, is a bit of oomph that has paid off very well from a public-relations standpoint.

But how do pennant and mast survive a speed of 180 miles an hour or more? Wouldn't the wind whip them to pieces? Sure would, so one of the duties of the co-pilot is to hoist the flag when the plane has completed its landing run and leave it there until the ship is back out again ready for the take-off. Then he slides open his window, lifts mast and flag from its socket and away the ship goes.

AVIATION probably challenges the inventive nature of more people than any other modern science. This is natural. The ideal airplane has not yet been built.

Aviation people do not discourage ideas for improvements. One out of a thousand might be something the smartest guys in the business failed to think of. However, many are submitted which completely ignore the fundamental laws of flight and knowledge of aircraft structure, gained at great cost of life.

So that no promising ideas may be lost the government has set up the National Inventors Council in the Department of Commerce Building, Washington, D. C. This serves as a clearinghouse for inventions and suggestions that might prove valuable. In the past year, 2,600 suggestions and designs for aviation were sent in.

Inventors need not submit aeronautical designs to the government, but can take them up with firms in the industry and make a deal. If you offer something to the government and it's needed and wanted, the council is empowered to fix its worth—not more than \$75,000—and send you a check.

WHEN two experienced airmen go aloft together, there is usually agreement in advance as to who will take off and fly for what period. The other pilot then becomes a passenger.

There's a code of respect for the ship in the skies as well as on the seas, and many a pilot riding ger has sweated and suffered while the other fellow flew in a "passenger" regarded as a rageous manner.

We once knew two pilots cross-country in a tandem cockpit with dual controls. They ran into weather and the ceiling began to descend fast. The pilot in the back wanted to keep on going; the senger wanted to land right then. He fell to fighting for command and didn't get hurt, but never spoke again.

Not long ago, two pilots in a cockpit plane with no inter-communication understood the signal of a shallow dive, cut the telephone wires and crashed. The plane approached the ground, the pilot in front who had released the controls and believed his friend would make no effort to grab them. Neither did the pilot in the back seat. It was obvious the landing was not being attempted. They were several miles away from the airport and the engine was turning at cruising speed. This deep responsibility of each other's life of one and serious injury to the other.

A WIDE psychological gap exists between the student pilot and the private pilot, even though the experience may be but a few years apart. This has come to light in a thorough analysis of landing in private flying made by the Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics. And here it is: The student pilot shoots for a landing, while the pilot overshoots. The bureau signedly, that there is no ready solution for these tendencies.

HELP save the life of a pilot and the much-needed airplanes for the war by discouraging a very silly habit that is flourishing among fliers, of flying low, cutting through the air and shouting at people on the ground. Too many times have these pilots concentrated on being heroes.

(Continued on page 5)



What poem's about spring," warned Elsie, "at least one stanza for ice cream!"

LITTLE BEULAH, struggling with her first poem, puzzled: "But, mommy—how can ice cream fit in? I've got how all Nature wakes the Spring . . ."

One of the most delightful Spring awakenings," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, "is the way that the weather rouses folks' appetites for ice cream. Ice cream that's extra luscious and wholesome because it's made from milk and cream I produce for you."

"What's is?" interrupted Beulah:

"Oh, what is so nice on a day in Spring as Borden's Ice Cream — It's just the thing!"



"That's marvelous," Elsie applauded Beulah, "if you read it sort of fast. But, ice cream isn't the only good thing that's made with Borden skill and care in making my milk. A large family of delicious foods springs from the pure Borden's Milk of mine."

"That'd be right," asked Beulah, "to call that the cream of society?"

"I should think so," Elsie agreed. "Let's see—has your poem got anything about how the birds come back in the Spring?"



"Sure, mommy," said Beulah proudly. "There, in the second stanza."

"Well, it's just as certain," Elsie replied, "that people will come back again and again for more of the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made with Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk."



"That'd be right," asked Beulah, "to call that the cream of society?"

"I haven't finished this part," Beulah remarked, "about young things growing up and blooming."

"Just remember," said Elsie helpfully, "that lots of young babies start to grow up and bloom on Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk. It's so digestible and rich



in Vitamin D that many doctors approve it. And it's also the secret of grand cream soups and mashed potatoes."

"Do you think I should mention Spring Fever?" asked Beulah.

"By all means," answered Elsie. "And be sure to point out that one of the best pepper-uppers under the sun is Borden's Hemo—the grand new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!"

Beulah was scribbling rapidly. "Something like this, mommy?" she offered:

*"With its vitamins and minerals galore,
Each glass of Hemo tastes like more!"*



"That's perfectly splendid, dear," beamed Elsie. "But don't forget to finish your poem with a nice moral folks will remember."

"I've got it, mommy!" cried the excited little Beulah:

*"Ice cream, milk, or other fine food —
If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

Buy Defense Stamps and Bonds today
(Or, to put it as Beulah would say:)
"Taxes and bonds, bonds and taxes
—That's the way to axe the Axis!"





*For the Pleasures of
Home and Family—*

PHILCO

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NEW DELIGHTS IN RADIO
AND RECORDED MUSIC**



MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT

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*America's Favorite
Radio Console!*

In this gorgeous, impressive cabinet of beautifully sliced and butt Walnut woods, the Philco (left) is radio's champion value in tone, performance and beauty. Its powerful 8-tube circuit is extremely sensitive. Its big Concert Grand Speaker and Bass and Treble Tone Controls give you glory for every type of program. *Yours on Easy Terms.*

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The research and manufacturing facilities of Philco are engaged in various phases of production for our armed forces. Its assembly lines are producing frequency meters, communications equipment and radio receivers for tanks and airplanes. Its heavy machinery is engaged in mass

production of artillery fuzes. The entire facilities of Philco in research, engineering and manufacture, with its complete equipment and skilled personnel, are now at the disposal of the government for the production of the weapons of victory, whatever degree the nation requires.

al by arriage

Verreen Bell

BY ELMORE BROWN

oriant story of two renegades
th woman who taught one
er the bitterest truth of life

Flay in the cold leaves, concealed
nd an alder. Again he held two fingers
gast his throat, and a yelping sound
ro his mouth.

h listened.
dd whistled in a tulip tree. Out of
crs the bottom on a piney hill, a buck
it raised head, unmoving, then grazed
flit of robins passed overhead, above
trs.

heard the answer. Beyond the
of nderbrush, a wild turkey replied to
Du noiselessly slipped the safety off the
n wh trembling fingers. He swallowed.
two days had he eaten. He could have
sm birds; but he had only three shells
nd ch one of them should provide him
least two days' food. That meant a deer
rked, or a covey of quail on the ground.
cor day of hunger, he had found, was
th worst. The third day was bad too,
the your stomach had begun to get used
g empty. After the first few days a sort
ise lunacy crept over you, so that even
ydr own throat could be regarded as a
ng ttle trick, of no more importance
urning your girl's initials on your arm
ulphic acid as some of them had done
igh school laboratory.

ometimes wondered what had been his
's ate of mind when she shot herself.
btey she had been in some "acceler-
as they had said—mental condition;
ter on she had played the piano with
ny enius that would have astonished
wh knew her as a self-conscious, com-
g, numb-fingered music teacher, then
psters and stuck the muzzle of the old
rle revolver in her mouth and blown
to of her head. Afterward there had
om whispers of murder, because the
of the old revolver was almost more
ma could pull, certainly more, they
har fragile Mrs. Webster could have

ne inquest, the coroner's wife and several
vonn were asked to pull the trigger of
olv, but not one of them could snap the
uff's father, who at the time had been out
unning as usual—leaving the run-down
drustore to the care of the sixteen-
ld slla jerker, who habitually put a por-
thecanty receipts in his pocket as they
n—ally had risen heavily and picked
revolver. Thrusting the muzzle of the
his outh to demonstrate, he showed she
obay pulled the trigger with her two



Lucie dismounted and stood holding
the reins while she waited. "Let's talk
about something you might remem-
ber, then. When did you work last?"

thumbs instead of the right index finger, and
they had seen the truth of it.

Now Duff heard the sound of the turkey's
scratching behind the screening thicket. A calf,
lost from its mamma, bawled. Duff held his
breath. The turkey began going putt! putt!
nervously, as the calf kept up his insistent
bawling.

The calf stopped bawling, perhaps having
been rejoined by its mother. Duff yelped again.
After an almost interminable time, the turkey
answered.

Suddenly the young gobbler stepped up on a
log, in full view. The sun glistened on its burn-
ished neck; its purplish-red head was alert.
Duff raised his gun with an excruciating slow-
ness. The turkey relaxed and ruffled its feathers.
Duff's gun was almost level; he could feel

the nerves in his left wrist jumping. A leaf crackled. The turkey's head went back up, and the disarranged feathers lay quickly down. The turkey went *putt!*

Aiming at the head, Duff pulled the trigger. The turkey leaped over backward, and flopped and kicked spasmodically in the damp leaves. Duff jumped up and ran, almost stumbling in his eagerness to reach the dying bird.

When the last feeble kicking passed, Duff leaned his gun on a log and picked up the turkey by the head, just as a man in brown leggings stepped from behind a tree with a Colt .45 in his hand.

"Stand right there, and don't move that gun," he said. "Didn't expect to yelp up no warden, did you?"

Duff stared at him.

"Them 'Posted' signs, buddy, wasn't put up just for looks," the warden said.

Duff tried to speak, but his voice stuck.

"Now come here, and bring that turkey with you."

"I got to have him," Duff said, simply.

The warden looked at him curiously. "You see what I got here in my hand, don't you?"

Duff knew that if he leaned over to pick up his gun, he would be shot. His gun was something he needed badly, but there simply wasn't any choice. *He may have more pistol there than he can handle, unless he's an old army man.*

Duff turned his back and began walking away, leaving his shotgun on the log. He slung the turkey over his shoulder.

"Hey! You wait!"

Duff kept walking, as if he hadn't heard.

"You better stop!"

Duff kept on, stepping unhurriedly over a bush. If he started running, he

would be shot instantly. But even the toughest warden would have to heat up a bit before firing at the back of a man calmly walking away.

"You hear me? I'm fixing to shoot!"

Duff shifted the turkey to the other shoulder. He paused to look interestedly at a wildcat scratch mark on a chinquapin tree, then continued walking.

"You better stop!"

Then there was a momentary silence, followed by the crash of the automatic. A two-inch dogwood limb abruptly broke and fell above Duff's head, and now the time to run had come. He shoved the turkey under his arm and jumped away, putting as much cover between him and the automatic as he could. The bullets were crashing like cannon balls now, but none of them came close.

At first the flight exhilarated him;

then he began to tire, and he stopped he found the coming with such ago that he was almost suff fingers could hardly ken the dead turkey.

The shooting ceased, time Duff heard the horse's hoofs. The warden back to where he had tie now was coming to try t Duff crept quietly under a bush.

Presently the horse came more carefully as it felt the litter of the bottom the warden's angry kick hear the animal's windy hoofs passed close by, away. The sound of t faded.

Duff lay still. An hour and again the warden woods, searching. Finally with it silence. Duff stretched, and started walk to the fence that marked boundary of the plantation.

After he reached the four hours down it, and in a creek swamp and b his turkey for roasting.

WHEN the turkey was day, Duff didn't see Tuesday.

Without the gun he Traveling aimlessly, sloping bridges, and avoiding far he were a fugitive, he developed a certain self-sufficiency. On a warm day he happened on a mondback that had con land-tortoise hole that it for the winter. Basking the sun, the rattlesnake h energy nor the inclination the hole again, but drew and sounded a dry warni

Duff killed the snake with a knot, and that night roas the white flesh over oak coa knots and sticks, because ness and compactness, time ons. He grew proficient at huddled in the brush, their frightened eyes betrayin oulfrage, and in smashing their with one quick throw. F learn watch for puddles and s left by a falling creek, and water so that the trappe would seek the surface, v reus would flip them out.

One day while he was heron, a red-tailed hawk dum out of the sky upon a woo front of where he lay; a bird was occupied in di prey, Duff killed it with a and he had both a hawk a supper.

But it was only infrequ had luck like that. Most the quarry flushed too soon was bad, or he found no rat the time he was hungry.

Then one day he came on a half-grown pig, so freshly buzzards had not even fo carefully looked around. slope of the Alabama side spaced with young pines; a was a gully of sedge and br yond was a brown cornfiel end of which a Negro and plowing, just beginning to b the new furrows gray-blac

(Continued on page 13)



All of them stopped an the approaching pair osity. Lucie's hors restlessly. Duff s looking for Amos

irdough ny

ey Ford and
ir MacBain

perched on a powder
her people know it.
ives they have had to
order to exist, and they
w to get back in the
fight a guerrilla war

PETE never read any
by Winston Churchill. Pete
read the unforgettable one,
that goes, "We shall fight
in the streets, we shall fight
in the streets, we shall fight
in the streets." For Pete is a half-breed
who makes his living trapping
on the upper Tanana River, in the
interior of northern Alaska;
he managed to learn to read.
You tell Pete what was in the
books what he is doing for a
and nods his head matter-of-
factly, "Sure," he says, stroking
his hat's like we fight in Alaska,
back in the hills and fight if
they don't take us!"

He is an old six-foot muzzle-
loader. Pete is pretty handy with it.
Alaska are generally handy
with a single shot somewhere
and Pete says without turn-
ing, "Joe just kill a muskrat."

"You know he killed it?" you
ask. He shakes his head again from what
you said and looks at you in surprise.
"Didn't he?"

Pete is doing, you notice, is
cutting a long strip of lead with the blade
of a hunting knife, cutting the lead
into squares. He cups the square
in the palm of his hand and pours
it into the muzzle of his gun. You
ask him that for, Pete? Musk-

no Pete tells you, letting the
bullet slide casually down the mouth
of the gun. "Japs."

Over Alaska they are load-
ing their guns and cleaning their rifles
and repairing their boots and repairing
their sleds and caching food here
and there in the woods. They are
quietly methodical without ex-
citement, without much talk. They are
preparing for the war to come. They
are afraid, either. They are just
ready—the way they get ready
for a fisherman in Ketchikan
to pull the motor of his power trawler.
Down on the Bering Sea coast lays
a supply of dried salmon. A
man hides on the Kenai works
his wide thongs into his pack.
"If there's too many Japs, I can
hide in the bush. I can kill a moose.
I can live awhile."

"I can live years."

Look at the people of Alaska, the
unhunted sourdoughs, who faced
hunger and starvation and mos-
quitoes and made a go of it in a hard
land. As you think to yourself, "I'd
be a Jap and try to take Alaska."
You try to take Alaska away from



DAN HOLLAND

them!" You look at these Alaskans and
somehow you think of another army a
couple of hundred years ago, an army
of squirrel hunters and farmers and
frontiersmen who fought a trained mili-
tary machine and fought it to a stand-
still. Alaskans are frontiersmen, too,
independent and self-sufficient and used
to taking care of themselves. They
know how to live off the country if they
have to. They know how to fight be-
cause all their lives they've had to fight
in order to exist. They know how to get
back in the hills and fight a guerrilla
war. "Any Jap won't get near me. I'll
be watching him."

"What good will it do to watch him?"
"I'll be watching him through the
sights of my thirty-thirty."

The Alaskans are ready to fight. They
have to be; they know that right now
Alaska is perched on a powder keg.
They know that at any moment the
fortunes of a total war may explode this
remote Arctic territory into a major
World War II battlefield. They know
that Alaska lies right smack in the
middle of the most direct route between

the United States and Tokyo, and that
sooner or later there is likely to be
action. The late General Billy Mitchell
called Alaska the most important stra-
tegic spot in the world, and the late
General Mitchell has been proved right
about a lot of things. Whether the
action there will be defensive or offen-
sive, the people of Alaska, of course, do
not know, though they have their sus-
picions. But they do know that Alaska
is a big country—a fifth the size of the
whole United States, with a coastline
several thousand miles longer than that
of the States—and that only forty-seven
miles of open water lie between Alaska
and Asia.

Furthermore, they know that Alaska's
westernmost tip pokes out across the
Pacific to within seven hundred miles of
Japanese soil; its eastern tip, down on
the Panhandle, is only six hundred-odd
miles, bomber-flight, from Seattle and
the Pacific Northwest. Whichever way
the action goes, offensive or defensive,
they know they are likely to wake up
any morning and find their laps full of
Japs.

**Eskimo girls make cold-weather
clothes for U. S. Army fliers in
a schoolhouse at Nome, near an
Army post. The two fliers are
trying on mukluks and parkas.
The Army will foot the bill**

And Alaskans don't like Japs. They
have a pretty strong feeling about Japs.
Down in Bristol Bay, for instance, the
salmon fishermen remember vividly
how their nets were slashed and their
boats rammed and their salmon pack
stolen from under their eyes, until they
took the law into their own hands and
grabbed their guns and ran the Japs off
the fishing banks.

In the Aleutian Islands, the fox farm-
ers have a private score of their own to
settle with certain Jap poachers who
have been making off annually with
their precious fur supply. Down in
southeastern Alaska, the cannery work-
ers recall grimly how the Japs have tried
from time to time to jeopardize their

(Continued on page 54C)

America is the land of aviation? Don't kid yourself. There's enthusiasm here, but not many have knowledge that can be used. In Germany they give flying lessons in the kindergarten. We're going to do some teaching now too

WHEN German Stukas blasted a way through Belgium, destroyed Rotterdam and demoralized the great French army, a new period in history began. The raid on Pearl Harbor and the sinking of the British battleships Repulse and Prince of Wales off Malaya made the lesson still clearer. Whether we like it or not, we must fly or die. We are the last generation of earth-bound men.

Faced with this hard fact of history, America has been taking stock. There are thrillingly hopeful things to report and there are vast gaps to be filled. We are turning out planes at a speed never before known to science; we have developed thousands of fighter pilots and are training other thousands with a rapidity and success hitherto considered impossible. But we have one great job to do: We must "air-condition" the youth of America.

In urging such a program for this country during the past four years, I hit upon the term "air-conditioned" because the terms generally used—"air-minded" or "air-conscious"—did not express what I meant. You can love music all your life without being able to play a note. You can appreciate electric light without knowing how to replace a burned-out fuse. In short, you are conscious of these things, but to be "conditioned" means to be in a state of fitness—fitness to do something. An air-conditioning program must equip and impel youth to participate in aviation.

We are the most mechanical-minded people on earth and we have a background of flying that started with the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, but we have done almost nothing in the way of keeping our education in step with our traditions. Our school textbooks were written in the horse-and-buggy days and have not been kept up to date. When there is a problem in arithmetic, it is about a man walking from point to point, or sometimes riding a horse, or even a railroad train—but almost never flying an airplane.

A minor complaint? Yes, if it wasn't for one thing: Germany. Very thorough people, those Germans, with the most complete propaganda system in history pushing along behind. Where do you think those Stuka pilots got their original enthusiasm for flying? They got it in grammar school, many of them, starting their education along that line as soon as Hitler bamboozled old Hindenburg into giving him power.

We have youngsters interested in flying—almost 3,000,000 of them, according to the manufacturers who make miniature motors and flying-model airplanes—but the Germans have made air-conditioning a part of their educational system, almost the principal course in it. It would be impossible for a German boy under present conditions to graduate from high school without being thoroughly inoculated with the subject. He studies aviation, he practices it, he lives it, he eats it.

This has been done in an iron-handed way that Americans would never stand for and have no need to stand for. Our youngsters don't need the iron hand; they need only the opportunity. The best test of this is the success of our C.A.A. (Civil Aeronautics Administration) program, which got started early. Since 1938, elementary flight and ground training has been given to more than 70,000 young men. Remember that this has been a civilian and not a military program. Yet nearly 25,000 of these boys are already in uniform, more than half of them in the air services, and the others in activities that include aviation weather-forecasting, engineering, antiaircraft defense and communications. Another 25,000 of them are still in college, a great reservoir of licensed civil pilots. Others now are being trained at the rate of 4,000 a month at more than 700 colleges and an equal number of civilian flying schools.

Those training centers are putting on full speed under a recent plan announced by the War Department for use of their maximum output.

But air-conditioning must start even earlier. Today's twelve-year-old needs to know in detail about the character of the atmosphere above the earth's surface because he will travel in it. He needs to know what makes a flier "black out" in flight. Geographically, he must think of the earth as a globe. He must understand the Great Circle. He must realize that if a Japanese bomber were to set out, nonstop, for the Panama Canal, its best course would be north from Japan, then probably passing over Seattle and Galveston, flying southeast and approaching the Canal from the Caribbean side. This is not only a question for practical preparation for an eventual career but it opens new vistas for young minds in a time of change when only the alert can hope to survive.

The Germans have done all this and much more. The only other nation that has encouraged air-conditioning on a similar scale is the Soviet Union. But since Germany is the enemy, the sensible thing is to study their system with a view of taking from it what we need. We have no intention of copying it slavishly. We have no place for the mental rigidity of Naziism that makes robots of its students and slaves of its teachers; in fact we need not imitate it at all. But we can learn from it.

The information on it comes from German sources, a document entitled "German Ministry of Education; Decree of December 20, 1939, on Promotion of Aviation in Schools and Universities." The date of it is misleading. The program actually was launched, secretly, on November 17, 1934. It was not a question of Hitler asking the schools for assistance but of telling them what to do.

Air-Conditioning Begins Early

The instruction begins in the lower grades when little Fritz listens to the Story-Telling Hour. He is told of Icarus, who flew too close to the sun, and of Leonardo da Vinci, who made the first sketch of an airplane. When Fritz gets around to birds and bees and flowers, the lesson goes on. Why do certain fish glide? What distinguishes the effortless soaring of an eagle from the frantic flapping of a duck?

About this time, Fritz begins to use aeronautical terms in discussing the most ordinary things. Basic nouns or verbs, such as "flight," are combined with others—motor flight, model flight, power, gliding, long-distance, blind, and night flight. The fundamentals of aerophysics and flying theory are taught beginning in the sixth grade.

In the high schools the program begins to gather real power. Science subjects are literally crammed with aeronautical examples, while such supposedly unrelated topics as foreign languages, geography, history and art also make painstaking contributions to German air-mindedness.

From primary days, arithmetic has had an aviation flavor. Instead of adding two and one, the teacher says: "At recess we saw two planes; now another is passing by. How many is that?" They speak of Heinkels instead of oranges and apples. When the student gets into higher mathematics he is provided with problems concerning navigation and meteorology, take-off and approach angles, radio direction-finding.

Chemistry studies the supporting gases for lighter-than-air craft; emphasizes the problem of de-icing in the study of water; and stresses (in mining and refining) the aluminum alloys. Organic chemistry includes motor fuel and lubricants. Study of methods to create synthetics is, of course, emphasized. Physics courses are dominated by a thorough study of flight principles. Biology specializes in the physiological effects of flying on the human body—its limitations at high altitudes, when flying blind or when maneuvering at high speeds.

The science courses are so jammed with aviation that one might wonder how the kids could grasp it—until it is recalled that ever since the sixth grade they have been building and flying kites and model planes. In fact, many start this when only six or seven years old. They learn first the handling of tools in wood or metal work. They progress from simple gliding models to rubber-band (Continued on page 61)

Fly for Your

By Robert H. Hinckley

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF COMMERCE FOR AIA



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DOOLITTLE-KEAN

Miss Kilgore, director of a C.A.A. unit, is shown here with the 'chute harness for one of her students.

Two students are instructed in the proper technique of twisting the tail of a training plane on the ground without injuring its delicate mechanism.

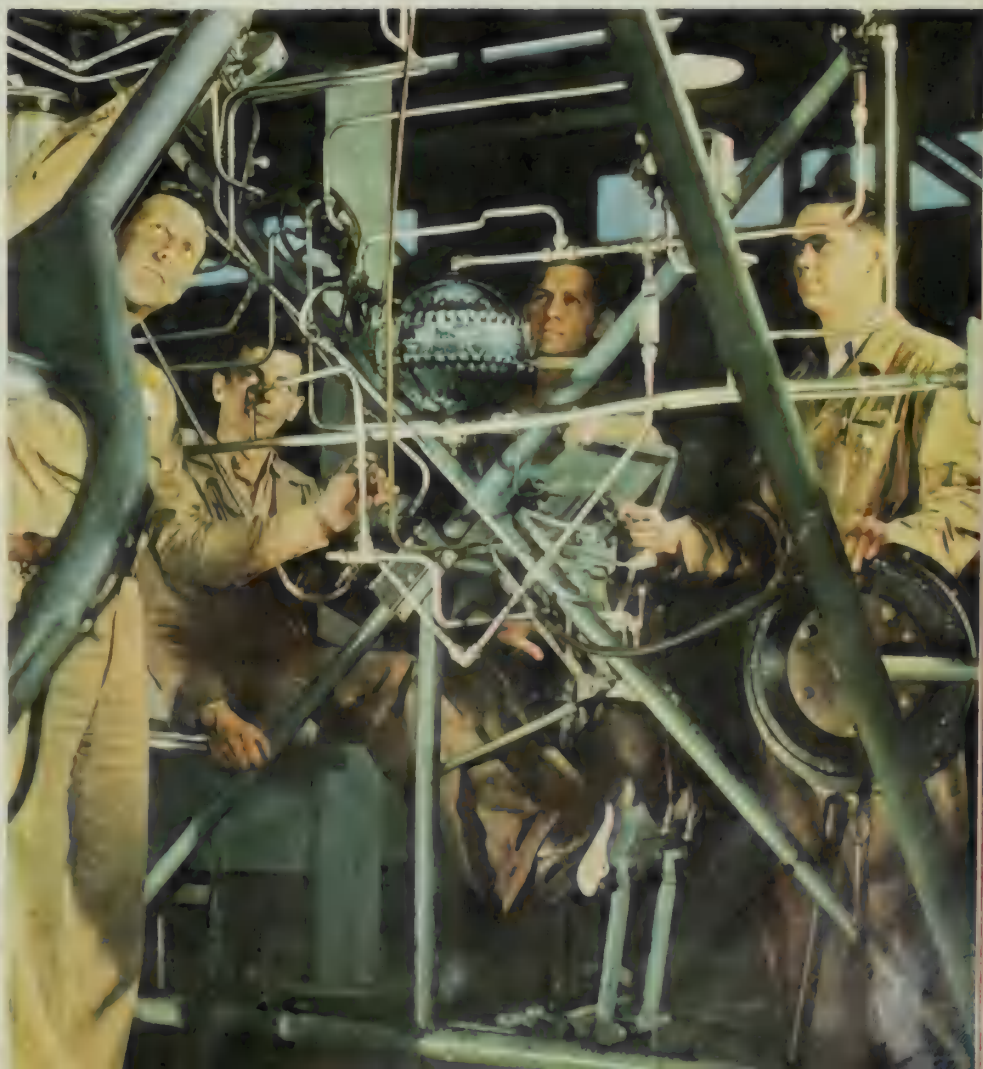




Evelyn Kilgore, one of the few women instructors with the Civil Aeronautics Administration (C.A.A.), delegates an assistant to a student group

Future Ace pilots all begin the same way—at the bottom. At the Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute a group of C.A.A. students listen as an instructor explains the fundamental controls

A C.A.A. class at the Institute is instructed in the "cutaway" assembly of the hydraulic retractable gear of the DC-3, a twin-motored commercial transport plane with a gross weight of 12 tons



Especially a Sergeant

By William J.
Breslow

THE trouble with this army," Arturo said authoritatively, "is that the guys in it ain't tough like the guys in the last war."

"Oh, I don't know," the chef answered. He was shelling green peas at a small table near the kitchen, partly hidden from the rest of the dining room by a wide pillar. "I guess they can get plenty tough when they have to."

"Nah! They're too soft," Arturo declared. He looked down the dining room to see if he was needed. At one table a fat man was eating bread and butter and drinking beer; at another, a young couple sat close to each other. Arturo rested his back against the pillar and helped himself to a handful of peas.

"Keep your hands out of that pot," the chef warned.

Arturo tossed a few peas back into the pot and hastened forward to greet three soldiers who came in. He guided them to a table, spread a menu in front of each, then walked back to the water cooler to fill their glasses. "There's what I mean," he whispered to the chef. "Look at them guys. Kids, and one of them with a sergeant's stripes. I'll bet he ain't more than nineteen; even younger than them two buck privates."

"I remember you telling me that you were one of the youngest sergeants in the last war yourself," the chef reminded him.

"Yeah, but that was different. In the last war a guy had to win his stripes one at a time, and he had to be plenty tough to do it. Especially a sergeant." Arturo balanced the three glasses on one hand and made his way down the dining room.

The three soldiers studied their menu cards, then looked questioningly at one another.

"The veal scallopine is very good today," Arturo suggested helpfully.

"None of that Italian mush for me," the sergeant declared. "Bring me some ham and eggs."

"Same here, with French fried."
"Me too."

Arturo relayed the orders to the chef. He followed him into the kitchen and started to place bread and butter on a tray. "What an army!" he muttered. "They come to an Italian restaurant and order ham and eggs."

"Maybe they like ham and eggs," the chef pointed out.

"In the last war soldiers on pass didn't order ham and eggs," Arturo maintained, "Steaks, that's what." He peered over the chef's shoulder. "Hey," he growled, "what about putting a couple of decent pieces of ham on them orders?"

"You mind your own . . ." the chef began, then turned toward Arturo, clicked his heels together, and saluted. "Okay, Sergeant, more ham it is."

"You're ignorant," Arturo said. "Saluting a noncom." He carried the orders out to the dining room. He essayed a military bearing, but his bald head and flat-footed gait made his effort seem ludicrous.

"Hey, fellows, how about some wine?"

the first private said. "I thought we come here to fuel up." He studied a menu. "How about a bottle of this here Lagrima Cristi?"

The sergeant took the menu away. "Dope," he laughed. "That stuff costs four bucks a bottle." He turned to Arturo. "Please bring us a pint of Chianti."

Arturo went out front to the bar and got the bottle of wine. On the way back he stepped into the kitchen for the glasses. "Wine," he said to the chef, and made a derogatory noise with his lips. He went out and poured their wine, set the bottle in front of them, then went back and leaned against the pillar, watching the three soldiers with amused disapproval.

THE chef had come in from the kitchen and resumed shelling peas, and in a few minutes he looked up to see why Arturo was so quiet. His eyes followed the waiter's gaze. "Nice-looking uniforms those boys are wearing, eh?" he commented.

Arturo made a depreciative gesture with his hand. "That's the trouble with this army," he insisted. "Too much comfort. Look at them. Wearing fancy uniforms and eating ham and eggs. And wine! No guys out of the outfit I was with in the last war would drink wine if they could get something stronger. Especially a sergeant."

"Yeah, I know. You washed your teeth with whisky every morning when you were a sergeant. Don't kid me, mister. You weren't any more hard-boiled then than you are now."

The fat customer tapped a spoon against a glass. He wanted some butter, and Arturo fetched it and also placed a few extra chips of butter on the soldiers' table. He hovered for a few moments near the young couple, but they were too engrossed in each

other, so Arturo came back against the pillar.

In a little while the sergeant came over and ordered another bottle of Chianti. Arturo brought a small basket of potatoes to the table. He rested his back against the pillar and stood hopefully watching the soldiers, wishing that they would sing or otherwise display exuberance. "Them guys are a bunch of Sunday school kids."

"What do you want the breaking dishes or something?" he demanded.

Arturo glared at him with contempt. "A-a-a-h, nuts," he said. "Do you know about army?"

The sergeant refilled his glasses and, noticing that the pillar was empty, he held a whispering conference with the two privates. Then he turned to Arturo. "What does it cost?" the sergeant asked.

Arturo figured it up. "Would you like to order else, sir?" he inquired.

"Not right now, thank you. You know later." The sergeant pooled their money. Arturo counted it, shaking his head sadly.

"Look at him," Arturo said, "probably trying to figure out how much dough he's got left over from the ice cream sodas."

The sergeant picked up the money and laid it aside on the table, the rest of the money in his pocket and the two privates sat back disappointed.

"That's the end of their business," Arturo whispered to the chef. "The Chianti and they'll tell the gang they had one more."

"I think the fat guy was kidding," the chef said. "He's ready to go."

Arturo hastened over to the pillar and placed it on the table. He glanced at the pillar, he glanced at the sergeant had laid aside

THE fat man had been sitting back to the soldiers. When he started to waddle out, he looked at the pillar for the first time. He paused at the pillar and said something to the two privates. They shook hands with them and then they left.

"They're leaving me a tip," Arturo told the chef. "You expect an army to be the guys in it are so easy dough?" He regarded the pillar with narrowed lids. "I'll tell you a match you. You win my tip, I'll tell you your half."

The chef brought out a coin and he said, flipping it in the air. "Heads," Arturo said.

"Fifty cents and went out for minutes he returned with Chianti and a bowl of pretzels. He headed for the soldiers.

"I thought you told me it was over," the chef said. "Is this bottle on the house?"

"It's the fat guy," Arturo said. "He bought it for them."

"Baloney. That guy was anybody the sweat off his bottle is on you and me."

"It's no dough out of my turo declared. "It's half of that sergeant's. You don't throw half dollars around. The trouble with this army

"Yeah, I know, I know," with heavy sarcasm. "The like the guys in your army a sergeant."

The chef brought out a coin and he said, flipping the air. "Heads," Arturo



A SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



The Baby of Bosco the Bum

by Earl Cordrey

city of a young Michi-
wer, who started a fam-
stronger reason than
was crazy about kids

MORNING of her second
ome day in a strange town,
Margaret Dunks walked
the only familiar thing in
low-trimmed black ruins of
Hotel, still smelling of
wer-soaked wood from the
adatched.

her professional air like a
er shoulder, and her heels
she marched into Doc
ce—per telephone appoint-

Malen was long-legged and
y mped, like an old heron or
do declare," he said, and
et h' admiringly, "every Child
Director we get is prettier than
one."

u, Doctor," Mary Marga-
"I ant to talk about the Den-
no case."

arming young man," Doc
nent attorney. Great cal-
him."

as father!" Mary Margaret
wot give him a baby!"

am!" Doc said. "Never met
e ou?" He struggled for a
wa facetiousness. Then he
tapon behind him. "I figured
ou that adoption, so I called
nd Bosco. Sit down. They'll
irely."

MARGARET, very conscious
r rw job and her new dignity,
nly "I never heard of any-
unthodox, Doctor—letting a
habe a baby!"

istl his legs on his desk and
My Margaret through the V
at. I think the child's mother
ve anted it that way. Denny's
un man, though a trifle un-

e's bachelor!" Mary Marga-
gmatically. "There's no
influence at all!"

al drawback," Doc admitted.
ent and Bosco could do with
fegnine influence, too. Of
ner's old Mrs. O'Shaunnessy,
ekeeper, but she's only there
l In not sure her influence
god."

n't know about her," Mary
sd judicially. "Is she
of e family?"

Doc said.
sh wouldn't alter the situa-

nd" Doc said.
Continued on page 45)

e Bin sat smugly beside the
igh Mary Margaret, taking
ick steps to Denny's one,
he does that child sleep?"

Les Steers demonstrates the up-and-over "belly roll" form the results in his record-shattering high-jump performances. A preciative onlooker is Mrs. Steers.

LEAPING LESTER

By Arthur J. Daley

He looks more like a shot-putter, but Les Steers has broken the world high-jump record four times and he's still not content

THE first time Les Steers broke the world high-jump record he was loaded to the gunwales with soda pop, and the standards supporting the crossbar were shakily perched on two boxes and a board. It was only an exhibition performance but the fact that he had jumped 6 feet 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches convinced him that it could be done again in better and more official surroundings.

Since then the kid with the kangaroo legs has shattered the world record four times in a row with his best a quite incredible 6 feet 11 inches. If the war does

not interfere with his plans, Steers hopes and expects to be the first man in the history of sports to top the unprecedented height of seven feet.

Les had not even the foggiest notion that summer day in 1940 that he was headed upward. Cornelius Warmerdam, another human stratosphere climber and the holder of the world pole-vault record, had invited his San Francisco Olympic Club teammate to give a high-jumping exhibition at Tuolumne, California, where Warmerdam was teaching.

It was a school festival of some description and the ever-obliging Steers went over from Frisco. The pit was a hastily dug excavation and the runway was the lawn. By way of adding to his ease of mind, however, Les discovered that the high-jump standards were of midget size. The highest they would register was 6 feet 3 inches.

To you or me that might seem as high as Mount Everest but to Steers it looked as simple as jumping over a closely cropped hedge. In fact he was so confident of leaping over the crosspiece that he broke a self-imposed rule that he has never violated before or since. He took

a drink of soda pop. Perhaps he should not be blamed for it, because the temperature was 105 degrees. And he kept drinking soda pop until he could feel it effervescing inside of him.

When the Kangaroo Kid went over the bar at its highest he thought that his work was done. But the delighted Californians promptly fetched out a pair of boxes and placed the standards on top of them. So Steers went over again. Two more boxes were forthcoming and a pleasant jaunt began to take on the aspects of labor. Les cleared the height, and his hosts, now run out of boxes, placed a couple of boards beneath the boxes. According to the standards, he was jumping 7 feet 4 inches but a re-measurement of the sagging bar revealed it to be only 6 feet 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches, which still was higher than the world record. No whit daunted by that, Steers, soda pop and all, rolled over it. And he has been clicking away ever since—but without the soda pop.

As a high jumper Steers is a physical freak. He has the build of a heavy-weight boxing champion, over six feet in height and a solid 194 pounds in weight. Most of the top-notch jumpers have been of the string-bean variety—long, lean and, as one record holder, dark Cornelius Johnson, once put it, "I se split high. Ma legs ends where ma chest begins."

Steers is not like that. A normal human being, perfected unless it is that his shoulders are too broad and his chest too big to put him in among a score of field athletes and he would not be out as a likely shot-putter or thrower.

It was not until last year that Steers really came into his own. He started his phenomenal jump world record was 6 feet 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Then he cracked that at Seattle he had jumped 6 feet 10 $\frac{25}{32}$ inches (a record that must have been measured with a special hair splitter). Then he jumped 6 feet 10 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 6 feet 11 inches, and 6 feet 11 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches again.

Let us pause for a moment to consider what it means to leap over a bar at those astounding heights. If you are out of curiosity measure 6 feet 11 inches on the nearest wall and you are away shaking your head at the thought that jumping that high is a possibility.

Yet the Kangaroo Kid is not so odd enough, he was unable to win the National A.A.U. championship season of his biggest triumph though he had been undefeated through the campaign, had broken the record four times and had won the National Collegiate A.A.U. title.

As soon as his college career at the University of Oregon had ended in June, Steers took a job in a logging yard on the Coast and worked eight-hour days.

(Continued on page 19)

PHOTO-ART

MOVING FINGER

Agatha Christie

BY MARIO COOPER

Thus Far:

BURTON, a young Londoner, is in his plane he is piloting crashes. to doctor's orders, he goes to the Lymstock, where the fresh air recovery. He is accompanied by Joanna—a delightful (and ex-

—which he rents from Miss an old maid—than he receives anonymous letter. A short time that others have received, and ng, somewhat similar missives. Furthermore, that two capable offi- pe: Superintendent Nash and Inspector re investigating.

the Symingtons' neighbors are the Sym- Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and Ling with the Symmingtons are ying children; Elsie Holland, a ove; Megan Hunter, the law- daughter; Agnes Woddell, a maid; Rose. To the amazement of s. Symmington—seemingly a ugh woman—commits suicide, after s "poison-pen" letter!

the community is recovering from k, receives another: Early one Men Hunter (a girl with a curious y t no one in the town under- ds dead woman in a storeroom in nion home. The woman—Agnes ha been murdered! Someone had er th a blow on the back of her pped a kitchen skewer into the ill!

Burton gets the story from a home), Superintendent Nash scene. He reminds the young th when Mrs. Symmington had herf, she had—according to the -be alone in the house. After sa that Fred Rendell, a young oyd by a local fish shop, had been ith Agnes Woddell; that Fred had recent of some nasty anonymous us Agnes of "going out" with else and that—following a quarrel, sly before Mrs. Symmington's nead gone home, remained there. erintendent gives it as his opinion tte that had apparently driven Mrs. on suicide had been left by hand, rough the letter box by someone th postman. Burton, listening in- rs, and Agnes saw whoever it was ere the note?" The superintendent at any guess, Mr. Burton." Burton hin "If you're right, Agnes knew rnorous letter writer was."

V

Nash said. "Agnes knew who e ose letters." t en why didn't she—?" I roning.

sai quickly, "As I see it, the t alize what she had seen. t Somebody had left a letter ou, yes—but that somebody od she would dream of con- vit the anonymous letters. It eby, from that point of view, ove suspicion.

heore she thought about it, upasy she grew. Ought she, to tell someone about it? In lexly she thinks of Miss Bar- trige who, I gather, is a some- nant personality and whose t Agnes would accept unhesi- Se decides to ask Partridge ight to do."

I laid thoughtfully. "It fits ug And somehow or other, enound out. How did she find erintendent?"

"You're not used to living in the country, Mr. Burton. It's a kind of miracle how things get around. First of all there's the telephone call. Who overheard it on your end?"

I reflected.

"I took the call originally. I called up to Partridge."

"Mentioning the girl's name?"

"Yes—yes, I did."

"Anyone overhear you?"

"My sister or Miss Griffith might have done so."

"Ah, Miss Griffith. What was she doing up there?"

I explained.

"Was she going back to the village?" "She was going to Mr. Pye first."

Nash sighed. "That's two ways it could have gone all over the place."

I was incredulous. "Do you mean that either Miss Griffith or Mr. Pye would bother to repeat a meaningless little bit of information like that?"

"Anything's news in a place like this.

"We went along by the stream, fishing. We didn't catch anything. We hardly ever do, but the boys enjoy it. Brian got rather wet. I had to change his things when we got in"

You'd be surprised. If the dressmaker's mother has got a bad corn everybody hears about it! And then there is this end. Miss Holland, Rose—they could have heard what Agnes said. And there's Fred Rendell. It may have got around through him that Agnes went back to the house that afternoon."

I gave a slight shiver. I was looking out of the window. In front of me was a

neat square of grass and a path and the low prim gate.

Someone had opened the gate, had walked very correctly and quietly up to the house, and had pushed a letter through the letter box. I saw, hazily, in my mind's eye, that vague woman's shape. The face was blank—but it must be a face that I knew...

(Continued on page 55)



The Personality Kid

By Kyle Crichton



Dona Drake's language is unique in night clubs and one-night stands since she was thirteen, her voice takes care of most situations. What's her—well, what's a girl got more?

THE trouble with getting a reputation body ever lets you forget it. Dona Drake, an actress at Paramount in Hollywood before that, she was Rita Rio, a young lady with her own orchestra, also made up of young people. She played the piano, sang and beat time for this outfit, sang and doubled in brass. She played the piano, the trumpet (blaring), the clarinet (stinking phone (ai-yi) and the drums (swell).

The result of this was a following of her own, and she was the principle that jive makes equal.

"H'ya, Talent," they would yell at Dona Drake had got placed at Paramount and was the best her past down.

"H'ya, Stuff," she would answer wearily. This revealed extraordinary humility. She had been reared in South Philadelphia. Drake pursued this course under the theory that she might otherwise find her high-hat. With this was the fear that some day she would be very glad to get back to the band and her minions.

Therefore, when her jive friends howl "cookin', pal?" she merely answered "meek much gives, chum," and went back to work. Of being a motion-picture actress—a rather ambitious at that point because she had done a bit in *Aloma of the South Seas* and had worked after for a period of six months, being paid but realizing that nothing establishes a career more rapidly than being in a picture. The theme song in *Louisiana Purchase*, a wiggle of the rear that entranced the nation in a short scene with Victor Moore.

It was at this juncture that a young man thoroughly hep met her on the lot one day cheerily: "What cooks, Snooks?"

She gave him a long, hard look, very big. "Scram, Gate!" she said tensely and immediately that her future must be before her she had definitely parted with the past.

A Lady Who Knows All the Angles

Getting the personality of Miss Dona Drake on paper is a difficult thing because one article contains only so many words, and Miss Drake has millions of them. She has just turned twenty-one and has been eight years in show business. She started at the age of thirteen with N.T.C. (Granlund) in the chorus of the *Paradise Club* in New York. Since then, she has known success as only few young people ever get it. She knows the life of the show girl, the life of the night stands on the road. She knows the life of the gentlemen-on-the-make, the shysters. She is an urchin, has the wisdom of an owl and understands herself perfectly.

"When did I ever live?" she asks bitterly. Hollywood to her is what it is to make a trouper—a place of rest in a harried life. But the negative reaction of the public is going to keep her from being a screen success. The business handling Hollywood will never stop her. She knows the angles of show business; no man that can frighten her. She forced her way into it but insisted on her price when she got in.

"Four hundred a week," she says grimly "to steal for Paramount."

Her real name is Una Novella and she is the daughter of a Mexican father and an Irish mother. She was born in Mexico City but the family moved when she was four and settled in Philadelphia where her father ran a chili parlor. They lived in Philadelphia, where life is hard, and since then nobody has ever kicked her without getting a return.

Her sister Renee got a job with Granlund's company was playing at the Earle T. Ford in Philadelphia. By the time (Continued on p. 10)

Dona Drake at 21 has eight years of show business behind her and a bright movie future.

JAMES DOOLITTLE

one of the ave

as McMorrow

ED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

very wrong of Mr.
trifle with the
of a poor ideal-
like Miss Zaenker.
oud have known
B he didn't. That
rest for Miss Zaenker

LI W that only stands on a
ner taking care of his nails is
all so desirable, so I sim-
ed is corner-boy like a worm
tral to speak to me. If he
for moment that I was the
ers an speak to he was much
b he was so interested, and
s oke to me every time I
his corner every night, and he
a hter that he could always
esert no matter who, except
an chase them down the sub-
acres 125th Street, so it was
rrie, but I wouldn't give in if
me I wouldn't give him the
on. I did everything, I even
grated, but what's the good
ld's that way about a girl?
had him like anything, I

se could always get a soldier
s, ad I love a soldier, I love
but trouble was, this corner-
ld ways run in his hallway
aw uniform coming, and then
as. With a strange soldier,
nge soldiers are not serious,
onl out for a good time and I
od-me girl, I am serious, and
t te about a strange soldier
is a gentleman. I wanted a
n tlt would brush off when I
o brh him off, and I could get
they were not such fighters.

stan, the time I had this cor-
arred. I was coming up on
ay, bing home from Mr. Wis-
ce, om business, and a very
nly looking fellow was stand-
in fnt of me.

entlanly-looking fellow was
right n front of me and holding
o angiving me the eye, which,
kns, is nothing unusual if
hasens to be a real blonde
er cte if I do say it myself. I
noti of him for a while and
unki, will I crush him or let
mey the corner, when I stood
graped his arm and he had a
scler I said, "Oh, pardon me,
ng at 125th."

and he," he said, and we got
er ad climbed up to the street,
e wa the corner-boy taking care
ils ad watching for me. So I
ight up to him and said, "You
v day you speak to a lady, you
loaf!" He looked at my es-
said, "Another new mug. How
u lik a good slam on the snoz-
o I d to my escort, "Well?
a re man or are you going to
ere ad let me be insulted and



Claude would have been squashed by fat Mr. Wissel if he hadn't managed to squirm from under him. A second later, free, Claude bounced into the air and made a beeline for home

molested? Smash him." But my es-
ort only turned pale and tipped his hat
and said, "Nice to've met you," and off
he walked.

The corner-boy gave a low mean
laugh and tried to give my escort a good
kick, and was I scared! So I gave a loud
scream and a policeman came. The cor-
ner-boy ran up in his house and the po-
liceman ran up after him and caught him
kicking his door and yelling, "Ma!" He
was yelling for his ma to let him in. So
the policeman brought him down and
I said, "He's the one," and did I give
him a piece of my mind! I said, "You
dirty big coward, afraid to fight soldiers
and policemen." So we all got in the
wagon and rode down to the court that

is open nights, and I cried and told the
judge how he always insulted and mo-
lested me and made my escorts tip their
hat and go, or hit them.

HIS ma was there too and she cried and
said she was only a widow and her
Claude—his name was Claude—was her
only boy and what would become of
her if he was put away? Well, I cried
too and the judge looked in his book
and saw where Claude's ma had him ar-
rested two times before for finding
where she hid the rent money, so the
judge gave Claude ten days and pro-
bation. I felt so bad. I cried and cried,
and I was coming out of the court and
Claude's ma was laying for me and gave

me such a sock in the eye I had a big
blue eye.

A big blue eye is so ordinary, par-
ticularly if a girl goes to business, and
I had it painted up in my beautician's
next morning so you couldn't tell it, ex-
cept it was closed, and I went to busi-
ness. And Mr. Wissel thought I was
winking at him.

I kept turning my blue eye away from
Mr. Wissel and looking at him side-
ways, and he thought I was winking at
him like anything. I never wink at my
boss, any office I was ever in. I never
start being friends, but if the boss wants
to start being friends, I am not silly, and
I just let him go on till I am sure I am

(Continued on page 50)

Russia Uncensored

By Alice Leone Moats

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

WHAT do Russians think about Americans?" is a question that has been asked me again and again since my return from the Soviet Union. The answer is simple: Russians don't think about Americans.

That is no doubt a puzzling statement to anyone who doesn't understand what a controlled press is. Soviet newspapers and magazines do not exist to provide news. They are printed to tell the people what the government wishes them to know, and apparently the government has no desire to keep them informed as to what is going on in the outside world. The back pages of Pravda and the other papers do carry foreign news but it can scarcely be called either complete or detailed coverage. A new pact signed between two nations will deserve mention, as will some war communiqués or a very important speech by a statesman. The reports, however, are miracles of brevity, with no interpretation or other frills. It's as easy as that to keep interest in the rest of the world at the lowest point.

Even since the German invasion of the U.S.S.R. there is no idle chatter about England and America, no high-flown references to "our gallant allies."

Stalin in his February speech made the official attitude clear when he said, "The Red Army, so far, has had no support." In that speech he also failed to mention that any supplies or equipment had arrived from Great Britain or the United States. Litvinoff, in his talk at

The author came home to write this story because it would never pass Russia's blanket censorship. Here's how the realistic Russians look at their war, and their allies, including us. We aren't flattered

the Overseas Press Club dinner, followed the party line by insisting that Britain and America must invade the Continent and remarking that the Russians weren't greedy; they were perfectly willing to share the glory of beating the Nazis.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Russians don't think a great deal about Americans. There was a time, I understand, when great admiration was expressed for our industrial capacity and what was called the "Amerikanski tempo." Since stress has recently been laid on how little material aid we are giving the Soviet Union, even those matters don't come up for discussion. The only leftover from old times is the fact that the workers seem to be more aware of our existence than any other group.

Whenever the correspondents were taken to visit a factory, we would be asked if we had been over the du Pont

plant, and we created consternation by admitting that we had not. The subject of unemployment in the United States was invariably brought up, and the figures quoted were at least double any that we have seen discussed in our own press. Heads were shaken over the American government's failure to help the unemployed.

When I would try to explain the WPA and relief, everything I said was greeted with a cynical smile. Another notion that I found to be very widespread was the one that foreign visitors look so well dressed only because their governments provide them with clothes before they set forth. These garments, incidentally, must be given back when they return home.

In order to appreciate even further why there is so little interest in America, it must be constantly kept in mind that Russians are not encouraged to mix with foreigners. There are agencies set

up to deal with visitors. The agency manages certain visitors may not stay in an agency attends to such things as houses and apartments, pants, doctors, etc. Another international cultural Press Bureau takes care of visitors' permits must handing out gasoline coupons for ranging tours.

The employees of these agencies must necessarily mix with the ordinary man in the street but the relationship is kept on an official basis. Part of the job is to build a Wall of China around the ordinary man in the street and prevent his having any contact with the world. The job is so difficult in the eyes of the people themselves are very pleasant by instinct but tend to learn to curb that instinct in the consequences of fraternizing with foreigners. For instance, any Russian looking for a job must fill out of the questions on the "you know any foreigners well?" There is no position since the GPU is usually informed. Admission of most casual relationship with a foreigner means no job.

When someone does for a moment, he is sure to be punished. (Continued on page 22)

War makes little difference to hardship-conditioned Russians, who have probably developed special muscles from standing in queues



Wine of the Country

By Jim Marshall

Five years ago California's grape growers and wine makers were in the red (ink). Today they have a half-billion-dollar industry. Here's the story behind the spectacular increase in our wine consumption

A FEW years ago wine making in California wasn't so much an industry as a social problem. Today, without any federal help and against the bitter opposition of twenty-eight state legislatures, grape growers and wine makers are all making money. From the Oregon border to the Mexican line you roll through the lush valleys, with the vines sweeping in orderly lines across the levels and climbing the rolling hills. The wineries, big and small, lie in the cool shadows of the eucalyptus and madroña and oak trees. You roll a thousand miles and ask a thousand people: "How's business?" The answer you get is: "Swell!"

The grape growers and wine makers are proud of their prosperity because they went out and made it for themselves. Not five years ago they were facing economic ruin. There were oceans of wine stored away, little demand for it. Hundreds of tons of grapes went to waste every year. You couldn't produce either grapes or wine for the price you had to accept.

For many of the growers this was doubly bitter, because all through the prohibition years they had hung on grimly, maintaining their vineyards, keeping their wineries in order, against the day when wine would be legal once again. Now the happy day had come—but instead of prosperity it had brought only grief and red ink.

Most of this trouble was caused by a wild rush to produce wine—or anything resembling wine. The result was that oceans of very bad wine got mixed up with the good product. Wine got a bad reputation, through no fault of thousands of honest, painstaking growers. The market collapsed and there was California, with huge surpluses and no place for them to go.

Various schemes were suggested, including tearing out vineyards and pouring wine down sewers. Three separate attempts were made to get the growers into some sort of co-operative association; they all failed. They failed largely because wine growers are French and Italian, German and Swiss, Armenian and Russian and Greek—a score of nationalities, all very clannish and each suspecting the other.

Into this situation came a slight, soft-spoken man named Harry Caddow who could not be suspected of inclining toward any one nationality, because his background was English. Caddow went around among the growers telling them that the trouble wasn't overproduction, but underconsumption. He pointed out to the Italians that while in Italy the per capita use of wine ran to about twenty-five gallons a year, in America it was only half a gallon. The French growers contrasted that half gallon with the thirty gallons the average Frenchman drinks each year.

When this pertinent fact was thoroughly fixed in the growers' minds, they started to inquire how American consumption could be stepped up. Caddow and a handful of the more intelligent wine men then produced a plan. They went to the legislature and got themselves a marketing act. This provided that if sixty-five per cent of the growers agreed, every wine maker would pay a "tax" on every gallon of wine he made—a cent a gallon on sweet wine, half that on dry wine. This "tax" wouldn't be paid to the state, but to the wine industry itself, as a fighting fund.

The first year about ninety per cent of the growers signed up under this plan. Some of the rest balked and went to court—and lost. As the money came in, the growers' organization, known as the Wine Institute, started spending it to create markets. Caddow and the men at the top realized that their educational and advertising campaigns would help the sale of Ohio and New York and Michigan wines, too, but they knew that of every ten gallons of wine sold in America, California makes nine—and they could afford to be generous.

As the scheme began to work and sales climbed, other states started to erect trade barriers to "protect" their own growers. To date, twenty-eight states are fighting importation of wine by means of tariff laws, embargoes and discriminatory taxes. More than half the state legislatures have set up what are in effect departments for the Prevention of Interstate Commerce.

The three Pacific Coast states, in which more wine is consumed

Thousands of gallons of wine will remain stored in one of California's large wineries until the order to roll out the barrels

CHARLES KERLEY

than anywhere else in America, all have tariff walls against one another's wine. If you are a New Yorker, visiting in California, you cannot ship yourself a carton of wine; New York won't let you. Michigan won't allow a Michigander to import a barrel of wine. Florida makes it easier to sell French or Italian wine than the New York or Ohio vintage. Utah forbids any Utahian to make wine from Michigan or California grapes. Georgia imposes a thirty-five-cents-a-gallon supertax on out-of-state wine. Unless an Arkansawyer is content to stick to Arkansas sherry—unknown to connoisseurs outside Little Rock—he must pay a supertax of forty-five cents a gallon. And so on.

Wine making is at once the simplest and yet most complex of the arts. In essence, you merely crush grapes, run the juice into casks and let nature do the rest. Inevitably, you will get something resembling wine—but if you want good wine it's harder.

You have to start with the soil, plus a certain climate, plus certain kinds of grapes, cultivated in a certain way. That's just a start. Into the long process of "growth" from grape juice to bottled vintage there go years of experience and scientific knowledge worked out in private laboratories and state universities. It takes up to five years or more to produce a bottle of good wine—and neglect for a few hours during this period may ruin the whole thing.

Most of the wine made on the West Coast today is produced by the descendants of European vintners who settled there nearly a century ago. The result is that each winery clings to some extent to tradition and is proud of some special brand it produces. There are more than one hundred forty varieties of grapes grown in California alone, each of which may produce a distinctive wine. Wines made from combinations of two or more varieties are endless.

Wineries Small and Large

There are small family vineyards, such as that of the Salmina family at Larkmead, near St. Helena; there are huge affairs like the Italian-Swiss colony's yards and the winery at Asti, with its wine-barrel-shaped little church, its capacity for pressing eight hundred tons of grapes a day, its storage tanks and underground reservoirs filled with eight and a half million gallons of wine. Out on a railroad track Enrico Prati, the wine maker, will show you a line of glass-lined tank cars in which wine is shipped, and the hundreds of small and huge oak and redwood casks in which it is fermented. A good oak wine cask, incidentally, costs as much as an automobile, but lasts longer. Some in California date back to the 70's.

A family affair in the German tradition is that of the Beringer brothers—the Los Hermanos plant near St. Helena. Here, the wine is stored in huge caves dug back into the limestone hill by coolie labor—they had nothing to do after the railroads were built in the West and were put to work excavating wine cellars by hand. Wine likes hill cellars because the temperature there is cool and even, seldom varying more than a few degrees a year.

The French influence comes out in the near-by Beaulieu Vineyards, owned by the stately Mme. Fernande de Latour, who maintains a magnificent home and formal gardens in the old tradition, and follows out that tradition in her wine making. This is the top development, perhaps, of the family-circle ownership system, where producing fine vintages has definitely overtaken profit as an incentive—just as some gardeners think more of growing fine roses than of making money out of them.

Tradition helps in wine making—but

sometimes it proves an obstacle to selling. Many Americans have two fixed ideas about wine: That the older wine is the better; and that wine produced in some years is better than that produced in others. The first idea never was true anywhere; the second is true only in Europe.

As a matter of fact the wine Americans drink is, on the average, older than that drunk by Italians and Frenchmen. Most everyday wines are at their best from one to two years old. A few fancy wines grow finer with age, but only up to a point. After that, they begin to deteriorate. There is no general rule about wine ages: One variety may be at its best in six months; another in six years.

So-called "vintage years" are important in Europe, because it is only infrequently that the climate of the growing season will be just right to produce the best grapes. On the West Coast, in the wine valleys, there isn't enough annual

variation to make much difference. Hence there are no "vintage years." Or, to hear the Californians tell it, they're all vintage years.

One other fly in the ointment for American wine makers has been what is called the snob complex: The legend that imported wines are much, much better than the home-grown variety. In the early days of automobiles this complex resulted in a belief that the Renault, the Mercedes, the Lanchester, the Benz—any foreign car—was superior to any American automobile. It took some years to dispel this illusion, and the wine makers are hoping it won't take so long in the case of wine.

It's a Question of Taste

Curiously enough, the same complex among Europeans results in American wines being prized over there—just because they're imported. California wines, in fact, walked away with top honors at—of all places—the Paris Exposition in 1937.

Up to a point, good wine and poor wine can be set apart by chemical analysis, but past this it's question of taste. A few—very few—experts can tell you, from its bouquet or taste, where a wine comes from and perhaps the year it was made. But these people are not responsible for one tenth of one per cent of national wine consumption. Most peo-

ple like a wine because they like it, and minute differences of taste don't bother them.

The war, cutting off supplies of foreign wine, is helping the American product. People grumble as the price of French and Italian and German wine rises; finally they try the cheaper home products—and discover that in most cases they are better than the imports. Actually, imported wine doesn't amount to one twentieth of the national consumption—but it got talked about a lot more. After the war, however, it is doubtful if foreign wine ever will regain its position here. In 1934 we imported nearly twelve per cent of our wine; this year we will import hardly any.

America, for example, is making her own vermouth as French and Italian supplies come to an end. Vermouth is merely red wine spiced with various combinations of about twenty-five herbs ranging from angelica root through cinchona bark, marjoram, peach leaves

the first vines to what n is b in m Once in a while the pac sour and they would b from Spanish stuff from th California, complaining price of \$1.25 a pint.

If we drank as much wi as or Italians, our annu com would be around three the If the industry can sell lion gallons this year, it will be satisfied. This will mal lion-dollar industry and for one thirty-fifth of th California.

Californians now dri ab and a half gallons of w year. Citizens of Loui Washington, Oregon and away with more than But the national average couple of quarts. . . . I ments, American wineg French and Italian stati heavily.

The history of grape of curious twists. Most E today are grown upon A This comes about becau 1880's an insect plague out the California vin were full of imported everything else had been surviving vines were graf American wild grape roo immune to the insect. Ti

A Right to Individuality

A few years later, when ease attacked Europe American roots were sh battle the trouble. That So we now have Europea planted to California, the Europe to make Europea exported to America.

In future years you ma can names instead of Euro wine bottle. Many wines the locality from which the nally—Port from Oporto, Jerez, Moselle, Chablis Rhine, Champagne, a sc Some growers are startin their own brands and na theory that every wine has individuality. An Ohio wine right to be known as Sanc cinnati as Burgundy or Sa fonia wines should be kn Sonoma or Los Angeles, in Chianti or Riesling. Why from New York Madeira when it's really Niagara

This probably will com American wine consumpti creasing at its present rate two years, consumption h more than one third. And has turned what was almos dustry into a successful, m co-operative enterprise. 1 ber, was done by a compar group of vineyardists in group composed of strongl istic nationalities, in the fac of trade barriers and witi handouts whatever.

It was a tough propos thousands of Americans, m still steeped in the loves, ditions and ways of life of ropean countries, to build a save them from ruin—and to get them to work in unit the machine produce. But and the machine is working.

Today, the people whose from Italy and France, from Germany and Portugal, f and Switzerland and Arme working together as good a and discovering that the An pays off.

THE END



"I do hope he doesn't pick up a brogue!"

PERRY BARLOW

and rosemary, to yarrow. Since there are endless combinations of these, there will probably be scores of varieties of American vermouth.

Ohio, Michigan, New York and other Eastern states have their wine regions, but the great river of American wine flows out of the Pacific Coast states. Here in the warm valleys east of the Coast Range and, in the South, in coastal counties, is the heart of the industry. In the North, Oregon and Washington are turning out more and more berry wines, from loganberries, raspberries, blackberries, and even apples—any sort of fruit that will mature in the cool, mild summers. These states also produce grape wine from the hotter interior valleys.

In California, wine has been made continuously for more than one hundred sixty years, the first vines being brought in by the padres from Lower California, in Mexico. Ironically, native California grapes are no good for wine making and all grapes there are from imported stock. East of the Rockies, however, native grapes are okay.

The padres used Indians to make the first wine—some of the old mission records carefully relating that the grapes were tramped out by "well-washed natives." The first vintages were stored in hollowed rocks, later in jugs brought in from Spain, via the Philippines by galleons. Father Junipero Serra brought

broader than a Pilot's Shoulders"



HAT'S an important specification for an airplane engine, if you want every mile of speed you can get from a military fighter

you cut down wind-resistance you get more good from power and fuel, because it's less effort to push the plane through the air.

only with a liquid-cooled engine can you build such a plane.

General Motors undertook the big job of developing the Allison engine—starting back in 1930.

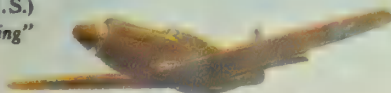
Now that thousands of these engines have gone into service, America can be glad that someone tackled that job.

The experience of General Motors is full-rounded and without bias in the airplane engine field. In addition to the liquid-cooled Allison engine, GM is under license to build air-cooled radial engines in its Buick and Chevrolet plants.

aircraft
and British
tion



P-38 Interceptor (U.S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"



North American Apache (U.S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"



Curtiss P-40 (U. S.)
The British call it "The Tomahawk"
or "The Kittihawk"

They're going into planes for the U. S. Army and the R. A. F. And they've been meeting the test of combat everywhere—in the Far East, the Middle East, Europe and

Africa—as you read in the newspapers from day to day.

Each succeeding month, in fact, adds to the evidence that the Allison engine is unsurpassed for the job assigned to it.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF



hen pulled the skin back so the injury. On the smooth were blood-filled holes—

he heard a sound, and he with a start. Standing there was a dog—a big straight-ender dog with a chest like a ke and wide-sprung ribs, and ly. The dog's head was like a stone; it was black as a blaze, and the rest of him black as a tick; his eyes, in- deep brown, were light. He stood watching Duff only, gently panting; and ly knew it was those ex- ple teeth that had broken

ck.

pp," Duff said, relieved.

fted his lip in a soundless

easy, boy." Duff stepped

et and moved slowly toward

the big pointer gave a warn-

on. Don't try to be tough.

to bad—just a goat killer."

ogumped, then, straight for

ie. Surprised, Duff jerked

d, and the dog's jaws chopped

d their nearness. He shoved

ay, only to have him spring

his time Duff struck blindly at

h fist, turning the dog half

n air. On the second swing,

t balance and fell, and in-

the dog's jaws closed on his

Du rolled over, and the dog

n hn again, this time going for

ac but on that flat surface he

et nothing in his mouth but

Duff seized the dog's neck and

im one side. As he tried to

al came again, and Duff

im way.

minent they paused, the dog

is a crouch, with his head

Slowly Duff rose to his

fe ash-gray with weakness.

s if tired with the fight, the dog

vent away.

le began to throb, and the spit

in his mouth. The strength was

om m, as if his ligaments had

t, that only by great exertion

ou he close the fingers of his

head a crow flew, the bright

undling off its back. The

world steadily and noisily in a

g nry by. The morning grew.

Du crawled over and began

g goat.

y nnt he sat under the creek

with his increasingly inflamed

bbin and stared into the fire and

fige some way to get even

at outlaw dog. His mind con-

man shrewd snares and traps,

wh worked. Finally he saw

nter ranging the countryside.

he tie into which he had pain-

ulle himself, he could follow

's swt coursing, and he saw him

ut ward a cornfield. From a

rry patch, something broke

a litter of half-grown pigs. The

erve and effortlessly overtook

ther and, almost without slow-

ed and flung it aside. By the

ne end of the terrified squeal

to Duff, the pig was dead and the

s ounto the field.

E days later, the dog was

ed, at not in a contrivance of

making. He caught a hind leg in

Du chanced upon him, appar-

ot leg after it happened. The

s not helping; silently he writhed

isted's he hung there, trying to

he imprisoned leg and chew him-

e.

ously Duff looked for a club

enough to be of protection. Fi-

nally he found a piece of fence post, from which he knocked off the rotted sap until a solid bludgeon of pine heart was left. He limped back to the dog, not sure, now that he had him, what he would do.

The pointer had ceased struggling to watch, his front feet braced against the wire. Duff touched him gingerly with the end of the club, and immediately the dog's jaws closed upon it. Duff twisted it free.

The dog watched him, his lips fluttering with a measured, rattling growl.

Duff's eye fell upon the dog's collar. A brass plate was upon it, bearing an inscription. He could see one word: REWARD.

Duff cut a limb from a black-gum tree with his knife and trimmed it to four feet, the thickness being that of a broom handle. Working patiently, he bored a hole through one end of the stick with the point of his knife, and through this he ran a strand of wire twisted from the fence. He removed his torn coat. With one hand he prodded the dog with the club; when the animal's quick jaw seized the wood, he instantly threw the coat over the dog's head. There was a momentary struggle as the dog fought the coat, but at last it was fast on him, with the sleeves tight around his furious head.

While the dog was preoccupied in trying to bite his way out of the coat, Duff quickly twisted the loose strands of the wire around the collar. That done, he had the dog fast on the stick and therefore under his control, so that he could neither attack him nor run away. The plate on the collar read, REWARD. Amos Hawthorne, Tafton, Ala. He raised the dog, taking the pressure off the bound hind foot and releasing it, and snatched the coat loose.

The dog's first move was to leap at Duff. In spite of the fact that he only hurt himself by trying to jump against the stick, he kept at it, circling and charging time after time. Finally he tried to get away, but Duff braced himself and held on against the dog's incredibly powerful pulling. At last the dog became reconciled to his capture, and stood watching the man, softly growling.

WHILE colored John Wesley Davis and his son Paul were putting the dogs in the wagon, Lucie Sullivan gave her horse an extra bit of grooming. Wearing old riding breeches and brier-scratched boots, she strapped him and picked his feet and adjusted the bridle. She loved the horse and liked to touch him and work on him herself. He was a bay gelding, four years old, a somewhat small, good-chested animal; still a little too nervous and full of colt foolishness to be a first-class dog-training horse.

The first time she had ever got on him the bridle broke and he bolted. As he ran, the saddle began to slip; holding on to the mane, she had managed to keep easing higher on the horse so that the saddle went on over without her, and eventually slipped off completely. When the horse finally tired of his gallop, Lucie was still there, without saddle or bridle. They had put an item in the Tafton Weekly Times about that.

The horse moved about impatiently, turning his ears toward the sounds of the eager dogs and the Negroes. John Wesley Davis spoke to the dogs with a natural familiarity, as if everything he said was completely understandable to them. "Okay, Mike, you gits another try-out today; only recollect we's pointing patidges and not stink-birds, if you don't mind. Look out dere, Nat, better not pick no argument with old Friendship, if'n you want to live to flesh mo' coveys."

Paul, his son, was a quiet, morose

"I don't care WHAT the book says!"



Why take it out on Junior?

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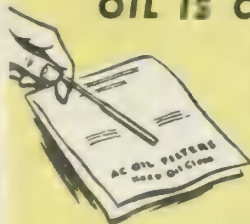
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type. As he harnessed the dog-wagon mules, he sang:

*I want to die easy when I die,
I want to die easy when I die,
Shout salvation as I fly.*

Lucie stopped brushing. She was a rather plain girl, with light hair and coloring; she used no make-up, which she figured was just as well. But her teeth were even and dull white, and her figure was good, and her gray-blue eyes were animated by an Irish love of life.

"For gosh sake, Paul," she said. "I don't call that dying easy."

The Negro boy stopped singing. He had a deep and pleasant voice, and had studied at Tuskegee Institute.

"What's the call for that?" Lucie asked.

Paul straightened and looked at her. "I guess it's just the nigger in me."

"Why can't the nigger in you sing about God's chillun having shoes or something, huh? It's too early in the day to be dying easy." She looked at him again. "What's the matter with you lately, Paul?"

"Nothing."

John Wesley heard and looked worried. "Yes'm, Miss Lucie, something's wrong wid dat chile, Lawd knows. He's troubled in his mind."

Paul looked at his father angrily, and went back to fastening the harness.

"Miss Lucie," John Wesley said, regarding his son with puzzlement, "he say he gwine away."

"You're leaving, Paul?"

"Yes, Miss Lucie."

"Where? North?"

"I guess so. I wish Papa hadn't said anything about it."

Lucie had known long ago that Paul wasn't meant to be just a dog trainer's nigger, although sometimes it seemed that he liked handling dogs even better than John Wesley did. She had known this as far back as high-school days, when the white boys had got Paul to do their algebra homework for them.

In those days, she recalled with a rush of memory, she had been going with Charley Bedlow. That was before Delia Phillips had appeared. Charley had taken her to her first dance, in his old car. On the way to the pavilion the car stalled, and she had to get out in her new long dress and push; but she had tied the dress up around her hips in the dark and thought nothing of it. At the dance Charley drank several bottles of home brew. She tasted it once, which was enough, and thereafter watched with awe as he let it flow from the brown bottle down his throat with hardly a gurgle.

UP UNTIL that time she had considered kissing immoral, so when Charley caught her off guard and gave her a thorough one on her horrified mouth, she responded with her fist—which, in his home-brewed happiness, he considered not worth getting sore about. Later, in bed, she reviewed the incident and found the memory of the kiss not at all disagreeable. Next day she apologized to him and asked him to please let her know in advance next time so she could be ready. "Next time," she said, "just knock."

For a while, then, she and Charley were doing what was known as "going together." This was more his idea than hers and, before long, getting rid of him amounted to a problem. And then it was that Delia Phillips arrived upon her awareness. For Delia, to Lucie's gratitude, stole Charley away.

Delia's swift and positive acquisition of Charley Bedlow, Lucie recalled, was the first indication of the power of this female electromagnet. Delia then was only a sophomore, which is low in the high-school caste; and it soon developed

that few boys interested her at all. But when one did interest her she threw the switch and whoever it was in the magnetic field was drawn inexorably in, and held fast there as long as she saw fit to keep the current on. "It's interesting to watch her work," one of the girls had said, "as long as it's not your boy she's working."

Charley Bedlow—soon dropped by Delia—failed to graduate, for, not caring to face Lucie, he quit visiting the kennels for aid from Paul. "Don't know as it matters much about Mister Charley not gitting by," Paul concluded. "His I. Q. ain't none too high anyway."

DRIVING out—they lived in town so as to be away from the noise of the dogs, and drove the four miles out to the kennels every morning—Amos Hawthorne had complained that his morning eggnog had slipped up on him, so Lucie decided not to worry him with the matter of Paul's going away. The dogs saw him coming, an erect six-foot-three man of seventy-odd, and they let out an excited, deafening chorus. For a moment he tried to talk against the noise, then whirled, as if hearing it for the first time, and squalled:

"Wha-a-a, you!"

There was instant silence, and the kennel pens emptied magically. Presently here and there a head appeared; a bold dog or two tiptoed out of houses into the pens, and before long most of them were out again, standing up on the heavy wire and whining to be carried afield that day.

Abruptly all the dogs began barking furiously, their attention now at the gate, where Duff Webster and the dog had turned in from the highway. Duff walked slowly; his clothes were unkempt, and one trouser leg was split to the knee, so that his calf was exposed.

John Wesley said, "Here come a tramp. And, look a-yonder, Mr. Amos," he added suddenly, "if dat ain't ol' Judas he got with him!"

All of them stopped what they were doing, and watched the approaching ones curiously. Lucie's horse snorted and moved restlessly.

Duff said, "I'm looking for Amos Hawthorne."

"That's me," Amos said, leaning forward to squint at him.

Duff licked his dry lips. "Red-shot, as if with fever your dog. I thought you to get him back."

Amos snorted. "That no good. Been loose two farmer in the county's gu."

Duff hesitated. "It say his collar."

"All my collars are t ain't no good, just an out a mean, hard-headed bol"

"Well, it said, 'Reward disappointedly."

"Well, you ain't gonna of me. We was taking him chloroform him the day"

"Pay him something, S interrupted. "It says it on probably earned it, gettin that device he's fixed ther"

"Lucie, I ain't paying no ward for no goat-killing d got my horse ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Paul," Lucie said, ha key, "go get my pocketbo car. I'll pay the reward of cery money, and let the eat maypops and branch w days."

"Yes'm."

JOHN WESLEY then sp liberation, "Scuse me, but dat man's sick. Look streak up his leg!"

They looked. An angry p on the veins of his exposed

"What's wrong with you asked. "Did that dog bite

"Yes, he did that, all you going to pay me sc catching him?"

"Yes," Lucie said final five dollars. My advice is t a doctor's office."

Duff steered the dog Jude kennels. "You want me to here?"

"Not in there!" roared thorne suddenly, so that L jumped. The dog nearest t a liver-and-white pointer, what fat around the shou graying muzzle, and his gro showed yellowed teeth. sake, Wesley, take that Ju shut him up in that empty p

BUTCH

By Larry



"You mean nobody must eat any until the bride cuts the first piece? Shucks!"

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ing to stand there and let him put that dog in with Sam?"

Duff folded the bill with a preoccupied deliberation, creasing each fold with thumbnail and forefinger. His fingers were trembling, and the simple act seemed to take hours.

Lucie said, "Thanks for bringing our dog back."

"That's all right."

While the Negroes loaded the dogs into the dog wagon, she watched Duff as he walked toward the gate. He went slowly, with a careful tread, as if he were drunk.

"All right, Lucie," her grandfather called.

"Just a minute," she said. "Let's see if he's going to make it to the road, or fall in the yard."

Amos came back and watched, too, suspiciously.

"Them tramps and hobos like that, they got all sorts of tricks. Being sick and needing medicine is old as me, and that's downright old. Your ma, now, in her day, she used to fall for any crazy story."

"Sucker, wasn't she?" Lucie said. The man reached the gate, and now crossed the cattle gap, stepping from one pipe to another. "I imagine they were glad to get a sucker like her in heaven, to elect her chairman of the board or something," Lucie added. "Look, he's made the road. Now he's the county's responsibility, huh? Takes a load off my mind. I have my doubts."

"Just drunk, likely as not." The dogs were barking, and the two Negroes were waiting.

"They sort of get me, Squire, these derelicts on their way to sunny Florida," Lucie said meditatively. "Who are they, and where do they come from, and what's the matter with them? You take our friend about to fall on his beard yonder; I know it sounds funny, but there's an outside chance that under that front, there's a brain and a heart and capacity for work and love."

"If them fellows was any account," Amos said impatiently, "they wouldn't be in that fix."

"I guess that's true part of the time," she said, leading her horse forward so she could see the man in the road. She turned back. "There he goes. Wesley, go to your house and tell Sarah to have some sort of bed ready, then come down to the road and help us."

WHEN she got to the road, Duff was sitting on the bank, head in his hands, with his feet in the ditch. He didn't look up until the horse stopped beside him. He stared at the girl for a moment, his eyes fever-bright.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Lucie Sullivan," she answered.

"What's your name?"

"Duff Webster," he said. "That's a nice horse."

"Look," she said, "now that I've got you in a confiding state of mind, when did you eat last?"

He pondered a moment and finally said, "Recently."

"How recently?"

"I forget."

She dismounted and stood in the road, holding the reins, and she talked to him while she waited: "Let's talk of something you might remember, then. When did you work last?"

"What's that got to do with it? I didn't come here and I'm not going to leave." Rubbing his hand across his mouth, he gently fell over backward, but his bright eyes remained open. When he talked his lips barely moved, so that what he said was almost indistinguishable: "On Saturday nights, late, even after the barbershop has closed, then's when you scrub the fount, and the ammonia chokes you and makes your eyes run, and I looked up and there stood

this . . . and what it seemed he had in his hand seemed like a . . . a gun . . . and I thought he was somebody just playing a, you know, a . . . the twenty-nine dollars he took out of the cash drawer was the most of any Saturday night except . . . then my eyes kept running water and he thought I was crying and I let him have the glassful of ammonia and blinded him and he shot down a row of medicine bottles . . ."

"Listen, you haven't been shot? Is that what's wrong with you?"

"I'm fine . . ."

"Oh, sure. Don't take me out, Coach, I'm all right," Lucie said.

THAT night, Teague McGinnis, on his way to the Free-for-All, stopped by to see Amos Hawthorne. McGinnis was a Texan, a small, pleasant, hard-riding, hard-working dog man not long ago moved to Alabama. His face was weather-burned, though not of the brown-parchment quality that generations of sun and cold and wind had imparted to old Amos'. McGinnis drank almost nightly, always in small, frequent swallows straight from the bottle, without any chaser except a deep appreciative breath; the liquor apparently had no effect at all on him, unless to make him even pleasanter than ever. His brag dog was Hotfoot, a fiery-going young pointer, somewhat small headed, but as Amos said the first time he saw the dog run, "He's got more style than a sheep's got guts."

"Lucie's at the picture show. When she comes in," Amos said now, "you-all can ride out and find a pen for your dogs. We'll put you up, too."

"Be sure you got room. I don't want to cause you trouble," Teague McGinnis said. "I aim to show your dogs up, same as ever."

"Young fellow, you sleep on my bed and drink my liquor, and welcome; but when we turn the dogs loose, we'll run 'em till the hair slips, right on."

"Don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting your granddaughter, Lucie."

"She's a good hand, though being a woman she ain't got a good squalling voice for a field-trial handler," the old man said.

"I hear your eyes are going back on you some," McGinnis said sympathetically.

"Good as yours, young fellow," Amos said sharply. "Better, maybe."

McGinnis mumbled in embarrassment. Then: "Glad you've retired old Sam. He was always hard to beat," McGinnis said presently. "One grand dog!"

Amos looked at him levelly, "McGinnis, Sam ain't retired, as you'll find out at Grand Junction in February."

"Why, man, that dog's over ten years old!" McGinnis said.

"Yes, and I'm seventy-odd; but you better pray you don't draw against the old folks in the National!"

After Lucie had come in and they had talked a while, Amos said, "Take him and his old plug dogs out to the kennels, Lucie. I'm going to bed."

"I wanted to see our patient anyway," she answered. "Doc's going out."

They rode the four miles out to the kennel farm in Teague McGinnis' pickup truck. The dogs were in their cages in the back.

"The squire's some guy," McGinnis said.

"He'll be okay when he matures. He's just at the awkward age now," Lucie said. "If you're from Texas, you'll have to see my horse."

"I'm all for looking at anything that'll keep me out with you a little longer."

She looked around at him. "That's okay with me. Although I never thought I'd go for any man wearing those high-heeled cowboy boots."

After they put the dogs in an empty kennel pen, she led him to the barn, and

held the flashlight into colt Pete. McGinnis went over the horse slow.

Finally the girl said, "What's wrong with him?"

"He's okay."

"Just okay, huh?"

"He's all right," McC

"Just all right, huh?"

laughing. She took him toward John Wesley.

"That horse is a little row we're going to hit!

and let him work off a You think he'll object?

put to any plow."

"All I can tell you is to any plow you want to Ginnis said. "I'm sorry too early to see that."

Dr. Phillips was at the they got there. His hand Delia, who sometimes at him, opened the old black Webster was in Wesley's his head rolling. Two f on his cheek and he n noises.

Delia looked at him surprise me," she said s under that beard there good-looking face."

Lucie thought, "Uh Delia ought to revive hi Dr. Phillips, "How is he

"Two years ago," Dr rummaging in his cas septicemia like this wou for a lot of desperate transfusions; and he'd've way. Now we just sho zole to him, and, bingo, trying to get his fever d But there's no question a although I will say that enthusiastic about it."

Duff's head gradually twisting, and he said:

"The earth is iron, and brass,

And faint with fervor air

The languid hours pass

Lucie listened in amaz poetry."

"He been talking like cie," John Wesley said, tone that had overtaken left to go north. "Yere speak a piece give me Talk about down, down devil."

"He must have been a some time or other," said lips.

Outside, Teague wh "Yow, who's that girl in

"Hey," Lucie said, lau is this? You saw me first

"I'm just curious."

"Yeah, I know. Just I'm happy to say that you on Delia's voltmeter. Els

hiking home."

IT WAS apparent that t like the looks of the eq were draping around hir they put on him, the mo became; and when finally hitched the plow to him a dup, Pete!" the colt went enough to feel the encum him, and then reared hoofs pawing the air. Ag only this time without re went on over backward, mess of chain and leathe tness to extricate him, threshing hoofs.

Amos shouted, "He w with that!"

"Let's skip it," Lucie b kill himself."

"Listen, child," Amos



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horse has got to be worked hard and regular. If you won't let nobody else ride him, he'll have to be plowed. Wesley, put him up until tomorrow, and maybe by then he'll learn a little sense."

WHEN Lucie went in to see the sick man, she found him shaven and awake. She stood in stunned silence, seeing for the first time what he looked like. His burned skin clung tight to the bone. His chin and mouth were chiseled into lean lines, his nose was thin and almost Roman, his eyes were black as his eyebrows and hair; his eyes were boyish, but there were no laugh wrinkles around them.

"Hello," she said. "You must be feeling better."

"I reckon you'll be glad to have me off your hands," he said apologetically.

"Oh, not especially. Our dog bit you, after all."

Next day he was propped up in bed, and could see them having their trouble with the colt and the plow. He got painfully up, slipped on his old clothes, and limped out to where they were harnessing the snorting horse.

"Look," Lucie said. "Lazarus has arisen."

"The doctor say you could git up?" Amos asked.

"I forgot to ask him," Duff said, supporting himself on the fence. He paused. "It's not any of my business, but you're liable to hurt this colt. If you'll hitch him up again, maybe I can make him behave."

"He's had enough for today."

"I believe I could make him behave."

"What are you going to do?"

"Hitch him up and let me show you."

They hitched the colt up again. He was so wild they had to hold him by a twist on his nose.

"All right," Lucie said to Duff, "what now?"

"Turn him loose."

They released the twist from the horse's nose. He lunged forward, felt the plow catch in the earth, then reared and went over backward like some sort of mechanical tumbling toy.

"Gosh!" Amos said. "Git him loose, quick!"

"No, leave him alone!" Duff said, hobbling forward.

He reached the struggling colt, and fell upon his head. The colt's struggling ceased.

For thirty minutes Duff sat there on the colt's head, holding him down.

"Now let's straighten him out," he said, finally, "and see."

They straightened the gear, and Duff got up off the horse's head. The horse came up with a leap, and shook himself.

"Giddup," Duff said.

Pete danced for a moment, as if he were about to rear. Then he seemed to think better of it, and went forward into the collar with a smash, and the gray earth began to up-spill over the smooth moldboard of the plowshare. John Wesley had to get into a trot to keep up.

ON THE day Duff was dismissed by the doctor, Lucie asked him, "Where to now?"

"Down the road is all I know," he answered. He felt ill at ease.

She said, "Look, before you go, would you help me saddle Pete? Everybody's out now, and sometimes he acts up."

He followed her into the yard and to the tack room. It was a cold, somewhat windy day, and the moving air howled softly against the corners of the barn; the dogs stood shivering in their kennels, watching them. She noticed that he brought the bridle holding the mouth of the Pelham bit in his hands to warm it; he saddled the horse deftly, and tightened the girth gradually, one hole at a time, unhurriedly. Pete stood still.

He led the horse out past just as a delivery truck from up with a dog crate in the setter lay disconsolately.

When the dog had been un- said, "He's from Indiana. A pet. Good head on him."

"Looks like Sport's Peerless doesn't he?" Duff said.

She glanced at him sharply a son of Sport's Peerless."

"Anybody can see the re- "No, not anybody. Only that knows something about Look," she said directly. "T a job?"

"Why, you don't know about me."

"More than you think."

"We lost a hand last week. I the job or not?"

Duff felt suddenly trapped had thought he wanted was to way, alone, to return to the that he had found. He was st his overwhelming gratitude friendly, generous girl. And somewhere there was an urge

"Well?" she said. "You job?"

"I don't exactly know."

"Where could I find out quired."

LATER, when it was all set said to her grandfather, "needn't look any further for take Paul's place. I got one."

"Who?"

She tilted her head to- "Him."

"That tramp? You ain't b

"Squire, he knows someth dogs, or he'd never've got here. But even if he was shoe store, he can mix dog clean out kennels and stuff."

"You don't know nothing a

"He mentioned that."

"I ain't goan hire no tramp begging into my yard!"

"Squire, look. He wasn't fine place to come, if he was. doesn't suit us, we'll let him g

He don't suit me! Not him go right now."

"I guess we lose the adva gave him to get him some cl

lied.

"What! You've done give hi

Well, put him to doing somet

If you can't find nothing else pick the fleas off them dogs

He shook his mud-gray h

looked toward Wesley's hous

"Durned if I ain't done sur

low, having to git a somethi like that to feed my dogs."

Afterward, Duff went to th

and came to the pen of the b

white pointer Judas, drawn t

by some strange kinship th

cended their enmity. For t

th, he felt, misfits, outlaws.

ality of Amos Hawthorne l

stified the quick admiration th

felt for the old trainer. The

certainly friendly enough, but

ing friendly was stock in t

girls. He disliked them all in

knowing that they were all s

the metamorphosis of marriag

ing from the ceremony as s

quite different from what they

or seemed to be. "I don't kno is about them words a preach

Troy Webster had once confide woman ain't the same any n they're said." Only with this did he feel at ease.

"Hello, Judas," Duff said.

The dog rose and walk toward him. He bared his t growled.

"Don't worry," Duff said.

liable to get another chance at

(To be continued next we

Leaping Lester

Continued from page 18

take some of the spring out of his legs. Les could jump a mere 6 feet 9 3/4 inches to equal the world record at the National J. sw. At that height he was tied with Stewart, a Southern California man who was awarded the championship in accordance with A.A.U. The strange code provides that if an athlete misses a jump at the first try it is scored against him and, in the event of ties, the one with the fewest misses gets the title. A few years ago the old rules—college meets and intercollegiate—were changed so that the pair of them would have shared the crown.

Les Steers has only himself to blame for his defeat. At Philadelphia he was upsetting Stewart on the back, doing mistakes with him and doing so in a prompt coaching of his rival. Les has mentioned his generosity on the field brought back a lot of credit for him. The first break Les received was when he was moved from his birthplace, California, to Palo Alto, home of Stanford University and also the important item as far as Les was concerned—of Robert Templeton.

Les was the Stanford track coach, an enthusiastic citizen who was a member on the American Olympic team of 1920. Dink was a great coach and Les forced him to give up his job, and among his discoveries at the time was that Les was a grammar school some thirty years ago was an eleven-year-old boy who bore the name of Les Steers.

After a day the wide-eyed boy crossed the highway to Stanford and he varsity men work out. And after a day Templeton encouraged the youngster and taught him all he knew. At the time Steers had graduated from grammar school he was doing 6 feet 2 inches. He added an inch a year during his stay at Palo Alto High School.

Les Steers was a student at San Francisco Junior College in 1939 he won the A.A.U. junior championship. He Hunter's Olympic Club team the next day he came back to annex the laurels, the junior crown just for 6 feet 8 inches and the senior title for it, a feat that had not been accomplished in twenty years.

A Taste of War

Les should have gone to college that year but he took a side trip instead, an expedition that gave him conversational material for the rest of his life. He won a medal at the American track and field championships and was scheduled to compete in France, Germany, Switzerland, Greece and Italy. His small ten-man team cleaned up at the international meet in London. Les went to France for some more competition and meandered on to the Riviera, where they were when the war broke out.

The toll of war was heavy. The manager of the team and he strove to get the youngsters out of Europe. But the war was not sailing and the youngsters were buffeted about as efforts were being made to bring them home. The night when they were in their hotel in Cannes there was an ominous rumbling. Les shrieked. Obviously it was the end.

"The roar seems nearer now," Steers said to Charlie Beetham, the manager.

"Let's get closer to this wall," someone said.

Tense, silent and scared, they huddled against the wall of the hotel as the zoom of German planes seemed louder and louder. They could hear the steady throb of engines and suddenly Steers began to laugh. His teammates gazed at him in astonishment at such levity at such a time. Death was so close and Steers was laughing.

"Are you crazy, Les?" asked Joe Battiste, the hurdler.

"Do you know what it is, fellows?" chuckled Steers. "It's the ice machine in the cellar."

It was. And that was the closest they came to the actual war. The only way they could reach their port of Le Verdon, near Bordeaux, was to drive there in a broken-down truck.

Credit Where It's Due

By the time Steers returned to California it was too late for him to matriculate at the University of Oregon where he was scheduled to resume his studies. So he did odd jobs for a year and picked up the scholastic thread the following fall. He has been a tremendous athlete ever since. His record jumping feats really speak for themselves. Credit for his rise has been batted back and forth across the net by Templeton and his Oregon coach, the 78-year-old Bill Hayward.

Here's Hayward speaking: "I take no credit for Les' jumping. Dink Templeton taught him how and Les knew all about the event before he came to Oregon."

Here's Templeton speaking: "That's silly. Les Steers learned to jump as a boy. He went to Oregon where, in a year, Bill Hayward added three inches to his previous best performance. Name another California boy who has shown championship possibilities here—where training conditions are superior—and who has gone elsewhere to develop in that way. Steers was lucky to find Hayward."

Whatever the truth is—and most experts agree that Templeton is responsible for Steers—much of the credit has to go to the boy himself. He loves to jump. In fact, he is convinced that the only way to develop spring in his legs is to use those identical muscles in actual jumping. Certain training exercises may help others but not the Kangaroo Kid. He just jumps.

In style, he differs slightly from most athletes in that he takes off closer to the bar than the others. He pushes terrifically with his left leg, the last to leave the ground, and he's up and over. A few years ago he used the old-style Western roll, which meant sailing over the bar with back parallel to the ground. But he's changed to the newer and less euphemistically named "belly roll" in which he goes over with his stomach facing the ground. He's been doing better with it, too.

The Steers jumping has been so incredible that it brings to mind the story of the old Irishman who was told by a neighbor that a village lad had "lept" over five bars of a stile.

"Get along wid ye," said the Irishman. "No one can go that high."

"With me own eyes, I saw it," insisted the neighbor. "Sure t'was your brother Dan's son."

"Oh, him," said the Irishman. "He can go higher."

So it is with Les Steers. He can go higher, too.

THE END

Orchard-fresh Peach Shortcake!



1. If you've a man who just can't wait till summer and fresh Peach Shortcake—listen closely! Here's how to beat the

calendar, and serve him delicious Shortcake—with juicy, orchard-fresh peaches—right now, today!



2. Secret? Buy Birds Eye peaches—you'll never eat better! For these gorgeous golden beauties are picked at their plump-

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3. Birds Eye Peaches come sliced . . . slightly sweetened . . . waste-free . . . ready to serve! And when he learns how little these

any-season Birds Eye Peaches cost, he'll lean across the table and exclaim, "Honey—you're terrific!" Try some today!



"By the Dawn's Early Light"



THE first low ray of the young morning lights his untroubled face, peaceful and serene.

If there are dreams behind the closed eyelids, they are boyish dreams of bikes and BB guns and the heroic exploits of Superman.

If there is concern here, it is a sort of puzzlement over what's come over Mom and Pop of late . . .

Pop doesn't get home so early as he used to, somehow isn't quite as ready to romp and play as once he was.

And Mom — she's quieter, and every now and then is caught looking at him, long and slow, a brooding tenderness in her eyes.

War? Sure, he knows there's a war. It's in the headlines, names

of faraway lands, unreal as any fairy tale.

Pop says they can't get new tires for the car because of the war; and instead of giving him nickels now and then to spend, brings home Defense Savings Stamps that he says will be spending money "after the war's won."

But what's all this got to do with a little boy?

He doesn't know, of course, that even while he sleeps here in the dawn's early light, somewhere soldiers, sailors and airmen stand vigilant guard—for his sake.

He doesn't know that while kids like him play their shouting games of dive-bomber and mock air alarm, real American planes are splitting the sky, real American shells are arching through the heavens, real American machine guns are chattering forth destruction — for his sake.

He doesn't know that vast factories hum in angry haste through seven three-shift days a week — that instead of making tires, tubes, belting, flooring and other good things of rubber, plants like Goodyear's are pouring forth countless plane

parts, gas masks, com
tank treads, self-inflating
and so on — for his sake

He doesn't realize, you
he is the coming Americ

He doesn't know he is
here with us today, living
of the one thing in the wo
fighting for — hope, and
the chance for a better li

He doesn't know that a
boys can be boys, men ca

TOWARD A BETTER FUTURE

War accelerates the pace of progress. Out of Goodyear's work on war goods already have come numerous developments that will be usable after the war is won, including:

Combat tires and bullet-puncture-sealing inner tubes for armored cars and military trucks. Even when riddled by machine-gun fire this new Goodyear tire equipment will carry a vehicle to its destination — without stopping for repairs. It means safer tires for you — after the war.





Mon and Pop understand
he will himself some day
be his a son of his own.

It's the billions we spend
in this war, not all our
s are the machines that are
—it will be the things men
the faces of little boys.

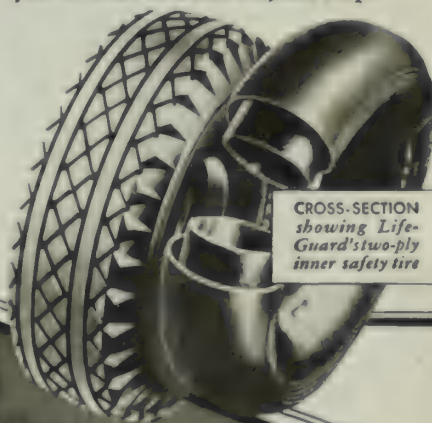
It's the willingness of fathers
to fight, but to work and
in fierce guardianship of
they love.

So may his sleep be sweet.

Some day he'll take up the burdens,
the fruitful tasks of manhood; it is
our job now to see that he can take
them up as a free man, fit to
fashion a better world.

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LifeGuard—T. M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

HUNTER'S MOON

BY EDMUND GILLIGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



It will rise again for
them—hunter nor t

BEFORE moonrise the sound of firing far to then a silence, unbroken by the murmur of the Diesel submarine leisurely westward. A glare sped across the sea under the hunter's moon, immense and heeled upward from the wilderness. The vessel lay serenely between the heavy walls of water. The brass bellowed after, leaping from the making the wave tops burn with fire.

The talk among the crew changed to a whispering. A ward turned from his station, the spreading glow upon the face, wetted by the spray, white under the brim of his cap. The helmsman glanced back at the black wake that cut the green two. He turned toward the stood by himself, his wide staring full into the shadow gleaming meadows on the edge of the moon.

The captain took a step forward, whispered, "Alter course, then, as if angered by his said in a clear, loud voice, Heim. Two eighty. Do you hear?"

"Two eighty, sir."

"For fifteen minutes. Three twenty. A little do change, Heim."

"A little dog-leg it is, sir."

In the turn, a new and leaped over the vessel, clanged against the turret.

"That is well." The captain again to stare into the splashing hunter's moon. His thinner, less cheeks borrowed a brightness from the shining water. He seemed transformed into a young countryman, watching a moon progress over fields and pastures, his eyes stayed watchful in the night. They shone dark in the mask above his turned-up face.

THE moon left the billow higher. Its fire pierced the sky and the sea tossed black between its rim and the world. The moon's autumn changed swiftly to an opaque hills and plains became darker. This change was reflected in the captain's eyes. He shook his head in boyish ment, left off staring and called the helmsman.

"Under that moon, Heim, paused.

"Yes, Herr Kapitän?"

"Under that moon I've had hard scramble home with the County Clare."

"Yes, Herr Kapitän."

"I am thinking, Heim, weather holds, the torpedoes tated over the word—"the will run badly."

"Yes, Herr Kapitän."

"Dive in twenty minutes been too much in its light."

The helmsman turned to the pipe.

The senior engineer came the ladder, showed his head,

Then, as if the sight of that hull had shown him that lost, the horse turned away alongside the vessel in

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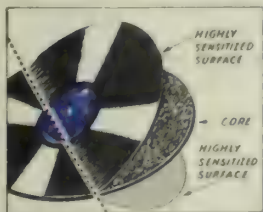
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★ **CHECK BRAKE PEDAL.** The brakes need adjustment or additional brake fluid is required in the brake system if the brake pedal can be depressed within an inch of the floor board.

If brake pedal action produces a soft, spongy feeling, the brake system should be "bled" to eliminate air.

★ **BRAKE FLUID LEVEL** in the master cylinder of the brake system should be checked at every lubrication period. Fluid should be added if the reservoir of the master cylinder is less than half full.

★ **HAVE WHEELS PULLED** at least once a year.

This should be done by a brake expert. His inspection may disclose wear and minor trouble which can be easily and inexpensively corrected before serious trouble occurs. He may find that brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention, or that the brake lining is badly worn. He will also inspect the master cylinder.

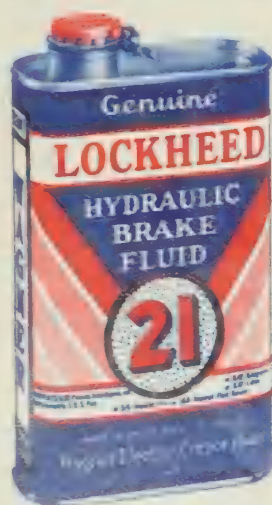
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there. He opened his mouth to speak, but the blaze of moonlight silenced him, made him whisper. "All charged. We've had time enough, thank God!"

"Dive in twenty minutes, Fleck."

"Yes, Conrad. Right. In twenty minutes. No propeller noises yet. Did you hear the firing? A destroyer?"

"Yes, Fleck. Far to starboard."

"Such a moon makes the English nervous."

They went below, breathing easily and with relish in the newly pumped air. The bridge watch followed. One man below laughed over a book spread upon his knees. The captain looked at him in pleasure, then stepped into the control room.

A bell clanged. A quartermaster spoke into the voice pipe: "All hands to diving stations!"

The grinning reader put his book down, sprang to his feet. Making ready for the downward slant, the Diesels ceased their murmur. The starboard electric motor took up the job, then the port chimed in, and a new humming filled the great hull. Erect and attentive at the diving-valve controls, the sailors repeated their orders, stared steadily at the dials. The vessel tilted, went by the head a little. Again a hush returned.

THE captain sat at his desk. He turned the bright light until its full force shone on the boat's position and course on the chart. For a little while he gazed and blinked, then he shut his eyes in a frown. The glare of the bare, pulsing bulb made his face bloodless again, bloodless and lightless, save for the harsh illumination. He seemed like a man sick of a secret sickness, borne down by a secret longing. He lifted his face and a sudden, sweet smile broke the stern planes of his cheeks and jaws. He reached out over the desk, reached into the gloom beyond the circle of light, and took down from the wall a handsome riding crop, well and stoutly made of good leather and bound ivory. Long ago his hunter's hand had worn its grip to smoothness.

He ran his fingers up and down the leather with delight. He smiled again and held the crop close to the bulb until he could read the letters dimmed by his sportsman's sweat and by the sweat of Irish horses. He read the words, "Crown-Dublin," and fell to dreaming over them. Once he gripped the crop strongly, reached out and downward with it and laughed in his galloping dream.

The bell clanged harshly. Instantly the motors ceased their humming. Aft in the seamen's mess a voice cried out in warning:

"Propellers coming!"

The other listeners at the headphones raised their hands in a warning signal. Onde ripped off his set, held it out to the captain and said, "Propellers, Herr Kapitän."

The captain adjusted the headpiece, listened, and nodded. "Two destroyers. At cruising speed."

He listened. In a clear, rapid beat, the screws of the enemy ships came onward, nearer and nearer. A tiny, yellow bead of sweat ran down the captain's forehead. He bowed his head slightly, then turned to look into the eyes of a listener near him. It was Heim. They exchanged a glance, in which fear and affection mixed, and they looked away. Higher and clearer came the twin beat and rumble. A clamor filled the world above, a noise like that of many seamen shouting or of hounds in full cry. And then the propeller whir reached the maximum beat and blow, poured down a harsh bray into the alert, listening hull. The destroyers raced onward, reached a position directly above the submarine.

The captain nodded eagerly, waved a triumphant hand to Heim and to the staring reader. Swiftly now the pro-

pellor beat began to waver, while, the captain took piece, blew out his breath.

"To the bottom. Call hear the convoy. It can't

The motors began, ceased then began again. The vessel slowly, serenely, the sun in the watery chasms, mended tenderly down to a black. The finger of the depth from fifty to sixty, then a hundred. The middle watch. The captain and the other.

Twice the captain laughed. Once he cried out a word then he awoke and went to his desk. There he toiled over the charts, studied the waiting for the betraying merchant vessels. Hours later the middle watch was known, senior engineer came out of his room, his face toughened with excitement.

"The first of them!"

Again the captain cleared his headpiece, again he listened. A clamor came down to him from the sea thickness. Propellers far to the west, many of them slow, steady throbbing gave minute into a louder clatter, steel vibrating in water churned by steel. Spread in convoy formation, the ships steered through the night of England. The ships sailed held down by the convulsion of the slowest tramp.

The captain gave his order after. Nine knots. Perish thirty minutes."

The finger on the depth to drop—one hundred and a hundred. The reader, an old first U-boat war, began to repeat the same wild phrase from the U-boat song: "Wagner England. Heim laid out oil clothing for the captain."

The captain poured coffee. "Homeward bound after Heim. Glad, aren't you?"

Heim smiled. "Home Yes, Herr Kapitän."

Men passed to and fro the spaces. One brought word of a compartment forward. The captain nodded.

Another reported: "Perish sir."

THE captain pressed his eye to the eyepiece, gripped the water, now receiving the first of dawn, swiftly changed to a translucent gleam of blue. And then, suddenly, a burst of light came. The handle, turned and frowned and whispered "Nothing yet!"

He drew away from the eyepiece, looked into it again. For while the officers and men waited in anxiety, he stared. At last he swept his hand slowly palm downward. He had seen vague shapes out there, gleams of light, gleams of light, whirled of mist. Short freighter smoke ran upward flatly westward in the Three ships came first, then a fifth came into his view, were the outer screen, a powder ships that kept positions.

He had hardly sighted the high bank of fog shut off rolled down upon the convoy ship vanished. One by one followed.

The captain drew away. The old U-boat man called "Follow after." The ca-

pass. "Nine knots. Keep a
out for stragglers." Then, as
ht had prompted his action,
ed his eye to the periscope,
handle. He saw that the
had ceased to advance, that
el sailed in clear water. To
rd he saw the straggler, a
with a deck cargo. Hastily
along, yearning for the quick
plunge into the fog.
in shouted. In quick obedi-
orders, the submarine struck
urse to the hurrying steam-
slowly its speed to let the
erhaul and pass before the
pedo tubes.

of the torpedomen ran in the
king spaces:
and "for surfacing!"

NT seconds ticked off before
terrible detonation shook the
of later, jolted the submarine.
before the reverberation of the
hot passed through and out
tumbling hull, there came an-
xplosion. The straggler's boilers
ne,
d "arboard!"

submarine plunged smoothly up-
through the calm surface
off her tons of water. At once
began. The blowers drove
from the ballast tanks. Ventila-
ist, expelling dead air.

captain left the conning tower
ok stand on the forward deck.
y snuffed up the good air.
clattered down after him, held
oil clothing. The captain thrust
to the sleeves of the jacket
t tugging his rapt eyes off the hull
y hidden in a pall of smoke, a
ruin in the green sea.

ood shot, Heim."
r Kapitän, a good shot."
t far, receding battlement of
reeze blew, making white-
it approached the hull. And, at
moment, there came from the
g in a mighty din, indistinct,
ss, it seeming to be a cry of pain
giar voices. Shrill blasts and
ng sounds rang through the ter-
horns, which waxed and waned
a hissing and a crackling of steel
nber. Now the breeze ran against
ped ship and blew away the
smoke.

It was then that the captain saw the
horses.

He held out his right arm stiffly. A
look of horror froze his triumphant face.
His lips dried.

The horses, long-legged, long-necked
remounts for officers overseas, reared
and plunged through the sliding litter of
their deck housing. Heads and manes
and hoofs flashed in the morning light.
From their gleaming jaws the din of ter-
rible noises poured and spread. A billow
of black smoke blew upon them and
many sprang forward, stumbling and
heaving, to the empty space amidships.
There they reared high and twisted
away from the yawning pit below, where
the waves rushed. A funnel fell roaring
down upon the wreckage of their stalls.
In terror they again sprang forward. At
last, a dappled gray, neighing in fear
of his coming death, leaped far out into
the foam. Another and another followed
until a panic seized them all and they
went diving, plunging into the sea to es-
cape the torture of the flames.

The captain shuddered.

A half mile away, on the port side of
the sinking hull, he saw the ship's boat
in line, towed by a launch. A naked
man in the last boat lifted his clenched
hand in a sign of cursing. The fog re-
ceived them.

The captain shuddered. His stomach
grew sick, wrenched him violently. He
could not take his eyes from the tipping
deck. Still the horses came, now in si-
lence, now in a new outburst of terror
and sadness. There were scores of them.
A white mare came stepping to the
bloodied edge of steel. By her side a
black foal trembled and cowered. When
the mare stopped and flung her beauti-
ful head toward the sky, the foal nuz-
zled her and whimpered.

THE captain became sick again. He
half fell to his knees when the boat
rolled beneath him.

A flame shot out from the deck litter
and licked at the mare's hindquarters.
She cried out at this; then bent her head,
pressed it against the foal's little body
until it staggered, fell and pitched over
the edge of steel. The mare gathered
her handsome legs under her and sprang
outward.

"Heim! Heim!"

The seaman moved closer. He said
nothing, knowing there was nothing to
be said. He kept his own eyes fixed on



lo, Began! . . . You're not supposed to fraternize with the spectators!"

LOUIS JAFFE

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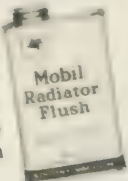
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BY SOCONY-VACUUM

the water lapping at the curved hull beneath him.

The last of the horses then appeared. He was a great chestnut stallion of seventeen hands and more, an Irish weight carrier, fit to lift many stone over tough country. A blue ribbon in his braided tail flashed prettily when he advanced, in dignity and silence, and looked down at the struggling heads, sinking swiftly to merciful death. He lifted his forefoot and blew one blast out into the salty air. Calmness lay on his beautiful head. A star shone there. He stood in no hurry, in no panic. He surveyed the sea barriers and arched his strong, clipped neck. He looked to the east, where the boats had vanished. Long he stared there, as if his wise and mighty heart knew that Ireland and Ireland's hedges lay that way, far that way. He let his head droop. Once again he lifted it and turned to the west. He saw the living thing, a man staring upward at him.

The captain took one desperate step forward. The horse's beautiful eyes looked directly into his own. They kept the long, secret look, between horse and man, hunter and hunter. Each to each they thus related their secret of the steeplechase and of the ringing fields. Aloft against the golden sky, the horse sent down his beaming look of intelligence and affection. The captain groaned in a new spasm of horror.

HE THEN did a strange thing. He lifted his wet fingers to his mouth and blew two shrill notes, one short and low, one long and high, both piercing sweet, a huntsman's call. Three times he blew it, weakly at first, then clear and strong as ever he blew it among the hedges of the County Clare.

The chestnut stallion whinnied. He looked out over the sea and sought the eyes of the man. When he had found them, staring above the spray, he gathered his muscles, gathered his haunches, and jumped clear and high, away from the foulness around him. Through the gleaming air he fell, feet extended perfectly, tail correctly held, head ready for the strange contact below. He fell. He passed in a rainbow flash of water and sank, then emerged and shook his gallant, streaming head. And all his glory shone there. His wet star shone. He struck out with his forefeet and blew the salt water from his rosy nostrils. He

turned toward the submarine and swam in rippling grace.

The captain laughed in youthful joy, but the strange, hysterical laughter dwindled at once into a deeper groan. He lurched forward in a mad way and shouted words in English to the swimming horse: "Steady now, old lad!" The mask of his bloodless face changed again, changed into the mask of madness. All the nights and days of loneliness and grief and murder at the sea bottom now struck at him anew. And the beautiful creature coming to him in obedient confidence, that lost one broke the captain's heart, broke it as he stood lurching there.

"Heim! Heim!" Without looking at the seaman, he said, "My pistol! Quick!" When the seaman turned away, the captain cried out another phrase, words of gibberish that stopped Heim at the ladder: "Heim! Heim! Bring that thing over my desk. Quickly, Heim! Quickly!"



"You're talking like a fool, Mueller. An officer of your ability won't be purged for quite some time yet"

JOHN RUGE

Heim vanished and, before the morning horse had come a return, returned, bearing a pistol and a crop from Ireland.

The captain seized the right hand, the crop in his left, perched from the corner of his mouth: "Crash dive, Heim! We have no time. Destroyers! Stand by for crash!"

Heim roared to the helmsmen's hands to diving stations! The watch ran below. The cry came into the hull. It trembled.

THE horse came on. Striding sea boldly, he thrust his muscled shoulders against the came nearer, gazing away, waiting captain. The splash close to the boat at last, the sight of that cur hull had shown him that the horse turned away, swam the moving vessel in silence.

The captain lifted his pistol. He strove to steady his aim the barrel down again and sodden star. He failed. His voice calling to him. He turned Heim standing there, his hands in mute appeal. The captain's voice that cracked and whistled: "To your duty! To your duty! To the bottom, Heim. Or then—the homeward course. The seaman turned away.

The boat moved faster, faster and slant.

The captain let his pistol sagged in his place, clung to the gun mount and there sought the swimming horse. The on, striving to match his quickening movement of the his great head sank lower. He made one gallant thrust when the submerging vessel wash against him. He died. His heart broke and he drowned. He accepted his end and its magnificent body rolled and the wake of the vanishing. The blackened chestnut barrel over and over in the sea. At turn, a wave held him upright him forward and upward, a over a green, wide hedge, singing birds.

THE END

Russia Uncensored

Continued from page 22

of them immediately. Often, when I dined in restaurants with members of the British Military Mission, a Soviet officer or other person would walk up to the table, wanting to shake hands with his ally. Immediately, a waiter or the British officer's GPU bodyguard would step up and lead the enthusiast away like an offending drunk.

Foreigners are treated as creatures apart. They always get the best available accommodations and all the food they want. A few days after we arrived in Kuibyshev, a store was set up especially for the diplomats and correspondents, where we could buy meat, sausage, cheese, eggs, white bread, candy, sugar and champagne. It was rather shaming to come out of the store staggering under enormous packages and having to pass Russians who could seldom obtain such groceries and, when they could, only after long hours of standing in a queue.

The first thing our tourist agent did on arriving in Kuibyshev was to throw all Soviets except officials out of the Grand Hotel where the correspondents and some diplomats were staying. On the

flight to Teheran in the plane with Ambassador Litvinoff, Ambassador Steinhardt, Sir Walter Monckton and the Iranian ambassador, we stopped overnight at Astrakhan. For two hours we were kept standing on a muddy airfield, supposedly waiting for cars to be sent from town. Actually, we were waiting for the hotel to be cleared and cleaned up. We had not been expected there that night.

Mr. Litvinoff Didn't Laugh

By the time we reached the hotel, all of the third floor had been emptied and tidied for us. There were militiamen at the front door and on every landing of the staircase, and several GPU boys on the third-floor corridor. In their haste, the servants had apparently dumped all kinds of things that they found in the rooms into the ladies' room, which was packed with odds and ends, including three smoked fish. I came out, proudly carrying one by the tail. Mr. Litvinoff was not amused.

The air raids proved to be a great help to me in meeting a few Russians. A

night spent in the subway or in a cellar would necessarily entail contact with the populace and a casual conversation sometimes led to further acquaintance. I also made friends with four who had flown in the same plane to Moscow from the Chinese. Coming from a small place, Ata, which foreigners seldom had, hadn't had it drummed into them that it was unwise to see outsiders, although we often gathered in their hotel room. They were never so foolish as to appear in public places with me.

A young army pilot who through one of my cellar parties invited me to tea at his sister's apartment. By that, I mean, one bedroom, for only the very placed ever have what we would call a certain station where Feodor was waiting for me. No sign of him ever passed between us. He came off down the street with me and I would wait for a few before going into the apartment. Once, I was followed. I never



"Here I go again!
*Every time
 the Boss stops the car
 I do a nose dive"*

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|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
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| Car lurches forward when braking? | Squeal, groan or chatter on stops? |
| Sluggish or grabby brakes when wet? | Brake on only one rear wheel? |
| Noisy or quiet brake adjustments? | Make grinding noise when stopping? |



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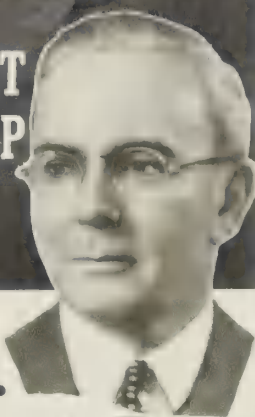
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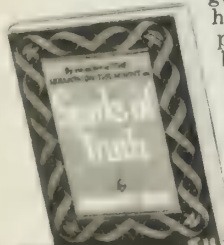
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termine whether it was a GPU man or just an ordinary masher. When I mentioned it to Feodor he turned pale. "I have been expecting my sister-in-law to denounce me for seeing you," he said. "But I had hoped that your visits had passed unobserved in other quarters." Then he shrugged and went on, "If this had been before the war I would have been in serious trouble. At the moment, they need me too much because I am an excellent flier."

A correspondent soon gives up trying to tell Russians about America, but matters don't stop there. We had difficulty in telling Americans about Russia. The censorship was so illogical that there was never any way of knowing ahead of time what would be cut out and what would be left in. Something passed in one person's cable would be deleted from another person's. I was not allowed to say that I was living in rooms once occupied by Lenin or that I had had a dress made at the same shop patronized by Madame Voroshilov. Yet, a mention of queues in front of bread stores was passed, although until then, the word "queue" had been taboo.

The surest way of bringing out the blue pencil was to include a paragraph intended as good propaganda. No explanation was ever given and I could only figure out that Russians and Americans didn't see eye to eye on what was bad or good propaganda in the United States.

Secrecy That Paid Off

One of the members of the Harriman-Beaverbrook mission took up with one of the officials the subject of relaxing the censorship. The answer was, "No changes will be made. You democracies tell everything you know, and look where it's got you." There is no doubt that secretiveness has acted in the Russians' favor, since it made it impossible for the Germans to have any definite idea of the extent of Soviet preparedness. It is still making it impossible for anyone else to know exactly what they have, and any so-called experts who announce the number of Soviet planes, tanks, guns and reserves, are merely letting their imaginations run away with them. There is no way in which they could possibly find out the exact figures.

Certainly no member of a military mission or military attaché could learn what the U.S.S.R. has on hand or even what it can produce. They are in contact with the High Command through GPU liaison officers, who tell them only what it is considered fitting they should know. It took General Mason MacFarlane, head of the British Military Mission, weeks of persuasion before he was allowed to spend a few hours at the front. The American military attaché's request to visit the front was refused. After the United States entered the war he was told that he might go sometime. Until now, that time has not yet come. The best example of how little is told to foreign military experts is the story of what happened to General MacFarlane on October 15th. At noon on that day, he took off for Tiflis by plane to meet General Wavell. Fifteen minutes after his departure, Sir Stafford Cripps was informed that he and his staff must be ready to leave Moscow that night. No inkling of a possible evacuation had been given to MacFarlane, so that when bad weather prevented his plane getting through to Tiflis and he landed in Kuibyshev, he asked when he was leaving for Moscow. "You are not," was the reply. "You are to wait here for the British embassy and your mission, which are arriving within a few days."

One of the things which the Soviets managed to keep secret was how ef-

ficient they could be in an emergency. Under ordinary circumstances, Soviets, like any other Russians, complicate the simplest transaction with bureaucracy, red tape and procrastination. Merely having a dress made, for example, entailed signing four different papers. Yet, the moment war was declared, everything began to move quickly and smoothly.

I had an opportunity to observe this miracle on the first day. The Russian people had never had an inkling that a German invasion was imminent. The stunned expressions on their faces a few minutes after Molotov had made the announcement that war had broken out would have been sufficient evidence if I had not already had other. By that evening, however, there was a total blackout in Moscow (the only exception was one lighted window in the Kremlin), and this in a country where curtain material is not only scarce but exorbitantly expensive. Those who either could not find or afford black cloth to cover the windows just sat in the dark.

Tenants in every building were assigned to perform certain ARP duties. Some were ordered to stand on the roof to watch for incendiaries, some were posted in the street, others were detailed to wake up everyone in the house when the siren sounded, those with medical knowledge were put in first-aid units. It was several weeks before the roof watchers were equipped with gloves, etc., for fighting incendiaries; they used their bare hands. The answer no doubt is that Soviet citizens have been trained to obey orders without question or argument.

The Soviets showed how capable they were of acting when action was needed by moving a great part of their industry from the Moscow, Leningrad and Dombas regions to the east. They claim to have saved all of their industry. That can be accepted as a slight exaggeration.

Former Ambassador Oumansky, taunting some of us one day with American slowness in getting equipment to England and Russia, said, "You Americans always make fun of us because you think we are not mechanical-minded or efficient. Yet we have managed to save one hundred per cent of our industry."

I pointed out to him that I doubted his figures, for on the trip from Moscow

to Kuibyshev, I had seen high with American tarpaulins. An engine showed the cars to me it would be a miracle if those tools were used. I drew Oumansky's attention that it was easier to Russia than it would States.

"What do you mean by asked."

I replied that, in the first place, we were not allowed in the second, that possible to transport men to small villages quarters for them, no sufficient food. We all that where the Russian superiority over us w United States, we would have prevented any damage by wrapping up every nut in cotton wool. But lost so much time doing mans would have arriving thing could be shipped circumstances, it was better per cent than nothing.

Hardships, as

One important factor assistance is that the people hardships. War makes their lives. It is no change from ordinary living. They have to stand in front of food shops; they doing that for years and developed a special set cles. In Moscow, they two or three hours before stopped running, in order cover to wait for a possible meant just that much more. The cities have long crowded, with anything fourteen people sharing ing in a few refugees does difference. Unused to sol air, a night spent in the like home.

Since the Soviets have trated on heavy industry bothered about consumer difficult to buy clothes. We be had in the Mostorg sto



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Or glance out the window at your car. Streamlined—powerful—ready to carry you in comfort wherever you want to go.

And now—for the first time—the source of these miracles in your life is closed. The places where they came from are now making planes, shells, ships, implements of war.

There can be no more of them now—until peace is

won. And peace will *not* be won until every American has made his share of sacrifice. This is that kind of a war!

What can you do? You can guard that kitchen—that car—everything mechanical or electrical you own—as if your life and the lives of those you love depended on it.

For lives *can* depend on the care you give your possessions! Even a small replacement part, made necessary by your neglect, can use metal desperately needed to win this war. Translate your neglect into guns without triggers, planes that arrive too late, ships held up on the ways.

I PLEDGE

- To adjust food, clothing and fuel purchases to the level of necessity. To hoard nothing. And to put a stop to all waste.
- To scrupulously guard and preserve everything in my home made of metals and rubber.
- To drive my car only for absolutely essential transportation.
- To use less paper of all kinds and to save—not burn—all waste paper.
- To repeat no word of rumor or gossip. To accept sacrifice and privation without complaint. To devote myself to the one task of winning this war.

You are being challenged to guard and preserve the things you have. Everything made of metal. Everything made of rubber. To help build the armaments and planes and ships—without which there can be no victory.

And for every piece of metal you save—mark up a contribution you have made to a bomber that may sink an enemy ship.

This message is published solely in the interest of speeding American victory. We have no ax to grind... our machines have been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production. We look forward to the day when we may serve civilian needs again. How soon that will be—if ever—depends upon how well we all do our job now. There must be no let-up short of victory.

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pensive. A man's suit, for instance, costs 1,500 rubles; an overcoat 2,000, a pair of shoes 700. I paid 250 rubles a meter for some woolen material of inferior quality and by the time I had paid for the silk, the interlining and the making of a warm dressing gown, it cost the equivalent of a hundred dollars. When I went to Teheran, I carried four pages of shopping lists given to me by diplomats and correspondents. They included such things as coffee, tea, candles, curtain material, flashlights, woolen underwear, shoe polish, razor blades, thermos bottles, pots, pans, kettles, typewriter ribbons and a tin drinking cup. None of those items could be had in Kuibyshev.

In May, there was plenty of food to be had in the big cities. There is still plenty of food there. Faulty distribution caused a shortage of food in the country. The shortage still exists. Ration cards were issued at the end of June, with manual laborers being allowed more than office workers, who in turn were allowed more than dependents. However, anyone was free to buy more food if he could pay double the ordinary price. Not many could afford this, what with the average wage being three hundred rubles a month. Ordinary prices are staggering enough without doubling them. Butter, for instance, costs twenty-eight rubles a kilo (\$5.60 at the official rate of exchange; \$2.30 at the diplomatic rate); meat costs from five to fourteen rubles a kilo; bread 1.50 to 2.70 rubles; sausage 13 to 22. Hence, most of the population is accustomed to living on black bread and soup, which appears to be an extremely nourishing diet.

Don't Worry About Morale

There seems to be an idea over here that war was greeted in the Soviet Union with wild enthusiasm and cheering. That certainly was not the impression I gathered. In May the people looked apathetic and grim. After June 22d their expressions were the same. They went doggedly about their business, determined to fight but wasting no time on cheering. Whenever groups of soldiers passed through the streets, bystanders seldom turned to look at them and certainly indulged in no wild shouting. That might be taken as a sign of bad morale but it wasn't. Russians just seem to be that way.

The combination of indifference to and ignorance of the outside world and an excellent spirit makes our anxiety to seem friendly and helpful in order to keep up Soviet morale rather unnecessary. Soviet officials haven't bothered much to curry democratic favor by pretending to change any of their political views. They aren't simulating any great enthusiasm for their allies. Russians are realists and wouldn't in the least resent our being realists. All they ask of us is to send tanks, planes, guns and

ammunition. They don't sympathize or warmth. Ad take for granted. No amount of cheering from the side bolstering will keep them more day than they want lack of praise, cheering or ing will make them stop or if they don't see fit to do support which we can give in the war is equipment.

The Christian democrat carried away with the idea has brought about a change in Soviet attitude toward religion where that idea started. a correspondent cabling a no one else considered worthy about the Red metropolitan victory during a religious story was played up, and the of Canterbury was so enthralled what he took to be a complete of former policy that he addressed to Stalin, care of Embassy.

The embassy staff, having complete knowledge of the than the distinguished people bother to pass on the church theory that if the Archbishop of Moscow wished to indulge such notion, it was preferable he on his own time. Everyone the story apparently over things: 1. That there have churches open in the U.S. were something like two Moscow alone, always crowded tended almost entirely by 2. What would have happened Red metropolitan if he had himself to be co-operative? this, all Russians, whether in God or Lenin, definitely a foreign invader on their soil.

There is another widespread which is contradicted by what saw in the Soviet Union. It is the Russians are fighting for Communism. The impression obtained one who was in the country they were fighting for Russia newspaper propaganda new people that the war was being save Communism. The majority party members whom I met again and again that, at the important thing was Communism. What was important "the filthy, cannibalistic Fascist Russian territory. Nonpartisan felt the same way.

However, one woman said further when she summed up the people who were complete sympathy with the "Whether or not one likes Communism," she said, "the fact remains for twenty years, we have starved and died for it. For such a price we are now demanding anyone take it away from us."

THE END



New (and pretty) Passenger

CROCKET

The Baby of Bosco the Bum

Continued from page 17

Margaret sat and waited. Yes—her first day on her job—she'd hardly had her pretty dress under her new desk before the fire of Crystal Falls had begun. Miss Dunks? The new Child Welfare Director? We just wanted to know you know it's a shame, and then Shannon and Bosco the bum had no business adopting that dog. They did haul it out of the hotel fire! Miss Dunks, it must be done!

Very professionally, Margaret had said to her first four callers, "I'll investigate, of course, but when she'd learned that he was a bachelor and that Bosco was an Airedale, she'd begun with emphasis, "Something will happen."

So to the outer office slammed the door. "Come in and meet Margaret, Denny."

Shannon stopped dead still in the doorway and grinned at Mary Margaret's straightforward delight. He looked like a big Airedale, like a black-and-tan bear, grinning. He butted Doc with his head and then headed for Mary Margaret's stub tail jerking.

"Hey!" in warning. "All right," Mary Margaret said. "No dogs."

"This everybody loves him," the man said. "So he loves everybody. That, Bosco, and put that dog in your mouth."

He pounced over to say hello again. "All right," Mary Margaret stared at him. He didn't look like a prominent man. He had tight black hair, the shoulders of a bouncer and a glint of a left eyebrow. He was wearing a lumberjack jumper and a pair of swipers, and he had a pack on his back.

Off the pack; and there, in a flash, a man in a board, was a boy—sized blue eyes calm and steady, pink tongue stuck in his mouth like a cork.

Margaret hadn't been in the office long enough to be hard-boiled. "Well, bless 'um little heart," she said, and jumped over to where he leaned him against the wall. "um little heart."

Doc said sharply, "In the name of heaven, no baby talk!" Margaret jumped straight up. "You pardon?" she said, and emitted a word with her eyebrows. "I hear that goo on Bosco's head," Denny said.

Doc said, "Bosco doesn't mind it." Margaret hung out of the corner of her mouth. Bosco looked from Mary Margaret the baby and back, fatuous and human father. "And I'm a thoutfit," Denny said. "And I'm a thoutfit," Mary Margaret said, and was sure of that. I doubt that she'd okay the adoption.

Denny said, "Why not?" "Because," Mary Margaret said, "unmarried. Because you know about raising children." "I've been raising dogs all my life," she said. "What's so tough about a dog?"

Doc said, "Bosco rescued it from the fire."

"Yes," Mary Margaret said. "I saw that, and I think it was very noble of him." "No," Denny said honestly. "He only followed me up that ladder because he thought there was something cooking. He follows me everywhere."

Mary Margaret looked over at Bosco who had his head twisted sideways, close to the baby. He didn't look noble, but Mary Margaret knew he was.

For really, she had seen the start of the whole thing the first time she had been in Crystal Falls about her job, the night the Lockwood Hotel burned.

EVERYONE had got out of the hotel so nice and easy that no one had remembered the invalid woman on the second floor until almost too late.

Mary Margaret had stood in front of Rezin's drugstore and watched the volunteer firemen run a ladder up to the second-story window.

She'd watched Denny Shannon—though, of course, she didn't know him then—climb through the smoke that curled out from between the building's sidings. And right behind Denny, another figure had laboriously hooked its way upward, hanging on, desperately hunch-shouldered, every time the long ladder jiggled. It wasn't until his tan breeching went over the windowsill into thick smoke that Mary Margaret had realized it was a dog.

Fire was poking out on the wall in little living fingers when Denny'd come down with the woman on his shoulders and turned her over to the waiting Doc Madden. Then Denny'd looked up. For the first time, evidently, he'd seen Bosco with his head out the window, barking peremptorily like a bossy old man; and a white bundle on the sill between his paws.

The ladder had bucked like a springboard the way Denny'd gone back up. Flames, then, flexing like a man's arm, were coming from between the sidings, but Denny'd stayed at the window for an extraordinarily long time, and when he'd come down he'd had the bundle in his teeth; and the dog under his arm tried to lick his face all the way to the ground.

As it happened, the woman—an Edmonds girl; the family's all gone from around here now—died two weeks later. But, of course, Mary Margaret didn't know that until she got back to be Child Welfare Director.

But she remembered Bosco at the window. Softly she looked at him there in the doctor's office. "I think you're the nicest dog in the world," she told him.

Bosco let his tongue hang to his knees and grinned at her, gappingly, foolishly, happily.

Denny said, "What about that baby?" "It's very unorthodox—a bachelor adopting a baby," Mary Margaret said.

"Sure," Doc said. "And Mary Margaret has to investigate, don't you, Mary Margaret?"

"Certainly."

"Good," Doc said, and leaned back in his chair. When Doc Madden smiled his teeth were softly white and unstained as a child's. "You like to dance, Mary Margaret?"

"I love it," Mary Margaret said. "The firemen are giving their annual dance tonight at the city hall," Doc said. "Why don't you ask Mary Margaret to go, Denny?"

"If she won't talk baby talk," Denny said.

"I couldn't go," Mary Margaret said. "Sure you could," Doc said. "You're

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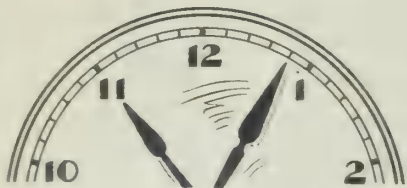
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new here and you're not acquainted. You'll be combining pleasure with duty—and dancing with him you'll get to know him much better than by having him fill out a questionnaire."

"Well..." Mary Margaret said. "Fine!" Doc said. "Suppose he calls for you at eight-thirty?"

Mary Margaret looked dubiously at the shoulders in the lumberjack's jumper. "Well..." she said. "All right."

"Bosco," Denny said suddenly, "what are you up to?"

Bosco the Bum stopped shoving his face against the baby, and cocked his head. Mary Margaret noted that for the first time he had his mouth almost completely shut.

Denny said, "Bring it back!"

Bosco sat down to attend to a sudden bite behind his ear. He scratched vigorously, all attention on his work, his mouth still shut.

Mary Margaret said with alarm, "He'll give that baby fleas!"

"No hair on the baby," Denny said, "and no fleas on Bosco. He just stole something for the baby and doesn't want to drop it. He's always doing that. Doc, you got anything back there that smells like candy?"

"Got some sugar tablets for people who just gotta have medicine but don't have anything wrong with 'em."

"That's what I thought," Denny said. "Bosco, drop it!"

Reluctantly, Bosco the Bum opened his mouth and three pills bounced out on the floor. He looked down at them with a puzzled, how-did-they-get-there look.

Mary Margaret said in a shocked voice, "He might have poisoned the baby!"

Denny said calmly, "Baby couldn't get his hands loose to take them."

Mary Margaret's lips tightened and she grabbed her purse and took a reef in her coat. She marched to the door, and there she turned. She said to Doc Madden, "I'll dance with him, but I won't enjoy it, I'll bet."

"Eight-thirty tonight," Doc called after her as she passed through the door. Denny grinned.

"You be nice to her," Doc said. "You show her you're a responsible young man. Do it tonight, too..."

At precisely eight-thirty, Mary Margaret opened the door to Denny's knock. "Oh," she said, and swallowed twice.

She'd been afraid that he'd look like a wild half-breed in a lumberjack shirt with the baby on his back, but there he was, smooth as a high-class bouncer, in black and white—and all alone.

"I'll be right with you," she said, and her voice was not at all professional, for she suddenly had a feeling that this was to be a very gay evening.

MARY MARGARET took the arm Denny offered; they went down the steps and around the icy corner by the gate post. And there she stopped. "Oh," she said again.

His whiskers full of frost, Bosco the Bum sat smugly beside the hand sleigh high-piled with baby and blankets. When he saw Mary Margaret, he got up and undulated with pleasure from the shoulders back.

Mary Margaret, taking four quick steps to Denny's one, said, "When does that child sleep?"

"Whenever he wants to," Denny said. "He doesn't have much else to do."

"I hear you have a lovely home," she said. "Don't you ever leave him there?"

"Only when I'm in court," Denny said. "Bosco balks any other time. You must come out and visit us some time."

"I intend to," Mary Margaret said, and then she shut up and hung onto his arm, for Denny was a fast walker and Bosco kept busting between them to let

them know that he and the baby were there, too.

Up the stairs of the city hall they went, Mary Margaret on Denny's right arm, a bundle of blankets under his left, and Bosco the Bum behind.

There was a crowd at the door, a crowd on the floor, and the orchestra on the auditorium stage.

They laid their coats on the checkroom counter, and Bosco reared up to watch Denny peel the wrappers down to the baby on the pack board, fat and happy with that cork of a tongue stuck in its mouth.

"Put him in a nice warm corner," Denny said to the fireman behind the counter. "Bosco, you stay with the baby."

Dubiously, the fireman propped the baby's pack board in a corner. Bosco scrambled over the counter and lay down complacently.

Denny grinned. "Fine!" he said, and held out his arms. "Let's dance."

It was Johnny Met's orchestra, a good outfit—"Swing and Sweat with Johnny Met!"—and Denny Shannon was a good man on his feet. Mary Margaret moved like a shadow on the leaves. They could dance together like sunlight on water.

It's a rare experience to find someone with whom one can join and move like that to music. It's sweet as the taste of a perfect marriage. It sets the heart to dancing, too.

But Denny had on his good-behavior clothes, and Doc had talked to him, so dutifully he said, "I'll bring people around," and then waited hopefully.

"Not tonight," Mary Margaret said. "Let's just dance."

"Good!" he said, and held her a little tighter.

And so they danced—joyously—until the pig got caught under the fence and kicked the calf in the cloakroom. At least that's what it sounded like. And then Bosco began barking, thunderously angry, and the checkroom attendant dove out onto the dance floor hollering.

"What now?" Denny said, and they rushed, hand in hand, through the couples, still joined but no longer dancing, frozen into jerky motion, their attention on the cloakroom.

Bosco had his head over the counter, barking for Denny. Behind him the ba-

by's head was just one rem from which came horrend sound.

"What did you do to demanded.

"Nuthin'," the fireman began hollerin' and Bosco Denny looked at Ma "What do you suppose.

"A pin," she said. "I'll She watched with the look of the superior wor dug down into the baby' and found the pin and clo

"C'mon," she said. "L only goes to prove that yo be a father."

Even so, the feeling of th to her. She held to his arm her little steps while through moonlight that w frost, with Bosco still grun and jerking at the sleigh r

AT THE door of the hou stayed, Mary Margare breath coming warm in th sparkling night. "I had time," she said.

Denny didn't say anyth up at him, Mary Margaret thing was coming. She kne the look in his eye and breath was coming and t across his chest. Her own b not steady and the dancin limbered her knees. She there, waiting.

From the walk, thunder empty, came a bark like Bosco the Bum.

"Ah!" Denny said, and head. Then he took in a one breath and got a hold "Bosco wants to get the b

But he just stood there, r tion to go. "It's still earl "Come down to our place v the baby to bed."

"Why," Mary Margaret would people say?"

"Mrs. O'Shaunnessy wil Denny said. "And you'll down sometime to invest you? Why not tonight whe I haven't prepared for you?

Bosco banged another bark against the house.

"Of course," Mary Marga



"Boy! Just two more years of this, four at medical school, and two intern—then I can hang out my shingle and be entitled to net



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can for draw close and
enjoy each other

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would be purely professional, wouldn't it?"

Denny said nothing; only offered his arm.

Behind the shagging, ambling Bosco, the sleigh danced a slow, swinging dance while the baby hollered with sheer moon delight like a cat wrapped in a blanket. Following, Mary Margaret held to Denny's arm, and her feet hardly touched the ground, the moon was so bright and the air so crisp and that arm so strong.

DENNY'S house was at the edge of town, squatting in the snow and the moonlight, a happy, solid house of logs, waiting for them.

Bosco drew up with the flourish of a cart horse, and Denny kicked the door and slapped the light switch. "The joint," he said, and followed Mary Margaret in with the baby under his arm.

Saying her rosary before the fireplace sat a little bit of an old lady, all hunched up, with her coat and hat on.

"Why, Mrs. O'Shaunnessy," Denny said, "I thought I took you home!"

"I come back," Mrs. O'Shaunnessy said. "I wanted a look at the gur-rul."

She looked at Mary Margaret. "You're a pretty little thing," she said. "You make a nice couple, the two of ye."

"Thank you," Mary Margaret said.

The old lady got up and came close to Mary Margaret. Low-voiced, she said, "Ye're the first he's invited here. And God knows I've waited long enough. This baby business—cart before the horse, I call it." She gave Mary Margaret a little wink and a poke in the ribs. "I'll be goin' now. I don't want to cramp yer style, dearie."

"You'll stay," Denny said, "else you'll be talking all over town tomorrow."

The old lady slipped her rosary in her pocket, and abruptly that sweet old face twisted downward in the most insidious, most delicate of leers. "Your conscience will be clear," she said, "... I'm afraid."

And blithely, she skipped out the door.

"You lied to me," Mary Margaret said, though it didn't seem to disturb her greatly. "You were surprised to see her."

"I hated to see you go in," he said. "Forgive me."

"Yes," Mary Margaret said, and abruptly took her eyes from him. "What a lovely place," she said.

IT WAS a man's house. The furniture was low and very heavy; rugs and wall hangings were Indian. Over the fireplace there was hung a long cross-cut saw with a worn, silver-bronze shine to it; crossed below were two long, thick-headed axes.

In its own way, Mary Margaret thought, it was a strange and attractive room, though, of course, if she lived there she'd make a change or two.

"I like it," she said.

"Good!" he said.

He hung up the pack board and held the baby with one hand while he skinned wrappers from it. "I'll have to feed him," he said, "or he and Bosco'll be howling all night."

The baby, rolling his eyes like a groundhog in springtime, said, "Hi, hi, hi," over and over, waving his arms; and Bosco let his tongue hang out in wonder and admiration at the voice of him.

The kitchen was very neat, with a masculine neatness where everything hangs handy to a man's hand.

On the floor, Denny laid a blanket—upon which in turn he laid the baby—and then he dove into the icebox.

"Get your newspaper, Bosco," he said, and reluctantly Bosco headed into the basement and came up dragging a newspaper.

Denny spread that, and upon it he

laid a large, if not very meaty, bone. "Keeps him occupied sometimes," he explained. "Otherwise he keeps telling me I'm not feeding the baby enough."

When he picked up the baby, and later while he was bathing it, Mary Margaret noted with approval that his hands, big as they were, were very sure and very tender.

Bosco sulked around, grumbling like a coddling grandfather, while Denny and Mary Margaret got the baby ready for bed and carried him over to the crib next the fireplace.

Mary Margaret looked up at Denny. "You're different from what I thought you were," she said.

"Thanks," he said. "Did anyone ever tell you about the way your lips move when you talk?"

She looked at him, and again she knew it was coming. His chest was tight, as it had been earlier in the evening, but the look in his eye was not so wild. It was more pure and gentlemanly, Mary Margaret felt. So she kind of let her head fall back and half closed her eyes.

It came, all right.

A man who's accustomed to tossing his own four-foot cordwood about, and to hollering at a bullheaded Airedale across a cedar swamp, or a dumb jury across a courtroom, is likely to be a powerful man at kissing.

Mary Margaret leaned up against the wall and grabbed a handful of hair to stop the whirl of her head. She opened her eyes and looked at the baby—on his hands and knees, with one eye bugged at her through the pickets of the crib.

Bosco let his tongue lie right on the floor in astonishment. It embarrassed her.

She put her hand against Denny's chest and shoved. "No!" she said. "I'll forgive you this time, but this is a purely professional visit, and under the circumstances... I'm very much interested in that theory of yours..."

"All right, for this time," Denny said, and went over to the crib to turn the baby back bottom down. "You go back

to your bone, Bosco. That be a purely academic d afraid."

It did remain academic, surprising how much en is in watching the talk of a kissable mouth.

It must have been how small noise from the crib hysterical barking jumped the sofa as fast as would the appearance of Mary Margaret professor or her father's automatic shotgun.

The baby was arched in his face was bluish.

"He's sick!" Mary Margaret said. "He's got fits!" Denny jumped for the phone and den out of bed. "You don't epilepsy, Doc?"

"No," Doc said sleepily doesn't choke on his tongue sure he doesn't hurt him right out."

"Is it?" Mary Margaret said.

"Doc says no. Must be I'm doggone sure he didn't Bosco."

"He's foaming at the Mary Margaret said.

"Gosh!" Denny said. hydrophobia! Stay away from Bosco, even if he hasn't ma

A SICK baby is an awful thing, the causes are more or less and because it does no good licitously where it hurts. chaotic in Denny's house. Mary Margaret's knowledge of children almost entirely to courses Denny was reluctant to try dies on a baby; and Bosco cause no one was doing any

The three of them met at the door. "Convulsions," Denny said. "He'll be all right." And he headed for the bathroom with the baby. here, the three of you."

"They waited there, then, them, while water splashed the room."



"But you know how it is in the country—you just keep adding on

gling at me," Denny said to
"I didn't do it—not on purpose,
"You didn't," Mary Mar-
id and came right to him, lifting
his was deeper, softer, not quite
tin but very satisfactory. It
to take their minds off the sick
The repeated at intervals while
ite
dor came out finally with his
rod up and the baby over his
on e baby's face, now slightly
as the relieved and sheepish
a violently emptied drunk.
eting he ate," Doc said, and
redy to Mary Margaret, "This
s is the most female-dominated
s, young lady."
ov Mary Margaret said, and
oued at her hair. "But what
o when he's a bachelor?"
looked at her significantly, all
d der. "Isn't that pretty obvi-
e said, "after what's been going
he!"
Margaret said indignantly to his
w just comforting Denny."
t it's what Mrs. O'Shaunnessy
telling all over town tomorrow,"
id.
the one of us had any idea . . ."
Margaret started.
ink," Denny interrupted,
ould kiss you like that if I
met it? Right here and now
ing you to . . ."

"We haven't known each other long
enough," Mary Margaret said.

The doctor said explosively, "Holy
smoke!" and bent over the crib. "This
is a nice thing to stick in bed with a kid,
Denny! No wonder he was sick."

Bosco backed suddenly away from
the baby and the doctor and the bone
Doc dangled between thumb and fore-
finger.

"You bullhead!" Denny said to
Bosco. "You thick-headed oaf!"

Bosco crushed himself to the floor,
flat as a rug.

"Oo poor ol' thing," Mary Margaret
said, and knelt beside him. Oo didn't
mean any harm, did oo? Oo jus' thought
he was hungry."

BOSCO sat up and put his head on her
shoulder and let his tongue hang
down her back.

"Mary Margaret," Denny said. "Re-
member what we agreed about that kind
of talk?"

Without turning, Mary Margaret
said, "That was before we were en-
gaged. . . . Us are practically related
now, aren't us, Bosco?"

Bosco let out another six inches of
tongue and drooled.

Denny, wordless, looked at Doc Mad-
den.

Doc Madden grinned at Bosco and be-
gan to roll down his sleeves, the job
done. He said, "Maybe she'd rather
marry Bosco."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

admiral?" The kid said simply,
"The only thing I can think
of for your breach of regu-
lated Halsey, still stern, "is to
you chief petty officer." And

OP with considerable fervency
at story's true. It comes with
nt authority and, anyway, it's a
story. But of the following we
no doubts whatever. It comes
ne of our Pacific Coast agents,
d Magee, one of the most alert
air-id wardens in Beverly Hills.
age was receiving class instruc-
from Los Angeles detective on
o do, in his rounds, the warden
core upon a suspicious-looking
r lurking in an alley. "You just
aid rowler," said the detective,
his down, and sit on him until
arives, meanwhile hollering for
ne. "Mr. Magee thereupon asked
rudons, should there be two or
rovers in the alley. "In that
udd," replied the dick, voicing
a that matched the great Cae-
maye you'd better find yourself
r ally."

EEF, however, did we find en-
m from the American soldier com-
to Señor Jesus LaDobra's. We
for LaDobra in David, Republic
am. "Such cleverness," cried
ch smartness we have never be-
th of the American soldier.
hou after he is among us he is
g Spanish with fluency. More,
complete command of the Span-
anne and custom. Our young
ar overwhelmed and we men
America are so impressed that
noting that the North Ameri-
dier should instantly become the
ou women." We were some-
ceptual and did a bit of investi-
W. It we discovered took some
keenness off the pride Señor La-

Dobra's words filled us with. David
and other sections of northern Panama
were being garrisoned by American lads
from the Rio Grande sector of Texas
and from southern New Mexico and
Oklahoma. Most of them were Ameri-
can Mexicans and the rest spoke plenty
of Spanish anyway. We didn't report
back to Señor LaDobra.

AND we have just heard of a young
actor who has recently been inducted
into the United States Army. He may
be a top sergeant by now. Give him
a few more months and we may have a
new general. Smart. He was working
in a stock company, under canvas, in
Boise, Idaho, when he got notice to re-
port. His salary was fifteen dollars a
week. The lady who owned the com-
pany said that she didn't have the fif-
teen, that she'd send it to him later.
This lad suspected otherwise, thought
fast, got tough. He called in the sheriff,
attached the curtain. Under the law
you are not allowed to touch anything
which has been attached for debt until
the court makes some sort of decision.
Thus the curtain could not go up and
hence there could be no show. And so
the actress-manager-owner produced
the fifteen bucks and our hero went off
to the wars, riding instead of hiking.
We shall try to keep our eye on this
young man.

AND Jim Marshall, back from observ-
ing the war on the Pacific Coast reports
that he beheld nothing of social signifi-
cance, except an ancient and almost
tireless jalopy filled with a large fam-
ily of Okies. It was leaving California
and rattling eastward. A large Ameri-
can flag flapped above its leaking radi-
ator as a display of proud patriotism.
But fastened to its rear, where in more
rubbery days a spare tire might have
been, was a large sign. Its bold letter-
ing read: "The hell with you, California
—you and your great big red gerani-
ums." . . .
W. D.

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None but the Brave

Continued from page 21

insulted, and then we have an understanding.

So Mr. Wissel thought I was winking at him and winking at him, because I kept turning my blue eye away and looking at him sideways, but he couldn't make up his mind for sure for the longest time, and he kept looking at me sideways too. Mr. Wissel was always lovely to work for, except keeping a person late in the office and he did altogether too much of that for any twenty-a-week, but he was always strictly business and no nonsense. He is a big fat old man, almost forty, and I was with him three weeks as secretary and stenographer and he never got a bit fresh or got any young ideas.

So I was passing him by and looking at him sideways and he was looking at me sideways, and was I dumfounded when he caught me like a great big grampus and gave me a big smack.

"Mis-ter Wis-sel," I simply gasped, pushing on him.

You'd have to know Mr. Wissel. He is a big fat glary-eyed man with no experience, and no wonder he never got married till so late.

Now he got all red and bothered and said, "Sorry, Miss Zaenker," and looked dumb, and I was so dumfounded, words failed me and I didn't know what to say to him, so I walked to my desk.

I SAID to him, "Think of Mrs. Wissel, Mr. Wissel. This will ruin her life and break her heart. Think of your lovely home, Mr. Wissel, and Mrs. Wissel and those two darling kiddies. You want to break up your lovely home, Mr. Wissel, and leave everything for me?"

"Why, no, Miss Zaenker."

"Why, no, Mr. Wissel?" I said. "Then you think I am some silly girl that you can keep late in the office for twenty a week, to hug and kiss and take liberties, and then go home to your lovely home and forget?" I looked at him sideways very sincerely and said, "Mr. Wissel, I cannot ever stay after five any more except I get overtime and a dollar for supper. I am only a poor working girl, Mr. Wissel, and only got my honor and good name, but I will keep that unsullied."

"Hell's bells, Miss Zaenker," he said, swearing, "why do you still keep winking at me? . . . Oh, you got a black eye, is it? Well, ha, ha—I mean I'm sorry, I made a mistake and it wouldn't happen again. Don't get so blame stuffy about it, Miss Zaenker."

"Blame stuffy, Mr. Wissel?" I gasped.

And I just sat right there and thought about all the unprotected girls that are told to bring their book at five o'clock by fat old rips that would have to pull in their stomach to fall down an air-shaft, and then get insulted, and I speak as one who knows. But I certainly never thought Mr. Wissel was that kind. So, thinking of everything, I began to cry and said, "And all for twenty a week and don't tell Mrs. Wissel? Oh, no, Mr. Wissel, you have made a dreadful mistake and I am only a poor girl and got only my morals and reputation, but—"

"Aw, just dry up about it," he roared like a big lion. "Anyway, where does Mrs. Wissel come in? She doesn't care a cent."

"Oh, Mr. Wissel, how can you speak so unloving of that lovely Mrs. Wissel?" I said. "Maybe you forget I saw Mrs. Wissel looking at you with my own two eyes when you weren't looking, the day I was in your lovely home taking dictation and you were down with the mumps and I know she loves you dearly and you are all the world to her."

I mean I wasn't smoozling Mr. Wissel about Mrs. Wissel because I saw her looking at him like that. I thought they were such an ideal couple. She was more his age, and settled, just the one for Mr. Wissel and I was sure they were so happy. Such a lovely home. A Central Park West duplex with upstairs and down and two in help; oh, Mr. Wissel had it. I am such a home girl and I love a lovely home and if I could have a home like that I would marry the boogeyman, I mean I would, and he could go out every night. But I wouldn't look at him when he wasn't looking at me like Mrs. Wissel looked at Mr. Wissel. I saw her.

So I said, "Oh, Mr. Wissel. You could put an ad in all the Sunday papers and

she really cared. Not that I would ever tell her, I am not silly, because suppose I told Mrs. Wissel she would only get some lovely present and I would only get let go; but Mr. Wissel would have to be more reasonable. Because if Mrs. Wissel didn't care a cent and Mr. Wissel could insult me for all of her, I would give him such a jab with my Fight for Freedom pin I have on my shoulder the next time he got fresh, he would holler murder.

WELL, except the way Mrs. Wissel looked at Mr. Wissel she didn't look as if she cared, I mean the way she looked personally. She didn't try to have appeal. She always looked bunchy, as if she just got up from her hands and

about Mr. Wissel? With who I love?"

"Oh, Mrs. Wissel," I said, la "Ha, ha, are you asking me? W Wissel is strictly business and t of honor and he hasn't a thou anybody but you, and I know asking for fun."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. "Miss Zaenker, how you talk. I a you are making it up and Mr. never thinks of me that way. just two very good friends."

"Oh, Mrs. Wissel," I said, loo her very sincerely, "Mr. Wisse wrapped up in you and your two kiddies."

Well, that was the malarkey, they were so smart and mode sick and tired of each other a good friends and Mr. Wissel cot and kiss anybody for all Mrs. cared, it was no place for an ir girl. So we dropped the subje talked clothes and Mrs. Wissel li clothes, as why wouldn't she, a was so sorry for my eye, an brought up my beautician who is sonal friend of mine and I am send her business, and I aske Wissel to try her once.

WELL, it might be three or fo later, and Mrs. Wissel was office again, and really.

I mean she'd done wonders. S that real natural figure that m very good foundation, slimme shaped and with control such a can't get in Bolger's Bargain Ba for any two seventy-nine, and h was revived and she had an encl smile.

Mr. Wissel looked out of hi and he pulled in his stomach an Mrs. Wissel a big smile and said, Minnie, you look like the first summer," and Mrs. Wissel pass by and gave him an enchanting and it never entered my mind was anything I said to them. Wa ninny.

After she went, Mr. Wissel to bring my book and after giving ters he asked me what's this Mr. sel told him about my eye.

"I got it off a gentleman admi and that I had arrested, Mr. Wi said. I thought I would tell him Claude, as getting an eye off a woman is so ordinary. I said, "Hi is Claude—something—and he a corner-boy standing there all da ing care of his nails, and every I go by he insults and molests n is twenty-four years old, white a gle," I said, saying what Claude the court, "and he never worked but he is a very nice dresser b he finds where his ma hides th money. So the judge gave him te and probation but he'll be back corner of 125th and Lexington Wednesday, and oh, Mr. Wissel scared, because he'll kill me, tho ma was more the one than me. S him arrested twice."

"Why, what an unspeakable Miss Zaenker!" said Mr. Wissel. ought to have an escort if you pa corner."

"Oh, Mr. Wissel," I said, "I many's the escort, but what's the He is a terrible fighter and th afraid to even put out their ton him and they tip their hat and g what will ever become of m Wissel?"

And I gave him a look to touch of stone, but Mr. Wissel is one o kind of men that only get me



"You want to see Mr. Henderson? You fascinate me—tell me more!"

DAVE GERARD

you would never get another wife like Mrs. Wissel and she loves you and do you want to ruin her life and break her heart? Such a true love, Mr. Wissel, comes only once in everybody's life."

"Kindly, Miss Zaenker," roared Mr. Wissel, "mind your own blame' business about me and Mrs. Wissel. What's it to you? And suppose I am only human like lots of other men and I would kiss a pretty girl that kept winking at me, or anyway I thought so, what's it to Mrs. Wissel? I think you are making it up and Mrs. Wissel is not that way about me at all, aren't you, really? But never mind, what you say about keeping you late is very true and after this you will have overtime and supper money."

WELL, goodness, I thought, what is overtime and a dollar for supper? It is no more than fair and what do I get for being insulted?

Though I was pretty sure Mr. Wissel would insult me again, if he would insult me with a big blue eye, but first I better find out about Mrs. Wissel, if

knees, no figure, no style; and her clothes—well! You could see as good on people getting out of a lifeboat, they didn't look as if they were hers. She had so many nice points but she looked like a good woman. Well, I would smash anybody said I wasn't a good woman myself, but a person doesn't have to look like one. I mean she made nothing of her nice hair and nice eyes and nice skin and everything.

She happened to come into the office next day and I thought I would find out about how it was with them so I would know what to do about Mr. Wissel next time he got fresh.

So I said, "Oh, Mrs. Wissel, pardon me, won't you, but I always wanted to ask you where you get your clothes. No wonder Mr. Wissel is so much in love, if I might say so, you are always so smart. That dress looks awfully well on you, pardon me, Mrs. Wissel."

"For evermore," said Mrs. Wissel, bright and staring. "This dress I got in Bolger's Bargain Basement for two seventy-nine—but what did you say



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ment agencies, to the armed forces, or to manufacturers of war supplies.

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We believe that every manufacturer in the United States whose facilities can be used for wartime production will feel the same way. "Business as usual" has no place in the scheme of total war. It may be an inconvenience to you, may even be a sacrifice on your part, to have to do without a new Royal Typewriter. But... if the Axis powers were to win this war, it would be a long, long time before you could buy *any* new typewriter!

By manufacturing ordnance now, Royal is hastening the day when you, a free man living in a free country, can once more walk into any store in the land and buy anything you want!

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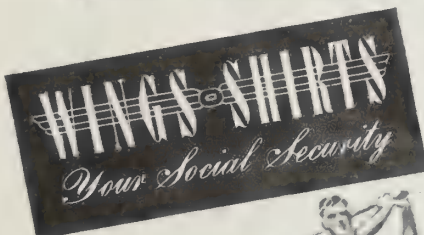
The Guardian collar keeps its smart lines for the life of the shirt. It can't fray. It can't wrinkle. It will look crisp and unwilted in spite of the most trying day and countless sessions with the laundry. There's luxury in every inch of the expensive looking fabrics. And satisfaction in the inexpensive price.

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PIEDMONT SHIRT COMPANY, GREENVILLE, S. C.

curse and swear and do not get their chivalry up when a girl cries, and he said, "Please, Miss Zaenker, stop that blame blubbering. You say this unspeakable ruffian comes off the Island next Wednesday. And he hangs out at 125th and Lexington? I will give this my personal attention."

"Oh, would you, Mr. Wissel?" I said. "With such a real man as you, Mr. Wissel, so big and strong, a girl would feel safe anywhere, in a theater or having dinner somewhere together, for instance."

"An idea, Miss Zaenker," he said, giving me a bashful smile. "That reminds me. Do you go much to the theater? I don't, so I will leave it to you. Get two good seats tonight, for the best show in town, kindly."

"How nice, Mr. Wissel," I said, thinking I was getting insulted. "And dinner first, Mr. Wissel? I could reserve a table at the Ha Ha Club, that is a very hot spot and you will love it."

"Do that, Miss Zaenker. A table for just us two."

"And how about," I said, "a nice corsage, Mr. Wissel? I adore flowers. I adore orchids and gardenias."

"Flowers surely, Miss Zaenker," he said, smiling like a great big boy. "It is some time since I took a girl out. Get a nice big bouquet and have it delivered here to the office and I will deliver them myself tonight in person. Now I will call Mrs. Wissel, to meet me at the restaurant before I forget."

"Call Mrs. Wissel, Mr. Wissel, to meet you at the restaurant?" I said, thinking what is this now. "Oh, no, Mr. Wissel."

"You mean I ought to call for her in a cab, Miss Zaenker?" he said. "Yes, of course, and thanks for reminding me."

So it was Mrs. Wissel he was taking out and not me, and still I didn't get it. Was I the dimwit! I thought it is some anniversary, their golden wedding or something, and I will be the one next time and get insulted.

BUT the next time was that Wednesday, when Claude was getting off the Island.

Mr. Wissel was feeling very good that day and making jokes and laughing at them and he called up Mrs. Wissel and spoke so goofy I thought to myself you'd never know they were married. I couldn't understand what got into him and he went home early and never mentioned Claude.

So was I scared, thinking Claude will kill me, and I simply clutched my escort's arm and hung on as we went up the 125th Street subway steps, and he patted my hand. He was a gentleman, whoever he was. You meet the nicest men on the subway. I mean gentlemanly men that if you want to brush them off they brush off, and not monsters like Claude that see a girl once and make up their mind and she can make up her mind too, she might as well.

And there was Claude on the corner taking care of his nails, and did I hate him, I thought. Because a girl is a perfect ninny to do anything but hate a corner-boy. He saw us coming and he looked wicked at my escort, and I went up to him and said, "I hope you had a good lesson now, you unspeakable ruffian, the next time you think you can insult and molest a lady you are not introduced to."

"I would love," he said to my escort, "to give you a push in the mush."

"I would love," I said, nudging my escort to get his chivalry up, "to see you, you loafer. You think you are a terrible fighter, but you just dast give this kind gentleman a push in the mush and he will slap you happy. . . . Won't you, sir?"

"But I say," said my escort. And he said to Claude, "You cad."

"Who's a what's that?" said Claude, going for him, and my escort ran down into the subway and Claude ran after him and I screamed like anything, and who should come out of the cigar store but Mr. Wissel.

Mr. Wissel said to me, "Is that the ruffian, Miss Zaenker? I saw him here but he looked like any other young corner loafer, and not even such a bad one, so I thought I would watch."

Claude came back up after running my escort through the turnstile and it was good for him Claude did not have a nickel too. So Claude saw me speaking to Mr. Wissel and he came up to me and said, "Another one already? You can get them. . . . Go on and roll away, tub of lard, before I bust you on the beezer."

"None of your guff, young man," said Mr. Wissel. "I am here to give you fair warning. I hear you make a habit of annoying this young lady and if I hear any more of it you will find I am somebody in this town and you will not go on the Island for ten days but you will go up the River for a good long rest. Move on now."

"Yes, you cad," I said. "Move on, you cur, and never speak to me again as long as you live."

Claude went for me, and I got behind Mr. Wissel, and Mr. Wissel went for Claude and gave him such a blow with his stomach he knocked Claude flat on his back. He tripped up on him and fell on him and Claude would have been squashed by fat Mr. Wissel if he hadn't managed to squirm from under him. A second later, free, Claude bounced into the air and made a bee-line for home.

"I could handle him with one hand, Miss Zaenker," said Mr. Wissel. "Pshaw, I used to be a boxer fast as lightning in my days and even now I do not know my own strength. Hey, what are you blubbering about now?"

Mr. Wissel said that because I was crying and crying, I felt so bad.

"You are a timid little thing and that ruffian has upset you. So come in here and I will get you a drink of spirits," said Mr. Wissel, "of ammonia." So we went in the drugstore. "Well, you have seen the last of him now, Miss Zaenker, and you will never see him again."

"Oh, Mr. Wissel," I said, crying out loud. "You really think so? Oh, oh!"

It was so embarrassing, because Mr. Wissel didn't know what I was crying about, and I didn't either, except that it was something about Claude, so Mr.

Wissel changed the subject. "Mrs. Wissel and I took a mock last night, Miss Zaenker, and a lot of things over, and we t over too and we feel we owe I guess we did not know our o and what you said helped, Mrs. Wissel picks the day she me a happy man, you will be first we will ask."

He sounded so strange the how bad I felt, and I said, "P Mr. Wissel, for laughing, but sounds as if you are talking a ting married, you and Mrs. V ha!"

"What else am I talking at Zaenker?" he said with a big s are both young yet and why we think of settling down, b surprised? Ha, ha, that is a Wissel said people would be not know Mrs. Wissel is r Louie Wissel's widow, when that Mr. Wissel is marrying sel; they will say, 'And high t said maybe even Miss Zaenker surprised too, although you Wissel and her two youngst house the day she was takir me and I was down with the m you know how fond we are c other. . . . Well, and how are y now, Miss Zaenker? Will I w door with you or can you go yourself? I guess you live ju the corner."

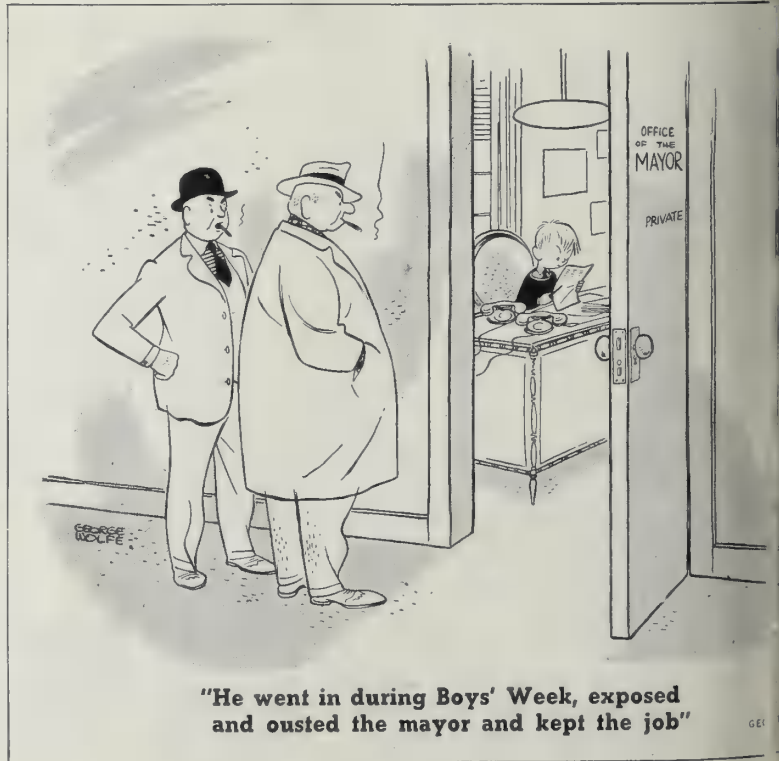
"Oh, no, Mr. Wissel," I sa up on the Grand Concourse."

"YOU live away over in t Miss Zaenker?" said M getting surprised himself. "I are you doing over here in Ha and miles out of your way? so much afraid of that unspea fian, why are you always co here every night, miles out of and going up and passing by know he is hanging out? W you."

"Well, Mr. Wissel," I said he always standing on that when he knows I will pass by fair for one is fair for the c Look, there he is back there."

I looked through the drug d and there was Claude pe ng of his hallway and then he back and stood on the corner care of his nails, and look at drugstore.

"Good grief," said Mr. Wis mistake, Miss Zaenker, and



"He went in during Boys' Week, exposed and ousted the mayor and kept the job"

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know now who is insulting and molesting who around here and it is not poor Claude. When I think that I gave that poor lad such a beating. Suppose I put you on the subway, so you can go home."

So we came out of the drugstore and Mr. Wissel saw Claude and he put his hand in his back pants pocket and walked right up to him.

Claude looked up from his nails and saw Mr. Wissel putting his hand in his back pants pocket and Claude began to run in his hallway but Mr. Wissel said, "No, wait, young man." And he took out his wallet and gave Claude twenty dollars.

"I have got a good lesson," said Mr. Wissel, "and I give up. I have got enough, and you win. I do not know what is going on here, if it is true love or what, but it is too much for me."

And he tipped his hat and said, "Good evening, Miss Zaenker," and he got into a taxicab to ride home to Central Park West. So I was left all alone with Claude and nobody to protect me and was I scared.

I said, "Oh, Claude, I guess you got me now. Even Mr. Wissel is scared of you and I can't get anybody can fight you."

CLAUDE kissed Mr. Wissel's twenty and put it down in his shoe and said, "Don't tell ma I got money. Bring them all on, big and little, and I will punch the stuffing out of them. I was that way about you from the minute I saw you first; you were the only girl for me."

"Oh, Claude," I said, "I guess I am the same way about you from the first time I saw you, only I thought I hated you. Because what are you? A girl has got to look out for herself in this world, or who will?"

"I got a good job today," he said. "I am a sand hog. Know what that is? We dig tunnels under rivers, and the air

pressure gives us heaves and bends and makes our blood boil and bubble. It is good money but you die young, if you live that long."

"Oh, Claude," I said, thrilled to pieces, "you did—for me?"

"Sure for you," he said. "And the probation officer."

But then I thought and I said, "But, Claude, didn't I see in the paper where the sand hogs went out on strike yesterday?"

"Sure we're on strike," he said. "What, do you want me to get my blood boiling and die young? Well, it don't make any difference now after all because I got my notice today. Just when I had a good steady job that would last me till I was off probation."

"So that's it," I said, seeing that I would have to give him up. "No, Claude, I would never have a corner-boy and that's all you are. So goodbye." I began to cry, but I walked right away, and I mean I meant it. "I will go home now and I will never, never walk by your corner again. Goodbye, Claude."

"What do you mean my corner—you mean your corner," he called. "I only stand on this corner because this is the corner you always pass by. And I won't be here any more anyway; I tell you I got my notice today, Class 1-A, because ma told them she was supporting me, and not me her, so I am going in the Army tomorrow morning."

"Oh, Claude," I said, stopping, "you are going for a soldier?"

Because I love a soldier. I could just see Claude in his uniform. "Well, I would not have an unspeakable ruffian," I said, coming back, "if he was the finest man in the world, but the Army will soon take that out of you, Claude. Oh, am I glad! Let's go up and tell your ma."

"Come on," he said, holding hands. "Say, what's your name?"

And we went up and told his ma.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

flying speed and spun in. Make him land if he has anything to say.

MAJ. R. W. (SHORTY) SCHROEDER, six-foot-three vice-president of United Air Lines, who was seriously stricken several months ago, is making steady, though slow progress toward recovery at the Edward Hines Hospital in Hines, Illinois. Shorty, the Elder Statesman of American aviation, has made so many contributions to its advancement as a pilot, engineer and exponent of common sense, that his friends are legion. They have been so concerned about his welfare that W. A. Patterson, president of United, resorted to the issuance of a form letter addressed "To All Friends of Major R. W. Schroeder" in making the latest progress report, ending with this: "If you want to do something to cheer him up during his long uphill fight, send him a card or letter occasionally."

AN OUTGROWTH of tests to prevent or control fires in engine compartments of airliners in flight, reported several months ago, is the decision to install shut-off valves for lubricating oil and hydraulic-system oil entering that area. Steps to combat the flow of gasoline already exist. The shut-off valves will be operated from the pilot's cockpit or the flight engineer's station. They must also work in reverse: restore the flow of oils if normal operating conditions are desired.

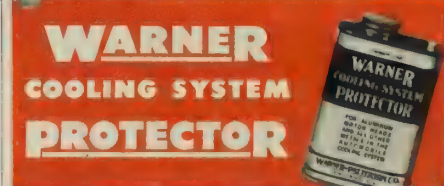
Fires in airliners in flight have been rare and confined to engine nacelles.

Therefore, if a pilot suspects a fire, and doesn't want to deluge his engine with his built-in fire extinguisher fluid, he can shut off the inflammable oils entering the engine compartment. If he has acted too hastily or guessed wrong, he can turn the stuff back on again and keep flying. By July 1st, all airliners will be so equipped and so will ships of comparable types in the military and naval services.

A COUPLE of weeks back you read in this department about Boeing's Untypical aircraft worker, Oxnard A. Fumblethumb, Esq. He now has competition from Ferdinand Fuddlebrain, chosen by the hardworking, fast-thinking employees of North American Aviation's Texas plant as their Stupor Man. Ferdinand is described as "the dreamy-eyed individual who unintentionally does more to hold up production than anyone else. He is a super-bottleneck with an A-1-A priority. He is that broken spoke in the wheel of progress, a sour note in the march of civilization—he's, he's—well, he's just a drip."

In each issue of the employee publications of Boeing and North American, the adventures of Oxnard A. Fumblethumb, Esq., and Ferdinand Fuddlebrain, who have relatives in every war production plant, appear in cartoon form. Self-respecting, conscientious war workers do not want to be known as Fumblethumb or Fuddlebrain. To be called that is to imply that they also look like these dopey borderline saboteurs. And they look awful. F. R. N.

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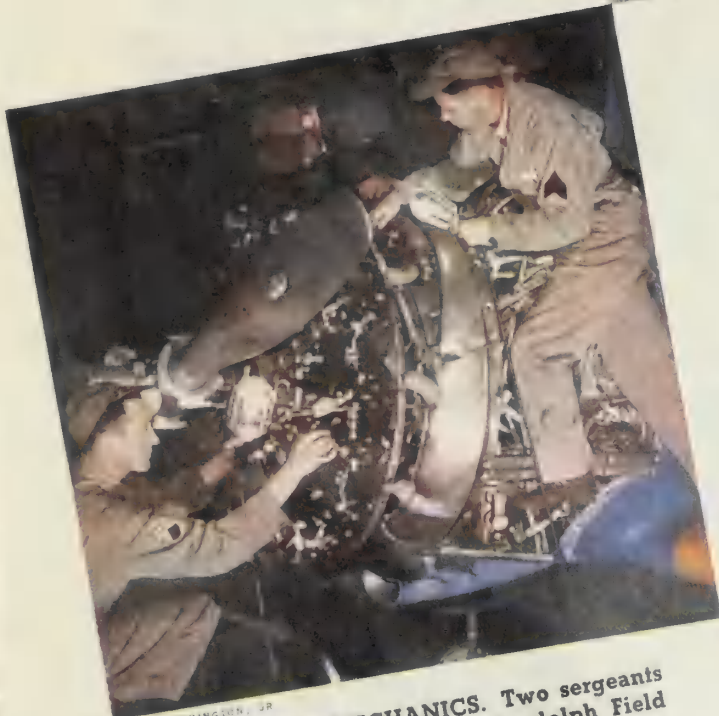
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OUR FIGHTING MEN



MIDNIGHT MECHANICS. Two sergeants of the 53d Squadron at Randolph Field are shown above examining an engine at night. The 53d pioneered night maintenance, also holds the record of two hours for an engine change in the field

THERE have been one-man gangs and one-man riots and now the U. S. Army has a one-man squad, which has, at this writing, worn out one full squad of noncoms and is beginning on a second. Here are the details. Pvt. Joe Yardboyd—which is obviously not his real name—graduated as a merchandising expert from Northwestern University and has had some experience with mail-order concern. When he reached the reception center at an anonymous post, Quartermaster Corps brass hats broke regulations by grabbing Joe without waiting for him to go through his basic training. They needed his special talents and they were afraid they'd never see him again if he were transferred to a replacement center.

To keep things on the up and up, his superiors decided to let Joe absorb the basic course during his "spare" moments. Accordingly, noncoms took him out, from time to time, and taught him right and left face and how to juggle a rifle. That was okay. But when it came to school the squad, officers thought it wouldn't be quite right to make a whole gang of privates go through the business all over again just for Joe's benefit, so they hit upon the expedient of turning out a full squad of strippers to drill with him. Joe, unfortunately, wasn't so hot in the field, and the first squad of noncoms has wearily turned over to a second uneager gang the job of making a complete soldier out of him. Meantime, Joe does his quartermaster chores with neatness and dispatch.



FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City, Utah. A couple of weeks before free postage for soldiers was made official, a gullible dogface was told that Congress had fixed it and that commanding officers already had the special envelopes on hand. The poor guy's letdown was terrific. Anyhow, the gag recalled to other soldiers a more classic rendition of the practical joker's art at another post. Told that a good place to get his laundry done was "at that house over there—and don't take any back talk from

the lady's old man," a rookie tossed behind the front door and snapped to the colonel there, "I want this back by Saturday." Caught on fast and merely asked the name of the individual named individual wound up doing the batch of laundry in the middle of the post with all present.

IF YOU contributed some of the 2.5 million harvested by the Victory Book Campaign, you might like to know that part of the Army this western area is reaching hundreds of related stations of half a dozen soldiers' other recreation. Because this section footing, the method of distribution works 9th Corps Area librarian differs from other area setups. After the local Victory groups have weeded out misfits (little books), trash (we won't mention titles) volumes, the books are hauled to post free by trucking companies. At each post (Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salem, Kane, Boise, Salt Lake City, Reno) the sorted and arranged into libraries of various the basis of two-thirds fiction and one-third non-fiction. The small (35-to-40-book) traveling libraries in small wooden boxes are mailed outposts; 30 to 40 of them can be put on an Army cargo truck and dumped out all over the place. Once a month the boxes are rotated. Titles on the box cover and anybody can act on which is the secret of the plan's effectiveness.

Students of the School of Librarianship at the University of California recently compiled lists of 35 titles, none duplicate traveling libraries which may be purchased for funds. Typical list includes 10 whodunit novels, three biographies or autobiographies, To . . . books, six current (Continued)

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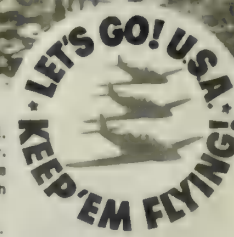
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The Personality Kid

Continued from page 20

Dona was thirteen and had reached the eighth grade, she decided that Renee wasn't the only talented Novella and went off to New York to join the show. She got around the Gerry Society by using the work card of a cousin, and Granlund hired her for his Paradise show. After a week in the chorus, he conversed with her.

"You're a solo dancer," said N.T.G. "And do you know why you're a solo dancer? Because when the chorus goes one way, you go the other way. After this, get out there in front by yourself."

Since she still looks like a child, the chances are that she was no more mature at thirteen. In circumstances of this kind, the older members of a cast always become sentimentally attached to a baby and there was no resentment when she used the Paradise as a sort of private theater. Also, she was precociously talented. She danced and sang and had already started playing every instrument she got her hands on. At late shows when the drunken patrons cared very little who furnished the entertainment, she led the orchestra and presented various trumpet interpolations that were raucous, blaring and utterly unmusical.

Becomes Orchestra Leader

She was getting \$75 a week and was soon upped to \$150 when the customers showed appreciation of her hoofing and her tinny voice. When the show went on the road, and Granlund was using more principals, she was raised to \$400 a week and featured in lights.

"By the time I'm fourteen I'm buying my first fur coat," she says gloweringly, "and nobody's helping me buy it."

It was then that Orrel Johnson of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, came out of the West with a girls' orchestra and nobody to lead it. From being a player in the orchestra, Miss Johnson had gone on to managing it, and things were extremely favorable except for that one lack. A radio contract was waiting for the band; a big booking agency was ready to send it out on one-night stands. After trying seventy-five candidates without success, Miss Johnson heard about Dona, listened to an audition and begged her to take the job.

"You mean I'm to boss these biddies?" demanded Dona, who even then was old beyond her years.

Miss Johnson assured her this was the truth, and the deal was made. They had four successful years, and when Dona signed with Paramount, Miss Johnson came out to live with her. The band was the usual traveling outfit. For a while they went around in a bus but eventually they used a truck for the instruments and had four touring cars for the players. Dona drove one of the cars.

"Play till one o'clock in the morning and then drive four hundred miles to the next date," she says bitterly. "And people wonder where I picked up all these words."

Orrel Johnson and Dona owned the band jointly and they played theaters, hotels, honky-tonks, college dances, roadside stands and picnics. Dona still shakes her head angrily and mutters rumblingly when she thinks of the sheriff who attached her band because another band booked by the same management had been lax in the matter of a hotel bill.

This was bad but she treasures one last bad memory, being a little vague on the location because she can't recall whether it was High Point or Wilson,

N. C. In any event she hopes North Carolina will soon establish the fact. For them, she says, is the worst United States.

"We gave up our Christmas and drove all the way down New York for a thousand-dollar the guy gave us two hundred a kid manager and said that he'd done it was because he had a little smirk and sing a song and get three times the doing! I thought I ought to have had to hold me back."

What got her started on was cogitation. The band right, but for stage appearance management hired extra Dona would be assisted by son or Toby Wing or Faith. "I'd be up there knocking out," say Dona angrily, "and movie dames would come a little smirk and sing a song and get three times the doing! I thought I ought to have had to hold me back."

She showed up at Paramount Hollywood and pushed her way out of the way until she reached Sylvia, an old friend and the studio. She announced her bility for stardom.

"Go on away now, squint de Sylva in a kindly voice. isn't for you."

She went away, but on Dorothy Lamour, another friend, Lamour advised her to hold a bit of useless reassurance. Dona's determination to be down rather than confess failure the part of a native girl to Aloma of the South Seas, Miss Johnson hinted to the front office to wrap her sarong dangerously around the neck of the executive who little friend a job, and the soon settled.

"Dorothy is my friend," she threatened, as if some dare doubt it.

The New Dish Appears

The wait after that was but the part in Louisiana eventually turned up and something called Road to Nowhere the weeks after Louisiana released, she kept her boy taking her to see the picture got tired of herself.

"I'm sitting there one night keeping my eyes peeled for sensation, Dona Drake, and hind sees me come on the he says 'H'mm, not bad; then the camera switches on Moore, and this guy says idea, that old fish face? Let more of that new dish.' back and says to him 'Br ever let anybody talk you now on; you're a man of ment.'"

She is intensely serious an actress and worried gre her layoff. When she suggested Sylvia that she might employ in taking acting lessons he came very loud.

"Stay away from that yelled. "Do you want to ruin What De Sylva meant was an original, one of the found in Hollywood. She barely reaching five feet, and particularly pretty. When she is always uncomfortable

with a frightened air, as at the minute she's alone. As soon as she takes her shoes off her feet under her. She occupies in appearance, a scowl as if she were and has never told a gag she makes no attempt to be listeners literally roll on talk. She seems entirely of the impression she is making such response as a testimony of whatever she

hears of a good part at sets out after it, although contract to Paramount. eared in the toughest of life—the night club and nd—she does this naturally that the fittest always Tortilla Flat was being. she got in to see Victor director. He told her Hedy Lamarr had been e she had in mind and ise discussing it, but be- what had happened, he ng to her for two hours,

anging that kid would be id Fleming, shaking his edly after she had left. atch that personality on ebody'll get drowned in ney."

ag phrases, she makes no mly rambles on endlessly eative monologue with a he own. Much of it is too nily magazine, but none lge. She represents the life, king it as casually and rincess would regard the t. She talks like an in- igo who discusses Relativity with Einstein without ed about it.

Dorothy Lamour, idol- ple and divides her en- amatic actresses between

Bette Davis and Betty Field. She keeps herself in a turmoil for fear somebody will call her Donna instead of Dona. She lives in a hut high on a hill above Stone Canyon Lake and goes in for animals. She has two white rabbits, two Siamese kittens and a cocker spaniel. She has never had time for outdoor sports but she keeps up with her boxing. She used to bat her younger brothers around, and no man in his right mind would give her a free shot at his jaw even at this late day. She hates night clubs and won't go near them.

"I used to work in those traps," she says grimly.

Warning to Gossips

As is usual in Hollywood, that cavern of rumors, she has been talked about. This is on the theory that a name is not officially recognized in that town until it has been bandied.

Somebody—an agent, to be exact—bandied the name of Miss Drake. She called upon him personally in the matter.

"I just reached over his desk and got him by the neck and lifted him up," she reported matter-of-factly.

In answer to the looks of astonishment and horror that greeted this recital, she added, "I didn't hit him. I just sort of lifted him up and twisted him."

Since Miss Drake weighs only a hundred pounds and has the general aspect of a waif, this occasioned still more wonderment.

"Oh, I got muscle," she cried. "Feel that!"

The arm she presented had the approximate tensile strength of a railroad spike. There was no longer any doubt whatever that Miss Drake could lift and twist.

"I don't like people using my name when there's no truth to it," she finished.

This may be considered as a warning to people.

THE END

Sourdough Army

Continued from page 13

by introducing cheap labor and competition.

able natives of Alaska and the Aleuts, whose generations ago were of their Asiatic homelands by achievement of Jap barbarians— with a peculiar racial fury.

Alaskans realize that handful of them at best— 000 residents in all the srawling 600,000 square d at the real defense of ustie in the hands of the om the States. The old s have come to have a whole- ped for these fighting men olside—the tough young leaping in tents at Dutch Har- gh the bleak Aleutian winter; geosailors and Coast Guard ding watch in sixty-mile gales s' ricked seas; the soldiers ay Texas learning to mush at in the deep snows of Anchor- airnks and Nome.

Ready and Waiting

admire men like them- en who can take it and not ; as they have taken these rs t their hearts. Their own kno, is to back up the armed be they can. They'll fight thn, stolidly, shoulder to Ty'll fall back if they have

to—and there's no tougher guerrilla fighter in the world than an old sourdough with a rifle. They're prepared to evacuate their towns swiftly and silently, without confusion; the way frontiersmen break camp in the night.

Take the town of Petersburg, for instance: a picturesque fishing village on Alaska's famed Inside Passage, squatting precariously at the very base of the snow-capped coastal range. On either side, forbidding glaciers fan downward from the mountain passes; behind it, the mile-high peak of Devil's Thumb rears against an icy blue sky. Usually Petersburg is very quiet in the winter; the salmon fishing and shrimp packing are all over; the fishermen take out their motors and overhaul their boats for spring.

This year it is different. This year every motor is in place, tuned up and ready. Extra bunks have been built in the tiny cabins of the boats, and their holds and lazarets are crammed with dried food and canned goods and extra blankets. Fishing gear has been cleared out to make room for spare drums of gas. Searchlights have been rigged on the pilohouses. Today every dory and tender and trawler in Petersburg's fishing fleet is standing by, ready to cast off at a moment's notice and get under way.

"We can move every woman and child out of town in an hour. We've got little coves and islands picked out, up and down the coast, where they'll be



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safe. We know what to do. We're ready!"

You find the same fighting spirit all over Alaska, from the Panhandle to the Arctic, from the Yukon border to the Bering Sea. They're ready; they know what to do. Each inhabitant has assigned himself a special task of his own. An old-timer in Seward gets out his rifle and does a little target practice with a tin can. A power trawler in Chatham Strait sneaks in and out of the tiny bays and inlets, ready to report the presence of possible subs. A roadhouse proprietor on the Steese Highway north of Fairbanks keeps a weather eye out for planes. A prospector near Iditarod climbs out of his shaft a couple of times a day and scans the sky for parachutists. A fisheries patrol boat, seasoned by years of duty in the treacherous waters of the gulf, helps guard the vital approaches to Kodiak and Seward.

Alaskans are individuals; sometimes they have their own ideas of how to help. Down on the Kuskokwim, on December 7th, a lone beaver trapper heard the news of Pearl Harbor over his homemade battery set. Enemy submarines were rumored off the Alaska coast, enemy aircraft were virtually overhead; and a mile away, he knew, along the runway of the Army's new emergency landing field, stood a hundred drums of aviation gas, open and unprotected. It would never do to let this prize fall into Jap hands!

Fortunately he was equal to the situation. There had been occasions during a somewhat checkered past when he had engaged in a few extralegal transactions in "hot" fur; and he knew all the tricks of caching things where they couldn't be found. Within an hour he had gathered a group of Indians from the adjoining village, hauled every last drum back into the woods, covered them with snow, and planted the tops of the mounds with spruce branches. He remembered even to drag a few boughs behind him on the way home, to obliterate his snowshoe tracks. Then he hitched up his dog team, and headed for Fairbanks.

"Thought I'd better tell you where I hid your gas," he informed the startled Army official at Ladd Field, "in case you might want to find it again."

Even in the barren Arctic, north of the Circle, they are doing their bit, though sometimes the results are not quite up to expectations. Near Point Hope, for example, a remote Eskimo village decided recently to hold a practice blackout. It was the schoolteacher's idea; but the Eskimos fell in with it enthusiastically. They hung rags in the doors of their sod dwellings and igloos, daubed soot over the few precious panes of glass, extinguished all their fires, and then ran outdoors and took their places

on a near-by hill to view the
Their faces fell.

"Blackout no good," they moped.
"Can't see nothing."

Individuals, civic group organizations are all taking part in Alaska's home defense. The Territorial Department of chambers of commerce, the Legion, the big commercial throughout the Territory the last man. Pan American and its subsidiaries—the commercial pilots of the Army virtually formed the defense. P. A. A.'s old-time operators know Alaskan flying ground up (and, more important, down again) and long experience Arctic has taught them all fighting blizzards and sleeping combating ground storms a of scouting new passes treacherous mountain ranges den fog blots out the regular

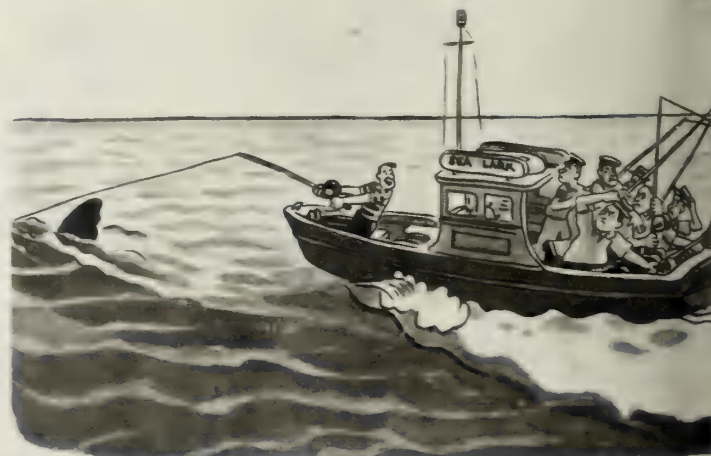
Every Man a Soldier

From the outset, they passing along the benefits experience to recently im pilots, new to cold-weather have performed invaluable well in transporting equipm agency landing fields under in the interior, ferrying mil nel and contractors and ski doing volunteer patrol d their resources — ships, r landing fields, supplies—at posal of the Army, to be d in its master plan of territo When the test comes, the and the courage of these pilots may prove a vital Alaska's defense—or offens

Alaskans are ready. They are loaded, their trigger fingers are steady, their shooting eyes are steady. They won't be taken by surprise. They are prepared to siwash in the snow if they are off the land if they have to. They have nothing new for a lot of time. Alaska is still a pioneer country. It thanks to the farsighted game laws of the Alaska Game Commission that it has the herds of caribou and moose, there is game and there is time for them to exist a long time. The life resources of Alaska, which the game commission has struggled so hard to protect, could be the margin between life and death for Alaska's guerrilla hunters.

That's the sourdough spirit,
eve of anticipated action is
They will defend Alaska.
fight on the beaches, in the
the streets; they will fight
They will never surrender!

THE END



"I'm afraid this isn't much fun for the rest of you!"

Moving Finger

Continued from page 19

and Nash was saying: "Steady, patient elimination—so very many people are now."

"Any women clerks who work all the afternoon. It's the schoolmistress. She was the district nurse. I know yesterday. Not that I was any of them, but you see, Mr. Burton, definite times now on the street—yesterday afternoon before. On the day of the death from, say, three—the earliest possible which Agnes could have been in the house after her quarrel with the postman. I can get that fixed with the postman. And ten minutes to three when Megan Hunter left the house. If past three or more, or past three, as Agnes might change."

"You think happened yesterday?" "I think a certain calm and smiling. Maybe she asked for Miss Megan, she had brought a parcel. She turns around to get a parcel or to take the parcel in. The caller bats her on the suspecting head."

"The ladies around here carry large sizes in handbags. What might be inside it?" "She stops her through the back of a bundle her into the car. Wouldn't that be a hefty job?" "Nash looked at me with a queer expression. 'The girl isn't normal—not by that type of mental intensity with surprising strength. It's a girl.' He paused and said, 'What made Miss Megan look in that cup-

"I said, 'Why drag her out of the car? What was the point?' " "The girl was before the body was more difficult it would be to get death accurately. If, for instance, fell over the car when she came in, a doctor could fix it within ten minutes—might be awkward for

"But if Agnes was of the person—" "She wasn't. She just thought it all was a slow-motion picture. I imagine, and she was only suspicious with a feeling that was wrong. She certainly expected that she was up against a world of murder."

"I asked, 'What was the thing we have foreseen. Fear in the mind?'" "Superintendent Nash,

and somehow his words made the whole thing seem absolutely horrible. "We're up against someone who's respected and thought highly of—someone, in fact, of good social position!"

Presently Nash said that he was going to interview Rose once more. I asked him, rather diffidently, if I might come too. Rather to my surprise he assented cordially.

"I'm very glad of your co-operation, Mr. Burton, if I may say so."

"That sounds suspicious," I said. "In books when a detective welcomes someone's assistance, that someone is usually the murderer."

Nash laughed shortly. He said, "You're hardly the type to write anonymous letters, Mr. Burton." He added: "Frankly, you can be useful to us."

"I'm glad, but I don't see how." "You're a stranger down here, that's why. You've got no preconceived ideas about the people here. But at the same time, you've got the opportunity of getting to know things in what I may call a social way."

"The murderer is a person of good social position," I murmured.

"Exactly." "I'm to be the spy within the gates?" "Have you any objection?"

I thought it over. "No," I said, "frankly I haven't. If there's a dangerous lunatic about, driving inoffensive women to suicide and hitting miserable little maidservants on the head, then I'm not averse to doing a bit of dirty work to put that lunatic under restraint."

"That's sensible of you, sir. And let me tell you, the person we're after is dangerous. She's about as dangerous as a rattlesnake and a cobra and a black mamba rolled into one."

I gave a slight shiver. I said, "In fact, we've got to make haste?"

"That's right. Don't think we're inactive in the force. We're not. We're working on several different lines."

He said it grimly. "I had a vision of a fine, far-flung spider's web..."

Nash wanted to hear Rose's story again, so he explained to me, because she had already told him two different versions, and the more versions he got from her the more likely it was that a few grains of truth might be incorporated.

WE FOUND Rose washing up breakfast, and she stopped at once and rolled her eyes and clutched her heart and explained again how she'd been coming over queer all the morning.

Nash was patient with her but firm. He'd been soothing the first time, so he told me, and peremptory the second, and he now employed a mixture of the two.

Rose enlarged pleasurably on the details of the past week, of how Agnes had gone about in deadly fear, and had shivered and said "Don't ask me" when Rose had urged her to say what was the matter. "It would be death if she told me, that's what she said," finished Rose, rolling her eyes happily.

"Had Agnes given no hint of what was troubling her?"

"No, except that she went in fear of her life."

Superintendent Nash sighed and abandoned the theme, contenting himself with extracting an exact account of Rose's own activities the preceding afternoon.

This, put baldly, was that Rose had caught the 2:30 bus and had spent the afternoon and evening with her family, returning by the 8:40 bus from Nether

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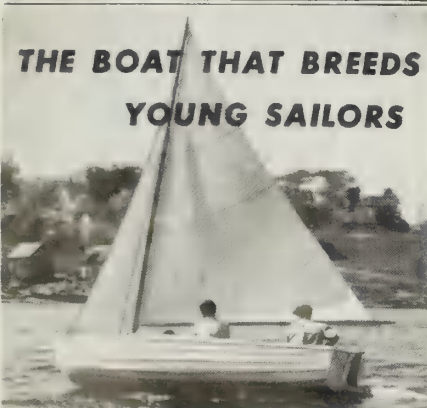


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Mickford. The recital was complicated by the extraordinary presentiments of evil that Rose had had all the afternoon and how her sister had commented on it and how she hadn't been able to touch a morsel of seed cake.

From the kitchen we went in search of Elsie Holland, who was superintending the children's lessons.

As always, Elsie Holland was competent and obliging. She rose and said, "Now, Colin, you and Brian will do these three sums and have the answers ready for me when I come back."

She then led us into the night nursery. "Will this do? I thought it would be better not to talk before the children."

"Thank you, Miss Holland. Just tell me, once more, are you quite sure that Agnes never mentioned to you being worried over anything—since Mrs. Symmington's death, I mean?"

"No, she never said anything. She was a very quiet girl, you know, and didn't talk much."

"A change from the other one, then!"

"Yes, Rose talks much too much. I have to tell her not to be impertinent sometimes."

"Now, will you tell me exactly what happened yesterday afternoon? Everything you can remember."

"Well, we had lunch as usual. One o'clock, and we hurried just a little. I don't let the boys dawdle. Let me see. Mr. Symmington went back to the office, and I helped Agnes by laying the table for supper—the boys ran out in the garden till I was ready to take them."

"Where did you go?"

"Toward Combe Acre, by the field path—the boys wanted to fish. I forgot their bait and had to go back for it."

"What time was that?"

"Let me see, we started about twenty to three—or just after. Megan was coming but changed her mind. She was going out on her bicycle. She's got quite a craze for bicycling."

"I mean what time was it when you went back for the bait? Did you go into the house?"

"No. I'd left it in the conservatory at the back. I don't know what time it was then—about ten minutes to three, perhaps."

"Did you see Megan or Agnes?"

"Megan must have started, I think. No, I didn't see Agnes. I didn't see anyone."

"And after that you went fishing?"

"Yes, we went along by the stream. We didn't catch anything. We hardly ever do, but the boys enjoy it. Brian got rather wet. I had to change his things when we got in."

"You attend to tea on Wednesdays?"

"Yes. It's all ready in the drawing room for Mr. Symmington. I just make the tea when he comes in. The children and I have ours in the schoolroom—and Megan, of course. I have my own tea things and everything in the cupboard up there."

"WHAT time did you get in?"

"At ten minutes to five. I took the boys up and started to lay tea. Then when Mr. Symmington came in at five I went down to make his but he said he would have it with us in the schoolroom. The boys were so pleased. We played Animal Grab afterward. It seems so awful to think of now—with that poor girl in the storeroom all the time."

"Would anybody go to that storeroom normally?"

"Oh, no, it's only used for keeping junk. The hats and coats hang in the little cloakroom to the right of the front door as you come in. No one might have gone to the other storeroom for months."

"I see. And you noticed nothing unusual, nothing abnormal at all when you came back?"

The blue eyes opened very wide. "Oh,

no, Inspector, nothing at all. Everything was just the same as usual. That's what was so awful about it."

"And the week before?"

"You mean the day Mrs. Symmington—"

"Yes."

"Oh, that was terrible—terrible!"

"Yes, yes, I know. You were out all that afternoon also?"

"Oh, yes, I always take the boys out in the afternoon—if it's fine enough. We do lessons in the morning. We went up on the moor, I remember—quite a long way. I was afraid I was late back because as I turned in at the gate I saw Mr. Symmington coming from his office at the other end of the road, and I hadn't even put the kettle on, but it was just ten minutes to five."

"You didn't go up to Mrs. Symmington?"

"Oh, no. I never did. She always rested after lunch. She had attacks of neuralgia—and they used to come on after meals. Dr. Griffith had given her some powders to take. She used to lie down and try to sleep."

Nash said in a casual voice, "So no one would take her up the post?"

"The afternoon post? No, I'd look in the letter box and put the letters on the hall table when I came in. But very often Mrs. Symmington used to come down and get it herself. She didn't sleep all the afternoon. She was usually up again by four."

"You didn't think anything was wrong because she wasn't up that afternoon?"

"Oh, no, I never dreamed of such a thing. Mr. Symmington was hanging up his coat in the hall and I said, 'Tea's not quite ready, but the kettle's nearly boiling,' and he nodded and called out, 'Mona, Mona!'—and then as Mrs. Symmington didn't answer he went upstairs to her bedroom, and it must have been the most terrible shock to him. He called me and I came, and he said, 'Keep the children away,' and then he phoned Dr. Griffith and we forgot all about the kettle and it burned the bottom out! Oh dear, it was dreadful, and she'd been so happy and cheerful at lunch."

Nash said abruptly, "What is your own opinion of that letter she received, Miss Holland?"

Elsie Holland said in a low voice, "I think it was wicked—"

"Yes, yes, I don't mean to think it was true?"

Elsie Holland said firmly,

"No, indeed I don't."

ton was very sensitive indeed. She had to take things for her nerves. A—well, particular." Elsie

thing of that sort—Nash would have given her a

Nash was silent for a moment. He asked, "Have you letters, Miss Holland?"

"No. No, I haven't."

"Are you sure? Please

a hand—"don't answer

They're not pleasant to

know. And sometimes I

to admit they've had

very important in this

should know. We're q

the statements in them

of lies, so you needn't fee

"But I haven't, Superi

I haven't. Not anything

SHE was indignant, altho

her denials seemed g

When she went back

Nash stood looking out

"Well," he said, "th

says she hasn't receive

letters. And she sounds

speaking the truth."

"She did certainly. I'r

"H'm," said Nash. "T

to know is, why the devi

He went on rather in

stared at him:

"She's a pretty girl, is

"Rather more than pre

"Exactly. As a matt

uncommonly good-looki

young. In fact she's ju

anonymous letter writ

Then why has she been

I shook my head.

"It's interesting, you

mention it to Graves.

could tell him definitely

hadn't had one."

"She's the second p

"There's Emily Barton,

Nash gave a faint c

shouldn't believe everyt



"It says here where and when they're going to ship but you know government regulations—so I can't tell

Miss Barton had one all than one." "You know?" "I don't know," she said, "but I don't like her. She's a dragon she's lodging e—her late parlormaid or ce Elford. Very indignant ut it. Would like to have blood." "Miss Emily say she hadn't

Their language isn't nice. Barton has spent her life coarse and unrefined." "I don't know," she said, "but I don't like her. She's a dragon she's lodging e—her late parlormaid or ce Elford. Very indignant ut it. Would like to have blood."

Quite ludicrous in her accidentally insinuated that off her old mother and sisters!"

"Do you mean to really this dangerous lunatic and we can't spot her right

"She'll write just one to me." "Goodness, man, she won't write these things—not now."

"You see, she can't write. It's a morbid craving. The will go on, make no mistake

"I found Megan before leaving. She was in the garden almost back to her usual cheerful. She should come back for a while, but after a moment's hesitation she shook her head. I think I'll stay. It is—well, I suppose it's me. And I dare say I can help a bit."

"It's as you like." "I think I'll stay. I could—I

"I don't know." She looked at me. "Things seem rather like that. I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"Of course. But what do you think might happen?" "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

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"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

"I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know."

here—nobody could have had a grudge against us."

"You're failing to allow for the mentality of a Poison Pen—all is grist that comes to their mill. Their grudge, you might say, is against humanity."

"I suppose," said Joanna thoughtfully, "that that is what Mrs. Dane Calthrop meant."

Nash looked at her inquiringly, but she did not enlighten him.

The superintendent said: "I don't know if you happened to look closely at the envelope of the letter you got, Miss Burton. If so, you may have noticed that it was actually addressed to Miss Barton, and the a altered to a u afterward."

That remark, properly interpreted, ought to have given us a clue to the whole business. As it was, none of us saw any significance in it.

Nash went off, and I was left with Joanna. She actually said: "You don't think that letter can really have been meant for Miss Emily, do you?"

"It would hardly have begun 'You painted trollop,'" I pointed, and Joanna agreed.

Then she suggested that I should go down to the town. "You ought to hear what everyone is saying. It will be the topic this morning!"

I suggested that she should come too, but rather to my surprise Joanna refused. She said she was going to mess about in the garden.

I paused in the doorway and said, lowering my voice, "I suppose Partridge is all right."

"Partridge!" The amazement in Joanna's voice made me feel ashamed of my idea.

I said apologetically, "I just wondered. She's rather 'queer' in some ways—a grim spinster—the sort of person who might have religious mania."

"This isn't religious mania—or so you told me Graves said."

"Well, sex mania. They're very closely tied up together, I understand. She's repressed and respectable, and has been shut up here with a lot of elderly women for years."

"What put the idea into your head?" "Well," I said slowly, "we've only her word for it, haven't we, as to what the girl Agnes said to her? Suppose Agnes asked Partridge to tell her why Partridge came and left a note that day—and Partridge said she'd call around that afternoon and explain."

"And then camouflaged it by coming to us and asking if the girl could come here?"

"Yes." "But she never went out that afternoon."

"YOU don't know that. We were out ourselves, remember."

"Yes, that's true. It's possible, I suppose," Joanna turned it over in her mind. "But I don't think so, all the same. I don't think Partridge has the mentality to cover her tracks over the letters. To wipe off fingerprints, and all that. It isn't only cunning you want—it's knowledge. I don't think she's got that. I suppose—" Joanna hesitated, then said slowly, "they are sure it is a woman, aren't they?"

"You don't think it's a man?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Not—not an ordinary man—but a certain kind of man. I'm thinking, really, of Mr. Pye."

"So Pye is your selection?" "Don't you feel yourself that he's a possibility? He's the sort of person who might be lonely—and unhappy—and spiteful. Everyone, you see, rather laughs at him. Can't you see him secretly hating all the normal happy people, and taking a queer, perverse, artistic pleasure in what he was doing?"

"Graves said a middle-aged spinster."

"Graves said a middle-aged spinster."

"Graves said a middle-aged spinster."

"Mr. Pye," said Joanna, "is a middle-aged spinster."

"A misfit," I said slowly. "Very much so. He's rich, but money doesn't help. And I do feel he might be unbalanced. He is, really, rather a frightening little man."

"He got a letter himself, remember." "We don't know that," Joanna said. "We only thought so. And anyway, he might have been putting on an act."

"For our benefit?" "Yes. He's clever enough to think of that—and not to overdo it."

"He must be a first-class actor." "But of course, Jerry, whoever is doing this must be a first-class actor. That's partly where the pleasure comes in."

"For heaven's sake, Joanna, don't speak so understandingly! You make me feel that you—that you understand the mentality."

"I think I do. I can—just—get into the mood. If I wasn't Joanna Burton, if I wasn't young and reasonably attractive and able to have a good time, if I was—how shall I put it?—behind bars, watching other people enjoy life, would a black, evil tide rise in me, making me want to hurt, to torture—even to destroy?"

"Joanna!" I took her by the shoulders and shook her. She gave a little sigh and shiver, and smiled at me.

"I frightened you, didn't I, Jerry? But I have a feeling that that's the right way to solve this problem. You've got to be the person, knowing how they feel and what makes them act, and then—and then perhaps you'll know what they're going to do next."

"Oh, gee!" I said. "And I came down here to be a vegetable and get interested in all the dear little local scandals. Dear little local scandals! Libel, vilification, obscene language and murder!"

JOANNA was quite right. The High Street was full of interesting groups. I was determined to get everyone's reactions in turn.

I met Griffith first. He looked terribly ill and tired. So much so that I wondered. Murder is not, certainly, all in the day's work to a doctor, but his profession does equip him to face most things including suffering, the ugly side of human nature, and the fact of death.

"You look all in," I said. "Do I?" He was vague. "Oh! I've had some worrying cases lately."

"Including our lunatic at large?" "That, certainly." He looked away from me across the street. I saw a fine nerve twitching in his eyelid.

"You've no suspicions as to—who?" "No. No. I wish I had."

He asked abruptly after Joanna and said, hesitatingly, that he had some photographs she'd wanted to see.

I offered to take them to her. "Oh, it doesn't matter. I shall be passing that way actually later in the morning."

I began to be afraid that Griffith had got it badly. Curse Joanna! Griffith was too good a man to be dangled as a scalp.

I let him go, for I saw his sister coming and I wanted, for once, to talk to her. Aimée Griffith began, as it were, in the middle of conversation. "Absolutely shocking!" she boomed. "I hear you were there—quite early?"

There was a question in the words, and her eyes glinted as she stressed the word "early." I wasn't going to tell her that Megan had rung me up. I said instead, "You see, I was a bit uneasy last night. The girl was due to tea at our house and didn't turn up."

"And so you feared the worst? Very smart of you!"

"Yes," I said. "I'm quite the human bloodhound."

"It's the first murder we've ever had

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plays and novels, three travelogs and an anthology. The USO and Red Cross provide funds for the VBC; the American Library Association, through thousands of members, does the lion's share of the distribution work. The original VBC goal, by the way, was 10,000,000 books and it's never too late to help. Take yours to the nearest public library.

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Wyoming. Fully clothed and somewhat sleepy, Pvt. Frederick Brug, Co. M, 5th Qm. Training regiment, appeared in the company orderly room at 1:30 A. M. one recent morning and told the charge of quarters that he was ready. "For what?" asked the startled CQ. "Oh," replied Pvt. Brug, now slightly more conscious, "I guess I must have only dreamed we were off to Australia." Pvt. Brug spent the remainder of the night in more peaceful slumber and ate breakfast with considerable gusto.

RANDOLPH FIELD, San Antonio. At cadet headquarters, in a special Hall of Fame, will be hung photos of all this field's graduates officially cited for distinguished service in the current war. Cadet Commandant Capt. M. F. Taber cooked up the idea, figuring that, in addition to honoring Randolph's heroes, it might provide inspiration for future classes. Brooks Field (Air Corps Observers) has instituted a similar plan. Not a bad idea for other Air Corps installations with vacant wall space on their hands.

SCOTT FIELD, Ill. Pvt. Charles L. Beatty, whose home address is Flatbush, N. Y., and whose peacetime but not particularly peaceful job is piloting a subway train, is learning code for the second time in his life. First was in 1918, when his military service in the Argonne ended in a French base hospital. Now, with a silver plate in his skull and mustard-gas scars on both legs, the 42-year-old veteran is dit-dit-dashing here for tactical duty with the Air Corps radio men.

PATTERSON FIELD, Fairfield, Ohio. Word comes from Pvt. Chester Modelwski, of Goodello, Mich., that he and a buddy enlisted in the Air Corps last December, and passed the physical examination nicely, thanks. Last February, though, the buddy—Pvt. Paul Polovich—got a card from home telling him he has been placed in 1-B, physically unfit for military service. Pvt. Polovich is getting along fine in the Air Corps and feels dandy and hopes his local draft board won't be annoyed if he stays in the service.



FORT BENNING, Georgia. "Now you've done it," writes Lieut. John N. Hutchinson from this home of the 2d Armored Division. "You mollified us when you corrected, in your column for Mar. 7th, the statement you made Jan. 31st that the 16th Engineers bridged the Chattahoochee River in record time. The 17th, who really built it, are your friends again. But the rest of the division, and probably the whole Army by this time, is sore because of the story of Mar. 21st about the Navy's part in the recovery of a medium tank from the much-publicized Chattahoochee.

"We did call on the Navy for help and two Navy divers came up from Pensacola with diving equipment. They tried for two or three days to hitch towing cables to the sunken tank, but the Chat-

tahoochee was too swift and cold for them and they finally gave up. So what then? So a private from our Co. B of the 67th Armored Regiment, the outfit to which the tank belonged, climbed into the rubber suit with the lead shoes, had the helmet clapped on his conk, and went down into the muddy current.

"Well, he not only hooked the cables on but he got inside the 28-ton tank and threw the transmission out of gear so the tank could be towed, not dragged. This was a very dangerous enterprise and was contrary to the instructions of the officer in charge who was afraid the air hose might foul. The soldier, Pvt. Henry B. Saunders, who turned out to be a veteran diver and who is now at the Fort Knox officers' candidate school, recently received a letter from the Navy divers. They congratulated him for pulling a job they admitted was too much for them."

That's the end of the story of the tank in the Chattahoochee River and we hope we don't get a blast from the Navy maintaining the whole thing was pure propaganda.

IF COFFEE actually does keep them awake, the soldiers at Benning are the most alert in the world. Latest discovery of the quartermaster corps is that the average soldier consumes four cups a day. Rationing is on a yearly basis—45 pounds per man. When it comes to dessert, pie (guess which kind) takes first place. Other favorites are, in the following order: ice cream, doughnuts, chocolate cake, cherry pie, coconut cake, mince pie, fruit cobbler, banana pudding and butterscotch pudding. Rice pudding comes last and pretty unenthusiastically at that. Without raisins and cream it's pretty flat.

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville, N. C. Out at the 178th F. A. during a long pep talk anent guard duty, one Pvt. Rufus Patterson stuck his hand in what he thought was a box of cookies. When he began to eat, the lecturer and entire class stopped to watch Pvt. Patterson munch on parts of a jigsaw puzzle.

Later he confided to his buddies that he thought the cardboard in the animal crackers gone stale.

GENERAL

ADD Navy and Marine revealed in Walter Norfolk Night (Collier's), Smokestacking is preter drunk. Liberty hound is ways gets back just in time roll call. Gizmo is a wh snivvy or what have you. before the commanding officer is called office hours is man who has been in the than a year, a shellback is been across the equator, man who takes a recruit instruction is labeled a sea

FEW weeks ago we printed about the tire-rubbing habits of Army vehicle "Amen," comes from M. Keck, of San Juan, Puerto Rico, from their driving habits continues, "it would seem continental soldiers down cowboys from the Wild West driving habits of the P driving Army (or any) or less said the better. Her tion, by the way, which is plicable anywhere. After been dug up, it should be in again, not just patted v After a dozen trucks have one of these shovel-patted leaves two of the finest e saw for cutting and bruising

RECRUITING officers are up on the "What's-i volunteers who do some around when their number At first, the Navy, Marine and Guard did a little high-class soon-to-be-inducted Arm but them days are gone, t her.

THERE won't be any ho particular ball game.



"Alfred, you are to round up all the Japanese, Manchukua and Siamese, but don't take any Chinese, Javanese, Burmese or

Fly for Your Lives

Continued from page 14

miniature engines, and then to gliders.

Model-builders are the pampered children of the Nazi regime. They have laboratories where they learn of flight—the meaning of lift, center of gravity and pressure, control surfaces. They work as possible in the open air and on elaborate field trips to aviation in action. A sample

to a gliding school . . . observe the flight stability, resistance to winds, instruments, weather re-

to an airport . . . observe propulsion, traffic laws and controlling and take-off, mail and insurance.

to an Air Force Camp . . . types, fuel and oil, aviation in varied types of careers in air

to an industrial plant.

to a research center.

se monthly visits and are limited in variety, including at flying meets, visits to see planes catapulted from ramps, free rides at the Tempelhof in Berlin.

high schools, as well as in trade of professional schools, there are regulars in aviation, covering aircraft construction, air traffic, communication instruments, meteorology, motors and air law.

the time they are lapping up the news about the prowess of the new aviation. They hear nothing of the Wrights and Santos-Dumont, Blériot and Curtiss, but much of Linthal, "the first flier." They know of Richtofen and Udet and they have no chance of staying in aviation if Hitler wants them.

National Socialist Fliers Corps (NSFK) not only in charge of local clubs throughout the Reich but has a number of teachers in the schools. They give orders; the teachers obey. The system is hard and fast—and it produces not only fliers but a nation of fliers who are air-conditioned.

Aviation—Aviation, Art

typifies the thoroughness of the training more fully than its other arts. Art education is not for art's sake; it is "to win the creative work the hearts of the Germans to the aviation idea." The study to be done, the progress, these incredible examples of art: "Landscape and cloud study by Rembrandt and Dürer; flight in painting and sculpture by G. E. Resurrection and the 'Bistine Madonna.' In modern art, teachers are instructed to translate stories of daring in foreign wars, transport of pilots.

on we do in the face of that? have done as well, at the college level, as any nation in the world. This mission of ours was under way on the eve before the invasion of Poland. It was stepped up to 45,000 "temper" pilots a year, soon after the invasion of the Low Countries. The long has been plain to many that most of our elementary and high schools had a blind spot in the subject of aviation. I began to study this problem last summer with a number of educators who had been supporting my ideas on mass training of pilots. We agreed that the

work of model-airplane clubs was useful and helpful but that the greatest effect could be attained only by introduction of the aviation angle into regular school courses. Then the model-work would become laboratory-testing of regular classroom study.

Before Pearl Harbor, these educators had become an advisory committee on education to the C.A.A. Their enthusiasm has been gratifying. They are requesting the school systems of the country to act as soon as possible. Meetings are being held now and will continue until late May. State and local school authorities are taking part.

Supplemental pamphlets are being prepared to supply aviation deficiencies in current textbooks until the books can be revised. Authors whose works now have wide acceptance are writing aviation supplements on mathematics, geography, biology, physics and chemistry.

There has been no attempt to force this upon our educational system and no necessity for it. The ability of our leaders in free education to keep pace with a dynamic society is one of the basic tests of democracy.

The American Way

The experience of the C.A.A. has shown that this country is ripe for aviation. One of the best stories I know to illustrate this concerns C. C. Calkins and his son Dwight. The father was a manufacturer in Spokane. He decided he'd learn to fly for the fun of it. Because his son got airsick on his first time off the ground, his father got ahead of him. Kicked into trying again, Dwight soon got enthusiastic, too. He took the C.A.A. elementary course and then went on to advanced work, eventually becoming an instructor.

They rented planes for a while, the two of them, and then bought one. They found that salesmanship in the field of light planes was so spotty that they ended by being agents for a manufacturer. The man who owned the hangar decided to sell and they bought it. The airport—hangar and all—was taken over by the Army, so the Calkins built a port of their own. Then they started training pilots.

C.A.A. trainees learn fast and travel far. Outstanding was the case of Albert W. Strauel, of Alamosa, Colorado. In June 1940, he had never been off the ground. Less than a year later, as an officer of the R.A.F., he took tea in London with the king and queen.

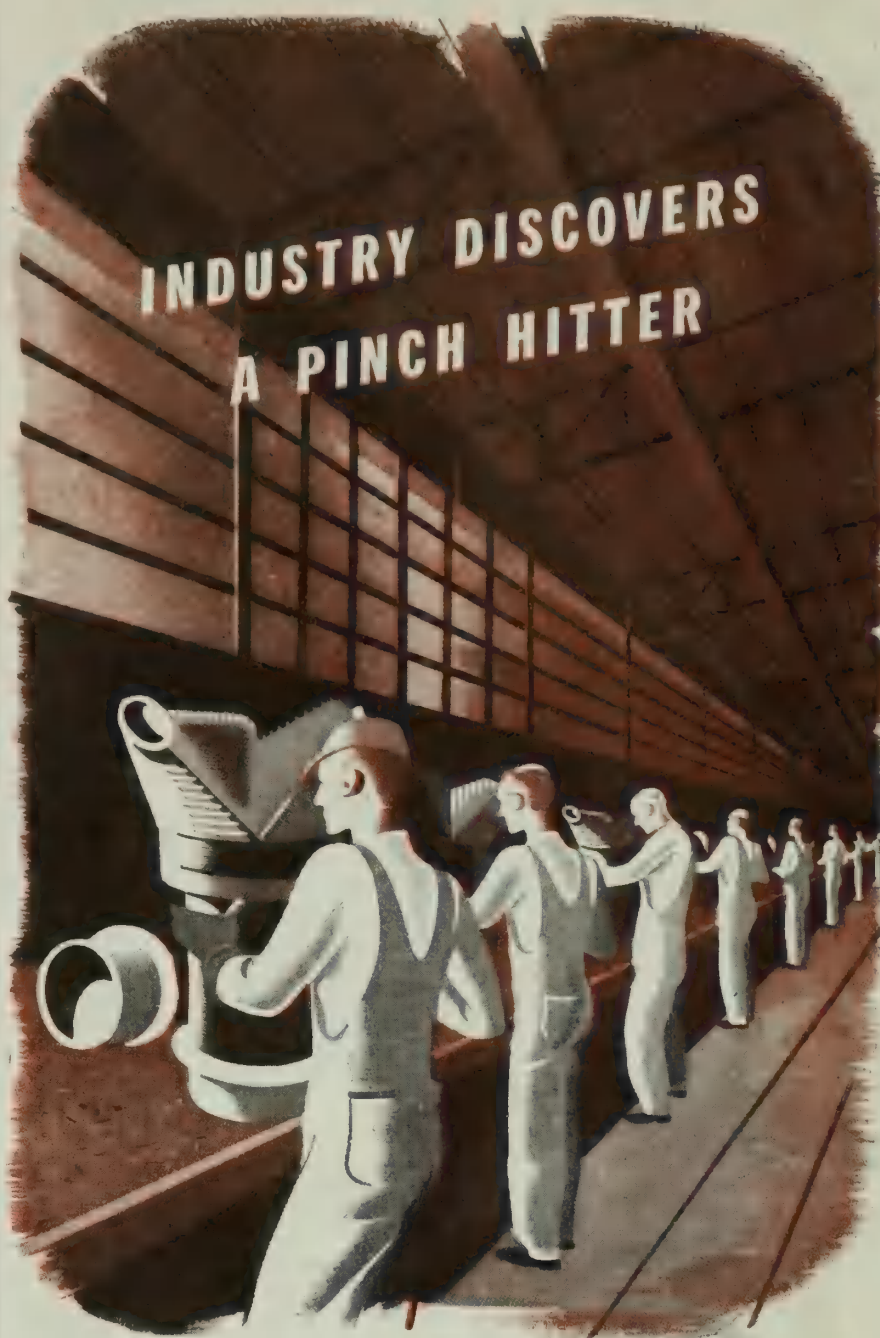
Others flocked to join in the Battle of Britain. Two thirds of the American Eagle Squadron in England learned to fly with C.A.A., according to a survey by Pilot Officer Harold Strickland, a Chicagoan and an Eagle himself.

George Swartz Welch of Wilmington, Delaware, who took his C.A.A. training at Purdue University in the fall program of 1940, was one of the first cited for outstanding achievement in the Pacific after war began.

America can fly; Americans want to fly. It is not a question of every individual piloting an airplane. But nations must fly or die, economically or socially, as well as militarily.

It is a pleasant and exciting prospect, rather than an alarming one. Every flier who has looked at his work from the dimension of the air knows this to be true. We are going to win this war in the air, we are going to keep it won when peace is re-established. America was the pioneer flying nation; it is soon going to be the greatest flying nation.

THE END



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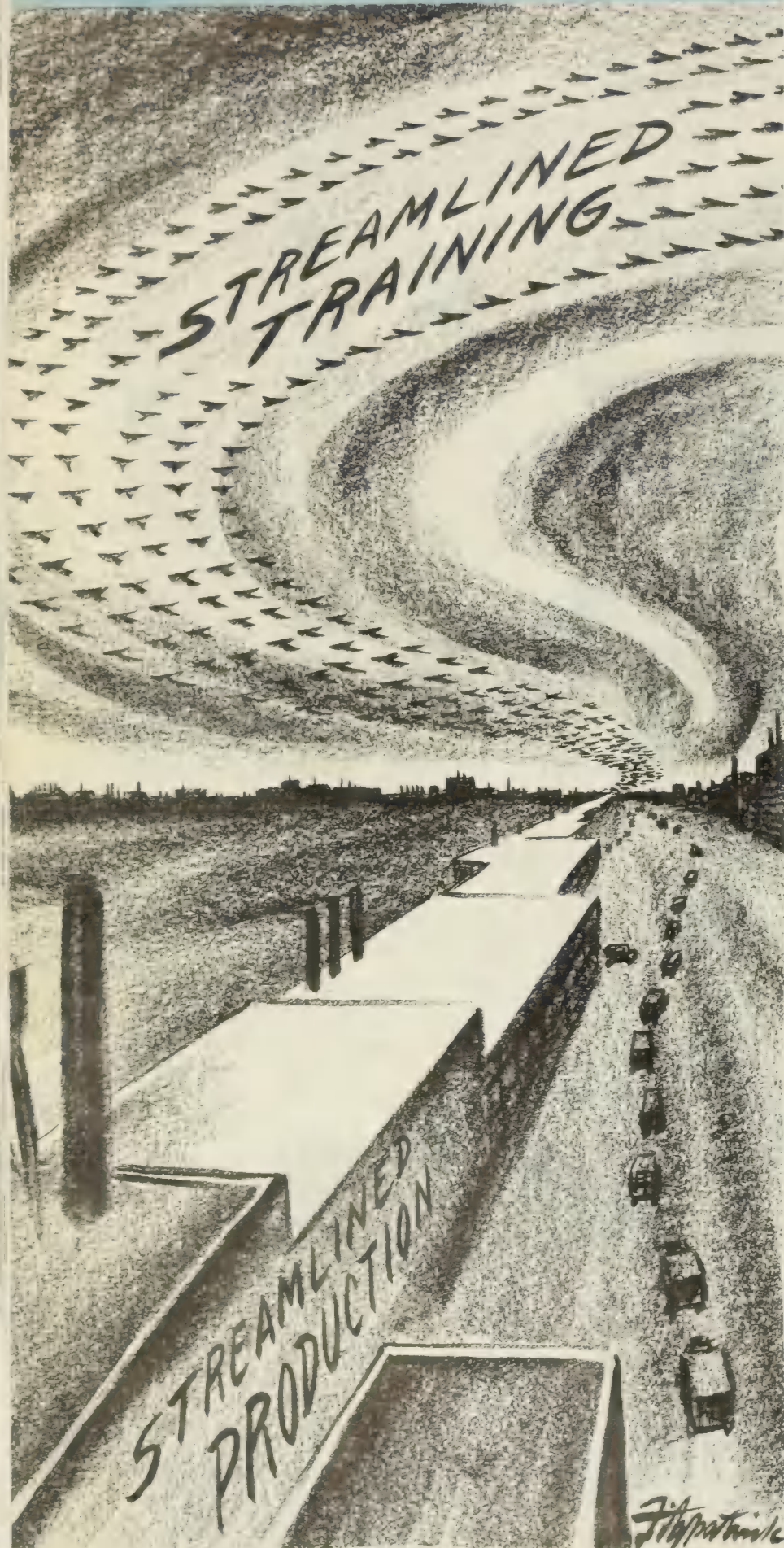
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Editor
Managing Editor
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Thorough-But Fast!



THE mighty force of American industrial capacity is beginning to produce the weapons of total war at a magical rate.

Against the background of bad military and naval news in the Far East and on the oceans we have had cheering reports from the great factories now dedicated to the making of the tools of offense and of defense.

The accomplishments of the men and women who tend our industrial machine are miraculous. American productive capacity based on technical science, business organization and mass methods has long been the envy and the marvel of the world.

There is nothing pretentious or unreal about our American capacity to produce in quantities unapproached elsewhere in the world. The initiative, the energy, the technical inventiveness that enabled us to build and to use more motorcars, more telephones, more radios, more washing machines, more of all the endless tools and machines that made possible the American way of life are now our chief reliance for ultimate victory in the terrible war forced upon us.

The American corporation, football of politics for more than a hundred years, is the agency that once brought us relative economic abundance and is now our chief reliance in our days of anxiety and danger.

The corporation, first created for private profit and now dedicated to national defense, gave us the means of arming ourselves at a pace unattained in any other land.

The picture of great bombers weighing thirty and forty tons coming off assembly lines in San Diego, and coming or soon to come in other parts of the country, is a stimulating sight.

All over the land great establishments are making guns, ammunition, planes, tanks and other necessities of war with tremendous rapidity. Donald M. Nelson reported that in the four months after Pearl Harbor war-plane production increased fifty per cent. Mr. Nelson described the tanks and guns we are making as the best in the world.

That is sober fact and not exaggeration. But Mr. Nelson observed that the great increase came after Pearl Harbor.

We had not accumulated great stores of weapons either for defense or offense before Pearl Harbor. There is no profit now in trying to assess responsibility or blame for our refusal to create great armaments before we were attacked. Not so many years ago the great majority of Americans thought that it was safer to be moderately disarmed. We changed our opinions as the war came closer. Some thought faster than others. By December 7th, as a nation, we were of one mind. Happily for us, our industrial machine can work quickly. Because great productive corporations existed we are able to escape the fate of France.

Nobody can go to near Detroit or in Hartlepool or Birmingham or Los Angeles or any other of industry without feeling courage and confidence. The women of our factories are perfectly to the emergency.

But war planes in what do not fly themselves. A ration manager can produce bombers within an incalculable time but the training of these monsters of the air is consuming.

The Army and the Navy have a tremendous training problem. Not the years the Japanese and Germans had for schooling men to fight the war they started. What we do as in manufacture, must be swift.

We must train fast as the enemies our boys in tanks and ships must train fighting men. We cannot afford the blunder of handicapping by inadequate training, unable to give them the best the world. We must let the skill to use these weapons be their best advantage for themselves.

This is no easy task for reinforcements is so. The decisions our naval commanders have to make are so urgent and so hard to make. It is certain, however, that methods of training are practicable. Men must fly the great bombers in years.

The only possible way to examine our training is the same open-mindedness and imagination that the engineers and mathematicians brought and are bringing to the production of power numbers.

Traditions creep into training as into other of all human activities. The problem is how to shorten the period so that we shall be able to fly and fight with magnificent weapons we are making. The enemy won't wait for us. We must not pit ill-trained men against drilled fighters.

The only recourse now is ways of imparting quick knowledge formerly were very slow. Men can learn rapidly if given proper opportunity.

But the problem won't be solved. Capable, imaginative men must be detailed to the task and equipment and authority must be given.

We owe it to the valiant men sending out to fight for them. They are entitled to the best we can give them, including the knowledge that will save them and lead to the moment of supreme

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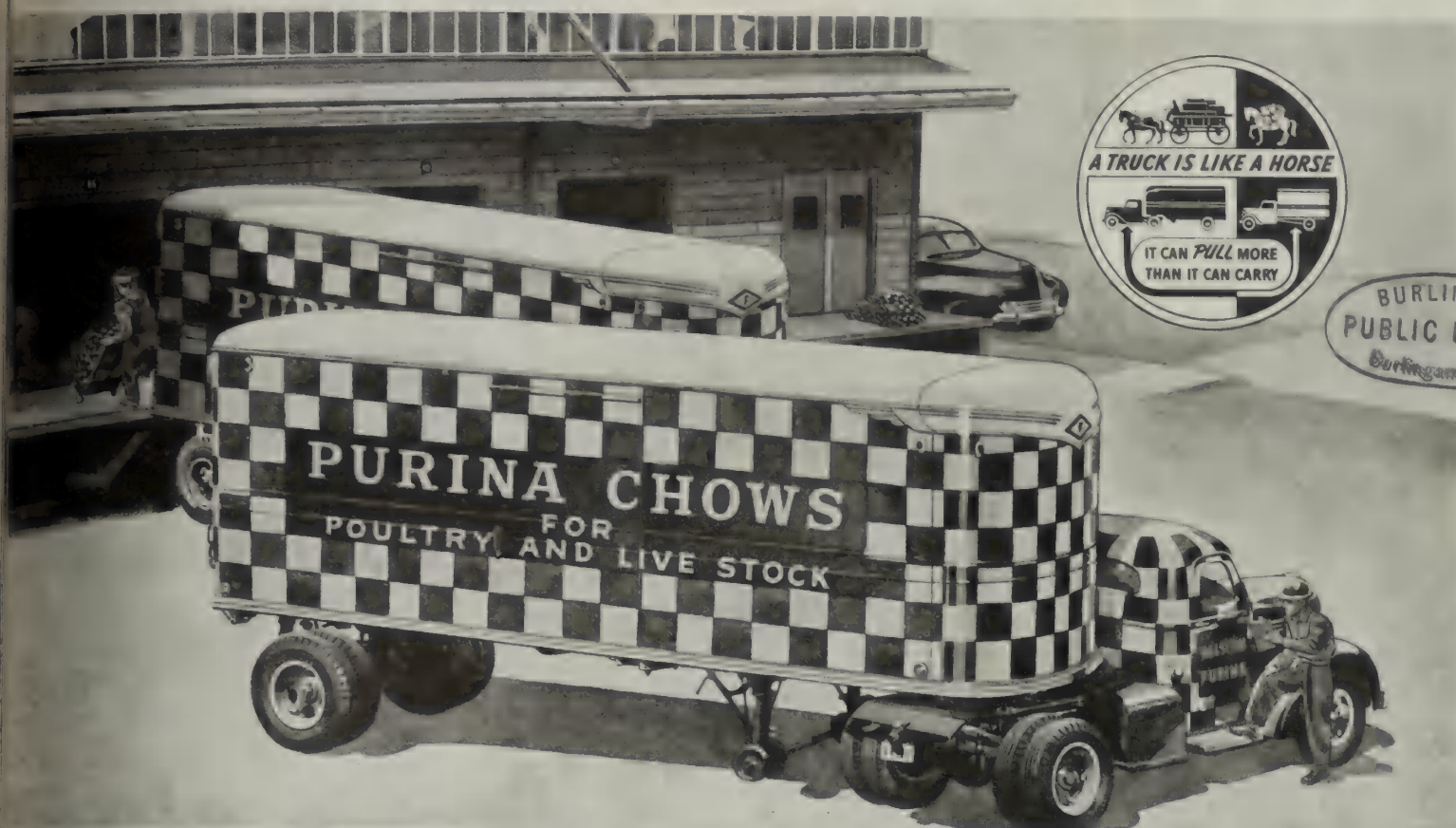
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★ **Another Example of How Truck-Trailers Are Aiding America at War!** ★ ★



Ralston Purina Solves Two Tough Hauling Problems ... and Contributes to Victory!

RALSTON PURINA COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo., makers of breakfast cereals and stock poultry feeds, have an important part to play in the task of feeding America.

A few years ago, this company saw in the Fruehauf Trailer the possible solution to one of its two . . . difficult hauling problems. One of these was the run from the mills in the country to the big warehouse in East St. Louis. Five miles through heavy traffic and over the busy Municipal Bridge. The problem was the economical distribution of Purina products to dealer-customers in many territories.

Fruehauf Trailers immediately handled both of these jobs so well that Ralston Purina now has a fleet of forty-seven . . . all Fruehaufs!

And, moreover, Ralston Purina's Fruehauf Truck-and-Trailer combinations are paying dividends that weren't even really anticipated when the equipment was purchased . . . dividends to America at War!

FEWER TRUCKS ARE REQUIRED, because the "shuttle system" is used in the

haul from mill to warehouse. Two trucks handle five Fruehauf Trailers. Each truck is constantly busy pulling a Trailer while the other Trailers are being loaded and unloaded. No waste of time or equipment. Two motor units do the work of five!

SECOND—SMALLER TRUCKS ARE USED. For much of its distribution from mills and warehouses to dealer-customers, Ralston Purina uses economical 2½-ton rated trucks, pulling Fruehauf Trailers with 10- and 12-ton loads. Heavy-duty trucks, large enough to carry such loads, are thus freed for military operations in which they are indispensable.

THIRD—GASOLINE IS CONSERVED. The smaller trucks use less gasoline than would heavy-duty trucks, despite the fact that they haul even bigger loads. Moreover, there are fewer trucks to use gasoline!

So . . . Ralston Purina handles its work better and more economically with Truck-Trailers . . . and America profits, too!

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● The empty weight of the above Truck-and-Trailer combination (less tires) is 12,417 pounds. The empty weight of the two trucks (less tires) is 16,638 pounds. Thus, for the same load capacity, the Truck-and-Trailer uses 4221 pounds less steel and other essential metals—an important saving of 25.3%.

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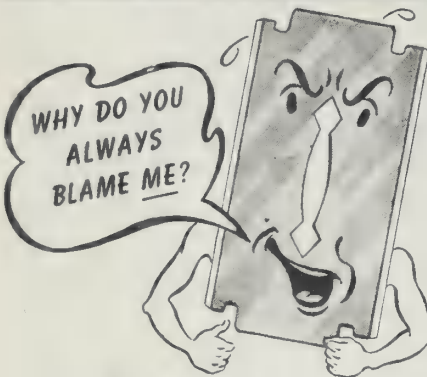
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If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream with the same blade you were complaining about! No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

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Art
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Articles
Articles
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Far East
Near East
Articles
West Coast
Washington
Photographs

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENE
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
THOMAS H. BECK

ANY WEEK

WASHINGTON, a city of political foxholes, seems to us to be divided into two classes of people—those who are working desperately to do a good job and those who are trying desperately to hold onto a good job. This is not producing, in the nation's capital, the unity that the first class above-mentioned are exhorting the rest of the country to achieve. Every time a new bureau is created to make a better job of what some other bureau has failed in, existing bureaus bury the hatchet long enough to gang up on the newcomer—but only that long. We got to talking about this to a fellow who shared a knothole with us. We were trying to see what was going on within the eight-foot barricade around what is soon to be the new \$600,000 home of Mr. Lowell Mellett's Office of Government Reports. Practically everybody in Washington, with the exception of the President, Mr. Mellett (Mystery Man Mellett) and the regiment of ladies and gentlemen who will work for him, seems to be vigorously opposed to Mr.



Mellett's new ivory tower, already known as Mellett's Madhouse.

We soon discovered that our knothole sharer was working for the Office of Facts and Figures, in the halls of which you do not hear the praises of Mr. Mellett. "The OGR—spelled without an E," said the fellow, "will take on the job of directing bewildered businessmen to where, in Washington, they may find the guy they've come to see, provided he's here or still has the job he had when the caller left home. Already, however, there are so many people in the OGR that they are talking of creating OGRD—Office of Government Reports Directory—which, when it is properly organized and housed, will have the job of telling the businessman how to find the guy in the OGR who is able to tell him where he can find the guy he came to see. The OGRD will of necessity be located some distance from the OGR because of the lack of near-by building space and because that's the way we do things here. But maybe it will work. You see, the War Production Board, thinking to keep businessmen out of Washington—save them time and money—has established 136 information offices throughout the country. Maybe these will be able to direct callers to the right person in the OGRD

who can tell them whom to see in OGR to direct them to somebody in WPB who will probably tell them to consult one of the 136 information offices scattered around the country. It's quite simple." In the meantime La Maison Mellett is rising with the overnight swiftness of the palaces wanded into being by Aladdin's genii, consuming more than 650,000 board feet of lumber and many tons of priorities metals. Our OFF man told us that it will contain, among other things, a number of electric refrigerators with "a great big one for Mr. Mellett."

THE foregoing is what you may suspect it is—a bellyache. We can't help it. We've just come from a few weeks with our troops in Central and South America. After the spirit of simple sacrifice and purpose we saw there, Washington is rather tough on the digestion. On our first night back, we had dinner with a group of apparently overpaid bureaucrats who were regaling one another with funny stories about the ludicrous errors of new draftees and ninety-day wonders—the latter being brand-new Army and Navy lieutenants. Presently the lady sitting next to us yawned, announced that she was going home. "Obviously," said she, "these ninety-day wonders are hopelessly inefficient. Obviously they will lose the war for us unless we civilian job holders do something. So, having finished our crêpes suzette, thereby increasing our own efficiency, why not abolish new draftees and ninety-day wonders, bring them home, and proceed to lose the war ourselves in our own way right here in Washington? We could do it quicker, thereby saving money, and on all fronts simultaneously."



WE ALL went home after that, giving us an opportunity to read a letter from Mr. Charles Colebaugh, an acquaintance of ours who is managing editor of this magazine. Mr. Colebaugh, who has been having a holiday in Florida, wrote: "The morning after Collier's published that article about Hampton Institute—Hampton Fights the Battle of Jericho, Mr. Waller Smith sat at his desk humming Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen. Mr. Smith is president of the Bank of Clearwater, Florida. While Mr. Waller Smith was thus

(Continued on page 39)

THIS WEEK

MAY 1942

SHORT STORIES

ALEC RACKOWITZ

The Tycoon of Ba
put war on a pay

PETER B. KYNE

Ranzo Goes to W
ghosts of Americ
past.

WILLIAM O'FARRELL

Wrong Turning.
leads two young

THE SHORT STORIES

Untangled Web, I

SERIAL STORIES

VEREEN BELL

Trial by Marriage.
parts.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Moving Finger. I
parts.

ARTICLES

W. B. COURTNEY

Australia, Here W
correspondent go
Down Under—wit

JIM MARSHALL

Inshore Patrol. C
without gold br
brass.

J. BRYAN III

Minute Man. Little
and-a-half feet of

OUR FIGHTING MEN

ROBERT THOMPSON

Worth More than
sota county crusac
culosis.

MAXWELL HUNT

Tumult Between
Webb likes to k
sales records.

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the

WING TALK.

EDITORIAL

Hate Must Wait.

COVER

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24 HOURS A DAY- 7 DAYS A WEEK IS *OLD STUFF TO US!*

We cheered, too, when the Government called on industry to work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, *until this war is won.*

But continuous production is nothing new to the electric industry. We've *always* worked that way — all year round — in peace or war. That's one big reason why we were *prepared* to power the factories that are filling the sky with planes, the earth with trucks, and the sea with ships.

Production schedules that stagger the world are possible only because America is so power-full. America has far more electric power than all the other countries combined — *five times* as much as we had in the last war. And today's power is quickly available at almost any point of need

because of carefully planned, interconnected transmission systems.

How has all this been done? Why does the average household get about *twice* as much electricity for its money as it did fifteen years ago? . . . Simply because America's electric companies have been built and operated *the American way* — by good business management.

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ALL PRODUCING POWER FOR AMERICA UNDER
AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. *NAMES ON REQUEST
FROM THIS MAGAZINE

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

**"I HELPED THE LOOKS OF MY HAIR
WHEN I CHECKED DRY SCALP!"**



"I STOPPED DOUSING!"

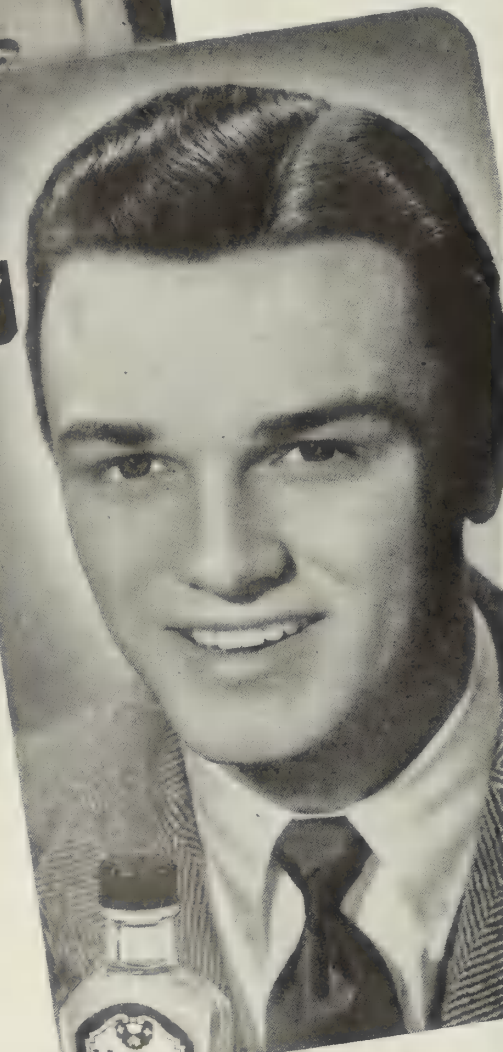
"Because my hair is naturally dry, I used to douse and soak it. Then it would be plastered down to start with—and sticking up again in an hour. But one day I found something you don't have to douse on. Something that fights the cause of dry, bushy hair: Dry Scalp—and actually keeps my hair neat and natural-looking all day long. So...

"WHAT A DIFFERENCE!"

"When I comb my hair in the morning, I put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb and run it through my hair. And once in a while I put some on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. That's all—but what a difference! My hair looks better; it stays in place without being plastered-down. What's more, I've checked loose dandruff and that itchy-ness in my scalp.

Before I wash my hair, I massage my scalp with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and that makes up for the natural oils that get washed away. So now I've got better looking hair and a healthier scalp too. Why not try this yourself?"

**● FOR DOUBLE CARE...
BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!**



**'Vaseline' Hair
Tonic is different,
containing no in-
gredient that has a
drying effect.**

**40¢
and
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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Nearly all banks in India maintain a large room, with windows opening on the street, where passers-by, day and night, can see numerous metal boxes filled with rupees. This permanent display of real money is necessary to secure and hold depositors and to keep the confidence of the public, which has no faith in mere figures.—By Mrs. J. R. Duke, Dallas, Texas.

Among Americans, the three favorite food odors, in order of preference, are those of hot coffee, strawberries and apples; while the three most objectionable food odors are those of garlic, lard and olive oil.

For four years after the first transcontinental air mail service was inaugurated between New York City and San Francisco on September 8, 1920, the planes did not fly after dark because there were no airway lights. The mail went on through the night by train.

In virtually every defended divorce case in the United States today the woman asks for alimony. But in undefended suits, less than ten per cent of the women request such a settlement.—By Ruth Smith, Madison, Wisconsin.

A recent survey of the ages of Hollywood's motion picture players, excluding extras, revealed that one third are under thirty-five, one third are between thirty-five and fifty and one third are over fifty, the average age of the actresses being thirty-four and that of the actors forty-six.

Americans who are blind in one eye, from any cause, are four times as numerous as those who are completely blind. Persons who have been blinded in one eye, from an accident, are twelve times as numerous as those who have lost the function of both eyes.

A water flea, *Daphnia Pulex*, has only one black eye and its body is encased in a transparent shell. Thus a person using a low-power microscope can watch the pulsations of its heart and the movements of its other internal organs.

Fluorine is the most poisonous and active of all the elements. In fact, this pale yellow gas is so active that it dissolves most metals and a variety of substances such as alcohol, turpentine and other.

Even when London is bombarded heavily night after night, 2,600,000 of its people sleep in public and private shelters. Other 6,500,000 continue to sleep in their own homes, and in their own beds.—By Watters, Chicago, Illinois.

Of approximately 2,000 elephants in the United States, only twenty are owned by circuses. The rest are in wild-animal farms, five by circuses and vaudeville acts. Ringling Brothers own more than these animals than any other twenty-odd circuses.—By A. Morton Smith, Chicago, Illinois.

Twenty years ago, 25 per cent of all men's shirts had a neckband and required a collar. Today, at least 75 per cent of all shirts are made with a collar attached.—By Fruitdale, South Dakota.

As the result of changing diets, the famous masticatory, more than men, women and children out the world have blabbered.—By Fred West, New York.

Niccolo Paganini (1781-1840), of the world's greatest violinists, could play a sonata on a single string. His *Moto Perpetuo* at sixteen notes a second, five per cent faster than any other musician, even to this day. Of his compositions were that he alone could play Clifford A. Kroening, Ohio.

Five dollars will be paid for each unusual fact accepted for Contributions must be accompanied by proof. Address Keep World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave. City. This column is copyrighted by The National Weekly. None of it be reproduced without express the publisher.

Packard Owners! Save with Packard's Wartime Service Plan



PACKARD Wartime Service Plan will save you money!

designed specially for these times, when we must conserve on tires, gas, oil and maintenance.

Dealers tell us that many owners have adopted this thrifty program when it was announced a short time ago. It was an immediate success, because it protects car owners against needless big repair bills and delays.

With the Wartime Service Plan protection your car running longer and better:

1. A free inspection and "Car Health" analysis.

Your Packard dealer gives you a report on your car's condition and requirements—tells you what, if any, work should be done to catch little troubles before they grow up. There is no charge, no obligation. You get a complete report based on an expert inspection. The rest is up to you.

2. Monthly Protective Service Contract.

This contract—a money-saving part of the Wartime Service Plan—entitles you to a substantial discount on certain essential services, such as chassis lubrication, oil change, wheel "toe-in," tire cross-switch, etc., for your next 10,000 miles of driving. Here is your chance to make real

savings on service you *know* your car will need during the next 10,000 miles. Worth looking into, isn't it?

Your Packard car is a friend which will—and must—stand by you for the duration. Protect it—treat it well. Your Packard dealer is eager to do his part. See him today.

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inspection and "Car Health" analysis—Packard mechanics check your car carefully. If needed, they classify it as follows: (1) T—do now; (2) IMPORTANT—do soon; (3) R—do later. No charge, no obligation. No work done without your authorization.



Save money on Service with a Monthly Protective Service Contract! Thanks to this important part of the Wartime Service Plan, you can save substantially on certain essential services on your car in the next 10,000 miles. See your Packard dealer for details of this thrifty maintenance program.



Packard men built your car—Packard men know how to keep it running at its best! Your Packard dealer has a staff that is Packard-trained. They use genuine Packard parts and methods developed by the factory. Their equipment is designed by Packard to do the work correctly and economically.

Packard

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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VICTORY..
SAVE!

*Save gas! Save oil!
Save engine wear!*

WITH

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Here's a good way to save money and to make sure your car will perform efficiently for a long, long time to come: Have a competent mechanic inspect your engine and make all repairs needed. Install a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings! These remarkable piston rings end oil waste, gas waste and save engine wear. They're packaged in sets—and individually engineered for your particular make and model of car. Made by same engineers who create rings for leading airplane, car, truck and tractor manufacturers, they fit properly and protect your investment in your car. Keep your car rolling economically. Install these rings now. You can't buy better piston rings at any price! Ask for them by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario. *Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines*

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WING TALK



Standard equipment for P-40 fighters is the 1,325-horse Allison engine—"an OX with hair on its chest" in pilot lingo.

THE Curtiss OX 90-horsepower V-type eight-cylinder water-cooled engine was the power plant of the hour for training planes in the last war. So many were made that after the war they were sold at delightfully low prices to people who wanted to make their own planes and for many years the letters "OX" meant airplane power in civil flying. All this is by way of clarifying for you a statement we overheard a pilot make the other day that "an Allison is an OX with hair on its chest." And for late arrivals, the Allison is a V-type 12-cylinder liquid-cooled engine of 1,325 horsepower now being produced by a division of General Motors, and is standard equipment in the Army's P-38, P-39, P-40 and P-51 fighters.

SO MANY accidents in civil flying in the past have been blamed on pilots for carelessness, inexperience and negligence, that whenever we can show there are others who have responsibility for safety in flight and who do not perform their duties as they should, we like to do it.

Since these instances occurred in civil flying and before Pearl Harbor, we will discount all possibility of sabotage. But had they occurred in military or naval flying before or after, it certainly would look like the work of enemy agents.

In the first case, a small, tandem-cockpit monoplane carrying pilot and passenger was making a shallow turn when the rear spar fitting bolt holding the wing to the fuselage fell out. The wing swung forward. The passenger, a fellow with supernatural calm, leaned out and held it in place while the pilot sideslipped to a landing. Bad enough to have an overhaul man forget to lock the bolt on the rear spar, but further investigation showed he also forgot to put a cotter pin on the front spar bolt too. This negligence, criminal in character, easily could have caused a fatal and devastating crash that would have resulted in but one conclusion—wing failure and a black eye for the manufacturer.

Then a very careful pilot decided to give his secondhand plane a major overhaul. His detailed examination revealed that at some previous time a steel tube in the fuselage had corroded through. The repair had been made by filling the corroded hole with putty, smoothing out the surface with sand-

paper and spraying on a coat of paint. And when a mechanic safety-locked the control stick in a control ship used for acrobatic action, the stick came out during steep wingovers. When the plane went into a dive, the fabric wing ailerons and a fatal accident was on its way had not the pilot's front seat grabbed his controls.

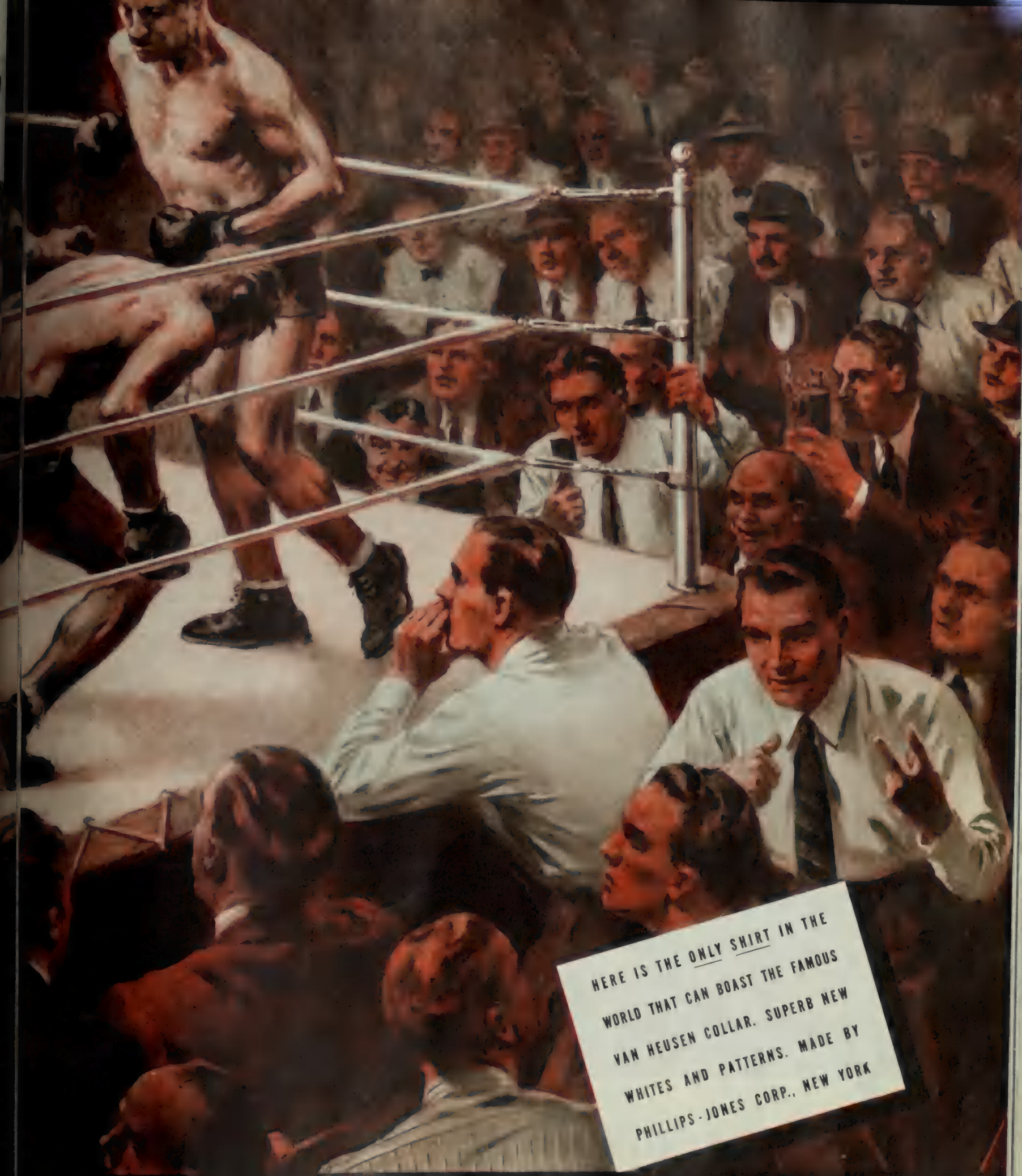
THE government had a huge bomber plant built on the edge of a city under construction a few miles from a big city. This was a great people from all around the airport to see it. The projected bomber plant was fed up with questions, so to erect a sign.

On a crude board and an unsteady hand were these words: "Bomber plant over—don't know nothing about it."

WHEN United Air Lines' W. A. Patterson stepped to receive the certificate of the Safety Council, awarded him for having flown more than 30,000 passenger miles last year without an accident, he was not alone every right to be. Instead with him, as co-recipients, were Capt. James Templeton, Kline, mechanic, and St. berta Schilbach. These three sent United's 3,500 employees emphasized Mr. Patterson's speech theme that "A Teamwork."

TO MOST people it makes no difference whether the winging airplane blend unnoticed airport or drop onto the tarmac! However, among pilots, a razzberry offer is a reminder of it.

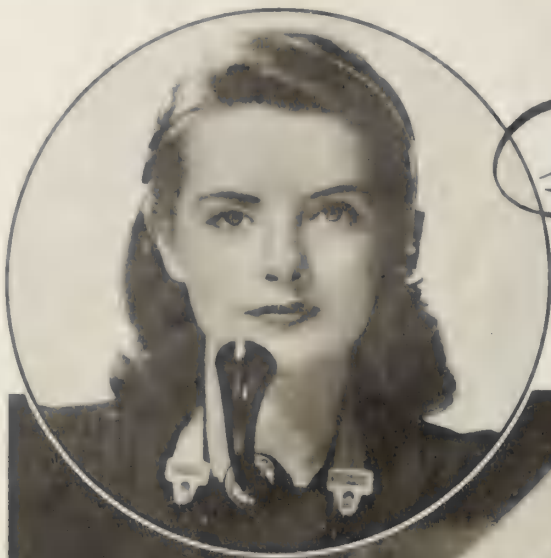
That's why an airline pilot who was humiliated at an apple-cheeked stationer's airline stop who, in answer from the pilot compartment, all the delay was about, replied: "We're searching the calendar for the senger's tooth jarred loose."



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VAN HEUSEN COLLAR. SUPERB NEW
WHITES AND PATTERNS. MADE BY
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NEW CHAMPION... THE NEW

Van Heusen Shirts.. \$2²⁵
AND UP



She's a good friend of yours

The girl behind "the voice with a smile" is known to everyone. You have learned to count on her in daily telephone calls as well as when emergencies come.



Now meet her sister

—also a Bell System girl. She's your friend, too, although you've never heard her voice. Here she is on the final telephone assembly line at one of Western

Electric's great plants. Like the 15,000 other women in the Company, she does her work well. She's proud of the part she plays in making telephone equipment for this Nation . . . and for the armed forces of the United Nations.

Western Electric

*. . . is back of your
Bell Telephone service*

FOR VICTORY
...keep
Defens

Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY
MAY 2, 1942

officers chat on the
deck of the Australia-bound
troopship. To right are Ma-
jor J. O'Malley, Jr.,
Lieutenant Whipple, Brigadier
General Frank S. Clark,
Colonel J. T. Wrean

**Australia,
We
Come!**

**By Courtney
FROM MELBOURNE**

Soldiers sail away
and with them goes
Collier's reporter
to the big and little
towns to make a troop-
ship a memorable
part of the life of any man

On what was once
the deck of a great luxury
ship have been dis-
posed where they might
be of movement but
with immediate reach

ADDED TO COLLIER'S

His face watched your ship
from the dock that night. For
a long time, there was only a
cold wind from the blacked-
out streets.
The lights and the noise of the
city seemed real and remote—like the
life which, in an hour, had
gone away. At hand, you were
aware of the last sound made
on his homeland shore—
the loud calling of his own name
on the boarding rolls. There was a
stamp over the gangplank. In
brief passage across this pool of
water, each soldier
with his shoulder pack and rifle and
his duffel bag, each soldier
cast a shadow upon the alley of
water that fretted between hull
and pier.
For long hours, whenever you
looked down, one man was always
on the dock. It was our



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general; sturdy, compact, middle-aged,
with an air of competent alertness.

All day and night he kept vigil on
that cold and drafty wharf, personally
shepherding his men aboard. Now he
stepped out, chuckling, to aid a boy who
seemed to have more bags and bundles
than hands to carry them; again to help
one readjust his straps or to pick up a
dropped helmet for another, even with
a tough but fatherly word.

You figured, if the mothers of these
American boys could have but witnessed
this solicitude of their general for the
least of his buck privates, they would
sleep more comfortably this night. It had
been your lot to travel and live with
various armies these past few years—
German, Italian, Japanese—and here
was a refreshing change from the cold-
eyed generals of totalitarianism. It
gave you the warm feeling inside that
if you had to go off to the wars again,

how nice it was to be going for once
with your own good people.

Still another factor provided an espe-
cially poignant contrast for you this
time, because on this very ship at this
very dock less than three years ago you
had arrived home from a certain foreign
war. Then it was a ship of peace—of
bunting, confetti, gay sports clothes,
merry welcomes and hullabaloo. Now,
as it necessarily must be always when a
troopship casts off, it was somber and
furtive and sad.

Among you, pensive at the ship's rail,
someone recalls the story of Rupert
Brooke, England's great soldier poet
who, as he sailed for the Middle East to
find a lonely grave in "some corner of a
foreign field that is forever England,"
paid a dockside urchin a shilling to
stand and wave goodbye to him. But
there was no one here even to pay to
watch and to cry for us.

There was, in fact, only Stinkey.

His small wail is the farewell that
hundreds of men will remember longest
about this sailing. They stood about
desolately—cursing rabies quarantine
laws that made it imperative to leave
Stinkey behind, and listened to him and
called to him until at length his land-
bound benefactors took him off to a new
assignment, and his barks trailed away
and could be heard no more.

A tall young sergeant from Laconia,
New Hampshire, explained to you
about Stinkey who became, it seems,
the official mascot of this outfit through
biological chance. His itinerant
mother in her hour of need had wan-
dered into the hands of kindly but
strictly amateur accoucheurs in a camp
somewhere in Dixie. Spartan-minded
regimental officers ruled there could be
but one addition to the roster, despite

(Continued on page 52)

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"I never heard of the man in my life," Gloria said. She started to tear up the letter. Milly stopped her. "I want it," she said. Gloria looked at her in surprise

that evening. Milly had danced with him. That was so bitter that he had fallen for Gloria.

"And when I would you did."

"Yes," Milly said. "I. Somebody had to write your name to my letter. You he had written to hear from."

Gloria laughed. "No jam!"

"Not if you'll help me."

"What can I do about it?"

"If you'd stay here and let him take you to dinner afterward it would be him," Milly said.

"I've got a date with him."

"But you can have a any time. Couldn't you evening to a private whi

Gloria went to the cl dress she was going t knew she was getting an a dinner dress over her

"You know what you said. 'And you know What do you think Bill stood him up?'"

"You could explain it hesitated and made the 'You could even tell hi pened—about my writi and signing your name."

"I'm not going to pass Bill for anybody," Gloria id.

"You have dates with c r me."

"Not many—any more so Bill won't be too sure."

MILLY shut her teeth s he w cry. She had so clea i prem what she'd done to Jeff.

"Don't you see how ple Gloria asked. "You mee ff w gets here and let him take u ou that what you really wan

Milly shook her head. He do want me. I'm no knock —like That's what he thinks b com Chicago for—two days wi you. W he finds he's stuck with e—h nice about it, of course— a that of man. But he'll be disap hnted I—I'll just sink through he flo can't do that to him."

"You're a little fool. Lo of men a girl who's quiet and ser s."

Milly just sat there rigi hile G got ready to go out. Ther e saw it was after six. She ha nly a minutes in which to dress She pu her tailored suit because ne tho it was the most becoming ing she and she liked the hat that ent n Besides, Jeff didn't have ch ma being in the Army. If she re an ning dress he might feel h ad to her to some swank place.

She waited in the lobb for Jeff, trying to think w him, how she could mak him. She could say that previous engagement, not time that he was coming about tomorrow and the ne could she keep him from nding then?

She saw him coming tow ing. Her knees were so we hardly stand up. But she smile at him.

"I don't suppose you w to see me," she began.

"Who do you think I was see?" He put his hands on held her so she had to look "Gee," he said, "gee, Glo Gloria!

Milly started to tell him wasn't time. And, anyw knew which girl he want seem to matter that he'd g mixed up.

Untangled Web

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

MILLY had known that some day Gloria would get home before she did and find one of those letters from Jeff. She could explain it. Gloria wouldn't care.

But when it happened Milly was scared. She came in and saw Gloria reading the letter. The envelope was lying on the floor where she had tossed it. Gloria was sitting with her legs flung over the arm of the big chair. She looked as if she had just had her bath and got half dressed before she stopped to read her mail.

"Of all the cock-eyed guys!" Gloria said. "Listen to this—"

The telephone rang before she could go on. The telephone's ring was always for Gloria.

Milly sat down. She had a minute to think while Gloria smoothly kidded the man who had telephoned. He wanted a date and he wasn't going to get it and Gloria was going to keep him hopeful. Milly almost hated her. She was so darned pretty and so darned clever with men. The most anybody would say of

Milly was that she was nice-looking. That wasn't Gloria's fault, of course. But it made everything harder.

Gloria put the telephone down and went on to read the letter aloud:

"Dearest Gloria:

"Your letter made me happy. I've read it over and over again. I've got big news. They've given me two days' leave. Two days with Gloria. Two days of heaven. Train due in Chicago tomorrow evening. I'll be at your house by 6:30. Till then, goodbye.

"Yours, JEFF"

"And," Gloria finished, "I never heard of the man in my life."

She started to tear up the letter. Milly stopped her. "I want it," she said.

Gloria looked at her in surprise. "You do?" But she handed over the letter. It meant nothing to her.

Milly was afraid her face was red and she knew her voice was hard and tight as she spoke. "It's an answer to a letter I wrote him," she said. "We—we corre-

spond with each other—just a little."

"What!"

"Don't you remember that nice boy we met at the Hamiltons' two months ago? It was a dinner party and afterward we went dancing."

Gloria frowned with the effort to remember.

"His name was Jeff Hewitt," Milly said.

"I don't remember him."

"You ought to," Milly said. "You got a letter from him a few days later and you wouldn't answer it. I told you I thought you ought to be nice to him. I said I thought the least you could do was to write him a friendly note. He knew he'd get leave again and he wanted some place to go—somebody to take out."

Gloria nodded. "I remember now," she said. "A big blond farmer in a private's uniform who stepped all over your feet when you danced with him?"

"He didn't step on my feet," Milly said.

Gloria had danced with him just once



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART FRENCH

his rving line of floats supports an antisubmarine net. The
the foreground opens the net gate for Puget Sound traffic

Below: This auxiliary mine sweeper, in the coastal service, is towing an elec-
tric mine-exploding cable—insurance against sneak mine-laying by the Japs

Inshore Patrol

in Marshall

have 28,000 miles of
to protect from enemy
ships and planes. A
part of that protecting
is in the capable hands of
men, fishermen and
volunteers who have
stayed up for the duration.
is how they operate

white 57 on her flat bow plates. She was
always good for that one about "the old
pickle boat."

But now, on this misty, nippy spring
day in 1942, the old 57 has become a
lady again—a flagship, no less. She's
mistress of the Inshore Patrol of the
Thirteenth Naval District, which takes
in Oregon, Washington and Alaska.
This is probably the most important
district we have, because it runs out to
the far western end of the Aleutians
and because, for league upon league, its
fog-shrouded coasts are practically un-
inhabited and, in a thousand spots, offer
ideal hideaways for lurking U-boats.

The United States and Alaska have
more than twenty-eight thousand miles
of mainland and island coast line—and
of this, Alaska has more than fifteen
thousand. The thirteenth district alone
has more than sixteen thousand miles
—four sevenths of the total we have to
guard. Our first line, far out to sea, is
the Offshore Patrol—destroyers, sub-
marines, planes—cruising endlessly,
watching eagerly and listening.

Then, ringing the coasts, comes the
Inshore Patrol—a motley mixture of
hardbitten Scandinavian and Yugoslav
fishermen, wind-reddened naval officers,
smooth Annapolis graduates and men
who, a few weeks ago, were arguing
cases in court, selling shoes, working at
lathes, worrying about the stock market
—making a humdrum living in cities
and on farms. The array of ships in the
patrol fleet runs from trim twenty-foot
speedboats up through forty-foot cruis-
ers to seventy- and ninety-foot ex-purse
seiners and halibut boats. And this
fleet grows day by day.

A white-hulled seiner, with gay red-
and-green trim, chugs into a Navy base
and in a few hours chugs out again in
command of an ensign or junior lieuten-
ant, manned by a tough, experienced
crew. Every inch of her is a grimy gray;
fearsome gadgets are scattered about;
guns poke their noses aloft and maybe
(Continued on page 56)



Below: The PE 57—familiar on Puget Sound for over twenty years and known as
"the pickle boat"—is now proud flagship of the Inshore Patrol, Northern Sector



Minute Man

By J. Bryan III



Harry Doll, whose 42-inch height is his fortune, has spent 27 of his 40 years in show business

Harry Doll, Ring
midget, likes circ
at odd moments
animals try to gra
fat women want
But he thinks he
if he ever falls i

THE dear old lady
into Metro-Gold
department and as
you think I could bor
for him? I'll promise
tomorrow. . . .

"Certainly," said th
tress. "I'll change him
Whereupon the bab
will like hell, madam!
He squirmed out of the
and growled at her, "Y
ing bum! That's the las
for one of your gags!"

Remember when peo
"Don't step on that spi
Lon Chaney?" The de
Lon Chaney, and the l
Doll, a midget. They w
their roles in The U
thriller in which the t
a giant, played by Victo
That was back in 19
was twenty-one then, a
actly twice as many inc
as he had years. Today
pounds, but he hasn't
fraction of a cubit to h
measurements are thos
seven-year-old boy.

Harry prefers more
sons. A sportsman him
point out that he is the
a driving-iron and tha
flat-footed in the cup on
Or that he weighs the s
bird dog.

Busy Little

Harry's forty-two inch
tune, and his intelligenc
Work has been steady,
profitable. From April
vember, he is with the R
ers' side show. Winters
Hollywood for another
movies—they have paid
\$750 a week—or he rests
fishes in Sarasota, Flor
lives with three of his
house is called "The Dol
their motorboat is "The
per."

The sisters are midget
is the eldest. Daisy, "the
West," is the tallest and
Tiny, two inches shorter
is the smallest. All are v
movies. Separately or t
have appeared in That
Baby Mine, Good News
Marriage, Freaks, The V
(they were the Munchkins
the silent and the talkie v
Unholy Three.

"Lon Chaney was one
friends I ever had," Har
taught me everything I kn
ing. The gags he and th
pulled! Crossing me up w
robe mistress was nothing
Laglen spiked my nursing
Scotch. That was okay b
decided he and Lon ought
it. I had to threaten to ch
before he'd give it back.
have seen Lon in a wig and
and big false keister such
nipple! You'd have died l
Harry is a Beau Brumm
ten-dollar hats to his t
shoes. He likes fine clothes

(Continued on page 1)

ED Y EARL OLIVER HURST

No, I won't have another gasper, mate. I'm feeling too low. If you'll just give me a hand to get on my feet. You do understand how I feel? That Ennery! Victorier Cross! Ph-l-l-u-u-r-r-t!



It went on that way all the time we was growing up. Only he'd begun to branch out. He'd discovered there were others besides me. He was always jingling coins in his pockets but his ear

(Continued on page 40)



VEHICLE VOCABULARY. Names of Army vehicles have been interchangeable and confusing (see text below). Study the pictures on the other page, then see if you can identify the trucks shown above

Our Fighting Men

ABOUT this business of Army truck names: if our fighting men all want to speak the same language they might take a gander at the opposite page and see what gives. It's the pay-off on a project started last November when we suggested maybe somebody ought to standardize the nomenclature of military vehicles. People were calling peeps jeeps, and vice versa. Even the guys who were driving pickups were calling them weapons carriers or carryalls—three altogether different conveyances, it turns out.

Time went on and peeps were still jeeps, etc., depending on where you were. So in February we mentioned the subject again, this time with a little

more steam; and this time it brought in some definite opinions. "A peep," wrote more than one soldier, "can't be a jeep. The latter is a half-ton recon car, so named because it resembles—especially when its nose is on a downgrade—the fantastic jeep of the Popeye comic strip." And from the Quartermaster Replacement Training Center at Fort Warren, Wyoming, came an elaborate study of the whole question. Final result is, we this week present in pictures the first all-out effort to settle the regional differences in the use of names for our motorized heaps. There it is, gentlemen—and if you don't like it, don't blame us. All we've done is given the winners the most votes. Amen.

CAMP ELLIOTT, Calif. Veterans of the old 40th Division will remember Camp Kearny, sprawled over the rolling mesa north of San Diego. After the last war it was dismantled and turned over to quail and jack rabbits; but last year, new-style two-story barracks began popping up on the old site and now it's Camp Elliott, Marine Corps Training Area. It's hot and dusty, or cloudy and clammy most of the year and the atmosphere helps give brand new leathernecks their rough and tough

fighting angles. At the big Marine Corps Base on San Diego Bay, a dozen miles away, they get their parade ground, dressy training. This place is so lush with flowers the hard-boiled Marines feel at first like yoo-hooing one another, but in spite of its tropical, movie-set appearance the base has turned out thousands of Grade-A scrap-pers.

THE Camp Elliott officer of the day and his victim (or maybe it should be the other way around) have been transferred, so we're not doing anybody dirt by revealing this one. A detachment of Marines went to a seaside camp to practice the-Marines-have-landed, and it was no picnic. Training began at 6 A. M. and went on for 16 hours, with night guard duty tossed in for bad measure. One 2:43 A. M., after a typically tough day, a Marine sentry in front of the clink felt he had to have a nap or cave in. By the time the officer of the day came along the guard was lying on his side, having knocked off about 35 of his 40 winks. The O.D. cleared his throat, tapped the sentry on the shoulder and asked what was going on. The sentry opened one eye, shivered and thought fast, then scrunched an ear even closer

to the ground and whispered, "I think I hear some of the pri to dig their way out." The O.D. grunted. But, as we heard got a safe distance away from guard he leaned against a n laughed until he was fit to

CAMP ROBER Japanese toothbrushing to put teeth in 4TH ARMY program here. A Pvt. James McNair, 56th Infantry Bn., broadcast an ap molar massagers with which could clean their rifles. A Francisco dentist came seven made-in-Japan toothbrushes wrote, he bought ten years patients to help build up American trade relations. Japs attacked China the d and locked up all the brus left, hoping some day, sor could toss them directly o into the Japs' yaps. Seems

FORT ORD, Calif. Lining Zip Your Lip campaign, Gretz has been precensoring to the girl friend until there (Continued on page)



Coier's suggests universal adoption of the name Peep
 e kutam, the quarter-ton truck with optional four-wheel
 us mostly as a light-class reconnaissance command car



JEEP. The half-ton reconnaissance command car can be identified
 easily by the half-oval doorways. Used chiefly for reconnais-
 sance by staff officers. Not to be confused with the midget car



WEAPONS CARRIER. This is an open job, having no enclosed cab.
 the Jeep it's a half-ton, with four-wheel drive. Usually
 weapons. Cross seats can carry gun crews of eight men



PICKUP. On the same chassis but not to be confused with the
 Weapons Carrier is the Pickup, which has enclosed cab. Used for
 carrying light equipment. Has drop seats in rear for eight men



Y.F.L. Resembles the ambulance shown above but has glass
 windows and holds eight persons. Distinguished from other
 vehicles of same size by its panel delivery-truck type body



CARGO TRUCK. This two-and-a-half-ton, six- or ten-wheel vehicle
 is for general cargo hauling and transportation of troops. Drop
 seats behind the enclosed, two-seated cab will hold 18 soldiers

Worth More than a Cow

By Robert Thompson

That's what they think of human beings in Meeker County, Minnesota. Since Meeker led the nation in saving cows from t.b. it is now doing as much for man

MECKER COUNTY, Minnesota, looks like hundreds of other rural counties, but its 19,000 people form the first community in the nation to do for human beings what all communities do for cattle: Battle tuberculosis through a county-wide plan of testing and treatment.

In May, 1923, Meeker County farmers were first in America to ask complete testing of their dairy herds to end tuberculosis. The movement spread to other places, stirring up court fights, riots, objections. But in 1940 the last holdout county came in out in California, had its herds tested, watched its diseased cattle destroyed. As a result, today, the whole United States is completely free from bovine tuberculosis.

What it accomplished with cattle, Meeker County believes it may accomplish with men and women and children. So let's have a look at Meeker, and then at the plan:

Meeker County's folk raise corn and small grains, dairy cattle, hogs and sheep and poultry. Homes and barns are well kept, as a rule. The place was settled in pre-Civil War days with immigrant families and Down-East Yankees. When the Sioux attacked, Swedes, Germans, Irish, Yankees, English, Bohemians and French sought common refuge in the log stockade at Forest City. Today the mail boxes along the roads are lettered for Broadbents, Murphys, Olsons, Schoelkopfs, Ruotsinojas, Johnsons and Novaks.

Let's visit the Novaks—they're typical. Last spring, Winczel Novak, riding his gang plow, was tired. And puzzled and worried.

Not before in forty years had his strength and spirits failed to respond to the springtime. Always before, the heavy work of plowing and planting went easily.

This year shoveling snow and breaking his truck

through the drifts to the highway had been cold. Stubbornly, the hacking in his chest had been day by day, a load of weariness and a cloak that couldn't be dropped.

At fifty-three, a man with a halibut nose, yet to raise shouldn't be that way. Of his first married years, when he worked in a factory, Winczel had kept close to now, it had done well by him.

With the coming of May, Winczel coughed. He said little of Rosie, his wife. On his first trip down to the chickens and eggs, he stopped in to see the doctor.

Suspecting what was the matter, Dr. Macklin took him over to the hospital at Litchfield, the seat. The X-ray said his guess was on the film between the dark ladder and the light.

Action was swift. Two days later Winczel was in the Minnesota State Tuberculosis Hospital at Walker. The name of the place was Ching, the Chippewa Indian word for "doors."

He arranged for his boys to take care of the farm. He was more worried now not about himself, because he knew the eight kids at home without his mind, and so was the farm. There was on relief. The soil that had sustained him should not now put them on bounty.

After Winczel left, Mrs. Novak and her youngsters were on Doc Sellers' mind. The tuberculosis germ stop with a sin family.

Doc Sellers drove up through the northeast corner of the county, out to the farm. He took along his syringe, with alcohol, and plenty of tuberculin serum. He explained the Mantoux test.

Danger Signal for Tuberculosis

By this test, dead germs are forced to tell the surviving fellows. The dead germs are the tuberculin serum, but the fluid they inject between layers of skin, the serum tells if tuberculosis germs are present, or if they are active there. Many times, there will be a reaction but no tuberculosis. Doctors say that a reaction means tuberculosis and no reaction.

"The test is harmless," Doc Sellers explained to Rosie and the kids. "It's like a burglar alarm. It shows if there are any of them on the side, ready to steal your health. It even shows if they are prowling around and haven't been working yet."

Forty-eight hours later, the physician called on the nine Novaks again. Nine sleeves were bled, nine strong arms. Nine angry red blotches showed the merit of Dr. Sellers' concern. Exposure had done as he expected. Nine positive reactions.

There was another trip to Litchfield and the X-ray.

Fortunately, the films showed on active case. Florence, the eighteen-year-old girl, who hadn't been helping her mother, was sent to Ah-Gwah.

Thus, the Novaks were the first active case in a campaign that is unusual in local history.

When that campaign is finished, the residents in Meeker County will have had the Mantoux test. Everyone showing a positive reaction will have been X-rayed. All this, the Minnesota Medical Society and the resident physicians at no cost to the people.

If the campaign works out as the medical men expect, it will be a triumph in the fight against tuberculosis. True, t.b. will always be a menace, but it will be circumvented. No longer, (Continued on page 19)

Dr. W. E. Macklin (at the left), one of thirteen crusading medical men, giving the Mantoux test—which detects tuberculosis—to Francis Karl, twenty-three-year-old farmer.

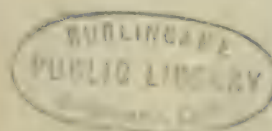


ng what a fighting fool
widjammer era can do,
he gets his dander up

RANZO GOES TO WAR

BY PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



TAN ASA HOLCOMB, con-
trolli owner of the Red Arrow
ne, as one of the very few sail-
e and-ship days still extant and
Al though past eighty years of
as mazingly spry and the type
vity rates a nickname; to the
ted officers of the Red Arrow
wa Ranzo. Back in the days of
sh and iron men, crews sang
y titled Ranzo Was a Sailor.
dy kened Captain Holcomb to
h name stuck. Mates touched
s to Ranzo and addressed
"sir" and kept their paint clean
ir lasswork bright, else their
s spt to them severely because
had oted the delinquency.

mo ing late in November, 1941,
nie McNamara, first mate of
ow line steamer Cristobal dis-
g a Hoboken, received orders
he pper to pack his dunnage
por or duty to the master of
Re Arrow liner, the Vanguard,
badg at Bush Terminal in
yn. He said Ranzo had ordered
nsf and that Mr. McNamara
take a taxicab from New York,
Vanguard would pay for it. The
ate of the Vanguard had given
the morning and would quit
it rion; hence Mr. McNamara
et of the job at one o'clock.

lon moremen were knocking off
o'ck when Ranzo appeared on
at ck and beckoned Mr. Mc-
a t report, which the latter did
lack. The old gentleman led
o the master's suite, where he
h pipe, stretched out on the
a smoked tranquilly for five
ch afforded Mr. McNamara
t re opportunity to study him.
was frail, spare little man, not
n to lightweight division, with
sno white hair, piercing blue
heel as rosy as winter apples, a
eak of a nose and a mouth that
e cellar door. He was smooth-
a wi the exception of his chin,
spoed a long, white beard.

STE," he said presently, "the
apase ambassador talked to
crety of state for a year with-
yin anything, and now they've
ver his swab, Kurusu, to spell
n the job. It's been my experi-
hat when a Jap acts like that he's
to d you dirt. I was in Port Ar-
n 1911 when the Jap fleet attacked
ussians without warning."
big ohunk I could have licked
anduffs on me once put me out
ho with a sneak punch," said
McNara.

is cintry, mister, is still clad in
olonitic diapers. It hain't grown
a n what it needs to give it sense
phes n is a sneak punch. Before
Yea we'll get it, and yet we set
d raising to believe that what
nedo the Russians can happen

meties," said Mr. McNamara, "I
er why I love my country."
e lce her for her frailties, mis-
Of course, once Japan ties on to us
anynd Italy have to declare war
under their contract with Japan.
this packet is for discharge at
Toy, so what if she runs into a
arin in the South Atlantic the
as to Robin Moor did last June?"
ima ne, sir, we'd have a similar
lend Unless the sub commander
for fact we were carrying cargo
(Continued on page 35)



The Germans ran to the conning tower, waiting for the smoke below to clear away as the two privateers departed

Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

TROY WEBSTER (once a professional horseman) earns a precarious living as a dog trainer and "field-trial" man. With his wife and Duff his young son, he travels thousands of miles a year, in the hope of winning prize money with his dogs. Sometimes he wins; more often, he does not.

Bored by the nomadic existence she is forced to live, Mrs. Webster rebels. Intimidated by the woman, Troy gives up his field-trial work and becomes a druggist. After which—when Troy becomes known as a shiftless ne'er-do-well, Mrs. Webster kills herself.

Like his father, Duff understands dogs and horses. Now—with his mother dead and his father a weak failure—he regards himself as privileged to leave home. And leave home he does—with an old shotgun and no money but a wild desire to be free, unfettered.

In the course of his wanderings, he almost starves to death. Then, one day, he finds a dog—a fine black pointer with a white blaze. The dog has just killed a goat; he is savage and unfriendly. He is wearing a collar, on which is a plate bearing these words: "Reward: Amos Hawthorne, Tafton, Alabama."

With the aid of a long stick, and a noose, Duff captures the dog. After which, he finds his way to Tafton, where he has a talk with Hawthorne, who informs him, brutally, that the dog ("Judas") is worthless, and that no reward will be paid.

Fortunately for the boy, Hawthorne's granddaughter, Lucie Sullivan, is present during the interview. She befriends him, gives him five dollars. Then, when he almost faints because of lack of nourishment, she summons Doctor Phillips (whose daughter, Delia, is the prize "vamp" of the region); and, when the boy is well, Lucie tells him that she wants him to take the place of a "hand" who has recently left.

And so, despite the strenuous objections of old man Hawthorne, Duff goes to work. By way of preliminary, he goes out to see Judas, at the kennels. Judas makes it obvious that he hates the boy, he bares his teeth, and growls.

"Don't worry," Duff says, "you're liable to get another chance at me."

II

EVERY morning Duff walked the four miles to the kennels from Tafton. Leaving before daylight, he walked rapidly in the cold early morning. At first he had simply helped around the kennels, saddling and tending the horses, and caring for the dogs.

"Tain't like de old-timey days," Wesley said, the day they were worming the dogs. "Us used to have a whole yardful of dogs round here. Didn't have no empty pens. Now we got just twenty er so dogs and most of dem just shooting dogs to be trained for folks. De field-trial owners, dey recollect bout Cap'm Amos gitting to be eighty er ninety years old, and dey just naturally send dey dogs to somebody else. 'Oh, dere never was a better one dan old Amos, in his day. De beat of him didn't live,' dey say—and send dey dogs on to somebody else. Dey don't see dat Cap'm Amos ain't no common soul; he's a miracle de Lawd done passed. He can cave in a hoss wid dem old long legs, right today, and blow a bulge in a dog whistle."

"You see dat old Ambling Sam dog yonder, sitting up dere grinning in de sun, wid his eyes closed like he thinking bout sump'm? He all we got dat can win. But dey ain't no better dan him never been turned loose. It ain't happened for him to win at Grand Junction in de National yet, but dat's jest de way de numbers fell. He goan be de next National Champion just as sho as de Lawd loves de truf."

"Old Sam, he de banker-man. He furnish de cash,

right on, one year to de next. 'Old Sam, he do nothing dis year,' dey say. Den I right on along and he take a fust hy hyar, and befo' long we done made c

"But he de last. W'en he pass bad. Old Sam, he gits good puppies dem to somebody else to train, no dat old fool Judas."

"Judas by old Sam?" Duff asked

"Right straight by him. Cap'm some kind of throwback. I'm got dat printed from my head to my tail. brain in his head. Turn him loose a come back. Kill hogs er calves er an way. He bit a man's bull one day, he did! How you goan train a dog catch him, and den when you catch touch him?"

"What they going to do with Judas?"

"Feed him till he dies of his own

"They told me they were taking be chloroformed."

"Dey was taking him, but dey to At de last minute, dey ain't got de of old Sam's puppies. Cap'm Amos, hardhearted, but he don't fool nobody old Sam dog, and I guess he got a litt any o' Sam's puppies. But won't nobody dat Judas."

When the trainers were gone, and hind had tired of their unhappy howl to the pen where the dog Judas was some wild beast. Judas was standing watching the departing horses, but he of disappointment, nor ran up and de the frenzied manner of his neighbors. looked at Duff unemotionally, yellow thought suddenly, "Maybe Amos Hawthorne be so down on me if I broke this dog stared at Judas. "I wonder if I could hearted old devil like you?"

DUFF worked hard at his job, expecting that his interest would lag or that Amos would find his interest in him. But so far he found his interest steady, and Amos paid no attention to grunt curtly at him. Tafton offered him except a movie, or a pool parlor. At usually ready to go to his boardinghouse, boarders had accepted him immediately they were young men—mechanics, drug filling-station attendants.

Sometimes they had a nickel poker game on Friday night it might be a quarter game with whisky with it. Other Saturday night boys would lava-soap the grease from put on their best blue suits, and off to the of Montgomery they would go. Monday go to work stoically, red-eyed, heavy-lidded by nightfall they would have recovered per there would be some laughter again there had been some incident (Continue

She stared at Judas coming to her lips "Can make water come out like Moses did?" "Never tried that,"



Wrong Turning

By William O'Farrell

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER



Out of a storm two people emerge much wiser and stronger for their experience

THE gathering storm spattered a preliminary warning across the windowpanes but the two people in the living room did not hear it. They sat in a self-imposed silence oblivious to everything but each other's presence and their desperate need for ending this thing quickly while they were still in control of themselves.

After what seemed an interminable time, the man stirred. He looked across the room at the girl who awaited his words sullenly, her forehead creased in tension and the corners of her mouth drawn sharply down.

For a moment a great desire was on him to throw reason to the winds, to smooth the forehead with caressing fingers and to kiss the pout from the red mouth.

He mastered it. "Sorry I've been such a flop Jean," he said. "I should have given this office job a try before we got married. Guess I was just cut out to be a field man and nothing else. Sorry."

He paused hopefully but, when she made no reply, he continued in the same monotone: "So it's back to the field for me, I suppose, and the best I can do is get you clear before they tell me officially. Your family's lawyers will know how to handle it. You can call it incompatibility, if you like, or desertion; desertion might be better because tomorrow I'll ask to be sent back to South America."

For the first time the girl moved. The hand lying in her lap twitched nervously and her sultry eyes, meeting his, widened a little. "Tomorrow?" she asked. "Tomorrow?"

"Yes." He nodded. "I'll be driving you home to your family this afternoon. If we leave at three we should be in Brownsville by eleven. Will you be ready?"

She continued to stare at him as if she had not understood the meaning of his words. Then gradually her eyes narrowed again and their old sullenness returned. She shrugged.

He rose from his chair and looked out the window. The raindrops were beating against it heavily now. "The storm's coming from the north," he said. "It won't bother us once we're out of town, but be sure to bundle yourself up." He turned and walked slowly to the door. "Will you do that?" he asked. "And be ready by three?" His voice was still on the same controlled level.

The girl sat with her fists clenched, her slight body trembling. "Anything!" she said tightly. "Anything at all! Only get out. Leave me alone!"

The man looked at her, sighed and, turning away, climbed the stairs heavily to the second floor. He went into the bathroom and, taking a thermometer from the medicine locker, placed it in his mouth. While he waited he timed his pulse.

TEMPERATURE 99.8—Pulse 126. Tom Martin screwed the thermometer back into its container and slipped it into his vest pocket. He considered his face in the mirror.

Would he be able to carry it through? Malaria, as he knew from long experience, was tricky. This particular attack had been going on for twenty-four hours now, kept under control by constant dosings of quinine. Did he dare risk the six- or seven-hour drive to Brownsville?

The serious, not unhandsome face in the mirror smiled wryly back at him. That was a foolish question, it seemed to say. He had to risk it. He couldn't wait, couldn't have Jean in town when the final blow came tomorrow—and there was no other way of getting her back to her family. No railroad ran through Brownsville and he couldn't let her drive alone. Not through a rainy night for seven hours. Not a girl like Jean.

Tom opened the medicine locker again and took out the quinine bottle. . . . Not a girl like Jean. . . . He repeated the phrase to himself. That's the answer to the whole mess, he thought; I had no business marrying a girl raised the way she was. A guy like me—a hard-boiled, malaria-ridden, practical engineer—has no place in his life for luxuries; I should have married some Indian squaw fresh from the jungle. I might have made her happy. But Jean—

The thought of his wife's (Continued on page 44)

He nodded and, Jean's arm linked through his, they trudged stolidly toward the small cabin which showed a blacker spot in the darkness

Tumult Between the Tracks

By Maxwell Hunter

DOC WEBB runs a drugstore in St. Petersburg, Florida, which he says is the biggest drugstore in the world. It probably is. If not, it still is the most unbelievable piece of retail exhibitionism that ever catapulted a one-horse apothecary shop into a merchandising upheaval that refuses to admit a point of saturation.

"There is no point of saturation," declares Doc Webb and, to prove it, he reminds you that he opened his business on a shoestring in a town of 40,000 at a time when other local concerns were going into receivership, and the nation into a panic; and that he ran an annual gross from \$38,000 to \$4,000,000. Which is to say that his business now fits the town about as well as the Brooklyn Bridge would fit a millpond.

Doc's competitors say no man can sell at a loss and stay in business, which they accuse him of doing, along with ignoring all the other rules of economics and operating strictly by tantrums. Doc Webb's performances certainly encourage such beliefs. For a long time, he had no display windows in his store; he still has no office, nor even a chair to sit in. He operates at home, sitting cross-legged on the floor. He comes to work around three in the afternoon, usually goes home at four.

Doc has expanded his store from 270 square feet of rented floor space to 96,000 of his own, and has increased his employees from six to four hundred. His business has swallowed the building as well as the block in which it started, and today is one of the tourist attractions of Florida. Upward of 30,000 persons have visited Webb's in a single day.

Doc Webb prefers to concentrate rather than spread. He has declined to join chains or to be exploited into a chain himself. He is perhaps the best publicized small-town merchant in America. He puts his personal acquaintanceship at 200,000.

Too Much for the Post Office

Doc is not adverse, however, to promoting himself. Once he had printed what he labeled "The World's Largest Postcard." It was ten by sixteen inches and contained interior views of his store. He charged a penny for it but its enormous size intrigued his tourist customers, and before long, the local postmaster was calling on Washington for help. By the time 50,000 of the unwieldy cards had cluttered up the mails, the postal department made a special ruling, fixing the postage at three cents.

"That was the first time the post-office department ever had to do a thing like that," Doc gloated.

He maintains that his separate lines are not departments but separate businesses, even though they are under the same roof, and some of them blend together. For instance, his men's-wear counter protrudes into his drug department; which enabled him to sell 2,600 men's shirts one Sunday, a transaction that stirred blood-curdling protests among the clothing stores.

His grocery department also merges with his drug area and so runs nights and Sundays. But Doc Webb insists that he runs a drugstore and boasts that he employs more registered pharmacists

He tossed all the rules out the window and proved you can get rich by selling merchandise at a loss. Even his competitors come down to buy at his uproarious sales. Doc Webb's drugstore resembles a three-ring circus, complete with side shows — and customers

James Earl Webb is "Doc" to an estimated personal following of 200,000 people and runs his tremendous business from a room in his home, where he sits cross-legged on the floor. Here he's checking a competitor's advertisement which he may decide to display in his store with an offer to cut its prices an additional 10 per cent



The huge Webb drugstore, located in a standard residential district in St. Petersburg, Fla., utilizes 96,000 square feet of floor space and has attracted as many as 30,000 customers a day



than any other drugstore in the world. Counting pharmacists or their "equivalents" he has thirty. Under the law, it takes at least an equivalent to sell a bottle of rubbing alcohol, so half of them work on the floor. As for Doc, he says he is a "druggist by experience," which probably rates him the next thing to an equivalent.

Doc thinks in terms of carload lots, one-day turnovers and circus tumult. He can whip up more excitement with a bargain than Ben Hur could with a chariot. He did this once with a cheese, the biggest cheese in the world—at least, he said it was—a Wisconsin Cheddar that weighed 2,480 pounds. He whittled it up and sold it in a day.

He can dramatize a pill just as readily.

Once he put on a 25-cent liver pill at 13 cents. In one day he sold 3,204 boxes. He regularly disposes of a carload of soap a week.

His signs proclaim his place "The World's Most Unusual Drug Store," but those boards could more accurately read "The World's Most Unusual Drug Store in the World's Worst Location." It is not below the railroad tracks; it is between them!

In 1926, the year he opened up, the Florida boom had just exploded, and Central Avenue, the main business street, was honeycombed with empty store-rooms, but he ignored Central Avenue and selected a site on Ninth Street South, which bisects a Negro district and is nowhere near the established retail section.

Trains snorted—and still do—along the north and south sides of this block. Across the street when he moved in were ramshackle Negro stores; to the rear, a cluster of Negro shacks. Half of the frontage of his choice was occupied by a one-story boarded-up store building, the other half by an ice plant. Furthermore, the store was within easy sniffing distance of the municipal gas plant.

Dob Webb rented a corner in the deserted building, knocked down the boarding and hauled in a truckload of merchandise, mostly remedies to ease the miseries of the surrounding Negro population.

However, as times got tougher the carriage trade found him. At first feminine shoppers from the better parts of town were squeamish about invading this scabrous district, but such lures as five pounds of sugar for a dime overcame their fears. They only hoped they would not be seen, but they were—by nearly all their penny-saving social acquaintances, including the wives of (Continued on page 32)

Beauty at bargain rates is only one of the many side lines that attract the custodians of the family purse. Webb's beauty shop employs 29 operators, and is the biggest in the state



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY SANDY GANDY

Doc dismays both competitors and non-competitors with surprising bargains: A three-cent breakfast of bacon, egg, toast, grits and gravy; 100 postcards for a nickel; coffee at a price that sold over 8,000 pounds in one day; canned peaches priced to move carload lots in a few hours; men's shirts at 68 cents (he sold 2,600 of these one Sunday), and meat specials. Doc's meat department once outbid packers on a 30,000-lb. order for the Coast Guard

MOVING FINGER

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

AN INVALID, following the crash of a plane he had been piloting, Jerry Burton, a young Londoner, takes his sister, Joanna, and goes to the small town of Lymstock, where he hopes the fresh air may hasten his recovery.

No sooner is he settled than he receives an anonymous letter—filthy, insulting. Then—after he has been worried sick for a time—he learns that others have received, and are still receiving, somewhat similar letters. He learns, furthermore, that two capable officials—Superintendent Nash and Inspector Graves—are investigating.

Among the Burtons' neighbors are Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife. Living with the Symmingtons are their young children; Elsie Holland, a nursery governess; Megan Hunter, the lawyer's stepchild (whom the town does not understand, because she is not "interested" in anything); Agnes Woddell, a maid; and the cook, Rose.

The town holds Mrs. Symmington in high regard. But for some reason or other (known only to herself) she kills herself, after receiving a "poison-pen" letter. Then, not long after she dies, Agnes Woddell is murdered. . . . No one has any theories to offer, regarding the two deaths—except Superintendent Nash. Nash believes that someone—he does not know who—brought the letter to the Symmington home and thrust it through the letter box, shortly before Mrs. Symmington committed suicide. He believes that Agnes had been looking through a window when the letter had been brought in; he feels sure that Agnes had seen the person who had brought the letter! . . .

Mr. Pye is a well-to-do dilettante who lives not far from the Burtons. Joanna is inclined to suspect him as the murderer. So, meeting him, Burton proceeds to discuss the case with him. Mr. Pye makes numerous comments. Then—"Notice," he says, "what people do with their hands, and their little tricks of manner and what they do with their food, and if they laugh for no apparent reason. That's the way to find out who killed Agnes Woddell."

"Mad?" Burton queries. Mr. Pye stares at him. "Quite, quite mad," he says, "but you'd never know it." "Who?" Burton asks. Mr. Pye smiles. "No, no, Burton," he exclaims, "that would be slander to all the rest of us."

And, without another word, Mr. Pye walks away—quickly.

VI

AS I stood staring after Mr. Pye the church door opened and the Rev. Caleb Dane Calthrop came out.

He smiled vaguely at me. "Good—good morning, Mr.—er—er—"

I helped him.

"Burton."

"Of course, of course, you mustn't think I don't remember you. Your name had just slipped my memory for the moment. A beautiful day."

"Yes," I said rather shortly.

He peered at me.

"But something—something, ah, yes, that poor unfortunate child who was in service at the Symmingtons'. I find it hard to believe, I must confess, that we have a murderer in our midst, Mr.—er—Burton."

"It does seem a bit fantastic," I said.

"Something else has just reached my ears." He leaned toward me. "I learn that there have been anonymous letters going about. Have you heard any rumor of such things?"

"I have heard," I said.

"Cowardly and dastardly things." He paused and quoted an enormous stream of Latin. "Those words of Horace are very applicable, don't you think?" he said.

"Absolutely," I said.

There didn't seem anyone else I

could profitably talk to, so I went dropping in for some tot bottle of sherry, so as to get some humbler opinions on the matter. "A narsty tramp," said the verdict.

"Come to the door, they said, and ask for money, and then I was alone in the house, the My sister Dora, over to she had a narsty experie drunk, he was, and selli printed poems . . ."

The story went on, er intrepid Dora courageous door in the man's face and and barricading herself i retreat, which I gathered cacy in mentioning it, mu tory. "And there she stay came home!"

I reached Little Furze j a few minutes before lunch time, standing in the drawing- am doing nothing at all an look though her thoughts were nile.

"What have you been yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. No lar."

I WENT out on the veranda chairs were drawn up to a table and there were two glasses. On another chair at which I looked with a little for some time.

"What on earth is this?"

"Oh," said Joanna, "I this is a photograph of a diseased spleen. Dr. Griffith seemed to be interested to see it."

I looked at the photograph with interest. Every man has a little of courting the female sex. I myself, choose to do it with a little of spleens, diseased or otherwise. I doubt Joanna had asked

"It looks most unpleasant," I said.

Joanna said it did, rather

"How was Griffith?" I asked.

"He looked tired and very thin. I think he's got something on his mind," she replied.

"A spleen that won't yield to treatment?"

"Don't be silly. I mean a real spleen."

"I should say the man's got a real mind. I wish you'd lay off him."

"Oh, do shut up. I haven't time for such things."

"Women always say that."

Joanna whirled angrily and strode back into the house.

The diseased spleen was curled up in the sun. I took it down and brought it in to my room. I had no affection for it, but I presumed it was one of Griffith's treasures.

I stooped down and picked up a heavy book from the bottom of a bookcase in order to press the photograph flat again between its covers. It was a ponderous volume of sermons.

The book came open in a rather a surprising way. In a minute I saw why. From the middle of it a number of pages had been cut out.

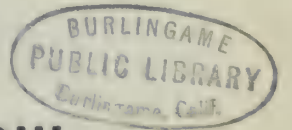
I stood staring at it. I looked at the title page. It had been published in 1840.

There could be no doubt at all. I was looking at the book from the time

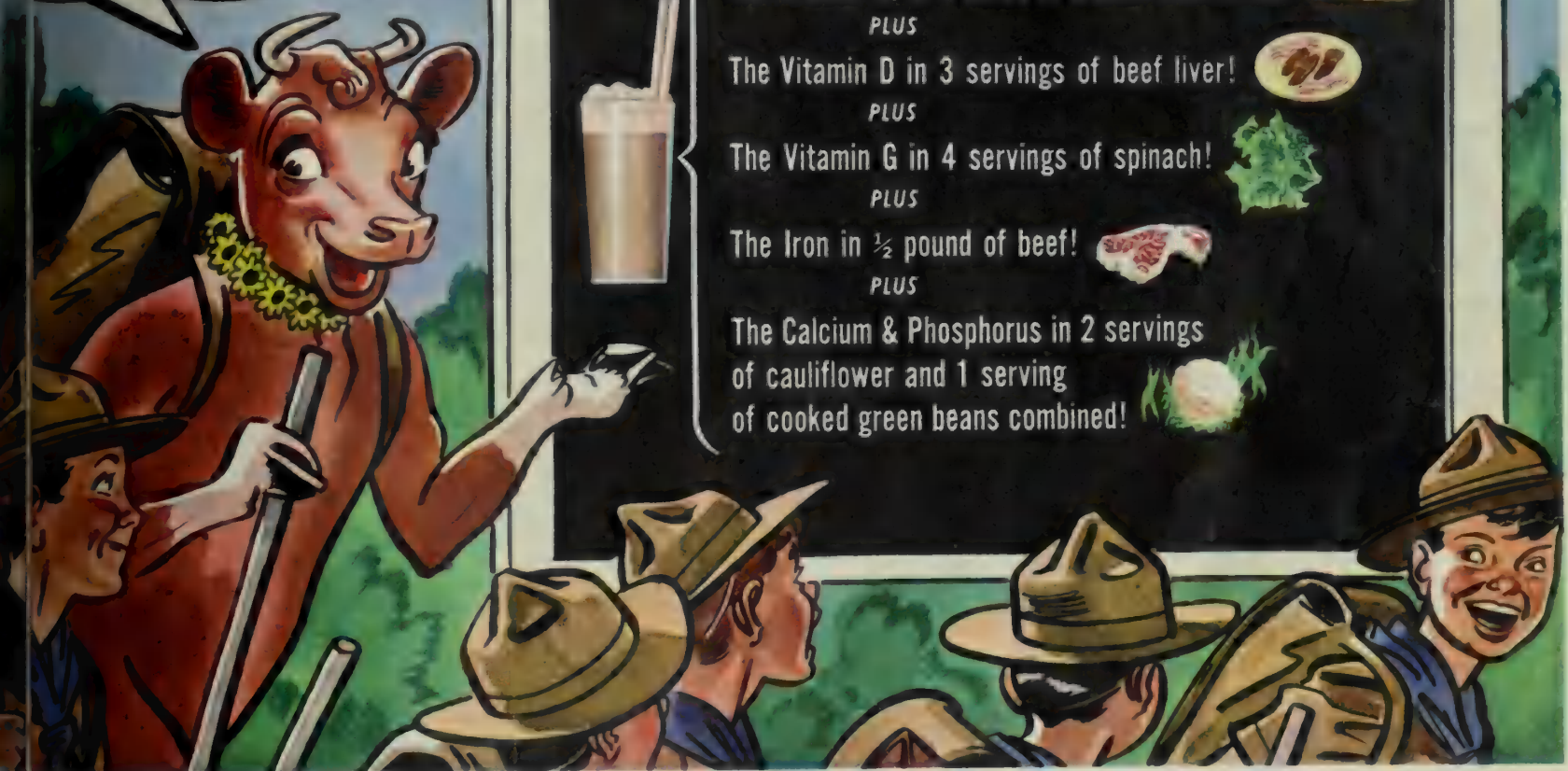
I heard a sound ahead of me to my right. I took a flashlight from my pocket and switched it on. Immediately a low, sharp voice ordered, "Put that out!"

Here's the greatest drink since my cestors invented milk!

SAYS ELSIE
THE BORDEN COW



WITH HEMO YOU CAN
DRINK YOUR VITAMINS
AND LIKE 'EM!



JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

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PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings
of cauliflower and 1 serving
of cooked green beans combined!

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imals at the dinner table. 3 out of 4
ca. don't, according to the National
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in Borden's HEMO—a delicious drink
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nalliet gives you assurance of enough
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t any shortage.

And enough HEMO to mix one full glass at
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start feeling better, looking better, and tack-
ling your job with new zing!



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IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Borden's
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To make HEMO at home—Follow directions on label.
Enough HEMO for one drink costs 2½¢!



and a HALF DONE overhaul
won't stop Oil Pumping—

Replace Worn Engine Bearings!



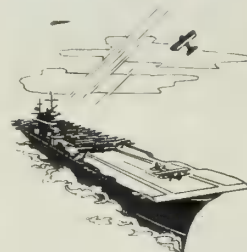
Make your car last longer, save money and help conserve America's vital supplies—correct oil pumping *now*. But remember that with new piston rings the job's only HALF DONE. Wasteful, motor-fouling oil pumping starts at worn connecting rod bearings and correction must start there, too!

When connecting rod bearings are worn, excess oil floods the cylinders, is forced into combustion chambers, where it burns to carbon on the best of new piston rings, on valves and spark plugs. Result: Continued sluggish performance, oil and gasoline waste, and another overhaul within a few thousand miles!

Do the WHOLE job now and save money. When the engine is opened up for new rings, replace the connecting rod bearings with a set of Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy for the long run! Your service man recommends them.

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Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!



FOR VICTORY

Submarines, aircraft carriers, minesweepers, rescue tugs, dredges are equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts. With added production capacity, Federal-Mogul works "all out", manufacturing bearings and precision parts for planes, tanks, guns, boats—and millions of bearings to service the automobiles carrying defense workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

which the anonymous letters had been put together. Who had cut them out?

Well, to begin with, it could be Emily Barton herself. She was, perhaps, the obvious person to think of. Or it could have been Partridge.

But there were other possibilities. The pages could have been cut out by anyone who had been alone in this room, any visitor, for instance, who had sat there waiting for Miss Emily. Or even anyone who called on business.

No, that wasn't so likely. I had noticed that when, one day, a clerk from the bank had come to see me, Partridge had shown him into the little study at the back of the house. That was clearly the house routine.

A visitor, then? Someone "of good social position." Mr. Pye? Aimée Griffith? Mrs. Dane Calthrop?

THE gong sounded and I went in to lunch. Afterward, in the drawing room I showed Joanna my find.

We discussed it from every aspect. Then I took it down to the police station.

They were elated at the find, and I was patted on the back for what was, after all, the sheerest piece of luck.

Graves was not there, but Nash was, and rang up the other man. They would test the book for fingerprints, though Nash was not hopeful of finding anything. I may say that he did not. There were mine, Partridge's and nobody else's, merely showing that Partridge dusted conscientiously.

Nash walked back with me up the hill. I asked how he was getting on.

"We're narrowing it down, Mr. Burton. We've eliminated the people it couldn't be."

"Ah," I said. "And who remains?"

"Miss Ginch. She was to meet a client at a house yesterday afternoon by appointment. That house was situated not far along the Combe Acre road—that's the road that goes past the Symingtons'. She would have to pass the house both going and coming . . . the week before, the day the anonymous letter was delivered and Mrs. Symington committed suicide, was her last day at Symington's office."

"Mr. Symington thought at first she had not left the office at all that afternoon. He had Sir Henry Lushington with him all the afternoon and rang several times for Miss Ginch. I find, however, that she did leave the office between three and four. She went out to get some high denomination of stamp of which they had run short. The office boy could have gone, but Miss Ginch elected to go, saying she had a headache and would like the air. She was not gone long."

"But long enough?"

"Yes, long enough to hurry along to the other end of the village, slip the letter in the box and hurry back. I must say, however, that I cannot find anybody who saw her near the Symingtons' house."

"Would they notice?"

"They might and they might not."

"Who else is in your bag?"

Nash looked very straight ahead of him. "You'll understand that we can't exclude anybody—anybody at all."

"No," I said. "I see that."

He said gravely, "Miss Griffith went to Brenton for a meeting of Girl Guides yesterday. She arrived rather late."

"You don't think—"

"No, I don't think. But I don't know. Miss Griffith seems an eminently sane, healthy-minded woman—but I say, I don't know."

"What about the previous week? Could she have slipped the letter in the box?"

"It's possible. She was shopping in the town that afternoon." He paused. "The same applies to Miss Emily Bar-

ton. She was out shopping early yesterday afternoon and she went to see some friends on the road past the Symingtons' house the week before. I shook my head unbelieveingly. I was bound, I knew, to direct the owner of that house to remember Miss Emily yesterday so bright and lively . . .

Hang it all—excited. I cited—pink cheeks—surely not because—not

I said thickly, "This is for one! One sees things things—"

Nash nodded sympathetically. "It isn't very pleasant to fellow creatures one meets as criminal lunatics."

He paused for a moment, "And there's Mr. Pye."

I said sharply, "So you've

Nash smiled. "Oh, yes, I've seen him all right. A very nice character. He has no children, alone, on both sides. So you're not one of those women?"

"I don't think a man would—in fact, I'm sure of it. Graves—always excepting that is to say, who's got a female streak in his character. We've checked up on every day for a week. That's your see. You're all right, and so's your sister, and Symington didn't leave his office there and Dr. Griffith was the other direction, and I checked on his visits."

He paused, smiled again. "You see, we are thorough."

I said slowly: "So you've narrowed down to those three?"

"Oh, no, no, we've got a couple more—besides the vicar's lady."

"You've thought of her?"

"We've thought of every body. Mrs. Dane Calthrop is a little mad, if you know what I mean. She could have done it. I was wood watching birds yesterday afternoon—and the birds can speak to her."

HE TURNED sharply away. The fifth came into the police station.

"Hullo, Nash. I heard you were asking for me this morning. Important?"

"Inquest on Friday, if the Dr. Griffith."

"Right. Moresby and I P. M. tonight."

Nash said, "There's just one thing, Dr. Griffith. Mrs. Symington was taking some powders that you prescribed for her."

He paused. Owen Griffith said in a low voice:

"Yes?"

"Would an overdose of them have been fatal?"

"Certainly not," Griffith said. "Not unless she'd taken at least five of them!"

"But you once warned her about exceeding the dose, so Miss Symington."

"Oh, that, yes. Mrs. Symington was the sort of woman who would overdo anything she was told to do. That to take twice as much as twice as much good, and you anyone to overdo even penicillin—bad for the heart. There's absolutely no doubt about it. It was cyanide."

"Oh, I know that—you mean. I only thought of committing suicide you'd

a soporific rather than to prussic acid." On the other hand, prussic ramatic and is pretty certain. With barbiturates, you can bring the victim a short time has elapsed." "Thank you, Dr. Griffith," started, and I said goodbye it slowly up the hill home. But—at least there was no and there was an enigmatically scribbled on the book presumably for the other Partridge or myself: "Fifth rings up, I can't go on could manage Wednesday eyebrows and went into room. I sat down in the comfortable armchair—none of very comfortable; they were straight backs and were of the late Mrs. Barton—my legs and tried to think out.

I suddenly annoyance I remembered Owen's arrival had in conversation with the d that he had mentioned people as being possibilities. I who they were.

perhaps, for one? After book had been found in this Agnes could have been quite unsuspectingly by de a mentor. No, you couldn't tridge.

who as the other? perhaps, that I didn't Cleat? The original local

sed my eyes. I considered the these strangely unlikely in rn: Gentle, frail little Em-ton What points were there ac- age st her? A starved life? ated and repressed from early od? Too many sacrifices asked He curious horror of discussing "t quite nice"? Was that ac- n of inner preoccupation est these themes? Was I getting Freudian? I remembered a on- telling me that the mutter- ger- e anesthetic were a revela- Yo- wouldn't think they knew

iffith? nothing repressed or inhib-

ited about her. Cheery, mannish, successful. A full, busy life. Yet Mrs. Dane Calthrop had said, "Poor thing!"

And there was something—something—some remembrance . . . Ah! I'd got it. Owen Griffith saying something like, "We had an outbreak of anonymous letters up north where I had a practice."

Had that been Aimée Griffith's work, too? Surely rather a coincidence. Two outbreaks of the same thing.

Stop a minute, they'd tracked down the author of those. Griffith had said so. A schoolgirl.

Cold it was suddenly—must be a draft from the window. I turned uncomfortably in my chair. Why did I suddenly feel so queer and upset?

Go on thinking . . . Aimée Griffith? Perhaps it was Aimée Griffith, not that other girl. And Aimée had come down here and started her tricks again. And that was why Owen Griffith was looking so unhappy and hag-ridden. He suspected. Yes, he suspected. . . .

Mr. Pye? Not, somehow, a very nice little man. I could imagine him staging the whole business, laughing . . .

That telephone message on the telephone pad in the hall—why did I keep thinking of it? Griffith and Joanna—he was falling for her. No, that wasn't why the message worried me. It was something else. . . .

My senses were swimming, sleep was very near. I repeated idiotically to myself: "No smoke without fire. No smoke without fire. . . . That's it . . . it all links up together. . . ."

And then I was walking down the street with Megan, and Elsie Holland passed. She was dressed as a bride, and people were murmuring, "She's going to marry Dr. Griffith at last. Of course, they've been engaged secretly for years . . ."

There we were, in the church, and Dane Calthrop was reading the service in Latin.

And in the middle of it Mrs. Dane Calthrop jumped up and cried energetically, "It's got to be stopped, I tell you. It's got to be stopped!"

For a minute or two I didn't know whether I was asleep or awake. Then my brain cleared, and I realized I was in the drawing room of Little Furze and that Mrs. Calthrop had just come through the window and was standing in front of me saying with nervous violence:

"It has got to be stopped, I tell you!"

I jumped up. "I beg your pardon," I

Judy and the Judge



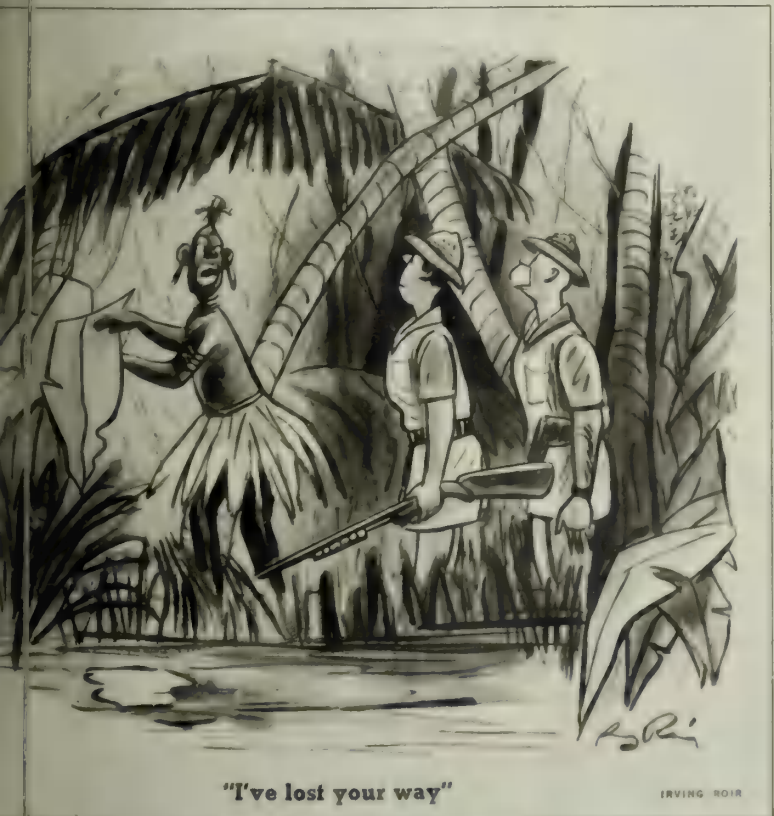
THE JUDGE is a man of firm words and fixed opinions. And there's grim decision in his voice as he lays down the law to his daughter. "Young lady," he says, "when you're faced with a little trouble like mine, there's only one course to follow. Take a good stiff, old-fashioned purge!"



BUT JUDY is not the Judge's daughter for nothing. "Judge," she says, "you are guilty of horse-and-buggy habits. Did it ever cross your legal mind to find and correct the cause of your trouble? Well, that's a little matter we'll 'tend to right now! Come with me."

"**I OBJECT!**" roars the Judge.

"Objection overruled! This crisp, crunchy cereal, **KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**, has just what it takes to correct the cause of constipation due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet. It may be the very thing you need! Just eat it every day, and drink plenty of water."



"I've lost your way"

IRVING ROIR



"**HOLD ON THERE!**" says the Judge. "You little minx, why didn't you tell me how good it tastes? If **ALL-BRAN** can make me 'Join the Regulars,' I'm giving it a lifetime appointment right now!"

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

NOW IMPROVED—GOLDEN SOFT—DOUBLY DELICIOUS

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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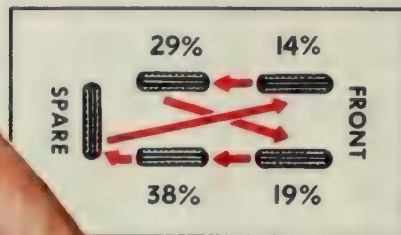
COME IN EVERY WEEK FOR FREE AIR



1 LET US INFLATE YOUR TIRES TO CORRECT PRESSURE

Incorrect inflation can reduce tire life as much as 25%! Too little pressure—or too much pressure—both can cause excessive wear. That makes regular, expert tire service important!

Come in every week, regularly, whether you need gasoline or not, and let us bring all your tires up to correct pressure. You'll find the few minutes it takes for a careful check-up all around will be time well invested.



2 LET US SWITCH TIRES—HELP YOU SAVE RUBBER

Three good tires won't last long—you need at least six. Come in and let us switch your tires regularly. It's done every 5,000 miles.

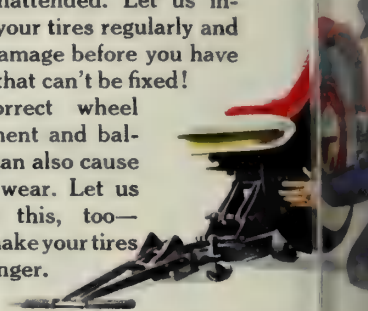
The figures in the

show the relative wear for each wheel. The tires, for example, wear much faster than the others. Regular switching—carefully done—helps make the wear on all tires... helps make the tires last longer.

3 LET US INSPECT YOUR TIRE REGULARLY FOR SAFER, LONGER MILEAGE

Little bruises and cuts grow if left unattended. Let us inspect your tires regularly and stop damage before you have a tire that can't be fixed!

Incorrect wheel alignment and balance can also cause rapid wear. Let us check this, too—help make your tires last longer.



How your Mobilgas Dealer helps keep your car on the road... helps make it last longer.

1. Free Air? Sure—we'll be glad to check your tires once a week!
2. Let us switch tires each 5,000 miles, inspect for cuts and bruises—check wheel alignment, too!
3. Your battery needs our check-up every 2 weeks.
4. Let us change your oil every 1,000 miles—we'll put in clean, tough Mobiloil!

5. Let us Mobilbrake your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!

6. We'll protect your car's finish, too! Let us wax it every 3 months!

7. Let us flush cooling system twice a year—conserve fresh water to guard against damaging, clogging sludge!

8. Let us make sure your gears are protected—we'll check every 1,000 miles.

9. Let us clean your spark plugs every 5,000 miles—help you save gas.

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afraid I was asleep. What if?"

ne Calthrop beat one fist the palm of her other hand. "You can't go on having poor children like Agnes Woddell

quite right," I said. "But you propose to set about it?"

ne Calthrop said, "We've got to do something!"

perhaps in rather a superior And what do you suggest that do?"

the whole thing cleared up! I wasn't a wicked place. I was is."

annoyed. "Yes, my dear I said, not too politely, "but you going to do?"

ne Calthrop said, "Put a stop to course."

lice are doing their best." es could be killed yesterday, isn't good enough."

I know better than they do?" all. I don't know anything at s why I'm going to call in an

my head. "You can't do that. Yard will only take over on a rom the chief constable of the ctually they have sent Graves." mean that kind of an expert. an someone who knows about as letters or even about muran someone who knows people. I see? We want someone who great deal about wickedness!" a queer point of view. But it ehow, stimulating.

I could say anything more, e Calthrop nodded her head at aid in a quick, confident tone: ing to see about it right away." e went out of the window again.

ext week, I think, was one of earest times I have ever passed It had an odd dream quality. seemed real.

quest on Agnes Woddell was the curious of Lymstock at- masse. No new facts came to the only possible verdict was "Murder by person or persons

or little Agnes Woddell, having

had her hour of limelight, was duly buried in the quiet old churchyard and life in Lymstock went on as before.

No, that last statement is untrue. Not as before. . .

There was a half-scared, half-avid gleam in almost everybody's eye. Neighbor looked at neighbor. One thing had been brought out clearly at the inquest—it was most unlikely that any stranger had killed Agnes Woddell. No tramps or unknown men had been noticed or reported in the district. Somewhere, then, in Lymstock, walking down the High Street, shopping, passing the time of day, was a person who had cracked a defenseless girl's skull and driven a sharp skewer home to her brain.

And no one knew who that person was.

AS I say, the days went on in a kind of dream. I looked at everyone I met in a new light, the light of a possible murderer. It was not an agreeable sensation!

And in the evenings, with the curtain drawn, Joanna and I sat talking, talking, arguing, going over in turn all the various possibilities that still seemed so fantastic and incredible.

Joanna held firm to her theory of Mr. Pye. I, after wavering a little, had gone back to my original suspect, Miss Ginch. But we went over the possible names again and again:

Mr. Pye?

Miss Ginch?

Mrs. Dane Calthrop?

Aimée Griffith?

Emily Barton?

Partridge?

And all the time, nervously, apprehensively, we waited for something to happen.

But nothing did happen. Nobody, so far as we knew, received any more letters. Nash made periodic appearances in the town but what he was doing and what traps the police were setting, I had no idea. Graves had gone again.

Emily Barton came to tea. Megan came to lunch. Owen Griffith went about his practice. We went and drank sherry with Mr. Pye. And we went to tea at the vicarage.

I was glad to find that Mrs. Dane Calthrop displayed none of the militant

ferocity she had shown on the occasion of our last meeting. I think she had forgotten all about it.

She seemed now principally concerned with the destruction of white butterflies so as to preserve cauliflower and cabbage plants.

Our afternoon at the vicarage was really one of the most peaceful we had spent. It was an attractive old house and had a big, shabby, comfortable drawing room with faded rose cretonne. The Dane Calthrops had a guest staying with them, an amiable, elderly lady who was knitting something with white, fleecy wool. We had very good hot scones for tea, the vicar came in, and beamed placidly on us while he pursued his gentle erudite conversation. It was very pleasant.

I don't mean that we got away from the topic of the murder, because we didn't.

Miss Marple, the guest, was naturally thrilled by the subject. As she said apologetically:

"We have so little to talk about in the country!" She had made up her mind that the dead girl must have been just like her Edith.

"Such a nice little maid, and so willing, but sometimes just a little slow to take in things."

Miss Marple also had a cousin whose niece's sister-in-law had had a great deal of annoyance and trouble over some anonymous letters, so that, too, was very interesting to the charming old lady.

"But tell me, dear," she said to Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "what do the village people—I mean the townspeople—say? What do they think?"

"Mrs. Cleat still, I suppose," said Joanna.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "Not now."

Miss Marple asked who Mrs. Cleat was.

Joanna said she was the village witch. "That's right, isn't it, Mrs. Dane Calthrop?"

The vicar murmured a long Latin quotation about, I think, the evil power of witches, to which we all listened in respectful and uncomprehending silence.

"She's a very silly woman," said his wife. "Likes to show off. Goes out to gather herbs and things at the full of the moon and takes care that everybody in the place knows about it."

"And silly girls go and consult her, I suppose?" said Miss Marple.

I SAW the vicar getting ready to unload more Latin on us and I asked hastily, "But why shouldn't people suspect her of the murder now? They thought the letters were her doing."

Miss Marple said finally:

"Oh! But the girl was killed with a skewer, so I hear. Very unpleasant! Well, naturally, that takes all suspicion away from this Mrs. Cleat. Because, you see, she could ill-wish her, so that the girl would waste away and die from natural causes."

"Strange how those old beliefs linger," said the vicar. "In early Christian times, local superstitions were wisely incorporated with Christian doctrines and their most unpleasant attributes gradually eliminated."

"It isn't superstition we've got to deal with here," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "but facts."

"And very unpleasant facts," I said.

"As you say, Mr. Burton," said Miss Marple. "Now you—excuse me if I am being too personal—are a stranger here, and have a knowledge of the world and of various aspects of life. It seems to me that you ought to be able to find a solution to this distasteful problem."

I smiled.

"The best solution I have had was a

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"I understand they all have to remain after the play to help do the dishes"

ADOLPH SCHUS

Teacher Jones flunks test



MISS JONES NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but she has to be in class by 9—with a hard day ahead. "Better put off taking anything till tonight," she decides. She doesn't know about quick-acting laxatives.



MISS JONES, annoyed by constipation symptoms, can't manage the children at all. When the principal visits her class, Miss Jones is irritable and unfortunately makes a bad impression.

Teacher Smith scores triumph



MISS SMITH NEEDS A LAXATIVE; she has to be in class by 9. Her day is crowded, too.

But she doesn't put off till tonight taking the laxative she needs this morning. She takes speedy Sal Hepatica!



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Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

DON'T PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning! Take *speedy*, gentle Sal Hepatica!



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dream. In my dream it all fitted in and panned out beautifully. Unfortunately when I woke up the whole thing was nonsense!"

"How interesting, though. Do tell me how the nonsense went."

"Oh, it all started with the silly phrase 'No smoke without fire.' People have been saying that *ad nauseam*. And then I got it mixed up with war terms. Smoke screen, scrap of paper, telephone messages—no, that was another dream."

"And what was that dream?"

The old lady was so eager about it, that I felt sure she was a secret reader of Napoleon's Book of Dreams, which had been the great stand-by of my old nurse.

"Oh! Only Elsie Holland—the Symingtons' nursery governess, you know, was getting married to Dr. Griffith and the vicar here was reading the service in Latin—('Very appropriate, dear,' murmured Mrs. Dane Calthrop to her spouse)—and then Mrs. Dane Calthrop got up and forbade the banns and said it had got to be stopped!"

"But that part," I added with a smile, "was true. I woke up and found you standing over me saying it."

"And I was quite right," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop—but quite mildly, I was glad to note.

"But where did a telephone message come in?" asked Miss Marple, crinkling her brows.

"I'm afraid I'm being rather stupid. That wasn't in the dream. It was just before it. I came through the hall and noticed Joanna had written down a message to be given to someone if he rang up."

Miss Marple leaned forward. There was a pink spot in each cheek. "Will you think me very inquisitive and very rude if I ask just what that message was?" She cast a glance at Joanna. "I do apologize, my dear."

Joanna, however, was highly entertained.

"Oh, I don't mind," she assured the old lady. "I can't remember anything about it myself, but perhaps Jerry can. It must have been something quite trivial."

Solemnly I repeated the message as best I could remember it, enormously tickled by the old lady's rapt attention.

I WAS afraid the actual words were going to disappoint her, but perhaps she had some sentimental idea of a romance, for she nodded her head and smiled and seemed pleased.

"I see," she said. "I thought it might be something like that."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said sharply, "Like what, dear?"

"Something quite ordinary," said Miss Marple.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment or two and we all fell silent.

Miss Marple had resumed her fleecy knitting. "You know," she observed pensively, "to commit a successful murder must be very much like bringing off a conjuring trick."

"The quickness of the hand deceives the eye?"

"Not only that. You've got to make people look at the wrong thing and in the wrong place—misdirection, they call it, I believe."

"Well," I remarked, "so far everybody seems to have looked in the wrong place for our lunatic at large."

"I should be inclined, myself," said Miss Marple, "to look for somebody very sane."

"Yes," I said thoughtfully, "that's what Nash said. I remember he stressed respectability, too."

"Yes," agreed Miss Marple. "That's very important."

Well, we all seemed agreed.

I addressed Mrs. Calthrop. "Nash thinks," I said, "that there will be more

anonymous letters. What do you suppose?"

"If the police think that, they have to be, no doubt, said Mrs. Dane Calthrop."

I went on doggedly. "Mrs. Dane Calthrop: 'Are you still a writer?'"

She flushed. "Why not?"

"I don't think I agree with you, dear," said Miss Marple. "No case."

I said hotly, "The woman to suicide, as a cause of misery and heartache."

"Have you had one, Miss Marple?"

Joanna gurgled: "Oh, most frightful things."

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "the people who are young and apt to be singled out by the world."

"That's why I certainly think that Elsie Holland had a right to be said."

"Let me see," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "that the Symingtons' governess—the one you dreamed of, Burton?"

"Yes."

"Dear me," said Miss Marple, "that's very interesting. That's an interesting thing I've heard of."

"Why not?"

"Because Mrs. Dane Calthrop said it."

"You don't really believe it?"

"I'm not sure. She's a queer one."

It was two nights later that I was in the car for the first time. I had had dinner there and it was all dark and got into Lymstock.

Something was wrong with the lights, and after slowing up and going on and off, I finally got what I could do. I was trembling, but I managed to fix finally.

The road was quite deserted in Lymstock is about the first few houses were just ahead of them the ugly gabled building Women's Institute. It looked dim starlight and something made me to go and have a look at it.

I knew whether I had a glimpse of a stealthy figure through the gate—if it had been so indeterminate at it register in my consciousness and suddenly feel a kind of curiosity about the place.

The gate was slightly ajar. I pushed it open and walked in path and four steps led up to it.

I stood there a moment. What was I really doing here? I knew, and then, suddenly, I caught the sound of a woman's footsteps.

I took a sharp turn and saw the corner of the building. The sound had come from there.

I couldn't see anybody. I again turned a corner. I was at the house now and only two feet away from the window.

I crept up to it and heard nothing, but somehow I felt convinced that there was someone inside.

My back wasn't too good as yet, but I managed to get myself up and drop over the side.

I made rather a noise, but I stood just inside the window. Then I walked forward, outstretched. I heard the sound ahead of me to my right.

flashlight in my pocket and I
on.
tely a low, sharp voice
out that out."
I instantly, for in that brief
ad recognized Superintendent
take my arm and propel me
door and into a passage.
re there was no window to
presence to anyone outside,
on a lamp and looked at me
row than in anger.
ould have to butt in at just
e, Mr. Burton."
I apologized. "But I got a
I was on to something."
you were, probably. Did you
ed."
ed. sure," I said slowly. "I've
feeling I saw someone sneak
the front gate but I didn't
anyone. Then I heard a
and the side of the house."
added. "That's right. Some-
around the house before you.
e—hesitated by the window,
on quickly—heard you, I ex-
gized again. "What's the big
sked."
id:
anking on the fact that an
s letter writer can't stop writ-
ing. She may know it's danger-
ous—he'll have to do it. It's like a
r drink or drugs."
d.
ou see, Mr. Burton, I fancy
Dane—it is will want to keep the let-
ting the same as much as possi-
ly boys got the cut out pages of that
She can go on using letters and
is later out of them. But the en-
car represent a difficulty. She'll want
hem on the same machine.
always risk using another typewriter
n handwriting."
OU really think she'll go on
the game?" I asked incredu-
I we
aged
do. And I'll bet you anything
he's full of confidence. They're
ite in as the devil, these people!
bout an, I figured out that whoever
ould come to the Institute after
ble to get at the typewriter."
Hinch?" I said.
some-
e a don't know yet?"
had on: know."
ally: ou suspect?"

"Yes. But somebody's very cunning.
Mr. Burton. Somebody knows all the
tricks of the game."

I could imagine some of the network
that Nash had spread abroad. I had no
doubt that every letter written by a sus-
pect and posted or left by hand was im-
mediately inspected. Sooner or later the
criminal would slip up, would grow
careless.

For the third time I apologized for my
zealous and unwanted presence.

"Oh, well," said Nash philosophically,
"it can't be helped. Better luck next
time."

I went out into the night. A dim fig-
ure was standing beside my car. To my
astonishment I recognized Megan.

"Hullo!" she said. "I thought this was
your car. What have you been doing?"

"What you are doing is much more
to the point," I said.

"I'm out for a walk. I like walking
at night. Nobody stops you and says
silly things, and I like the stars, and
things smell better, and everyday things
look all mysterious."

"All of that I grant you freely," I
said. "But only cats and witches walk
in the dark. They'll wonder about you
at home."

"No, they won't. They never wonder
where I am or what I'm doing."

"How are you getting on?" I asked.

"All right, I suppose."

"Miss Holland look after you and all
that?"

"Elsie's all right. She can't help be-
ing a perfect fool."

"Unkind—but probably true," I said.

"Hop in and I'll drive you home."

It was not quite true that Megan was
never missed.

Symmington was standing on the
doorstep as we drove up.

He peered toward us.

"Hullo, is Megan there?"

"Yes," I said. "I've brought her
home."

Symmington said sharply. "You
mustn't go off like this without telling
us, Megan. Miss Holland has been
quite worried about you."

Megan muttered something and went
past him into the house.

Symmington sighed. "A grown-up girl
is a great responsibility with no mother
to look after her. She's too old for
school, I suppose."

He looked toward me rather suspi-
ciously.

"I suppose you took her for a drive?"
I thought it best to leave it like that.

(To be continued next week)

"But I don't LIKE the Nortons!"



You don't mean a word of it.

It's just that you're a bundle of nerves
at the end of a hard day. But why be
a wet blanket? Enjoy the Best Part
of Your Day by first getting into
the tub with a cake of Ivory to . . .



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Ivory Bath washes away your
weariness, your grumpiness. You...

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your Ivory Bath. That fresh, clean
"Ivory" smell leaves you good
company, too—physically fresh
and mentally keen. You'll have
more fun with the family and
friends every evening if you always
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For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH



"This was just a cow pasture last month"

ERIC BRIDSON

Tumult Between the Tracks

Continued from page 23

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EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY
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downtown merchants, who were equally hot on the scent of Webb's bargains.

Neither husband nor competitor nor a combination of both could do much about that. As a matter of fact, when the downtown merchants learned what was going on they urged their wives to raid Webb's bargains as the quickest way to put him out of business.

But they misfigured. They also had to put up with a lot of raucous jeers from the soot-and-cinder belt, in his advertising. Doc had a knack of harpooning his competitors while inoculating housewives with his own brand of bargain virus.

They tried to blot him out with bigger ads. But Doc came back with still bigger bargains. They decided to take bargain losses by turns in order to hurry matters along. Doc offered to meet all their advertised prices. Customers brought in the competitive ads. They stayed to buy the other fellow's bargain from Doc. Then to save them the trouble, he posted those ads in his store, and added a postscript.

When the executive of a national drug chain landed in town to see what ailed their special sales, the local manager led him up to Webb's and pointed. Across the bottom of their latest ad was printed "Ten per cent off these prices at Webb's."

Fair-trade practice and price-fixing laws, it was hoped, would put an end to his abysmal initiative and primitive enterprise. But Doc Webb nominated himself the champion of the common people in their fight against the statutory increase in the cost of living.

The first of the Florida price-fixing laws jumped the price of milk. Then came laundries, dry cleaners, barbers and beauticians, and up went the Monday wash and face lifting. Doc pretended he had never heard of these laws while their validity was being tested, and even afterward there was nothing, for example, to keep him from selling ice cream at the fixed price of milk. To dispense beauty at a bargain, he employs twenty-nine operators in his beauty parlor; which he says makes it the largest in the state or, if he is feeling expansive, in the country.

He operates continuously under injunctions and counter-injunctions. With the federal government prosecuting price-fixers, and state governments prosecuting non-price-fixers, about all anybody knows is that Doc Webb, with jail staring him in the face, defies all the laws of fair trade and foul in behalf of his customers.

Little Big Businessman

"Those laws were hatched by big businessmen to help themselves," he snorts. "Every one of them jumped prices. I don't care about those fellows. It's the people that count."

With such a reputation, a person might expect to find Doc Webb a bellowing mastodon, but he is nothing of the sort. He is just a cocky bantam, five feet five in his shoes, weighing 123 pounds. Except for fixed, penetrating eyes that remind you of those colored-glass orbs sometimes found in white marble statuary, he could easily glide through life unnoticed.

Doc Webb, or James Earl Webb, was born August 31, 1899, at Nashville, Tennessee, and he was twenty-seven when he went off like the Fourth of July in St. Petersburg. Before that, he had held two drugstore jobs, one in Nashville, the other in Knoxville. He thought he was worth more money on the second, but

his boss thought otherwise. So Doc Webb indignantly pocketed his savings and headed for the then fabulous land of riches, just as Florida's fantastic boom went blooey! He started one of his own.

With \$2,000 and a partner, he rented a room at \$25 a month without a lease. At the end of the first year his gross totaled \$38,000. He decided he could do better without a partner. Bills payable exceeded \$6,000, and his inventory totaled considerably less, but he made a deal which, by the time he got a free hand, cost him \$18,000.

The second year, he grossed \$90,000 and began to kick out partitions and take over adjoining rooms. By the time of the national depression of 1929, his gross had mounted to \$300,000. By the time the depression hit bottom, the gross had reached \$500,000. In the recession of 1937, it passed \$1,000,000, and by the time World War II broke out in 1939, it had passed \$2,000,000. In 1940, the figure topped \$3,000,000, and in 1941, more than \$4,000,000.

Seldom does Doc Webb show up at his store before midafternoon, which is looked upon as a business heresy; and then he stays little more than an hour, which is even worse. A snappy dresser, usually in white, he also wears a hat that disguises him as a customer, as he moves swiftly about, consulting with department executives. No employee can be induced to point him out. Doc rates somewhere between a curiosity and a legend.

"I've got to see an architect," he protested and started to flee when trapped flat-footed in the middle of his store. "Fellow in here last week wanting a story," he complained. "Offered me a hundred dollars to dig up records that'd take a week. But if I can tell you what you want to know in a minute, come on."

He led the way up a flight of stairs little better than a stepladder to a cubbyhole balcony, where his general manager, surrounded by buttons and switches, controlled the madhouse below. The one-minute interview stretched into three nerve-devastating hours. Doc Webb is a self-winder who stays wound. He never sat, and much of the time he

was springing halfway down. He seemed to transact business on those steps. Maps and records were brought up and down.

"I want every statement told his manager. Then he cleared up why he spends so little time. 'I sit down only at home of the time, it's on the floor under me,' he explained. 'I take at least six hours daily that telephone. So my wife has a special cushion.'"

Many local tobacco stores took him instead of from what takes more than a carload of attention of the tobacco people. Doc. "It takes trainloads of president of a national tobacco told me himself that his firm of a certain brand of pipe than to all the rest of the industry put together." Doc had 1000 cigarettes in a week.

Till-Music-Symphonic

By actual count, his till registers have withstood in a single day. He freed \$50,000 worth of checks from \$75,000 to \$100,000 nights. He has two experts to handle this detail. Out of 50,000 checks cashed a do not exceed \$100, because makes it hot for a bad check.

The outside of his place a sight. "I kept it that way said Doc, 'so ordinary folks afraid to come in. I did windows, because people in this neighborhood if they coming to Webb's.'"

Then he bought and tore plant next door, put up a and a new front on the old block-long front he installed of brilliantly illuminated windows.

Doc Webb attributes the business to two simple things: a retail store on a wholesale basis doing business entirely on low's money.

"I turn my stock fifty to



"Ha, Ha! . . . I was right after all. Eh, Doc?"



PURLINGAME
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Coups of people like this, meeting in blacksmith shops, in taverns, stores, and on street corners, demanded that the Constitution be amended to guarantee certain rights. Among these are Freedom of Speech . . . Freedom of the Press . . . Freedom of Religion . . . Freedom of Assembly.

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Today, these forces are at work against us again. They have thrust upon us a fight that requires more on our part than the will to win. Victory requires tanks and planes and guns

and battleships, huge armies, munition plants, and all other implements of total war.

To build enough of these things, fast enough, takes money—unheard-of sums of money. And the United States Government needs that money right now . . . today!

★ ★ ★

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Safety

Wonderful new liquid dentifrice,
Teel, cleans and beautifies your
teeth the safest way—without
scouring ingredients!

Of course you want your teeth to sparkle with dazzling natural beauty! But do you want this *temporary* beauty at the expense of some *lasting injury* that will mar their loveliness? Well, millions of Americans, unfortunately, are using dentifrices containing ingredients which *can* cause this injury.

Yes! Most dentifrices today have scouring materials in them, so fine you can't notice them. Tests show these scouring ingredients can gradually cut grooves or cavities in the soft part of the tooth along the gum line—when this part is exposed by receding gums, as so often happens. All too often then teeth lose their beauty, may grow painful and require filling, too!

Why Teel avoids this serious injury!

Teel, wonderful new liquid dentifrice, is different from any leading tooth paste or powder. Not only because it is *liquid* . . . but because it contains *no scouring ingredients*, as other popular dentifrices do!

That's why, of all leading dentifrices today, tests prove Teel is the only one which simply cannot cut ugly gum-line cavities in the exposed, soft part of the teeth.

And yet, Teel helps brighten and beautify teeth thrillingly! In fact, no other leading dentifrice does such a wonderful cleansing job . . . with such amazing safety. For, instead of scouring ingredients, liquid Teel depends for its super-cleansing action on a new-type, patented, cleansing ingredient. Thus, Teel is actually as safe as water on teeth.

So for bright, naturally shining teeth . . . with complete safety, too . . . change to Teel. You'll love Teel's refreshing taste—and you'll be thrilled by the beauty results! To further protect the beauty of your teeth, visit your dentist regularly.

AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT
AND 104 STORES



Use this Teel method for removing stains!

Most people find Teel easily removes ordinary surface stains from their teeth. Due to unusual mouth conditions, however, some find it difficult to remove these discolorations. In such cases, an occasional scouring may be needed.

For these people, we recommend this easy method: (1) Use Teel twice each day. (2) Use salt and soda or any ordinary dentifrice *not more than once or twice a week*. For remember—*regular* use of anything that *scours* may be dangerous to the exposed, soft part of teeth and cause trouble.

THIS SIMPLE TEST WILL TELL YOU WHETHER YOUR TEETH ARE IN DANGER



Starting from the gums, run your fingernail up and down several teeth. If your nail catches on a groove near the gum (grooves usually come first in the "eye" teeth) then you know the soft part is exposed and in danger. So choose your dentifrice carefully! Play safe! Start right away to use Teel—new liquid dentifrice guaranteed to contain no scouring materials.

Change to Teel

THE NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE—
USE IT INSTEAD OF TOOTH PASTES AND POWDERS

year," he declared; "allow no credit and convert merchandise into cash well in advance of the ten-day deadline for taking discounts."

The importance of these discounts came to light when the Internal Revenue agents were probing for hidden profits. They too insisted that a business had to net a certain percentage of its gross or go broke. The only thing Doc seemed to net was that two per cent discount for cash.

"That's plenty," he protested. "What other druggist around this town netted sixty thousand dollars?"

Doc is a master of timing, surprise and provocation. His special sales overlap, but by appealing to different groups, he creates the effect of waits between bargains. No competitor can tell who will be the next. Before one calms down, Doc takes a fall out of another. It may be a carload of bridge tables, 50,000 rosebushes, or a bargain tour to Cuba.

Once he sold a carload of cantaloupes at two cents apiece and blandly remarked that this helped the fruit stores. "I sold those 15,000 cantaloupes in a day and did not reorder," he explained. "That gave 30,000 persons half a cantaloupe for breakfast at a cost of one cent each, which didn't hurt anybody. Many got an appetite for melon and patronized the regular fruit markets."

On another occasion, he offered paint at \$1.79 a gallon and posted a \$1,000 reward for proof that a better paint existed at any price. Then, as an extra added insult, he threw in a free paintbrush.

At the time he added a butcher shop, the U. S. Coast Guard sought bids on 30,000 pounds of meat. Local distributors bid and so did Doc Webb. He got the order. He had to buy the meat from one of the losers, but the fact that a drugstore outbid the meat packers made wire news; and this, together with the circus parade of delivering the 30,000 pounds of meat, forced Doc to hire eighteen meatcutters who had to work in such close quarters that on big days they fell to butchering one another.

Coffee—and Doughnuts

When someone tries to take a fall out of him, Doc really works up a lather, and that is usually when he adds a new line. Selling a national brand of coffee at nine cents a pound turned him into a coffee importer. He was warned, then his supply was cut off. That was seven years ago. Since then, he has sold more than 4,000,000 pounds of his own brand. He regularly sends a buyer to Colombia, Guatemala and Mexico to purchase coffee beans for what he terms the largest *individual* coffee business in the world.

On February 18, 1940, to mention but one date, he staged a special sale and sold 8,578 pounds of his coffee. For once, he ran out of stock and had to issue due bills. Doc Webb sees to it that the last customers to come are served too or given a due bill for later delivery of the bargain. He sold 9,453 dozen doughnuts of his own make the same day and he sells at least half a million loaves of bread a year.

Serving cut-rate meals at his fountain caused the cafeterias to strike back with a nine-cent breakfast. He retaliated with a cafeteria, put on a three-cent breakfast and kept it going for six months. It consisted of "one fresh yard egg, three slices of select bacon, three slices of buttered toast, grits and ham gravy." That breakfast also became wire news and the theme of a national broadcast. Doc Webb received letters from England wanting to know how he did it. The answer was a loss of \$20,000, but today he operates the biggest cafeteria in town.

He once gave cigarettes uproarious scale and ending on the toughest business tackled. He announced a silk hose, and immediately women's store came back rate sale on cigarettes, stand-by. They slashed and Then, as he put it, rather around any more, he offered rettes, two packages to a cut lines were more than a bit two days but Doc was in super-rages; he added a second his building and installed ready-to-wear store.

That department has been headache. To even up, the store installed a cut-rate ment and a lunch counter steal his sugar special.

Rationing Ends a Bo

Five pounds of sugar for been his first bargain. It Monday eradicator and star with a stampede. When out in 1939, other local sugar sales to five pounds five cents. Doc told his come and get what they were cents a pound. They came carloads in two days, and the end of the local sugar of the sugar war. This occasional pitch where the store would give away ten Saturday, and Doc twelve Monday, until rationing battle.

Doc's attempt to finance building was perhaps the of his spectacular career. I had as independent in his act U. S. mint. But now he needed a \$200,000 preferred-stock approached local brokers but to warm up. Local stock bad enough without Doc W sensational methods.

"All right!" he yelled. "stock myself!" He took an section in the Sunday paper nouncement that was about impudent piece of effrontery boom days when prospects jump fast or lose a fortune. exactly one week to subscribe fied the public.

He had a prospectus prior a table in his warehouse and a siege of vocal persuasion morning he ran a page ad "Today is the Day." The w back.

Monday morning his st prospects into the warehouse undertook to explain his They would not listen. He had copies of his prospectus. them away unread. He co started. Nevertheless, his morning ad read, "\$73,400 and paid for." Wednesday read, "\$126,600 sold and pa Thursday, "Thank you." He away scores, some of whom take the entire issue.

"That was money right heart," exulted Doc Webb. who stopped to use their h had a chance."

Though the new building pleted, the din of pounding which began when Doc first store in 1926 continues un gives the impression of a race to keep ahead of a bu constantly threatens to bur its walls.

"When you don't hear around here," proclaimed parting shot, "I'll be broke Which adds up to no moral a ing anybody had better try

THE END

Ranzo Goes to War

Continued from page 19

port and, provided the coast was clear, he picked us up, he'd make sure by asking for our mate of the Robin Moor at ship's papers over to the Vanguard if the mate of the Vanguard to bring her papers over to the Vanguard put over the dirtiest Irish the night of the Big Wind

smiled upon Mr. McNamara. "I knew it," he piped. "I'll get money on it. And just to the plot and make it more probable, the Vanguard is under the flag of Panama. Not shooting German submarines and we are, damn us, of pussyfooting hypocrites the guts to make it official and with the America Firsters! A investigate us before open-

you know it, sir? You have been to me until today."

are personnel cards for? Your run down for me some time had two years in the training before you were eighteen; did four years in the Navy, all marines and were discharged as a pedo-man, which is a rating men achieve on their first enlistment. So I suspect you were good. From bosun to chief mate of the Arrow Line and I notice by the time you were in the pilothouse you had unlimited license as master. A high-American, born in Boston, it seemed reasonable to suspect you were blown out of the fin-

you've ever been in." I set foot on the deck of a ship. I'll be in command of her, for a little while, anyway."

very great risk." McNamara thrives on risks. I don't like the gun but I think, sir, you're not a fire it."

Why not? I'm eighty-six years old and I'll fix it so the Arrow Line will take care of the dependents if you don't come back. support your mother. Well, we'll never."

remind you, sir, that if we

wage a private war on a nation with which we are not officially at war, we'll be pirates under the law—"

"Oh, rot!" said Ranzo. "Let's beat the gun. I've always wanted to be a pirate. There's such a thing as being too danged pure all one's life."

"Only the sinful have fun, sir."

"Give me your battle plan, mister."

Mr. McNamara outlined his idea in brief, succinct sentences. "The only trouble I'll have," he added, "is to get the wrecking material."

"Give you a letter to the president of the New England Wrecking Company," Ranzo promised. "I'm a big stockholder there and I know they always keep that sort of wrecking material on hand. You run up to Boston tonight and get it and I'll take over your job tomorrow. I could write a book on the proper stowage of cargo."

Ranzo now adjusted himself more comfortably on the day bed, laid aside his pipe and closed his eyes. Presently Mr. McNamara heard a thin whistling, like a six-knot breeze passing through a ship's rigging. . . . Ranzo, his present problem settled to his satisfaction, had dropped off to sleep. Mr. McNamara, however, continued to sit there—he would not depart until dismissed.

Half an hour later Ranzo said: "You're off duty, so if you choose to take a drink, that's your business. Press the button yonder and when the room steward comes tell him to hustle up here with a quart of champagne. I always celebrate the discovery of real seafarin' talent and until you came aboard I always thought I was the only man living who realized what a risk the commander of the sub that sank the Robin Moor ran when he had the mate come aboard."

"The mate suspected nothing; so he wasn't ready."

"Just like our old, senile, trusting boob of an Uncle Sam," Ranzo snarled. "Mister, you renew my faith. Every little while I have to get the stench of automobiles out of my nose, and pure ocean ozone does it, so I'm going out with you as master this voyage. I'll lead the assault. My grandfather was a privateer when the French and British were picking on our merchant ma-



th's the way she looked, I'm surprised Grandfather ever married her"

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rine because they thought the nation was too weak, after the War of the Revolution, to defend itself.

"He was a great hand to come alongside the enemy, grapple her and lead his men aboard with cutlass and pistol. If I let a German get away with stuff like that his spirit'd ha'nt me."

"By the way, sir, we'll have to have a fast runabout aboard—say a twenty-six footer capable of doing forty miles an hour. We'll need her for the trip from the Vanguard to the submarine—that is, in case we're ordered over."

"Get it," said Ranzo. His eyes narrowed to slits and Mr. McNamara realized the old gentleman was profoundly irritated. He had been brooding over the President's foreign policy much too long and was worried as to the outcome of it. "Those fly Japs offered the Red Arrow Line a high price for three of our old ships, but I could block the sale and I did. Catch me furnishing those devils with scrap to make shells and bombs to kill us with when we're not looking. And you know where those old steamers are now? They're carrying lend-lease aid to Britain. They were down to eight knots and that's fast enough in convoy; if they're sunk the real loss will be their cargoes."

"Yes, indeed, sir," Mr. McNamara murmured politely. "Of course, since you're hell-bent on connecting up with a submarine we'll have to use the radio freely and not run in a blackout."

Ranzo snickered. "In making a rabbit stew, mister, the first thing you got to do is ketch the rabbit."

THE Vanguard was snorting along at fifteen knots under a clear, starry sky when Mr. McNamara came on duty at midnight. He got a star fix and figured out the ship's position, which would place her approximately three hundred miles due south of the Cape Verde Islands. Here, he reflected, was about where that other U. S. freighter had got it—and if the German Intelligence was worth a dime, news of the Vanguard's sailing and destination must be known to any raider in these waters.

He smiled bitterly as he recalled the government's plea for a voluntary censorship by the newspapers regarding the movements of vessels, when all anybody had to do to possess the information was call at the customhouse and ask for it.

The third, whom he was relieving, came out of the chartroom where he had been making a final entry in the rough log and said to him, "I thought I caught the beat of a propeller a little while ago, Mr. McNamara."

The chief mate took down the receiver of the underwater telephone and listened. "I should say," he answered coldly, "that it is a propeller and that you shouldn't think. You should know." The third was only twenty-four years old and Mr. McNamara believed all modern youths should be castigated frequently for the good of their souls.

"If that's a submarine she probably can't do better than fifteen knots on the surface and this packet can step up to seventeen in a pinch. If we only knew for sure, we could outrun her."

"Hard to outrun a six-inch shell," Mr. McNamara replied dryly.

"And we ain't runnin'," came a piping voice from the door that led from the wheelhouse into the master's suite.

Ranzo was standing there, attired in an old woolen dressing gown and green carpet slippers, and his long white beard was bobbing in and out with every word. He took down the engine-room howler and handed it to the chief mate. "Cut her to twelve knots," he ordered. "All o' my people were nervous in the face of danger and I reckon I've inherited that tendency, because I just can't stand suspense. I got to have it over with.

Call me if anything worth mentioning turns up."

He returned to his quarters and the third said, "Mr. McNamara, that old boy is crazier than a hoot owl. He's asking for it. He won't run in a blackout and he's used the radio. Doesn't he realize a vessel all lit up can be seen ten miles away and that there's such a thing as a radio-direction finder?"

"When you're older, lad, you'll not question the actions of your superior."

"Sparks tells me the commanding officer of a neutrality patrol boat raw-hided us yesterday for breaking radio silence to permit Grandpappy to send birthday greetings to somebody and promised to report it to the Maritime Commission."

"We're not at war, the air's free, and speech is supposed to be," Mr. McNamara ground out passionately. "The old man finds it hard to pussyfoot, to play politics. He's little, but he's de-

when the dawn light was just beginning to spread out of Africa—Mr. McNamara saw a light blinking off the starboard quarter. He knew the international code and called out the letters to the second, who looked their meaning up in the code book. The first group of three letters meant: What ship is that?

MR. McNAMARA switched on the Vanguard's blinker lamp and replied, "Steamer Vanguard—Panama registry—New York to Cape Town with general cargo. Who are you?"

"Submarine," came the answer. "Heave to. Do not use your radio. Send boat over with papers and manifest of cargo." To that Mr. McNamara replied that he understood and would be over.

En route through the wheelhouse he set the engine-room telegraph to "Stop." Instantly the cessation of the engine throb awakened Ranzo; he was on his feet reaching for his trousers when Mr.

deck. Ranzo, with a thick hand, crossed safely over the gangplank.

He was a weird and w to meet at sea, for he wa divine service rather than submarine. He wore a silk trousers, frock coat, Asc suède gloves and spats. Sa submarine he lifted his bowed very formally. grinned and bowed even m "Welcome aboard my v Neptune," he greeted Ranz English.

"Permit me to introduce said Ranzo amiably, ret twitted. "I am Captain A I imagine you did not se Panama painted on the side sel, else you would not h to ask for a look at our p as how the Republic of Pan tal nation."

The submarine comma good-humoredly. "We kn due about here, of course, said, "and we knew also Panama was merely camo ever, if you are not bound port we may be inclined blind side to you."

"We're bound for a B Cape Town," Ranzo confes "but we are not carrying and just to prove it I have over a copy of our cargo addition to the ship's pap

"You are very kind, C submarine man said, and of yellow flimsy Ranzo l "but I must remind you upon being the sole judge a your cargo is or is not cont cuse me, please."

HE DISAPPEARED into tower and Ranzo, as little boy, followed him, st inside and watched him the bowels of the submari

One of her crew had, i while, tied the painter of t to one of the stanchions railing that ran around the The other handed his boat McNamara for the latter boat with at the stern, and a then resumed their search zon and the sky with binocu instantly one of them cried others turned as he pointed Vanguard.

Mr. McNamara droppe hook in the lifeboat, picked off automatic shotgun, swu trio and said cheerfully, "Sii ren—and lots of it." He taj to interpret his command.

They may not have unc words but there was no mis ing his action. So when Mr. waved them forward they

"So far so good, mister," F "That pirate only went d pretend to study the mani ship's papers to furnish an e us we're carrying contraba have to send us to the bo go through the forms. No neutral vessel without sear ing time to get the boats ov

In about ten minutes the commander appeared on Ranzo claimed his attentio with a shrill: "Well, what's mister?"

"You have a large cons steel rails aboard. Our enem steel rails for delivery to a C on the list of contraband, s no less than outlaw steel rai ery to a British port. I regre sity for sinking you. Retu vessel immediately. Twen after you reach her I shall pedo into her and start sh



scended from a line that fought naked to the waist with cutlasses and boarding pikes and served, barefooted, muzzle-loading guns on decks that were slippery with blood; a line that had a hot iron for a disinfectant following an amputation without an anesthetic. So he has an old-fashioned, probably obsolete, idea of national dignity and personal honor.

"Your generation wouldn't understand that, because somewhere along the road during the past twenty years a new and strange Americanism has been born." Mr. McNamara was so disgusted he forgot himself and spat to windward. He found it difficult to be patient with the cocksure opinions of the third, who, only a few months before, had been an A.B. with nothing more on his mind than schemes to dodge work and claim overtime.

AT FOUR o'clock the beat of propellers was loud and distinct. Mr. McNamara had remained on the bridge after the second had relieved him; he searched the sea to starboard while the second searched to port. At a quarter past four

McNamara opened his door to announce they would depart on the great adventure as soon as he was ready.

The runabout was swung out with her gunwales on a level with the Vanguard's rail when the bosun lifted Ranzo in. Mr. McNamara was the only other occupant of the boat and he had the motor turning over slowly, warming it; as the boat was waterborne he threw in the clutch and they chugged away toward the submarine. It was fairly light as they came up to her and Mr. McNamara noticed four dun-garee-clad men on her deck.

One of the Germans beckoned him to come on, so Mr. McNamara realized that would be the commander. He ran the motorboat alongside and two of the seamen snagged her with boat hooks and held her. There was scarcely a ripple on the ocean but Mr. McNamara would take no chance on Ranzo's injuring himself climbing from the lifeboat to the deck of the sub, so he tossed out two twelve-foot boards an inch and a half thick and extending from the rail of the lifeboat past the curve of the U-boat's

How to keep a good car good

EVERY car in use today must, as a matter of national need, now last the longest possible time.

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handed Ranzo the ship's papers. He had retained the manifest.

"Take a look at your target," Ranzo invited him sweetly.

The German took a look at the Vanguard, then another at Mr. McNamara's dark implacable countenance behind the automatic shotgun, then forward to where his men huddled. "Ah," he murmured, "funny business, eh?"

"I could die laughing," Ranzo said. "He who laughs last laughs best, my Yankee friend."

"The second you went below, mister, that was noted aboard the Vanguard. After all, we have twelve-power glasses in the pilothouse. So she immediately resumed her voyage, changing her course to due east, in order to present her stern to your torpedo. You couldn't hit her now, could you?"

"No, but I can put shells in her up to a range of ten thousand yards."

"I see you have a cannon on deck but if you try to use it the big fellow in the motorboat will be under the necessity of spraying the gun crew liberally with buckshot."

"I have no desire to sacrifice my men, and my submarine isn't the only one operating in the South Atlantic. In about five minutes my second-in-command will begin to wonder why I have not returned below with my crew and given the order to bring my craft into position to fire a torpedo into your steamer. Naturally he expects me to get rid of you very promptly, because there is always an element of risk when a submarine remains on the surface. So he will come up presently, very cautiously, to see what has happened. When he sees it he will go below and order a crash dive. Can you swim, Grandpa?"

"I BELIEVE," said Ranzo, "I'll go back aboard my motorboat. It would never do for a man of my age to get his tail wet. However, I'm an American and addicted to the habit of collecting souvenirs, so if you will kindly slip out of that belt with its holstered pistol and set it and your very nice marine glasses on my gangway I'll consider that a very gracious gesture on your part."

"Your desires are so modest, Grandpa, I haven't the heart to refuse them. Now what do you do?"

"When your second pokes his inquisitive nose up over the conning tower my official executioner will bust his bobstay," Ranzo declared.

But the German had his answer ready: "His body will then fall down into the control room and the third-in-command will immediately close the conning tower and order a crash dive. He'll know war has been declared and, in war, consideration of the safety of a few men must not be permitted to prejudice the safety of the ship. We will be left in the drink, of course, but we can all swim and after the vessel has surfaced again out of range of your shotgun you will be worked on with a machine gun and shell and shrapnel. I think you'll be gotten."

"Dang my buttons," Ranzo wailed, "looks as though we ain't as smart as we thought we be. Well, we got another ace up the sleeve of our vest. Trot forward, son, and join your men."

Ranzo waited until the German was about thirty feet away, then he pulled back the zipper on his brief case and brought forth a flat can, which he tossed down the conning tower, then stood on his toes, opened his mouth and thrust a thumb in each ear.

A second later there was an explosion and greasy gray smoke began to climb up from below. Ranzo shivered, recovered, picked up his brief case and souvenirs and walked with great dignity to the end of the gangplank where he paused, faced the submarine commander, bowed and shrilled, "Dive an'

be damned to ye! We're goin' home."

He stepped down into the lifeboat. "Pull in the gangplank, mister," he ordered Mr. McNamara. "No sense to wasting good lumber."

The Germans ran to the conning tower and were waiting there for the smoke to clear below as the two privates departed. Mr. McNamara tendered them that vulgar form of recognition colloquially known as the bird and touched off a day rocket, the signal agreed upon to let the Vanguard know they were returning. Ranzo came and sat beside him. "Let's shudder together," he quavered, "and, if need be, go to perdition together."

MR. McNAMARA grinned slyly and said: "If that sub's interior layout follows the customary pattern, the control room is just under the conning-tower hatch, sir, so that quart of nitroglycerin I got from the New England Wrecking Company exploded there and ruined every gadget, gauge and control, including the Heinies standing by for a crash dive. I hope for the best, but we may get the worst. However, that was the chance we had to take."

Mr. McNamara cut loose from the submarine and fled from there at forty miles an hour. Presently Ranzo shrilled: "Oh, my great patience! They're going to shoot us."

As the shell whooshed over him and exploded a hundred yards ahead of them Mr. McNamara said: "Over! Direction good!" Then he let out the battle cry of his race, "Faugh-a-gallagh," which, for the benefit of those not versed in the Gaelic language, means "Clear the road." He turned at right angles and dodged another one that was much shorter but far to the left. He reduced speed and one fell short on his right; shell fragments ricocheted off the runabout's hull, singing a devil's chorus.

"This is wonderful," Ranzo yelled. "I feel just like my grandfather."

"I'm glad I don't feel like mine," Mr. McNamara shouted back. "The British hung him—the Lord ha' mercy on him."

The submarine finally despaired of hitting such a fast-moving and skillfully maneuvered target and presently Mr. McNamara turned the wheel over to Ranzo and chugged away at trolling speed. He looked back at the submarine through the captured German glasses. "Yes," he declared, "we certainly messed up her innards. She can't dive and she can't surface completely, so she's headed west under a slow bell, to intern in some Brazilian port."

"If she gets there," Ranzo said, "her captain'll report to Hitler that he was exercising his right, under international law, of search, and we declared war on him—after he had told us we could proceed. Can't you just picture Adolf screaming like a drunken parrot and foaming at the mouth when he hears that? And some time tomorrow morning our State Department will be radioing us for a report and asking us what we meant by waging war on a nation we ain't at war with."

"And what will you say to that, sir?" "I'll tell 'em all to go an' pick on somebody their size. Still, mister, I reckon we'll be charged with piracy."

There was only one answer to that and Mr. McNamara gave it. He was quite out of patience with the United States of America's great exhibition of patience, so he said, "T'hell with 'em," and let it go at that.

AS THE motorboat was being set back into its cradle on the Vanguard's boat deck, the second mate met them. "What happened?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, we argued them out of it," said Ranzo casually. "Sometimes I think I should have been a lawyer."

"I counted seventeen sounds I took

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FIRST TIME! Logged at short wave broadcasts... A chart on inside lid of cover is prepared by experts. Shows exactly what station each wave band and at what number

FIRST TIME! Zenith Far Tone Device on a portable radio

POWER—from self-contained standard lighting current inconvertible at a second's notice. Also Aerial for use in getting extra distance

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EARPHONES for privacy. Pedal earphones for sporting and the hard-of-hearing (extra equipment)

WORKS on light socket or 115 volt

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ZENITH
TRANS-OCEANIC
DELUXE PORTABLE
AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

ir, and I figured you two
d monkeys for sure."
d Mr. McNamara, "was an
ite they gave Captain Hol-
t that," he added, "I do not
errated him."
rks send out an SPS," the
econd went on, "and he
ie British cruiser East-
she was a hundred miles
fond hope faded."
bed up to the radio shack
house. "Son," he said to
get me that British cruiser
ll her that German sub-
in explosion aboard while
e and evidently it raised
ontrol room, because she
id she can't surface com-
is headed west at slow
k to a Brazilian port."

AMARA breakfasted and
ed. He was awakened about
gh shaking and upon open-
eheld Ranzo, who was wild
itent.
ish cruiser radios that her
ave picked up the sub-
re watching her until the
erhaul her."
McNamara was drawing on
arks entered with a radio-
ie Eastchester. All it said
d torpedoes so we took no
anks."
Erish," Mr. McNamara de-
choke in his throat, "are
even if they did hang my
he
t of the old gentleman do,
Ranzo inquired politely.
nt touched off a homemade
de in English landlord."
ddered. "It must run in
ood he murmured. "By the
no is that nice-looking girl I
th lock crying and throwing
ye when we left Bush Termi-
rute Mrs. McNamara, sir."

Ranzo shook his skinny old fist under
Mr. McNamara's snubby nose. "You
marry her as soon as we get back," he
ordered. "I'm opposed to long engage-
ments because they tend to take a man's
mind off his job. You can afford to
marry her then because you'll be skip-
pering the Vanguard."

"Sorry I cannot accept the berth, sir,
but thank you for offering it. I'm a lieu-
tenant commander in the Naval Re-
serve and back in Washington this
minute some personnel officer is thumb-
ing my card and saying: 'Where's Mc-
Namara? We're going to need him any
day now.'"

"Since you're a reserve Navy officer
I reckon I'll have to radio the Secretary
of the Navy all about how you got that
German submarine. You should get a
piece of hardware for that."

"My girl would like that," McNamara
said carelessly. "I'll settle for com-
mand of a submarine so I can go nosing
around where I'm not wanted."

"Well, I'll not live to see the end of
this war, son, but I'll leave orders that
if and when you come in and demand
your rights you'll get them. And your
girl will still get that furnished home to
wait in."

Mr. McNamara had no chance to
make reply to that generous offer, for
at that moment Sparks burst into the
room, wild with excitement.

"We're at war," he yelled. "Japan
just attacked Pearl Harbor!"

Ranzo, for one shocked moment in his
life, was speechless. Then, with char-
acteristic speed, he bounced back. With
a wide grin he turned to his mate:

"Bless my buttons, Mr. McNamara.
We didn't get under way any too soon,
did we?"

"Chief," Mr. McNamara said fer-
vently, "you are the very devil of a fel-
low for hitting a nail on the head."

Ranzo went over and sat down
weakly. "What an exciting way we chose
to spend the Sabbath," he murmured.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

ly engaged, there came to his
old man named Homer Mc-
rator of the Florida Power
y's building across the street.
wared to borrow a sum of
and mentioned that sum dif-
to Mr. Smith. The sum was ten
an Homer had mentioned it
with no pleasant results. But
alle Smith had been reading
on lights the Battle of Jericho,
a w a mellow morning, and
ma have been the first colored
ha had truck with since sun-
yway, Mr. Waller Smith said
the next sound was caused by
bo hitting the floor all in one
dom McPherson was stretched
de faint in the middle of the
nd was right confusing, with
om's going in and out and all.
where he had come to, and Doctor
ad ne over him for breakage,
alloed that he was all right, but
timy of crisis he was just as
o fail as not."

ual Colonel Bob Berry of
Arkansas, rushes to our assist-
needed. For some reason
sen to have forgotten, vast
our readers have cudgeled
out their alert minds—slogans
will. They hope, inspire their hun-
d they some million fellow citi-
defe our enemies with dispatch
ality. The colonel has manufac-
o slen but he recalls Mr. Wild

Jim Wilhite. "Mr. Wilhite," says the
colonel, "became famous in the Ouach-
ita River valley because he never
wore shoes while plowing and required
all his hired hands to make barefoot
contact with Mother Earth. He insisted
that the shoeless system enabled work-
ers to 'Make Every Toe Push a Little.'
Wild Jim's friends are claiming that his
was the system used by MacArthur and
his men on Bataan. I have the honor
to report that we in western Arkansas
have adopted the Wilhite motto and
that we unselfishly offer it to the nation,
including Washington: Make Every
Toe Push a Little."

AND we are sure that you'll be pleased
to know that, in the interests of na-
tional defense, the War Production
Board has refused to release the alumi-
num necessary to the manufacture of a
large number of fudge warmers for our
Army training camps. That's right—
fudge warmers. They are, or would
have been, cunning pans in which fudge
is warmed. We never saw one nor had
we ever heard of one before meeting an
extremely irate WPB gentleman who
had just come from the meeting at
which the No Fudge Warmers policy
was adopted. He had fought fudge
warmers with great vigor, even making
an impassioned address to his fellow
conferees, concluding with these unfor-
gettable words: "We must throw the
enemy on their Axis without fudge
warmers." . . . W. D.

You can TIP YOUR HAT TO a guy named JOE



YOU and willing millions of
other car owners have cut down
thirty, fifty, seventy-five per
cent, in the use of your auto-
mobile. You do it gladly, beyond
buying bonds, beyond paying
taxes, beyond war work, as your
contribution to American victory.

And do you realize that your
favorite service station is match-
ing your contribution—match-
ing the contributions of all of
its customers?

Thousands of the boys have
changed their station uniforms
for Uncle Sam's, but those who
are still behind the oil cans and
the pumps have lost business to

just the extent to which you've
stopped buying their oil and
gas. They can't sell you tires.
Unable to replace boys gone to
war, many stations are short-
handed, and are working long
hours. All out for victory; all in
at the end of the day.

Yet Joe (or Tom or Fred or
Larry) is cheerful when you
stop for your less frequent oil or
gas, for that free air to keep
your tires in shape, to have your
windshield wiped, your battery
or your radiator inspected. Yes
sir! You can tip your hat to Joe.
He's sacrificing as you are, and
just as willingly, to win the war.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils play a vital part today in the
efficient operation of planes and battleships, tanks and trucks, and,
of course, millions of automobiles, old and new, both in military and
civilian use. Made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—
the world's choicest crude—they are the preferred lubricating oils
for every form of motor transport.



For your protection, fine oils made from
100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude
are entitled to carry this emblem, the
registered badge of source, quality,
and membership in our Association.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association publishes this advertisement not
alone to emphasize the high quality of its motor oils, but also to pay tribute
to the hearty co-operation with America's war effort of the thousands of service
stations and other motor oil dealers.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • Oil City, Pennsylvania



OIL IS AMMUNITION



USE IT WISELY!



The Tycoon of Battles

Continued from page 15

could catch the sound of a half-crown rubbing against the lining of someone else's trousers. He got quite a reputation for being cute before he got out of school. Everyone said Ennery would end up either a millionaire or in Dartmoor. But he was too cute to do anything wrong. Anything the law might object to. He didn't need to.

I started to work for my father when I was seventeen. Ennery had already gone into wholesale in Cheapside. He was doing well in a small way.

I don't know where he would have wound up if this feller 'Itler hadn't started mucking about; though it wasn't 'Itler that sent Ennery into the army, dragging me along with him. I thought it was—but I should have known Ennery.

I hadn't been seeing much of him. He had a girl. Heard enough about her, I did. Fair made me sick. Mother and Aunt talking about her—how her old man had lots of cash and her giving Ennery presents. And how well set up he'd be if he married her. I didn't give no mind. I'm satisfied with little and without Ennery around I could keep that.

BUT along come 'Itler. He put one over on Mr. Chamberlain and then rubbed it in. He give Poland the push and what was there to do? Aye, that's the right of it, mate. We thought so too at home. Old Winnie took over and Pa and Uncle Fred talked about the Contemptibles and how France would give 'Itler his comeuppance and everything would be all right.

I believed them. But one night Ennery meets me when I'm leaving for home. He's little, but he's big in the shoulders. Impressive is what you'd call him, mate. He says, "Hullo, Bert," and I say, "Hullo, Ennery," and put my hands in my pockets before I remember I'm stony. Not a farthing. I'm safe.

He says, "Come along. Let's have a pint."

"I haven't a penny," I say.

His face doesn't change. It's sadlike which makes me curious for he's usually very chipper. He looks at me. "That's all right."

I don't like it a bit. It ain't Ennery. But the look on his face has got me so I go along with him.

We crowd up to the bar and Ennery orders two bitters without even chaffing the barmaid. He takes a long draft. He puts down his mug and looks at me. "Bert, we're for it. England's in it up to her ears."

I consider that. I say, "Yus."

Ennery nods. "Every man should do his duty. There was your father and mine. They did theirs the last time."

"Uncle Fred was conscripted," I remind him but Ennery just lifts his pint again. He says, "I been thinking. We should be in it—me and you, Bert."

I look at him. I ain't thought of it before. I guess no one had. We was at war but there ain't been no war really. But he'd made me think. He started talking and the end of it was I felt he was right. I was for it. He called for more beer and I was sorry for all the horrid things I'd ever thought of him. I was ready to tell him I was sorry but he didn't give me time. He stood tossing up a florin and shaking his head.

He says, "We'll go home. We'll tell our people."

We went home. Ennery left me at the corner and I went on.

I remember we was having tripe and onions with a real apple dumpling—steamed—to follow. My favorite din-

ner. I told Pa and Ma I was enlisting. Ma started to cry but Pa just looked at me. Then he nodded. He said, "Come, Ma. Serve up the pudding. And don't forget the custard neither." He stared at his fork. "Our Bert can't do no less, lass."

I didn't have a chance to tell them Ennery had got me to go. I was too bothered with Ma and the lump in my own throat.

We was having our tea when Uncle Fred, Aunt Mariar and Ennery come over. Ma blurts right out that I'm going to join up. She starts crying. Aunt Mariar pitches in. Uncle Fred says thoughtful, "Someone has to go," and I look at Ennery.

He is standing there in our dining room. He has been forking up the remains of the apple dumpling. He turns

up the whole scheme because he'd discovered his gal's pa had lost his cash.

Couldn't he have told her? Ennery? That wouldn't be him. He has to go roundabout with everything.

WELL, I joined up and got into the Marines. Ennery, being as wide as he's tall, went into the Lunnon Rifles. I didn't see him, which was fine, since I had a paybook and without Ennery around I had money in my pocket.

I heard of him, though. Blime if I didn't. Nothing else but. He was in the Magginnot Line. He was in Paris. Where wasn't he? He'd been made a corp'ral. He'd been made a sergeant. He'd been made a company sergeant-major. I was going up, too, but you'd never have known it. All I ever heard was Ennery. It fair made me ill.

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"At first he denied any guilt—then we mentioned that it looked like the work of a mastermind"

just as if he'd never heard about it. He says, "What? Bert's going to enlist?"

Ma says, proud but sniffing, "He is. Your cousin's going, Ennery."

"Well," Ennery says. "Well, if my cousin is going, and him younger than me, I got to go too. Ma—Pa, I'm going to join up with Bert."

YOU should have heard them carry on. It was fair terrific. No one even looked at me after that. Even Mother perks up and beams at Ennery. Then Aunt Mariar says, "Poor Aureliar. What of her, Ennery?"

Ennery puts his hand over his eyes. He says, broken like, "My duty is clear, Ma. My duty is clear." He looks at us all, solemn, then back at his Ma. "I can't bear to tell her. You tell her for me. Tell her I can't expect her to wait for me. Tell her I release her, Ma."

Noble? Is it noble you say, mate? You don't know Ennery. He'd thought

Then the war bust out proper. Holland, Belgium—and Ennery somewhere in the midst of it with the Rifles. I began to feel like a scrimshanker. You'd think I was in mufti to hear how they talked about Ennery and never looked at me.

I was at Plymouth when the big fuss came. Holland out—Belgium quitting. Our flank exposed and the French getting rubber legs. Who knew what to think? Something was going on but we didn't know what.

I was in the barracks this morning when up comes my corp'ral. "Captain wants yer, Sergeant," he says. "I think we're pushing off."

He had the right of it. Half an hour later we're on a destroyer making for France.

Yus. That's what it was. Dunkirk. But we didn't know it then. All we knew was that as we got closer to where the haze was we could hear a terrible sche-

mozzle. Ships was sta- ing in the shore and we coul- t bel- eyes when we saw the each- was covered with tro- and French.

We got our orders says, "You're to go ash- wherever needed. Then- tered, wounded men th- way you can. Fight if y- aid in embarkation. S- their discretion. That"

A Narsty Stuka drop that washes us nice and left of a wharf and we- and making for the co- pom-poms beat out in-

The Narsty planes i- awful row but no one se- much mind. There's sh- shore and boats going- The men on the beach- order to walk out into th- into the small boats. Th- the wounded first, too.

I can see it's like th- eyes can go on both side- just where we are. Up i- troops are still pouring- me no time to see the- chins up. The Stukas- because the quick-firers- answers. The men are- waiting to move down- They look tuckered an- out—but they ain't los- Soon as we show up I b-

"Hullo, the Horse M- geant dear, when's th- next- "Finsbury Park for me, geant- a date with a blonde." is in- line, Sergeant. No servi- at a- writing the L.C.C."

WE FIND enough t do. O- stretcher cases down- a lon- commander. Giving a h- when- called on.

Up in the town it begin- no chan- late afternoon. We get- itty we- ward and I can see the- ad ab- clear. They've all move- own- queer feeling. I expect to- the l- come along. But there- at no- them.

We'd been combing the- aiting- for bad wounded and- got- furthestmost when I see- at the- sitting down at the sid- of the- waiting their turn to mov- up, are- non Rifles.

It gives me a queer turn- t's- outfit. I go up to a capt- his cane and salute. "Si- I say- you tell me if Sergeant- or Co- around? I'm his cousin."

He waves his stick. 's sho- along soon, Sergeant. He- round up a few men an- ive J- little pepper while we pu- ed on-

"Far, sir?" "Not far. The next vil- a. A- of kilometers. I don't k- its- There's a pub. The Blac- donke-

"Yes, sir. Thank you, 'I sa- salute again."

I look up the road. The- s no- Ennery or anyone. No st- glers- They'd kept up well, rying- wounded with them. Lo- as, de- but no soldiers that fa- No-

I think of Ennery and- think- Pa and Ma and Uncle F- and- Mariar will say if anyth- happ- Ennery and I don't do no- ag ab- My corp'ral comes up- n't v- ing ter have our tea, Serg- t?" h- and I say, "You'll wait- you- m'lad. Get that ruddy- y up- The one with the Bren. A- see th-

PROVIDE FOR THE COMMON DEFENSE, TO PROMOTE THE GENERAL WELFARE"



medicine for big bombers

to spoil a bomber's aim is to hang a curtain of steel over your ship and dare him to fly through it.

That curtain of steel up there requires flexible guns—anti-aircraft batteries that throw explosive shells into the air to approximate machine-gun fire.

The plant of the Westinghouse Electric Company the Navy, a few months ago, plans for such a gun. And to Westinghouse given the important job of building what would control the aiming of these quick-firing guns . . . enable them to bring enemy aircraft like an avenging angel.

and the Navy Said, "Well Done!"

Now that Westinghouse plant, there floats a "E" pennant—for excellence—the service can offer, testimony to the way in which this Westinghouse plant works for Uncle Sam's fighting forces. This plant is able to learn the new tech-

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For the General Welfare

Air Conditioning	Switchboards	Steam Turbines
Electric Refrigerators	Lamps	Elevators
Electric Irons	Motors and Controls	Wiring Devices

These lists mention only some of the many thousands of Westinghouse products.

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of the boys are aboard. We're going up the road a bit."

He looks pained. But I know it's about his tea.

I swing aboard when the lorry comes by. The corporal's still grousing but he is loving up the Bren with one eye on the sky.

We push along at a fair clip. All I know is that Ennery is up there and maybe he's for it. Blood is thicker than water. Ennery has got to be helped.

We don't get strafed by no Jerry planes. There's bigger meat at the water and they're all headed that way.

Just outside the village the captain spoke of. I have the driver slow down. There's firing up ahead. We push on cautious and come onto the cobbles of the main street.

The houses are deserted. Some of them have been bombed pretty thorough and there's still smoke and some flames. But not much.

The road splits in the middle of the village. Splits in a Y into two smaller roads. And right at the fork is the pub the captain was talking about.

I give orders to swing the lorry around. There's no room further on. I tell Corporal Isaacs to keep a couple of men with him and cover us with the Bren. Then I have the rest of the men fix bay'nets and we go on the double toward the pub and the firing.

I holler. I get to the door first. It opens. A Lunnon Rifle trooper sticks his bay'net out first and then his homely pan. "Hullo," he says. "Come in, Sergeant. We've just finished tea."

I'm fit to be tied. "Is Sergeant-Major Corkle here?" I ask.

"Inside," he says.

I PUSH past him into the public room.

It's one of them big beamed rooms with the windows sunk in the walls, and the walls is three foot thick. They've got the windows knocked out and a couple of Brens mounted to face the Y. The men are at their posts, not paying much attention to the Jerry sniping. And away in a corner, in a sort of alcove, is Ennery and a sergeant. Sitting at a table with the Crown and Anchor mat between them. As I come up I hear Ennery say, "You lose again, Sniffen. Better luck next chance. Play up, lad."

I'm so mad I can hardly speak. Ennery looks up. He says, "Hullo, Bert. You here?" and looks down again.

I say, "What the ruddy hell's the matter with you, Ennery Corkle? Don't you know the ruddy Jerries is right on your tail?"

"I'm sitting on it," Ennery says. "And mind how you talk to your superior officer, Sergeant Corkle."

This sergeant with Ennery—this Sniffen says hopeful like, "Is there an officer with you, Sergeant?"

"There ain't," Ennery says.

"Shouldn't we stop?" Sniffen asks and Ennery glares at him.

"You still got three quid, seven and six."

"But I had twenty pound when you ordered us in here," Sniffen grumbles.

Ennery gives him a look. "Sure you had. Cleaned out the sergeants' mess you did when I was attending headquarters meeting. Couldn't postpone your little game until I got there. Make your play, Sniffen."

That was when I knew, mate, that Ennery was incurable. That was when I felt me bile the most—or at least I thought it was. I said, "You did this on purpose. Just so Sergeant Sniffen couldn't get home with his cush before you got it away from him. You put us all in danger because of—of—"

"Why, Bert," Ennery says. "You know it ain't so. Someone had to stay and give Jerry a halt. We're waiting for him to get done scratching his head and figuring just who is here holding up

his progress. Me and Sergeant Sniffen is having a bit of a game to pass the time away."

Sniffen gives me a mournful look I don't need. I swallow to get breath to give Ennery what for. I don't have time, though. A lad at a window cries, "Here they come again, Major. Them ruddy cycle Jerries."

Ennery says, "Dust them off. I won't be a jiffy. Come on, Sniffen—shove it out."

I run to the window. Up them two narrow roads come Jerry motorcycles. Four singles up front and behind four more with sidecars and machine guns.

They come pretty close and the snipers in the houses lift their fire. I push one of the lads away from his Bren. I hear a chair grate and I turn my head. Ennery is stuffing Bank of England notes into his tunic pocket. I don't see Sniffen but I think I can hear a hollow groan. Ennery makes for the other gun.



He looks at me. "We'll give them a bit of a dusting. Whenever you're ready, Bert. How did you leave Ma and Pa, and Aunt Em'ly and Uncle Charley, by the way?"

I hadn't time to cuss him. He cut loose with his Bren and I followed suit. We mowed the leading Jerries, and the others disappeared quick as quick.

It was good shooting, but trust Ennery. "You're aiming high, Bert. Watch it. You don't want them to tip their hats. You want them to bow—permanent."

I JUST glared at him. He was stuffing the Crown and Anchor mat back inside his tunic; fastening the buttons again. He looks around. "What about our rear? You seen to that, Bert?"

"I've a lorry with a Bren," I say. "Facing the way we should be going by now. If you've got all the poor man's pounds, shillings and pence, can we be moving on, Sergeant Major?"

"No sarcasm," says Ennery in high good humor. "There's time. While we're here we might as well keep Jerry scratching. What's the hurry?"

He starts counting his money, happy as a lark. Jerry begins sniping from both sides. It doesn't do much harm. The bullets spang off the pub walls and go singing every which way. We give

them a couple of raking bursts, and more glass showers down in the streets.

I was getting windy, though. I could just feel the whole Jerry army with 'tler himself in high boots goosestepping at us from behind the houses. I wanted to get back. But Ennery just counted his money and smiled.

We kept a nice even fire on them houses. We didn't see any Jerries. No one got hurt. They stopped firing—so we stopped, too.

THEN I heard one of the men yelling from upstairs. I put an eye over the windowsill. I couldn't see anything, but I could hear. It sounded like a wedding party with pots and pans.

Ennery folded his money and put it away. "Tanks," he said. "Big, too. Time to get going, lads."

I didn't see no tanks. I didn't see how the street was big enough for any tank to pass. Then up ahead one of the

spread its innards on b... ing the road behind us... free breath for the da... when I hear a bullet pi... Ennery is two paces ah... always faster of foot... next one got me instea... felt something hit me—... push. I was suddenly si... bles and I couldn't get... sound of the Bren from... nery turned and threw a... again to get up but I... No pain. Just no power...

Ennery says, "That'll puts down his hand. You always was clumsy."

I can feel the warm w... it is. I say, "I'm hit... Ennery. You've got t... back."

"You're going back w... says."

I feel kind of faint. L... And there is some satisf... Thinking that for once... they'll be talking abou... Ennery having to listen.

I hear the tank crunch... ruins and the higher sou... in reverse, the Bren har... "Go ahead, Ennery," I sa...

He looks down at me... time I have a warm feel... Blood is thicker than v... Ennery.

He says, "I ain't leavin... me for six pints, my lad... ting out of that."

It's a blow at a helples... pints?" I gasp.

"What pints?" says... pints I paid for the day... join up. I tossed you f... bar. With my lucky flor... you lost. You going to... didn't? Come on. You're... of paying this way, lad."

With which he ups me... throws me over his shou... by. I go out very sudd... to the end.

WE GOT back all rig... have. When I come t... land and they're shakin... and ordering up new bloo...

It goes on like that for... neither here nor in hea... where. I'm too far gone... of Ennery. They won't... one. It ain't until two... that they let me see Ma... bring Aunt Mariar and...

Oh, they are very hap... They say, "What a lovely... comfortable, ain't you, B... is Ennery. Ma says, t... cousin saved your life, e... never forget."

Pa says, "Modest he is... about the four and six y... but didn't want to take... though. Gave him a bit... you'd pay me back and... him you could be here to...

I couldn't speak. And t... riar shoves this clipping... don Gazette at me. Uncl... it by heart.

"Victorier Cross they gi... Mariar says while they al... king himself, God bless'm... and then Ennery took me... to Lyons' for high tea. Ai... Bert?"

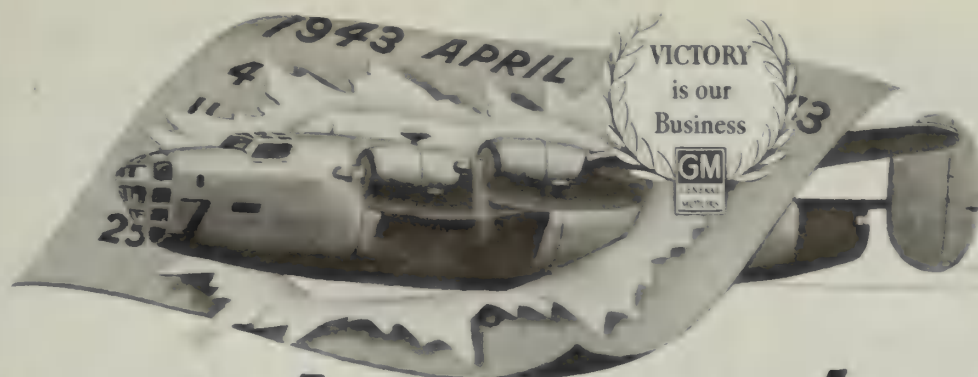
No. I won't have an... mate. I'm feeling too low... give me a hand to get on...

Thank you kindly.

What's that? You do un... I feel? Of course you do... man would understand.

That Ennery! Victorier... Ph-l-l-u-u-r-r-t!

THE END



We've stolen a year's march on the Axis

**Right NOW we're building airplane engines at the rate
we were expected to hit in late Spring 1943**

*stn to this, enemies of
America:*

Probably know our first
moment in Uncle Sam's war
program — building engines for
our aircraft.

Yet you even knew what our
production schedule was sup-
posed to be — though we won't
lead it, on the chance you
weren't heard.

We will let you in on this,
by way of giving you some-
thing to chew on:

During the month of March we
built engines at the rate set for
the month of December.

In the first three months of '42,
we turned out as many plane
engines as were asked of
us by the end of June.

For this month's output —
April — it's already 1943 by our

rate-of-production calendar; en-
gines are now rolling off the line
at the pace projected for *a whole
twelve months from now!*

And if you add April's engines
to those we've already built, they
total more than were expected
of us *by the end of this coming
September.*

We can tell you something else
— these engines are *good*. They're
built to be *unbeatably* good; there
are as many man hours of work
in one of their crankshafts as in
a whole Buick car.

The *very first one* passed Uncle
Sam's tough requirements with
colors flying, and one of the first
dozen (which is something of
a record) faultlessly passed
the type test in record-breaking
time.

They're passing flight tests, too,

very handsomely — doing their
job in a way to match the gal-
lantry of the boys who fly them.

And all the while we're stepping
up the number of men at work.
One of our plants had more
than three times as many men
on the job in March as three
months earlier, while another
had almost four times as many.

So we're doing pretty well with
our time, short as it is. Yet we're
far from satisfied.

We've squeezed six months into
three, will squeeze a year into
six, and we're going on from
there — which looks like we've
stolen a year's march on your
calendar, doesn't it?

All of which we thought you
ought to know in case you're
revising your timetable.

Buick—a division of General Motors

war goods
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

There's a Time to Give Your Throat A Rest!



Change to Spuds

Enjoy Their Soothing Coolness!

Whenever smoking seems "hard on your throat," change to *mildly mentholated* Spud Imperials. They're specially designed to protect your throat from irritation caused by cigarettes made the usual way. In Spuds you get:

MILDER MENTHOL—Because there's *just enough* menthol, distributed evenly throughout the cigarette by an exclusive patented process. *No menthol overdosing!*

GREATER SAFETY—Because the special moisture-retaining agent used in Spuds produces none of the common throat irritant found in the smoke of nearly all cigarettes. And, with their 20% greater length, Spuds give you a cooler, better-filtered smoke.

EXTRA QUALITY—Because only the finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness—are blended into Spuds. No coupons in the package—just fine tobaccos.

Try these new improved Spud Imperials for a few days. Or smoke them regularly, as thousands do, purely for pleasure. But by all means change to Spuds whenever your throat is irritated.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC.

New Improved
SPUD
Imperials

THE WORLD'S COOLEST CIGARETTE

20% longer!
Equal to 4 extra
cigarettes
per pack.

Wrong Turning

Continued from page 21

delicate beauty and all it stood for crept unwelcome into his mind: the security that comes only with generations of unquestioned wealth, of quiet living on accepted acres of inherited land. And the vision that replaced this thought was less pleasing: Jean, the product of a life like that, brought face to face with reality; a year of married life with a not too successful engineer; bewilderment deepening into sullenness, and protest into a pout.

The picture hurt him and he shook it from his mind, tilting the quinine bottle. Two white crystalline pellets fell out; he tossed them in his mouth and washed them down with a glass of water. Then the bottle was empty and he looked at it doubtfully.

Oh, well, he recalled, there's another bottle in the car. The fever's on the downgrade anyway. I'll get her home safely, and after that—

He went into his bedroom and lay down on the bed. For a moment the room seemed to swing around him and there was a buzzing in his ears. Then things quieted down.

And after that, his thought persisted—after that I don't care what happens.

DURING the last hour the wind had shifted. It had swung around to their rear and grown in intensity until it seemed to hurry the little car through the night. Tom knew there was no chance now of outdriving the storm. It would chase them, howling at their heels all the way into Brownsville.

That worried him at intervals. There was the possibility that the slippery roads might slow them up, make them waste time which he could not afford. It was after nine now—more than eight hours since he had taken his last dose of medicine—and he knew that he would have to stop soon, have to find some excuse—

But there were other intervals when he didn't worry at all, when he felt quite free and lightheaded and strangely sure of himself.

He tried to tell Jean about this once. "I've learned to be practical," he said. "I had to learn it, leading the kind of life I have." He thought about it. "A rotten life. Bad food, bad water, discomfort, hardship. Thank God you've never had that sort of thing. You couldn't stand it."

"Why not?" Jean asked. But she didn't turn around. She continued to peer straight ahead through the windshield, her face set and white in the darkness. "There's a light ahead. It's the crossroads store—Mr. Browning's place."

Tom pulled over to the left and ran the car under the dripping eaves of a rickety wooden structure standing by the side of the road. He shut off the engine. "Only fifteen more miles," he said in the sudden silence. "Go in and get Mr. Browning to give you a cup of coffee."

She started to say something, changed her mind and went up the stairs into the store. As soon as the screen door had closed behind her he opened the compartment in the dashboard and felt for the quinine bottle. His fingers groped through the darkness, nervously at first and then frantically. He took the electric torch from its rack and flashed it into the black space. Gloves, driving license, cigarettes were there, but not the thing he wanted.

There was no bottle of quinine.

Temperature 103.6—Pulse 150. Tom put the thermometer and the watch

away and stared bleakly at the rain. He remembered the nasty part of malaria spaces in your mind. It was in the pocket of his coat.

Fifteen miles to go and the temperature rising to a hundred couldn't be done; he would have to drive the rest of the night. He thought, I can't do it; it's too groggy to resist her. He lay in bed in that Union Station call home, with a dozen army of flunkies to wait everybody will be very k sorry! Sorry I didn't have go off and die by myself.

His ungloved hands gripped the wheel tightly. Somehow I've got to get through.

If only it were a little less.

Something happened to track of time. His mind wandered where else and, when it was still sitting there and waiting to himself laugh. It laugh, starting as a chuckle on a high suspended note, alarmed, he cut it off short by the window by his side shouted. "Come on. Let's go."

The answer came softly beside him. "I'm ready to go."

"Oh!" He stared at the road.

"Sorry. I didn't hear you."

He stepped on the starter clutch and turned the wheel to the left. Jean said quietly, "Brownsville was straight ahead."

"I know." It was hard laughter from breaking out again. "But this road is shorter. Don't you remember just below the schoolhouse a bridge?"

"I remember." She said.

as was though for the first time an interest in where they were going. She thought it's a very good idea in an almost savage tone.

THE car scurried along the road like a muddy lizard, its headlights flung the darkness and the road plunged almost immediately into a grove of trees which grew closer together as they passed the road narrowed to two into which the wheels of almost axle-deep.

Tom sang to himself. In his ears was much louder than the meaningless words of the song. He looked at the speedometer surprised to find that the only four miles since leaving the road; it had seemed infinitely far.

Jean was talking to him to pay attention but it was involved. The phrases he repeated and examined apart context made little sense.

"... and I loved you, a married." Yes, that was had been married and he himself a washout, a false who couldn't afford the luxury who had to take her back family. "... you treat them they did. You wouldn't was grown up ... a woman you couldn't expect her to she wasn't raised that way her fault. It wasn't any just the rotten way things ing out.

all, would be over soon. Just
le hill ahead and, at the
th bridge that crossed the
lov the schoolhouse. Another
minutes or half an hour. He
on the accelerator, hurtled the
th top of the rise and sped
e over side.

he stamped on the foot
dilled the emergency toward
his might.

ree was a swollen river and
fe broken timbers showed
e ridge had been.

use trying any more,"
d. The car's stuck and ev-
th wheels go round they plow
n mud." She sounded very
fit and unconcerned.

chid over and turned the igni-
Ve can't go any farther.
a gain about fifty yards from
ere one lives. We can spend
t there." She took him by the
h, coaxing, half pulling, led
th car. "Come on, Tom."

through a thick fog, he
to lar. He nodded and, Jean's
ked through his, they trudged
toward the small cabin which
a broker spot in the surround-
nes
cy when they were about
th that, without any warn-
kne crumpled and he pitched
was into the mud.

he felt strong enough to
his yes Tom heard the sound
andle being worked up and
ut was not enough to arouse
y. e was about to drift back
ple unconsciousness when he
co relief of a wet cloth being
ven his face. His cracked lips
ratically as a glass of water was
to hem and, when he had
e swly opened his eyes on a
afnoon sunlight which fell
ide cot on which he was

sat beside him. He saw that
efor the sickness curdled up in-
an shut his eyes again.
t tie is it?" It was a thick
Wh happened?"

It's afternoon now. You've
st the night and day. You're
ter, he fever's down to ninety-
ake some more quinine now and
to sleep. Tomorrow we'll be
et it of here."

Two bitter pellets in his
ndle swallowed them. Then
d a question at her. "Quinine?"
ove to Brownsville last night,"
nd brought some back to

on he whispered. "Jean—you
got over to Brownsville. How?
w stuck and you couldn't
like."

he said. "Both ways."

AS all very weak, he found out;
triple to rise ended in a groan-
pse from which he could only
s hid at her in wondering re-
"Or!" he said. Then he closed
again but he didn't sleep. Not
tel. After a while he asked
question: "When you got there
n't u send a car back for me?
u wouldn't have had to come
this place." He looked around
e ram, ramshackle, crude in
spe.

was a pause before her answer
The "What's the matter with
e?" he asked. "I like it. Be-
as though it were an after-
thought you'd feel better
t kept this in the family. Just
us go."

he said again. And this time

It was shortly after dawn when he
awoke the next time. He quietly
propped himself up and watched Jean
as she brewed coffee. The early sun-
light fell on her loose hair and tinted the
outer edges into a halo of gold. She
was humming softly to herself and there
was a smile on her face that he had not
seen for a long time. Not since the first
days of their marriage, he remembered,
and thought it was funny that she could
find anything to smile at.

"Well," he said aloud, "I guess this is
the day."

She whirled around, startled. Then,
as the meaning of his greeting sank in,
the smile faded from her lips and the old
sullenness crept back into her face. The
corners of her mouth drew down and her
eyes were listless once more.

"Yes," she acknowledged tonelessly,
"I guess it is. Have your coffee. I can
leave whenever you're ready."

He was surprised to find how weak he
was, but the scalding liquid put new
strength into his legs.

She came in quietly, dressed for the
trip. "The car's waiting," she said. "I
knew you'd be in a hurry. I dug it out
yesterday."

He looked at her, at the white fore-
head creased again in tension and the
red mouth settled into what seemed a
permanent pout. He looked at the deli-
cate hands, daintily gloved now, and
wondered.

"Well," he said, "well, we might as
well get going."

They walked out and climbed into the
car. He swung it around and headed it
back along the winding road that had
brought them to this place.

When they came in sight of the cross-
roads he eased the pressure of his
foot on the accelerator and the car
slowed down. To the left and right ran
the main highway which they had left
two nights before. To the left was
Brownsville and to the right the city to
which he must soon be returning.

"Jean," he said, "I haven't thanked
you yet. A lot of people have had
medals given them for doing less cou-
rageous things than you did."

"Forget it." Her voice was thin and
tight. "You were sick; there was nothing
else for me to do. Besides, it was
my fault. You'll have to hurry if you
want to get back to town today."

HE KEPT the car at its snail's pace
and the highway drew slowly nearer.
"Your fault? Hardly, Jean. You can't
be blamed because I got malaria."

"No," she said, "but I can be blamed
because I let you take that wrong turn-
ing. You see, I knew the bridge was out.
Mr. Browning told me."

Things suddenly became very clear
to him; he marveled that it had taken
him so long to understand. The car
jerked to a halt and he let the motor
idle in neutral. After a moment, "Dar-
ling," he said slowly, "this is a funny
thing to say and a funny time to say it,
but it's now or never." Then, with a
rush, "I love you, but right now I can't
afford luxuries. Where I have to go
there isn't room for them."

Jean's eyes were on the hands
clenched tightly in her lap. "Is a wife
necessarily a luxury?" she murmured.

Tom shook his head. "No," he said
very definitely. "Sometimes she's a
downright necessity." He slipped the
car into first and gave the wheel a
wrench that pulled it around to the right
—the way which led back to the city.
"Okay?" he asked her.

Jean didn't answer. She just smiled
with lips that were no longer pouting,
and looked at her husband with eyes
which held no trace of sullenness. Then
she settled back in her seat, noting what
a bright day it was now that the storm
had passed.

THE END



NO. 4 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES



Bellin



Long



Midway



Over-Knee

One Contact that's Not Binding!

Jockey Underwear hugs your body with the sleek, smooth contact of a second skin—there's no bind, bunching or crawling. None of that "tied-up" feeling illustrated by our Jockey dog's leash curled around his master's mid-section. And there's good sound reason why!



Jockey Short

Jockey Underwear—originated and manufactured by Coopers—is tailored to fit the male figure everywhere. The patented Y-front* construction provides mild masculine support. The knit fabric adjusts itself to every motion of your body. Jockeys are buttonless, easy to launder, and need no ironing. Now first choice of millions of active men, Jockey is famous as the "underwear that ends squirming." And, because the construction features are patented, no other underwear can give you quite the same combination of comfort and hygiene as Jockey.

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.

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Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lytle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Worth More than a Cow

Continued from page 18

though, must it be a major cause of death. It may even be forgotten as the subject of a crusade at Christmas time.

By early October, Minnesota doctors believed in the ultimate success of the experiment. In less than five months, 5,251 of Meeker County's 19,000 residents had submitted voluntarily to the test; 814 positive reactors had been found and 782 of these were X-rayed.

Before milk was made pure through bovine tuberculosis tests and destruction of diseased cattle, pathetic little patients coming to hospitals for crippled children in Minnesota showed 70 per cent of their ailments traceable to tuberculosis of the type contracted from cattle. Today, that figure is down to three per cent.

This is one reason why Dr. J. A. Myers and his committee on tuberculosis of the Minnesota State Medical Association went to Meeker County for the new campaign. Veterinary surgeons nowadays test all dairy cattle regularly for tubercular infection. Never before has such a universal test of all humans in any community been made.

Doc Sellers put it in a simple question.

"If the vets can do it," he asked, "why can't we?"

The other docs in Meeker County agree with him. They haven't any legal compulsion to force tests on their neighbors and friends, as the veterinarian had. There's no compulsory testing law for humans yet.

But the Meeker medicos are an exceptional baker's dozen. If they weren't, they wouldn't have volunteered to give away their services. Those services, at ordinary billing to Meeker County residents, would cost \$75,000 to \$100,000. The thirteen doctors, plus one just across the county line at Kimball, are splendid samples of the best country physicians.

Co-operation Means Strength

What a traveler would not see casually is the feeling in Meeker for co-operative effort. Land O' Lakes Creameries, largest dairy co-op of its kind in the country, was launched at Litchfield. Electric power flowed through the first co-operative REA distribution line in the Middle West to farms in Meeker County. Frank Marshall was the first county agent in Minnesota. Now, he supervises one of Uncle Sam's first tenant-purchase projects, with 105 Meeker farms. This was one model used by Congress in framing the far-reaching Farm Tenancy Act.

Naturally, the farmers have divergent political opinions. The conservative Farm Bureau has a strong membership. A lot of Meeker County farmers were on the rolls of the radical Farm Holiday Association. Republicans and Farmer-Laborites fight it out with their ballots on election days.

When it comes to co-operation, political hatchets, if not buried, are at least held behind backs or put in belt sheaths. Perhaps the social seed planted behind the Forest City stockade took firm root and has grown since into a healthy crop.

That's why Dr. Karl Danielson, county chairman of the tuberculosis test campaign, and his colleagues are pretty certain of success.

The white-haired healer, known to everyone as Dr. Karl, is dean of the county's physicians. He adds a dignity to the title of country doctor. Thirty years of trading with the people of Meeker County have been profitable

for both. He gave them skill and understanding, long hours of unselfish service. They gave him comfort, friendship, admiration. By any standard, his career spells success.

When he first came to Litchfield, he had a small family, his skill, his instruments, and a horse and buggy. He felt he had found the right place, went to work. He is still working, at sixty-six.

It was to Dr. Karl that Dr. Myers went with the tuberculosis committee's proposal. Other physicians met with them at Dr. Karl's call. The other doctors are the same kind of men as Dr. Karl, but younger. Whether they are members of the State Medical Association or not, they have acute infections of the Meeker County co-operation bug.

"The State Board of Health will furnish the serum," Dr. Myers told them.

from Eden Valley. Dr. G. E. Sherwood, the man from Kimball, across the line in Stearns County, agreed to help.

The medicos remembered that when the cattle-testing project began, all was not so easy, even with a law for authority. Some of the farmers united and fought the plan clear to the United States Supreme Court before giving in.

Incidentally, that ruling paved the way legally for dairy cattle testing all over the United States. It wasn't the effect the objectors expected.

To help forestall possible opposition, Dr. Karl and his group lined up support from as many community leaders as they could. They enlisted the aid of Frank Marshall, and of Ralph Wayne, the present county agent. They called in Mrs. Gladys Keyes, the county nurse, and Miss Ruth Peterson, the superin-

He had lived and fr twenty years. For com church, to ball games, t to sociables, to all the neighbors gathered. H both lungs badly tub he seemed to have buil munity to the ravages.

The doctors learned and brother died of tu years ago. He has bee since, exposing his frien to the disease unwittingly.

There was an eld couldn't regain strengt reavement. When a doc Mantoux test, she scof "Supposing you have fection," he asked, "v to go around endanger and friends?"

That was the clincher X-rayed, and found to b she is recovering in a A twenty-year-old br of the physicians.

"I had flu last winte felt right since," she t the publicity about you I have a test?"

Good News More O

She too is in a sanita indication of early reco

The great majority of to the Mantoux test are to be free of tuberculo have had it at some tim or the germs may be i bodies. One such man in the campaign.

"I was raised out in sota," he said. "We too family next door. Fiv of to children in that fami berculosis. A lot of oth too. I should have had

He turned out to be p then became Volunteer for the testing plan.

The doctors don't ta about the cases or use them to scar people. We gets around through frie s and sors.

For follow-up purpos cases, and to insure th tested, the physicians k ords of all who take skin X-ray tests. They expect will require a couple of isfactory finish. When t the end, they will go rig and fields to test the on come to town for examin they have already begu missionary work.

The Meeker medic Meeker County co-oper be a strong persuader. ample of neighbors. So those of Winczel and F

If the campaign had years ago, Winczel wou now, with his harvest al neither he nor Florence w seen Ah-Gwah-Ching. I ready up and around in expected home soon. Sh infectious.

Doc Sellers is really g He keeps a close watch family to make certain t down with the disease. follow-up, making sure t ones stay healthy.

"If the veterinarians ce repeats, "why can't the d ought to be worth more THE END



"Have you any idea where the Board of Education got this sand?"

JOHN JARVIS

"We'll furnish films and the cost of X-ray technicians. If we can't pay all the cost, we'll raise the money somehow. You fellows will do the work free, through the X-ray stage. When you find active cases, they will have to be taken care of just as in normal practice. Will you do it?"

The answer was a chorus: "We will."

In addition to Dr. Karl, the group included his son, Dr. Lennox, and Dr. Lennox's wife, Dr. Julia Danielson. There were Dr. C. A. Wilmot and Dr. H. E. Wilmot, Dr. V. J. Telford and Dr. W. E. Macklin, all of Litchfield. Dr. G. K. Sellers, who examined the Novak family, and Dr. A. C. Peterson drove across from Dassel. Dr. J. Y. Feinstein had come from Grove City. Dr. Frank Brigham and Dr. F. J. Lindseth were in from Watkins, and Dr. D. C. O'Connor

tendent of schools. Each of these and many others worked to prepare the way for the new plan. It was another epidemic of co-operation.

A public meeting at the Litchfield High School was the official opening. Famous doctors from around the state were there. County and city officials and leaders appeared.

Immediately the campaign was launched, the doctors concentrated on testing school children. In this way they would learn how parents and other adults viewed the project. No serious opposition developed. Public support became evident through the 5,000-odd tests in less than five months, and the subsequent X-rays.

From some of those X-rays came swell arguments for the project.

There was a sixty-year-old bachelor.

en George:

Even close friends can't
get together when they're
so far apart.

So I'm sending over
a mutual friend...

Johnnie Walker
Black Label!



We always agree it's
Scotland's rarest
Treasure.

Faithfully yours
Alec



JOHNNIE WALKER
BLACK LABEL
SELECTED SCOTCH WHISKY
12 YEARS OLD - 86.8 PROOF
DAVID GINGER ALE INC., NEW YORK
SOLE IMPORTER



No, no, love, not BUGS...I said
I was having trouble with the PLUGS!!

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!
SO...FOR LONG CAR LIFE
BE SURE YOU—
SOUND YOUR Z

PENNZOIL

OVER 700 CHANCES FOR ERROR...IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!

• Yes, if you just ask for "Pennsylvania oil" you may get any one of more than 700 different brands. You don't have to take that 700 to 1 chance, and this looks like a good time to avoid it.

When you sound your "Z" for

PennZoil motor oil, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your engine is as well lubricated as any on the road. That it will give you all the trouble-free miles it has. And that you have taken care to conserve your car for those last thousands of miles when you may need it badly.

Better chassis and gear lubricants are as important to long car life as is better motor oil. You can get them both at the yellow PennZoil oval sign. Just be sure to sound your "Z"—and avoid mistakes.



WHY IT'S BETTER FOR YOUR ENGINE

Much wear in modern engines starts with oil breaking down to form sludge and varnish on vital surfaces.

Because of its 3 extra refining steps, PennZoil resists sludge and varnish. Your engine stays cleaner and therefore lasts longer.

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



Be Oil-wise
Sound your "Z"



**THESE
3 EXTRA STEPS
MAKE PENNZOIL**

← OTHERS STOP HERE

← REFINING OF PLAIN OIL ENDS HERE

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 16

in them. But she's getting back at him. "Saturday night," she wrote him, "a certain party called up and we went places I can't identify for you. After dancing until an hour I don't think I should mention we drove to a pretty spot, which I can only describe as X, where we talked along lines I cannot divulge." Pvt. Gretz says he's standing firm in his determination to give no details of his activities but that she will—or else.

NAVAL TRAINING STATION, San Diego. When Haldane Holstrom arrived here he took a look each at the bay and the Pacific and yawned. First time he was given instruction in handling a boat he was entitled to a third yawn; instead, he was the most attentive and interested sailor in the group of new men. Holstrom built himself a boat, once, near his home in Coquille, Oregon; then toted it over to Wyoming's Green River, loaded it with food and water and shoved off. That was Sept. 29, 1937. Fifty-two days and 1,100 miles later he nosed his craft against the concrete of Boulder Dam, the first man ever to run the rapids and gorges of the roaring Colorado River. Remember? The Navy did and is glad to have Apprentice Seaman Holstrom.

FORT SILL, Lawton, Okla. Civilians may be doing without pants cuffs for the benefit of the Army but the Army is cutting down, too. Under the new table of basic allowances, men at Sill are trying to make two pairs of shoes do the walking four pairs did before. Moreover, the four summer uniforms have been reduced to two, the eight handkerchiefs to six, and so on along the line. Orders to turn in surplus equipment caught some of the boys short and a lot of borrowing went on until the laundry came back. No. 1 casualty in the confusion was Sheppard Field's Pvt. Richard Walker, who turned in \$55 with his two pairs of khaki pants, then dug through the pockets of 600 pairs in the supply room without striking pay dirt.

ARMY FLYING SCHOOL (formerly Sloan Field), Midland, Texas. Latest addition to Army language is Bombardier Talk, developed by the Hell from Heaven Men at this egg-dropping academy (Our Fighting Men, April 4th). A cadet "on course" is on his way to a date, but when he complains of a "dry run" (fruitless trip over a target on a bombing mission) he's been stood up. "Incendiary" means about the same thing whether applied to a bomb or a gal. "Mark Four" (name of a 300-pound demolition job) describes a gal built with overgenerous proportions, while a mouse who's "M38-A2" (official designation for a practice bomb) is strictly of the one-date variety. Favorite cadet sport is to cloud the air with some of the more complex bombardier chatter and let the gals puzzle out what's being said about them.

FORT SAM HOUSTON, San Antonio. The off-again, on-again civvies are off again in this part of the country, so if you see a guy dressed in anything but khaki in San Antonio, chances are he's a civilian. Until recently, though, M.P.s assigned to keep an eye on the town's taverns were having a tough time figuring just which guys came under their jurisdiction. The system they finally doped out was simple enough. When a ruckus started, M.P.s hustled around yanking up the pants legs of the peace disturbers. Seems that nearly

every soldier who shucks his civilian clothes goes for G. I. socks.

CAMP BARKLEY, Tex. The argument is whether jujitsu or (b) superior American style. "Hans" rado State wrestling coach have pinned down 14 of the titles, has let it be jujitsu wrestler ever d American matman, and stuff may be effective kid, American wrestling Taking the other side is Harry Morimoto, J. Barkeley's jujitsu class announced his willingness his points with a demonstration petition can be located.

FORT BLISS, El Paso. All jitterbugs. As at are plenty of soldiers h classical music. At each season concerts of the phony some 500 men w last week the orchestra post recreation hall and cial, post-season progra

FORBIDDEN up to n border into Mexico hours while in uniform, cross since December 71 vies were taboo, Fort Bl hop back and forth a Grande almost at will. C are that the soldier mus out of a pass and obser curfew. Juarez bar a proprietors feel pretty g about it.

CAMP POLK, certain tank in toon of the 33d ment here that if it lives up to name: Hitler's Hearse.

CAMP CROFT, S. C. Orientation activities rived recruits, Corp. Rog tached to the office of C T. Jenks, has a chance o talkingest soldier in this post. The corporal talks averaging 1,000 soldiers, ing more than 27,000 : month topics range from major the present war to mili and he's required to be a 30-minute lecture on any at a minute's notice. He

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville, N. C. Official transfer of the this post has created p tion. Newly acquired g sporting newly acquired signia; local shoeshine b to get a nickel, took or extra high chutist shoe the price up to a dime. Civ physically perfect men them to the point of b popular inquiry: "How do you jump?" Most popul don't."

In addition to paratr battalions have been b very great speed indeed. competitions each Saturd relative speed in laying d Winner takes home a lov Japs could see how the mere drop of metal they uniforms and take to the

ANSETT BAY DE-
SE R. I. The use of any offi-
ju to move one messenger
t rt Adams, bay headquar-
it. hat he uses now is a bike.
ha eight of them, all painted
b, d messengers find the leg-
nditioners. Latest rumor
rs get scarce they're going
de s—with officers taking the
t you can't see whether
ed ng or not.

WETHERILL there's a
ough soldier named Pvt.
dres. Asked to note all ship-
mediate vicinity while on
on duty. Pvt. Andrews re-
e ip in sight. His superior
ec d and found it, all right.
old, motionless Brenton's

EDWARDS. Falmouth,
as A fair-sized crew of South-
rn ys joined the Yankee Dis-
as replacements in plenty
f the to get nasty samples of
ow nd sleet, but nowadays,
gl weather is more to their
Th drawing youngsters are
an joy of Northern-bred bud-
fac the admiration is mutual
oy rom the under side of the
neow proudly refer to them-
Se hern Yankees.

ON HARBOR DEFENSES.
whoard the harbor know now
ey'do if enemy planes ever
p o them when they weren't
T other 2 A. M. a detector
p t drum of an unidentified
Vhin seven minutes every

battle station in Boston Harbor was
manned, searchlights were stabbing the
sky and wide-awake crews stood by
loaded guns. Turned out to be a false
alarm but, anyhow, the boys sleep
better now.

THIS peace of mind does not apply to
the lads at Fort Standish who are
busy devising new words for what hap-
pens to gents wholly surrounded by
water. Island-happy is the newest
phrase for describing those who act
slightly balmy after staring at sea gulls
all day.

GENERAL

LATEST aid to the civilian anxious to
send a gift to any of our fighting men
is the Express Your Gratitude setup,
organized in 100 key cities last month in
co-operation with the Railway Express
Company. One store in each city
handles some 75 different combinations
of useful surprises, the packages con-
taining everything from food to you-
name-it. Prices range from \$1.39 (2-lb.,
13-oz. shoe box full of food) to \$17.34 for
a domino game, 2 packages of ciga-
rettes, soap and an electric shaver.
There are also packages for nurses (the
most popular second lieutenants in the
services).

ACCORDING to several notices re-
ceived by this department the chiro-
practors throughout America have
volunteered to give free treatment to
any soldier who walks into a chiroprac-
tor's office and asks for it.

NOW you needn't worry if your top-
kick gives you a pain in the neck.
G. W.



What do you expect me to teach you anything if you don't pay attention?"

© C. DELL

INHALING

needn't worry YOUR throat!



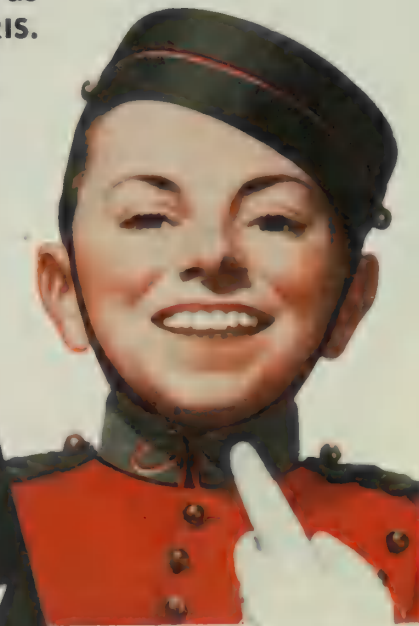
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All smokers do. So—
be sure about
your cigarette!



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Minute Man

Continued from page 14

and a mellow drink and a strong pipe, but he loves a good joke. Another of his best friends is Jack Earle—"Sky High, the Cowboy Giant"—who stands almost as much more than six feet as Harry is less. When Jack was with the Ringling side show, he and Harry used to sneak off every afternoon for a walk through the busiest streets of the town—the midget loudly addressing the giant as "Junior," and ordering "Sonny" around, and the giant meekly replying, "Yes, Daddy . . . Yes, Daddy . . ."

Harry's favorite gag, though, is to be "discovered" peering intently through a spool. One of Ringling's canvasmen fell for this one not long ago and asked what he was looking at.

"Nothing," said Harry, whipping the spool into his pocket. "Nothing at all!" A few minutes later, the man caught him at it again. "Come on, Harry," he begged. "Gimme a look too!"

Harry was firm: "Nope. If I let you look, everybody else will be wanting a look. Beat it! You're interrupting me."

Finally the man's curiosity made him offer a dollar. Harry took it and handed him the spool.

"There's nothing there," the man complained. "There's nothing at all."

"Exactly what I said," Harry told him. "You ought to be ashamed to be a sucker at your age!"

A Midget's Worst Moments

Harry's reputation as a ribber lets him in for a good deal of mischief from side-show "talkers," especially when they have him on the platform out front for a "bally."

"And now, sir," they say, "tell these good people your age."

"Thirty-nine."

"The little gentleman says he is fifty-nine," the talker drones. "That's hard for you to believe, but—"

"Thirty-nine!" Harry shouts.

"Excuse me, sir! He says he is sixty-nine," the talker continues smoothly, "and he remembers General Ulysses S. Grant just like yesterday."

Harry's rage soon evaporates, though, and later that night, he and the talker will probably be playing blackjack and eating pigs' feet in the side-show car. The talkers are merely occasional nuisances. Harry's list of occupational hazards does not include them among its five items. These are, in descending order of importance, storms, drunks, women, smart alecks and dopes.

Storms are by far the worst, especially windstorms. Even a brisk breeze will send a midget scurrying for a lee, fearful that he will be blown off his feet and bowled to disaster. Harry will never forget the night a gale blew down the cookhouse—the dining tent—and a falling pole cracked him on the head. He was lost under the collapsed canvas, unconscious, for an hour. Since then, if a storm comes up, even in the middle of a performance, the whole Doll family will shinny down the ladder from their platform and scamper to the safety of the side-show wagon.

Harry's fear of drunks dates back to a night in Mobile, Alabama, fifteen years ago.

"There's a heel in Mobile," he says grimly, "and what should happen to him shouldn't happen to Hitler!"

Harry was standing at the front of his platform when the drunk grabbed his hand and, pretending to shake it, squeezed. It was like squeezing a wren, and Harry had just as much chance as a wren. He nearly fainted, but he didn't cry out. Someone in the audience saw

what was happening, and a

cop hauled the drunk away.

That experience, and other over-motherly woman to keep well out of the

"Do you want to get coddled into 200 pounds of fat?" Harry asks. "Well, I don't know."

Cute women are also known: the kind that want to tum home with 'Hell, no!'—unless they're very pretty, yes! and I go, too!"

The smart alecks all think of J. P. Morgan's figure of peculiar interest ever since he was p 21-inch Lya Graf, of show, seated in his la

"Not that Mr. Morgan," Harry explains, "match dollars with his every time a wise guy

'Hey, Shorty!' or 'Hey, Shorty!'"

As soon as Harry gets to the audience wear "We've got a clown folks. Maybe you'd rather than look at me."

The dopes are the stupid questions, "What small?" and "What did you that way?" and "too much?"—things like

Harry says, "I tell you the sad story—give you the sad story—so sympathetic—but tonight. Here, take the and put it on your tear for me some ten cents." And boy, the rolls in!"

Take three adults of inches, and one may be the second is a pygmy dwarf. Pygmies belong of mankind, dark-skinned. Their average height is five feet, but they are not children will be pygmies.

Dwarfs are common all over the world. They are born dwarfs, with nearly so, but with stunted limbs. Their parents are normal, and their children are also normal.

Midgets are also common—commoner than is generally supposed. There are perhaps 2,000 midgets in the world; they are born midgets; they are not children will be pygmies. Their parents are normal, and their children are also normal.

Little Fathers of 1 Children

There are abundant fruitful marriages between a midget man and a normal woman, and between a midget mother and a normal man, all of which result in the birth of a midget child. Harry's fear of drunks dates back to a night in Mobile, Alabama, fifteen years ago.

nd a telescope. General Tom
wa shrewd businessman, and
Gson was court miniature-
(in both senses) to Charles I
and
du ess glands whose mal-
id responsible for a midget's
ve ss have affected him other-
rdl at all. Walter de la Mare
e aph for a midget in which
line

a uckle was askew;
es feet God made him true,"

is ot strictly correct. A mid-
bs a relation to his torso, are
ght shorter than a normal per-
ur more, he has no hair on
ar rarely has any on his face;
rather squeaky; he may
m teeth throughout life; and
of etabolism is fifty per cent
-wh is why midgets have
us petites.

is he other difference. A nor-
on bone-ends close in his early
n, el he stops growing. But
ew ceptions, a midget's bone-
ver ose. As late as middle age,
su enly shoot up ten, fifteen,
ent inches, and this may be a
ragly for him. If he is a show
the xtra inches may disqualify
his ob, yet still leave him far
n al height. Harry Doll has
only four inches since he was
yea old, and not at all in re-
ars. He thinks he has stopped
d, b he can never be sure.
n g to start again," he says,
to eep on until I'm enormous,
e is presently—"I know that
m pible."

Seven Years of Growth

we born in Dresden, Germany,
the on of a cabinetmaker. The
ay Doll" dates only from
w a present from his first
er, the manager of a side show at
slan who billed him and Gracie
Dancing Dolls." Their family
s Schneider, and Harry's given
K. He did not suspect that
n ical omen—"kurt" means
in perman—until he was ten
ld. He had grown normally up
ge seven, but now he became
his classmates were robbing
es hich his legs were too short
him each, although they were
e rit length to let an angry
cat up with him soonest.

e, tee years older, was making
e lter discovery. Their anx-
he ok them to doctor after
-se in all. The prescriptions
d everything from "plenty of ex-
nd sh vegetables" to stretch-
chilren on a rack. Nothing
E ntually they had to accept
th they were midgets.

's ydreams had always cen-
pon he magnificent uniform of
r. ow its scarlet and plumes
h olessly out of reach as the
s frt. He considered appren-
himf to a watchmaker or a
schis tiny fingers would be
t in ead of a liability, but his
ur ge him to regard his whole
as a sset and go on exhibition
rice Gracie agreed to accom-
im. They sailed in 1914 and
em ployment at once. Daisy
her in 1923, and Tiny in 1925.
are ow United States citizens.

any years, Harry can't re-
process of adjustment to
Ne infrequently, midgets sink
espe and, as time passes,
n almost insufferable ego-
om pensation," psycholo-
ove. The men, for instance,
ize eir virility by flirting with

every woman they see, strutting with
heavy canes, wearing conspicuous
clothes, puffing enormous pipes and
cigars, and—if they can—by cultivating
bushy mustaches.

Gradually these little bucks become
so accustomed to their roles that they
do not relax even when they are alone.
In their private apartments, they in-
sist on full-size chairs, beds and basins,
even though it means hauling up a stool
to use them. A normal man would not
make a parachute jump from a plane
that is about to land safely, but a cocky
midget will deliberately risk a buffet-
ing by a revolving door when there is
an ordinary door beside it.

The Dolls are too intelligent to in-
dulge such dangerous vanities, or any
others. Chairs in their house are short-
legged, and light switches are no more
than a comfortable three feet from the
floor. The stocks of Harry's .22 rifle and
.410 shotgun—he shoots quail, dove,
rabbits and even rattlesnakes—have
been cut off almost at the grip, and their
barrels are only fourteen inches long.

"Those short barrels make the shot-
gun sound like a cannon," he says, "and
boy, does it kick! It's like putting your
shoulder under a pile driver!"

Daisy cooks on a squatting stove. Be-
ing the tallest, she drives the family car,
with the help of extension pedals, and
being the most chic, she designs and
sews her own and her sisters' dresses.
Harry's best clothes are tailor-made,
but he doesn't scorn to buy his working
clothes at children's shops—socks, shoes
(8½, baby size), underwear, hats (6¾)
—things like that.

He uses a child's toothbrush and,
when he's at home, a child's table silver.
When he's with the circus, he has to
make shift with regular equipment, but
he carries a small box, painted blue, to
put on his chair at the cookhouse and
raise himself to eating level. He'd carry
it into theaters, too, if it weren't so much
trouble. As it is, he simply sits on the
arm of his seat.

The Dolls have a stateroom that runs
the whole width of the side-show per-
sonnel's special Pullman. The three
girls sleep in a lower berth. Harry used
to have an upper, but he decided that
it was a waste of space, so he had it torn
out and replaced with a hinged shelf.
It is 45 inches by 22, or about the
size of a piano bench. He reaches it
by a rope ladder.

No Lettuce, Please

Harry's associates like him im-
mensely, not only because he is pleas-
ant and modest, but because he is slyly
generous. In fact, his only enemies in
the circus are the cat animals, which
try to get at him every time he passes.
Lions, tigers and especially leopards
are notorious for hating all children.
Three years ago, before Gargantua's
cage was glassed-in and air-conditioned,
he winged Harry with a head of let-
tuce, and ever since then the talkers
have been getting a rise from him by
telling audiences that lettuce is his fa-
vorite food.

Harry enjoys circus life. He has been
trouping for twenty-seven years now,
and he'll keep it up indefinitely, unless
he falls in love again. Last time, it was
with a French midget in a carnival, but
it didn't pan out. If it pans out next
time, he'll retire to Sarasota with his
wife, open a cigar store, and do a little
hunting and fishing on the side.

He is secretive about how much
money he has saved. When his friends
kid him about being a millionaire and
remind him that Croesus, the richest
man in fable, was also a midget, Harry
shakes his head dolefully.

"Yes," he says. "Yes, but he didn't
make it in any circus. . . ."

THE END



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\$5 "Three-Way" with
Magic Purse in selected Goatskin.
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\$2.00 Magic
Purse model
with open
window.

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Purse zip model

With slacks or shorts
I carry only the Magic
Purse. I unsnap the but-
ton, lift out the ingenious
"Raplock"—and I'm set
to go. To replace the
purse, I just reverse these
motions. I know it will
stay put—double locked
into my Lady Buxton.

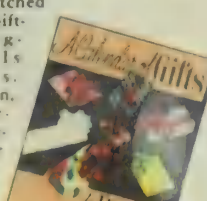
For shopping Lady Bux-
ton gives me a thought-
fully organized "pocket
file" right in my hand-
bag. Nine convenient
compartments to keep
everything—simply
everything—in apple-
pie order where I can
find it in a split second.

When I travel I bless
Lady Buxton's secret
hideaway for important
bills and papers. I just
reverse the inner parti-
tion . . . lock it back in . . .
and no prying eyes can
see what I'm carrying.

As a glamour girl in my
fanciest "formal," I need
a colorful, wafer-thin bill-
fold. So, by just taking
the inner partition out
entirely I have a com-
plete, streamlined and
very swank fold for my
evening bag!

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fine leathers, chic colors and
smart designs to meet your
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clock. They can really boast
"eternal youth," too, with
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and-take construction that ex-
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wonder smart women insist
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Mr.
Name Mrs.
Miss

Address

Australia, Here We Come!

Continued from page 11

the lady's far more generous contribution. None of her children resembled Mamma, who ate a hearty meal, then resumed her light travels forthwith. So it was no question either of beauty or Mendelism that led to Stinkey's enlistment.

"We just picked him by heart," declared the sergeant, "and he turned out to be a real soldier. He knows his stuff better than most of them dumb privates. He's got no use for civilians. There was a couple of guys who used to come into our mess hall sometimes on business and we had all we could do to keep Stinkey from biting them. On week ends we had to keep him locked up when all the fellows' girls came."

Weeks later in a distant land you would meet soldiers who still talked about Stinkey. They still missed him but reasoned, "Stinkey is still in the Army back there in the States and not feeding sharks like them two poor mutts these jerks in that other outfit smuggled aboard in their barrack bags."

Here was, of course, a philosophical resignation, compounded of youth, time and distance.

But in our early days at sea, grief over the parting from their pal was voluble, profane and real. This was a good thing of itself because it occupied minds that might otherwise have been filled with more important anxieties.

Three-Part Adventure

Troopship voyaging to overseas service divides quite naturally, so far as a young soldier is concerned, into three parts. In the first he is filled with thoughts of home—parents, friends, last "dates" and the familiar routine of jobs or schools lately abandoned. Nearly every face on deck is a telltale of homesickness. Then there comes the long intermediate state wherein shipboard routine is like a curtain of blank time that is lowered and raised between his old life and the new. The third period is occupied by a swift rush of curiosity, interest, speculation about the land to which he is going. This is the time when excitement and imagination often get the better of him with amusing results. To illustrate: Our vessel had a post office in which it was possible to deposit mail written aboard for return to the United States.

The major in charge of censorship was somewhat astonished to find in many of the letters complete accounts of the enthusiastic landing reception of our troops as well as intimate descriptions of the people, the city streets, the landscape, even the strange animals, but mostly of the girls of the country to which we were going—three days before we got there!

So goes to war the generation we feared might not have the spirit or will or morale necessary to an army, because it was born to peace and disarmament and cynicism with respect to our Allies, to All Quiet on the Western Front and The Case of Sergeant Grischka; yet it goes to war no differently from the manner in which former generations of young men less schooled went to war—with high good humor and joking and only petty heartbreaks. The opinion of every First World War veteran aboard was that we might close our eyes and be on the North Atlantic in 1917 all over again. The same gags, the same rumors, the same wisecracks and horseplay, the same gripes.

There was even Hinky Dinky, although Home on the Range and Rose O'Day had taken the place of Wabash

Blues and The Mission. The soldiers themselves were buskier, bigger, less groomed and infinitely more of the Thirty-second First World War (and a buddy, Mark Harold Michigan) and the Th Army of Occupation summed it up with a conscious nostalgia: *guerre!*

All this came out in the passage. It is the thing by troopship over ocean offers the most daily life and friendship get along with the men and day on your neck, and feet, or you wish. This part of the trip ties to the landlubbers' census more than ninety ship's company had never before, while many looked upon salt water.

So it's life aboard that would most like to know many of you now still have similar experience. President Roosevelt of his fireside radio in his famous illuminated ing what he calls "lessor thousands, perhaps millions have to go to far-flung democracy before our lives are secure again.

Once aboard the transport interest is the vessel and the greatest indication of wealth and modernity of a country lies in the food you are afforded by other nations. Neither, however, is the stark hardship elsewhere. The Japs were thrown into a ship to expect to carry more than number. The Italians were days on spaghetti, dry wine, against our attractive menus. One Englishman among us who had just "East" on English troops last war and this one traveling at our comforts greatest surprise to us whereas English transport canteens, our ships for men are bone dry.

A Bridal Suite for

Our liner belongs to the sisterhood known in town as the "luxury" class. Once formerly bedded two. We profess suitable awe but no greater comfort in the hushed reminder that a room used to be \$1,800 one way for the trip free. "It was," he m bridal suite."

You would never guess all beauty and gracious rendered to the utilitarian and clumsy big lugs wash socks and iron underp salt water in a bowl that dainty rinsings of a bird stockings. The only sign are stenciled flowers on built-in dresser and a b in a drawer. We all sit o

gs and stare at those frail
il meone comes in and says,
any-blank purser is going
alli the guys in all the cabins
he the bridal suite."

ch of a sellout, that. Cer-
t: years of high heels and
passed and left no marks
am, the deck boards and
ors now scarred by field

sp deck the whited outlines
abd and quoits courts can
eer But where pretty girls in
id ung men in flannels once
rix young Americans in steel
ar drab coveralls now sit
ays twenty-four hours a
nir our abundance of guns.
omimming pools are filled to
with pleasantly warmed
r with dark things of war.
spe ion, however, bothers one
ive who somewhere finds the
am chair left on board—a
ne t that—sets it up on the
de id loudly calls for a good
rug and bouillon. For a min-
a question whether he and the
l blossomed overboard together.
ecce you traveled on one of
gr ships in her white yester-
sn' mean you'd still know your
uncer. Take our old girl, for
I ad and I didn't. Of the
gar or chic public rooms—the
anestrollways, their windows
w black paint, are stacked
er th iron bunks; the paneled
erv for staff conferences and
scols; the writing room
he ard; the cardroom once
wif coin slot machines and
pri is a sick-call waiting an-
smoking lounge is a hospital;
co tail bar with its frosted
is dispensary.

tte provides the most unfor-
iure of the trip—a grotes-
ugh a haze of cigarette
ath sweat, apprehensions, and
le lines of medicaments when
of line up at the bar with
one rail and hold bared arms

across to Dr. G. A. Spencer of Scars-
dale, New York, who, shirtless and
powerful in the bartender's accustomed
place, punctures us with anti-this and
anti-that while the ship heaves through
tropic swells.

The first-class dining room has been
converted into a cafeteria for the en-
listed men. The tourist dining cabin is
for the officers. The men have the better
of this situation because the former is
huge and air-conditioned while the
latter is poky and, in the hot latitudes,
with ports sealed for the blackout, it be-
comes an odorous Turkish bath that is
too formidable to brave until sheer
hunger drives you.

Such rearrangements of course do not
distinguish any particular American
liner. They are typical.

The job of feeding our ship's company
is colossal and virtually endless. Around
it all daily routine must revolve. There
is no reveille and, except for guard and
calisthenics and special details, no work.
Breakfast lines begin at six-thirty and,
between eating and cleaning, the dining
room is occupied until late at night.

The men who eat breakfast last can
sleep as late as chorus girls if that's their
pleasure, because the general figures
there's no use having all hands milling
about. Both cooking and K.P. are pro-
vided by the transport's crew but labor
union regulations bring up certain hour
problems that are settled amicably by
volunteer helpers from the ranks of the
soldiers, who receive extra pay—and
meals continue to proceed with orderliness,
cleanliness and dispatch.

That generally is how you will eat if
and when your time comes to shove off
for overseas. Here is what you will eat:
The food, all things considered, is good
and by comparison with that of foreign
transports is astonishingly plentiful.
This is a menu observed at random on
one of the last days, when you might
reasonably expect a thinning down.

Breakfast: Stewed figs, sirup, boiled
eggs (the one gripe—eggs always boiled.
But even that was an all-night job and
with so many to provide for there was
no chance to cook them otherwise), fried



JEFF
KEATE

"He also does tricks. Come, Spot, sit! Sit up!"

JEFF KEATE

Simoniz Now!

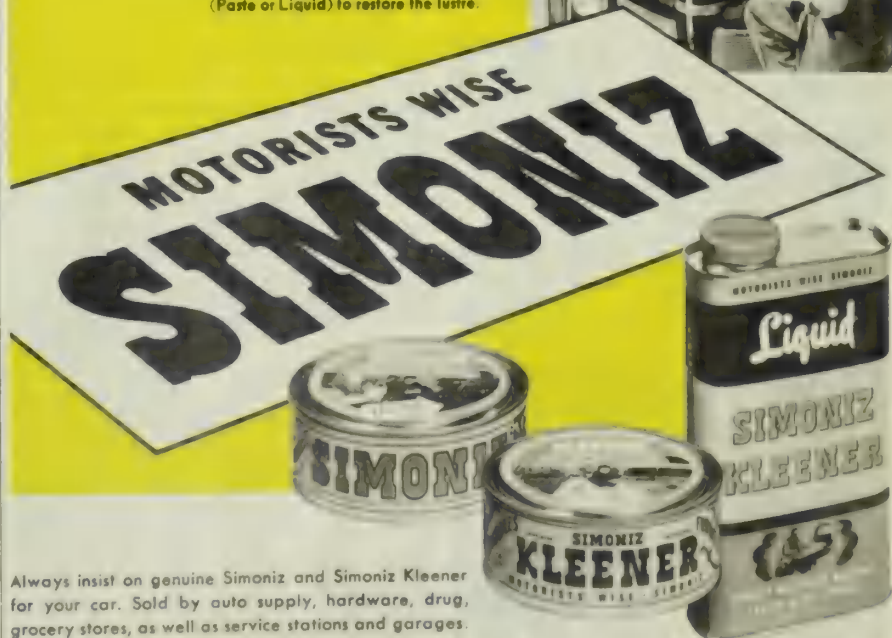
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FOOT ITCH

STOP IT QUICK!

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. It quickly relieves intense itching, kills the fungi contacts, helps prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

sausages, bread, butter, jam, coffee, fresh milk, sugar. Dinner: Roast California turkey, cranberries, stewed tomatoes, potatoes, bread, butter, fresh apples, cheese, crackers, coffee, milk, sugar. Supper: Fresh orange, macaroni, Italian sauce, buttered yellow turnips, bread, butter, chocolate-covered ice cream, cookies, hot tea, milk, sugar.

Even with eating, sleeping and lifeboat drilling as the principal apparent occupations—aside, of course, from constant manning of the guns—you won't be driven to cutting paper dolls in boredom on a prolonged voyage. Here again you find evidence of the inherent health, mental and physical, of young American soldiers. Always in your assignments on foreign transports you have been struck with the lack of play spirit in the men who for days on end merely line the rails or sit apart, quiet, wistful and grinning.

Never a Dull Moment

In ability to entertain himself the Yank is a species apart. So write this down, folks at home: Your kids, out of their own resourcefulness, get something for their memory books from their days at sea. This liner never held so much unaffected interest for its millionaires as for these soldiers, many of whom probably could not have afforded to pay for a single day's trip on her.

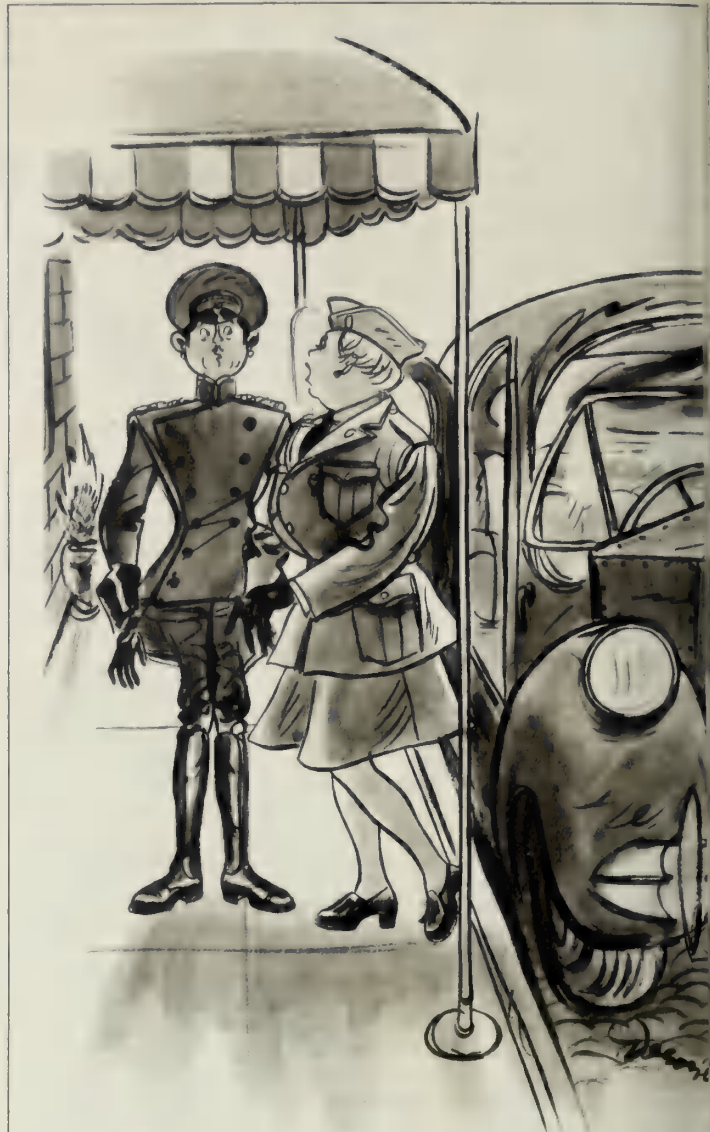
Although you see quiz-book groups and plain "bull" sessions, cards provided the most widespread entertainment indoors at night. The players sit chiefly on the floor. If you try to make your way below, you have to step through dozens of bridge, poker and other hands. When the cards wear out, inked sugar lumps are used. Leg-pulling is the favorite outdoor game. Scores of innocents stand on deck to watch for the blue and yellow buoys that mark the equator; to try to detect the supposed acceleration in speed once it is crossed and we start downhill.

Around virtually every washbasin you find groups experimenting to see whether the water runs out with clockwise or counterclockwise spin, the latter allegedly a sure indication we are over the line. Although this is a known phenomenon of large still bodies, it is unprovable in washbasins, and when the drainage twists one way and then another in alternate trials there is much confusion and debate. Meanwhile the intricate mathematics of the international date line take an awful shellacking. So time goes.

At the outset you got a printed list of instructions and orders, of which these four are ever present and most important in their application to your everyday round, whatever transport you may go on—First: Electric razors and private radio sets cannot be used. These give off impulses that might be picked up and utilized for direction-finding by enemy subs. It is axiomatic for transports of all nations to maintain radio silence. Orders can be received by a ship's official radio staff, but transmitting sets are locked up and could only be broken loose by axes if it were necessary to send an SOS. The reasonableness of these restrictions is questioned by none; all know we are engaged in a life-and-death game with a cunning foe.

Second: You must go easy on fresh water. Naturally wartime loadings put infinitely greater strains upon a ship's tank capacities. So you must bathe, launder and shave in cold salt water—and the ship is one long groan at chinscraping time.

Third: Life preservers must be worn all hours of day and night. Only when you actually sleep can it be put off and then it's tied to your bunk. If it's possible violently to love and to hate a thing at the same time that's the only



"Ahem—Cecil, could you manage to salute now and then?"

way to describe your feelings toward the corky "Mae West."

Last: You must neither sit on the rails nor show off in the rigging. "Keep both feet on the deck" is a rule you'd better obey unless you want to swim home. For obvious reasons no transport in a convoy would dare halt to pick up anyone who fell overboard.

Traffic problems caused by thousands of men in corridors and on decks and stairways designed for only scores are met by a simple rule that reminds you of Will Rogers' plan for New York—even days, west- and eastbound; other days, north- and southbound. Perhaps you have been aboard a great ocean liner in peacetime to see friends off on a gala sailing day. Well, a transport would be such a madhouse all the time, with mess lines extending across several decks and corridors if it were not for soldierly order. So you move forward on the port side, aft on the starboard—and heaven protect your ribs if you dissent!

Daily "Abandon ship!" drills put another tax on traffic. Our general handled this so well that within a few days he reduced by more than twenty minutes the time required for all hands to simulate clearing ship.

The general goes around chuckling about an overheard explanation by one private to another:

"Listen, this practice stuff is okay but it don't fool me because if there's a real jam, the general, the ship's captain, the staff officers and the chaplain get the motorboats," the cynical private declared. "The other officers, them war correspondents and the sergeants get the lifeboats you gotta row. The corporals get the rafts. The privates first-class get oars, and us bucks get a chip apiece!"

When you sail you know you are going; that's all. But try to fool an American so long! Our first day out private making himself conspicuous wherever there was a girl as transparent as a girl's engagement ring in his notice to a book in his hand. It was an ordinary book but I had told him to put a paper cover over it and with heavy ink: "Learn Italian in Seven Easy Lessons." From the beginning, you wolves or little gangs of outspread on bunks or no one but the ship's actual knowledge of our not prevent scores of ideas on maps. You former Boy Scouts as the gauging north by use and watches.

Some Impromptu Navigation

Nights, you saw the skies; for, after all, here American farms to whom Belt were old friends evenings and to whom Capella and Sirius the familiar as the lighted With almost as much in first port of call, they Southern Cross to come Under.

One group of specialists chart that the mate he used to go each day to sometimes you could detect of astonishment behind vian poker face but he or "Yes" or "Nuts!" The

late put on our King Nep-
certificates was a day
ch you know: They were
in predicting a landfall.
e notion however that life
serenity, indolence and
eculation. There is ten-
ance; the constantly worn
ready guns, the increased
"sensitive" hours just be-
sunrise and sunset keep
etting the menace of war
he lightly blackout intensifies
as well as the discomfort
nce. No one can smoke
light on the open decks.
oy commander may break
his signal blinker when-
to transmit orders to his

as an encouraging sign of
earned that our soldiers
liked too much!" All ports
htly shut at night. For
ep and close on the lower
s genuinely tough as we
s tropics.

the warlike atmosphere,
ourse a notably rich crop
ansport rumors of enemy
wling in the night, where-
er really saw over dark
our convoy mates near
d comforting. Rumors of
ome upon unexpectedly,
sh dive no more than fifty
r bow to keep from being
other subs heard by the
ohnny puts such things in
e, think back and you will
ellect that he always had
ination. In plain truth—
probably represents an aver-
age had only three authen-

st on a bright and cloudless
n on the horizon we sud-
sdered the blossoming of the
ve distinct bursts of anti-
That's all there was to it.
ery was never explained.

eco came on another clear
n battleships appeared

dead ahead. It turned out that they
were expected but you can't take
chances. For a long time we dispersed
and fidgeted and sparred like boxers
moving around in a ring looking for an
opening, until the exchange of signals
proved them friends.

Third and most alarming was a ty-
phoon. Until then, little seasickness
had occurred, but as this spume-flecked
afternoon waned quickly into a terrible
night, green replaced the sun tans that
had come with quiet days outdoors in
fine weather. The storm-lashed decks
were closed to all hands after dark. By
then, the seas cresting mountainously
ridge on ridge above our heads were
illuminated by a weirdly brilliant and
widespread display of phosphorescence
that gave to the whitecaps the appear-
ance of a raging but half smothered fire.

A handful of us fought our way to the
signal bridge and huddled there, soaked
and grim, through long hours that might
have been pages torn from Joseph Con-
rad. We had the feeling next day that
we had got off lightly in such rampant
violence with only a few minor injuries
from glass and falls. You heard some-
one remark "Well, God scared us more
than the Japs could!" And you under-
stood he was not being irreverent.

Foul or fair, your trip long or short or
a mixture, you are glad to make port.
Yet however pleasant the land to look
upon, however friendly the welcome by
its people—and in Australia we were not
let down on either score—there is al-
ways something hauntingly sad about
the arrival of a troopship overseas. You
know that of the boys who stand now at
this railing, wide-eyed and eager, high
spirited, bandying crack for crack, are
some who will never make the journey
home. Even aside from the fortunes of
war, this is statistically inevitable in any
large group of travelers. It is the youth
and the freshness of these fine boys that
make especially poignant the thought
that in themselves they hold all that is
meant by the phrase heard around our
world today: "The Yanks have landed."

THE END

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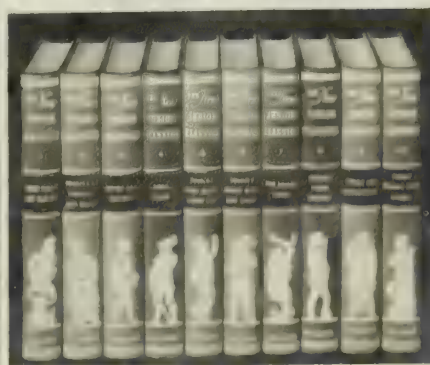
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"Okay, so we've perfected our formula to
convert sugar into rubber—so what?"

SCOTT BROWN

Inshore Patrol

Continued from page 13

a mine or two are lashed aft. Instead of being the Fortuna or the Hyacinth or the Good Cheer, the boat now is simply the YP 465—meaning a patrol vessel attached to a naval district, rather than to the fleet, and under command of the District Commandant.

The bigger boats—bigger merely relatively, because they are all small craft—have been taken over by the Navy. But scores of owners of twenty- and thirty-footers have joined the Navy for the duration, with their boats. The Navy gives them gas and oil and a rating—maybe bosun's mate—and pay, and assigns one or two seamen as crew.

So, let's go to sea and watch the Inshore Patrol at work. You perch on a high stool in a corner of the wheelhouse in the 57, while Lieut. Commander H. D. Batterton, her master, backs her out of the slip with soft-voiced orders and a few swings on the handle of the engine-room telegraph. High overhead there is the drone of bombers and you glance with some slight interest at the sheets illustrating silhouettes of U. S. Army planes and Navy planes and British planes, stuck up on a bulkhead. You compare these black shapes with those flying high in the gray windy sky. "Well," you decide, "they look like ours." A quartermaster says briefly: "PB 26s," which sounds comforting. You get to know your planes, working on the Inshore Patrol.

The 57 swings onto her course and Commander Batterton tells the engine room, down the voice tube, to put her on the cruising combination and she knifes along down Sound at fourteen knots. Everything is pretty informal, with a minimum of gold braid and a maximum of smooth, quiet efficiency.

"Two seven zero," says the skipper to the quartermaster at the wheel. The 57 swings onto her course and you learn that the Inshore Patrol has four main missions: Mine laying, mine sweeping, net laying and tending, and general patrol work. This last includes detection and destruction of enemy submarines or swift motorboats that might get near the coast or even into harbors by some combination of weather-luck and skill.

How to Find Mines

"There's a mine sweeper over there now. We'll go have a look at her. . . . Hard right." The QM swings the 57 in a tight semicircle and we come up near the dark gray sweeper. She was a fishing boat, not long ago, romantically named Il Trovatore, but now her bow bears the legend AMc 479. This means she is an auxiliary mine sweeper in the coastal service. Her name now is the Mallard—mine sweepers all being named for birds. Net tenders are named for trees. The other boats get along with only letters and numbers.

Trailing aft the Mallard is a long cable, breaking the surface, and at its nether end a small red flag zips along. Some distance behind the flag a small speedboat cuts through the swells, warning ships away.

Contact mines, very old-fashioned but deadly enough if a ship hits them, are swept up by two methods. Single AMc ships go about the job by trailing cables from their bows. The cables are fanned out and kept under water in the form of a V, point forward, by devices called paravanes. The theory is that the ship's cable catches the mine's cable and severs it, sometimes by means of a sort of pair of shears. A variation of this is for two sweepers to move abreast, with a cable between, thus clearing a

fairly wide channel. In either case the mine is brought to the surface—and a little target practice does the rest.

"You have to think of everything the enemy might do," says Commander Batterton, relighting a pipe, "and then try to prevent him from doing it. For instance, mines might have been laid in American waters last summer or fall by Japanese merchant ships. It isn't hard to fix a mine so that it remains harmless for several months and then becomes dangerous. And there are mines that don't explode when the first ship passes them; they don't explode until the second—or third or fourth—ship comes near. This little trick is to catch important ships that might have pilot boats or sweepers ahead. You'd be surprised at the ingenuity of people."

They Fish for Submarines

The 57 slides ahead of the plodding Mallard and her cable. Ensign Walter Ross—he was a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch a few weeks ago—taps out a message from the bridge-deck lamp and gets an acknowledgment. Commander Batterton tells the QM it's "hard left." Near the center of the fairway lie four specks, hardly visible against the gray water. The specks grow larger and through the glasses you may distinguish their shapes. Two of them are YNG boats—meaning Net Gate vessels. They have no power and the patrol boys say the initials mean "You're Not Going"—anywhere. The two YNGs are anchored a couple of hundred yards apart and from each, to shore, extends a line of steel floats. From these hangs the submarine net. The YNGs' duty is to haul the "gate" back and forth, opening and closing the channel.

Near by are two powered ships—the YN 35 and YN 41—meaning they're net layers and tenders. Laying and tending a heavy steel net in a channel where the tides run five and six knots is no snap. In the old days a net would stop a submarine; now, it's mainly to signal that a sub is trying to get through. Modern U-boats have various ways of getting through nets—or would have, if the nets didn't signal every object coming in contact with them. Every time a sub noses a net, it rings a bell somewhere. Then the "ashcans" go overboard from patrol ships and the thump of depth charges shakes the sea.

The 57 bustles about, watching over her busy fleet, and you realize what a complicated mechanism she is. She can talk with planes far above, submarines far below, surface ships far away. Her detectors can locate anything that moves within range of her mechanical brain—and tell within limits just where it is, and maybe what it is. She can talk by half a dozen methods.

This long rifle, with the big tube instead of a barrel, is one talking gadget. You aim it like a rifle at a signalman on another craft and finger out the message in code. A light, blinking up through the tube, can be seen practically only by the person at whom the light-gun is aimed. Very simple and efficient—and secret.

In the old war you had to have two ships to locate a U-boat. Each one listened and got a radio bearing on the sub. Then they traded bearings and drew lines on the chart from each other toward the sub. Where the lines crossed—the "fix"—was where they heaved over the ashcans. Today, one gadget about the size of a console radio does all the work, and more accurately—and

no time is lost radio

There are several boats working with from the far Aleutians and from East Cape, the Mississippi and 1 The YPs are mainly boats, often manned crews under a naval are chaser patrol sh speedsters carrying dual-purpose guns eff aircraft and surface patrol yachts, some by their owners, maybe devices and a gun or

The fast PTs—patrol can't be used in in Pacific Northwest. logs. Hit a four-foot going forty knots . . .

On the North Pacific every Jap submarine probably has on it know the Northwest wave and rip by rip. ing boats have been thirty years—and alvated by a great deasity and a desire to camera film. So no o takes anything for gr underestimating the grim, fog-shrouded hundreds of tree-hic water channels and sv

An Added W

The Canadians hav their ow system, organized al the e work

One of our ensigns as gam of a m patrolled. it'd be pretty tough if sub got and shelled Victoria. The considered for a m and "Yes, Laddie, it cert ly wou a bloody lot of cor ponden Ottawa."

The fog drifts in lik gray the west, and the sou west w the smell of rain. TH 7 mov through the murk a the m down. The dim gr shape AMCs and the YPs t e into of sea and air. The velhouse except for the yello glow binnacle. Forward, t looka what he sees and hea to the watch in the house.

"Small craft three ints on bow, sir. Looks like P. YP 67."

"Very well."

The 57 threads her ay thro brood—dark shapes against swirls—the sweepers and drin grim little craft that ice took parties to Appletree ve and Harbor, and will age when paint is scraped off.

Out beyond the cap where wester drives the big as wint toward the shore, oth dim sh pitching forward u er slow eternally watching an istening a whirl of propellers abo or the st of a sub's wheel, fat ms deep listening devices squ l and ships come within ran and pass

In the 57's house a glow the face of the GCT c k—the every naval vessel the gives G central mean time.

"One thing sure," says never have to rese hat to time. . . .

THE E



"If civilian defense is what I think it is, I've been practicing it for years!"

LEONARD DOVE

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 20

the trip memorable, with one having been the goat, and this good for comment for weeks or even months afterward.

Sunday mornings when the boys would sit on the porch, Duff would read a book from the library over the shoe shop, or his campaign against the dog while the people went by in their est on the way to church. Old Tinsell, who ran the boarding-house, would pass often by the window named to be seen in her work at church time, commenting about the people who passed.

Mr. Mylick, owns half of the bark on a tree, tighter than your boss man Amos Hawckon. They say one December he d his pocketbook to buy his a package of gum for Christmas. A June bug flew out'n it. That's a ter with him. Cute, ain't she? there's a high-yellow gal in the spit'n image of her. I know about that, though Mr. k as a pure case not so many k . . . Mamie, don't let them il over."

"na'am," the cook answered,

Duff said suddenly, when Tinsell returned for another rough the shades, "who's that the car?"

Delia Phillips. She was drettiest in Tafton school, her ar. Her pa's Doctor Phillips, a of blood poison. Ain't she

rs," Duff admitted.

at the sweetest voice. Sings in st choir," Mrs. Townsell said. "t you go to church sometime, ad of sitting around staring at ll the time? Won't kill you. could go Sunday mornings, everybody's all decked out and Evening church is always sort ul."

beve I will go to church for a Duff said, rising, still looking parting car. He hurried up ed changed to the suit he had t the local store for a dollar a

ptist church was on the other town, past the colored boys he shine chairs, and the old court- wh its keep-off-the-grass signs imelyriad sparrows chirping loudly ter-oak trees, and the depot e town cripple sold Sunday The Montgomery Advertiser h Birmingham Age-Herald from pris-company truck, and the store ow of shotgun shells and overalls lies-ready-to-wear, and the ugstore now closed because it h hour.

ey ere singing Beulah Land when t here; someone handed him a tned to the right page. And s was in the choir, where he g a good look at her.

I dwelling on a mountain,
Underneath a cloudless sky,
I drinking at the fountain
T it never shall run dry,
O yes! I'm feasting
On the manna
From a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling
In Beulah Land!

e lt chord of the piano died away, he minister prayed long and earned repetitiously. Finally the

sermon began, and Duff was able to concentrate on the face of the girl. She was every bit as beautiful as she had seemed at first, her hair very dark brown, her mouth and nose just right, and what he could see of her figure entirely proportional and adequate. Once he looked up to find her gaze squarely upon him. He wanted to smile or something, but his face froze; she looked away.

After the offering was taken Delia rose and sang. She was tall, and her voice was clear and pleasant. Then followed the sermon and afterward the preacher shook Duff's hand at the door; he was fiftyish, earnest, friendly. Others spoke to Duff. He waited impatiently, until finally Delia came out, smiling as she talked to a gray-haired woman in a cherry-covered hat. He watched her; her legs were good, and her walk was good. *Do come again, won't you?* someone was saying. Yes, he'd come to church next Sunday.

NOW her father joined her, and as they passed, Dr. Phillips looked at Duff and said, "Hello, Webster, didn't recognize you at first. Glad to have you with us at church. You've met my daughter, Delia."

"I don't believe so."

"Oh, yes," Delia said, looking at him squarely. "Well, you were delirious."

"I'd had some hard luck. I guess I was a pretty sorry sight," Duff mumbled. He felt himself sweating under his shirt.

"The reason the good Lord puts hard luck on us is so we can lick it," Dr. Phillips said wisely. "When you got nothing to do, boy, drop by to see us."

"Yes, come by," Delia said, smiling.

Duff opened his mouth but said nothing.

"Well?" she asked, looking at him directly. "Are you coming?"

"That'll be fine," Duff muttered. *No*, he thought uneasily, *that's something I sure better not do.*

Sunday afternoon reminded him of his home-town, and high-school days, when the boys hung around his father's drugstore and played the phonograph and stood out front watching the few passing cars that came slowly by—cars with families, and the kids wrestling on the back seat, a vacationing "ole Miss" student, with a strange girl, making his father's car go *chak-a-chak-a*, and seven laughing Negroes in a bucking, boiling old car. He could remember Art Gil-lam, The Whispering Pianist, singing, *Baby Please Don't be Angry, for I Was Only Teasing You*, remember sitting out on the back step smoking a forbidden cigarette, and watching the flies buzz around the empty ice-cream freezers in the sun. It was the same, now, here in Tafton, except the phonograph was a multicolored juke organ, and the record was of a colored girl singing . . . *I'm Gonna Change My Way of Livin', And If That Ain't Enough, I'll Change the Way I Strut My Stuff* . . .

Duff walked out to the kennels with the sheepskin coat he had bought from Alex, the mechanic, for two dollars on that night of the last poker game. As he passed Wesley's house he identified himself with a shout and went on back to the pens, where the dogs woke from their siesta to bark happily at him.

The sheepskin had got too hot walking out, but now he put it back on and went to Judas' pen. The big black-and-white pointer looked at him levelly with those yellow eyes, growling when Duff's hand touched the gate hasp.

"I'm coming in, mister," Duff said,



ME WALK! IN THE RAIN?

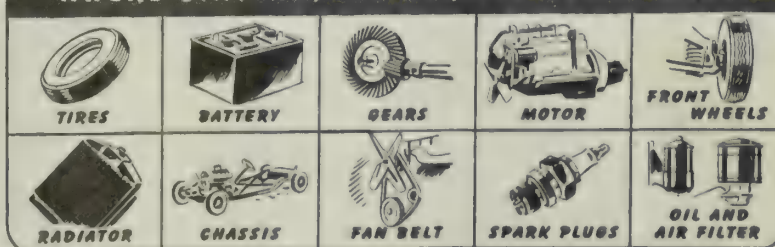
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"and if you don't kill me I'm going to keep coming in. I guess you might as well get used to it."

He opened the door. Judas' growl rose a note, and he stood up stiffly. The moment Duff stepped inside, the dog leaped at him. Duff turned sideways, thrusting his heavily padded arm quickly into the dog's open jaws. Judas' teeth closed on the inch-thick sleeve savagely. Duff shook him loose, and again let him grab a mouthful of coat. The dog hung there on the man's side like a panther, trying to bite through. Duff seized him by the back of the neck, close up behind the ears, and pulled him loose and held him, wriggling and snarling insanely, in the air.

"You'd kill me, wouldn't you?" he demanded without anger. "Yes, sir, you sure would." He propelled Judas toward the back of the kennel pen. Stepping out the door, he shut it just as the raging dog came rushing after him and struck the wire.

"Hello," said Lucie, coming into view, "what's all the racket?"

It was the first time he had ever seen her in a dress. She wore her light hair loose, and her hands were in the pocket of her tweed coat; her gray eyes watched him in amusement. "I drove out to take a look at my horse—haven't seem him since yesterday afternoon, and that's too long. I thought it was a kennel fight. I hope you didn't try to go in there with Judas."

"I just came out."

She looked at him. "In a hurry, too, I'll bet. Had you left something valuable in there, like the Kohinoor diamond or possibly somebody's mother?"

"I went in there to see if he could bite through this sheepskin coat," Duff said.

She stared at him. "Why?"

"I think maybe I can break him."

She pointed at the dog who now stood with one foot on the wire watching Duff intently, growling softly. "You're going to break that?"

"Well, maybe."

"You're going to make him point, and back, and stand shot, and hunt to the gun?"

"I hope to," he admitted.

"How?"

"I haven't got all of it figured out yet," he said.

"Oh, I see," she replied, with friendly scorn.

He shrugged out of the coat, and looked at his arm. The dog's teeth had come through in two places, scratching the skin and starting a tiny flow of blood.

"Just a little sulfathiazole and a couple of transfusions and you'll be all right," she murmured. "Look, why don't you try love and affection on Judas? That's what they do in books and things. You can win him over with kindness, and in the end he will be old dog Tray, and save your life a couple of times. I can see him now, swimming out in the whirlpool to rescue your young son, and barking to wake up the neighbors when the house catches on fire." She motioned to him. "Come on. I've got to see that horse."

AS HE followed her neat-cut figure to the barn, she said, "It's okay with me if you want to try to make something out of Judas. But we tried and gave him up as an outlaw."

They turned the gelding out into the corral, and sat on the fence and watched him run and snort, with his tail arched. Presently Lucie said, "What did you do this morning?"

"Went to church."

"No fooling."

"What's wrong with that?"

"What did you go for?"

"Well, to look at that girl," Duff admitted.

"Who?"

"Delia Phillips."

Lucie turned around a bit and faced him. "I needn't have asked what girl. Look, you're a funny guy. Tell me about you."

"There's nothing to tell."

"Say me some poetry."

"I don't know any poetry."

"Oh, no . . . Look at him; isn't he a horse, though?"

"He sure is," Duff answered.

"Does septicemia make one break out in a poetic rash? I'll have to ask Doctor Phillips about that. Delia's father."

"Oh, you know," he said in embarrassment. "Haven't you had to memorize a lot of poetry all your life, in school and places? I can't recite it, but sometimes little snatches of it pop up."

"I guess I'm nosy. But you fascinate me. The Vagabond Poet and Wild Animal Trainer. I never had to memorize anything about down, down, down to the devil, not in the school I went to."

He said nothing. The January sun glinted in the enamel of her white teeth, and came through the loose strands of her hair, making them look golden instead of just sandy-colored.

"Listen," Duff said, with an effort. "There's not much to tell, but here's what there is: My father runs a drug-store on the edge of Hattiesburg. He owes everybody in town. My mother wanted me to be somebody, but I couldn't. I worked in sawmills, drug-stores, tobacco barns, insurance offices, and a lot of other things, never very long at a time. Last month she shot herself. Not on account of me—something else I guess. I decided to leave, then. I lost my gun in Georgia when a plantation warden nearly caught me. That dog tried to kill me when I came up on him right after he'd caught a goat. That doctor fixed me up. You gave me a job and I appreciate it. That's as far as I know."

SHE said, "Do you think you'll stay here long?"

"I don't know. Mr. Hawthorne doesn't like me. He might kick me out any time. But I'd like to make good—for once."

"Maybe this is what you were meant for, huh?"

He looked toward the kennel, staying till I break that dog. "Then you'll be here quite a while," she said. "I'll tell you what you will go afield with show you a bird dog."

NINE years before, a far old Amos and said, "I've got a dog I want to sell you."

"What kind of dog?"

"He's whatever kind of dog you want. He'll hunt quail, deer, squirrel, and all that. That ain't the kind I want. I want a hound pack. Queerest dog ever heard tell of."

"Well you take him and find more birds than any dog I ever saw. Any one of these coobs. I'll give you a dog in Alabama, and he'll hunt quail, deer, squirrel, and all that. Queerest dog ever heard tell of."

"I was just goan to say that. I got all the dogs I want. You ought to at least try 'em. Well, all right, leave him to me. Amos had the dog put in the pen and forgot about him. The farmer called and wanted to know how he liked him. Amos had been down in the back yard, and he'd been able to try the dog, and some time soon. That all right. Wesley came in with his dog. 'Cap'm, where you git hir vappin' dog. He done traveled miles dis evening, fure de nex'!"

"What after, deer or fox?"

"No, sir, patridges!"

"Don't give me no stuff, I warned. 'Didn't find no bird dog. 'Ten coveys, suh. He shot 'em out, I reckon."

"Pointed 'em! Stood up and he was some kind of bird dog. a-mighty, wid his tail straight up as a willow stick. I shot a broke to fotch him, den he and nailed dem singlings c like an old brood bitch, den here again!"

Amos went out with the dog and again the dog Sam ran on a horizon and found coveys and incidentally treed two. When they came in at noon, "Now I wonder where that mer be."



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stole this dog? Wonder if it was far enough away so's nobody'd find him with me?" He made inquiries in the neighborhood of the farmer; one man said, "That Sam dog? Shore I know him—Ben raised him. I seen that pup the day he was born. They wasn't but two in the litter and the other'n he took sick and died. Me and Ben was hunting that dog when he wasn't four months old—had to lift him over logs. I've brung him home in my old hunting sack many a night after dark. You aiming to buy him?"

"Ben wanted me to give him a try-out," Amos said carefully.

"Well, Ben's a friend o' mine, so I won't tell nothing on his dog."

"Wouldn't want you to do that," Amos said, hopefully. "If the dog's fit-fied, or something, I'll find it out."

"Oh, he's a beastly scoun'l; healthy as a buck hant. 'Tain't that," he said.

"See here, you just take him out and try him; you'll see, first off. That's all I can tell you. Ben's the best friend I got in the world, and I wouldn't do nothing to hurt no deal of his."

THE following day was Saturday, and Amos knew the farmer would be out to see about his dog. And just at noon he came, driving a brightly polished flivver and dressed in his best town clothes.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "you done give Sam all the tryout you want?"

Amos studied a moment. Then he called, "Wesley, didn't we take out that dog of Mister Ben's the other day?"

"Yas, suh," Wesley said dolefully. "You remember dat dog," he added meaningfully.

"Why, what'd he do?" asked the farmer, looking from one of them to the other. "You got to remember he ain't but little over a year old. You understand how a puppy is. A man that knows dogs like you do, he understands to make allowances for a young dog's puppy ways."

"I ain't said nothing against the dog," Amos said, searching the bottles of medicine on the shelf in the kennel house. "Oh, Wesley, git Mister Ben's dog fer him, and put him in the car."

"Look," Ben said. "You a dog trainer. I ain't. With just a little work, you could fix him right up so anybody could handle him. And you see he healthy. He's had copperas onct a month since he was born. Not a worm in him. What would you give me for him right now, cash on the barrelhead?"

"Ben, I tell you the truth. We got more dogs around here now than we got feed fer. And you know I ain't young as I used to be. Cain't spend no time working on just any kind of dog," Amos said. "Wesley, turn that back seat up. You want that dog to git the car all dirty?"

"Tell you what. I'll sell that dog to you cheap. I got a bad knee—mule kicked me last summer. Curious sorta thing, she hadn't never done nothing like that before, gentle as a cat, then of a sudden, wham, she done it. Look," he said, pulling up his trouser leg, "see that scar?"

"Where?" Amos asked, squinting down.

"Right there. Can't see it so good, now, but in rainy weather she turns plumb red."

"We been a long time without rain, ain't we?" Amos said.

He glanced toward the car, then went back to searching the shelf. "Maybe you better tie him in, Wesley, so he won't jump out."

"That's all right, he ain't goan jump out, not that puppy. Got more sense than any dog I ever seen," the farmer said. "Since old Kate kicked me, I ain't been able to do much walking. Fact is, she just about knocked me out of huntin'. Only reason I'd sell old

Sam. But I guess I'll have to let him go. Cheap too."

"What's cheap to one man," Amos said, "might be higher'n a cat's back to another. What you want for that dog?"

The farmer glanced at him, then half-way turned to the car, minutely inspecting a pine knot on the side of the house. He touched his finger to a drop of resin that stood on the knot, rubbed his thumb to it, then smelled it interestedly. "Well, I don't rightly know, to tell you the truth. He's such a pet around the house. If the wife and kids knowed I even mentioned selling old Sam, they'd just about quit me."

"I wouldn't want to buy no kids' pet dog, Ben."

The farmer rolled the turpentine off his hand. "Well, I tell you, Mister Hawthorne, they just maul him around and plague him, until I don't see how the poor dog stands it. It just ain't right for no dog to have to put up with such. The other day I told Verie, I said, 'Them young'uns is goan drive that dog crazy; I swear the first good man that offers me fifty dollars, I'll let Sam go, just to p'tect him from them young'uns!'"

Later that afternoon, Ben appeared at the F. Mitchell Horse and Mule Company barn, where the boys were sitting around with their chairs leaned back against the wall. They asked him why he looked so pert, and he cut a corner off his plug, stuck it in his mouth, closed his knife, and said:

"Well, boys, they say old Amos Hawthorne knows a whole heap about bird dogs, but me and him tied up in a trade this evenin', and I cold-rammed it to him. Lucifer, you know that combination puppy was such a stomp-down unfer a while, then kept gitting wilder and wilder, till we had to tie that ten foot of trace chain on him to keep him in sight? And we'd wear out our feet looking fer him, and him pointing a mile away somewhere? Well, that's the dog. I guess I ought not to tell it on the old man . . . I like old Amos, and I don't want to hurt his reputation none. Don't want this to go no further, mind you—" he leaned forward—"Boys, old Amos Hawthorne forked over forty cash dollars for that wild dog!"

They named the dog Ambling Sam. Amos, who had never bothered to learn to write—"That's how come I keep on living; don't never worry about no notes I've signed at the bank"—had Lucie, then in high school, write various people in an effort to trace the dog's breeding, and they finally got enough data to register him.

THE farmer had told the strict truth about Sam's being a combination dog, and that was his main trouble. There weren't many deer to bother them, but Sam never went through a creek bottom without making a couple of whipping circles for squirrel scent; and when he treed a squirrel he would sit down and wait until Amos rode up. For a long time Sam just couldn't believe that squirrels were no longer to be hunted. Amos would ride past him, ignoring him completely, while Sam danced excitedly around the tree. When Amos kept on going, Sam looked at him in perplexity. He would follow a way, anxiously, then return to the tree. Finally Sam would give up the squirrel tree and somewhat unhappily head out on the scent of his trainer. After a few of these treatments, he abandoned squirrel hunting.

Jack rabbits, though, were another matter. That summer when they got up to the chicken prairies of Saskatchewan, Sam indicated at once that these swift animals were his preferred game. Most young dogs chase jack rabbits for a distance, then give up in despair and go back to hunting prairie chickens. But not Sam.

"Dat Sam, he de only dog I ever see

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could make one dem jacks lay his years back and put dat other foot down," Wesley said.

That was the first year Paul had been taken to Canada. He was fourteen then, strangely capable, being quiet and even-tempered, and the animals liked his solemn singing around the barn. Then he was used as a wagon driver, and he watched old Amos and his father having their troubles with Sam and the jack rabbits.

One day they were in the village, Paul was told to get some corks, and while the Frenchman in the little store was trying to understand what the Alabama Negro meant by "jug stoppers," a wheat farmer came in cursing the chestnut mare that had brought him to town. "Pullin' all the dom time, wears your dom arms near out, she ought to dom well be on a bloody race track!" Paul took one look at the horse, and went to find Amos Hawthorne. Amos bought the mare for sixty-one dollars and a half.

NEXT day, Paul rode the little mare with the hunting caravan, holding her in by main force until Sam, swinging in front, struck his first jack rabbit of the morning; then he loosened the curb-pressure on her mouth and nudged her with his heel. The mare jumped twenty feet, then flattened out in a dead run across the sage, over gopher holes and buffalo wallows, and finally Paul headed the dog off. For weeks that went on daily.

The mare got so she would jump forward every time she saw Sam flush a jack rabbit. Sam got wise, too. After a few days of having those hoofs come thundering behind him, and then a taste of the whip, he would glance quickly back to see how much start he had on the horse before pursuing a rabbit he had flushed. Finally he perceived that it was a losing game, and after that would glance interestedly at jack rabbits but never chased them again.

They taught Ambling Sam steadiness to wing and shot, and from that time on he was known as the cleanest broken dog in major trials. At the end of the summer, he ran unplaced at Moose Jaw, but won at Pierson, Manitoba, paying Amos seven hundred dollars. From that time on Sam was a winning dog; whenever a handler arrived at a new trial, his first question was, "Is old Amos here with that Sam dog?" Sam won on prairie chicken and Huns and quail and pheasant. He won from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan to Shuqualak, Mississippi. He won every championship—except the one old Amos wanted most, the National Championship at Grand Junction.

When the farmer, Ben, learned of the dog's exploits, he said in annoyance, "Aye dammit, if I'd a-knowed he was goan turn out to be such a dog as all that, I'd shore never let old Amos jew me down from fifty dollars!"

The first morning that Duff went out with the trainers, they put old Sam down without any ceremony, as if he were just a dog. Now Amos rode out front on his gray horse, oblivious of everything but the ten-year-old pointer far ahead. Regularly Sam would look back; old Amos would point his whip to the right, and the dog would go to the right.

This almost visible affinity between dog and handler had caused Sam to be known as a mechanical dog, or "whip-runner."

But Sam didn't depend on Amos; he knew how to hunt.

This morning they had ridden only twenty minutes when Ambling Sam, after a prodigious cast, was seen to stop far out, a tiny spot of white at that distance.

"Point, Cap'm Amos!" Wesley said.

The old man rose in a stir, leaned forward, squinting his eyes. "Right on up yonder head of us."

They galloped toward the point, and Duff, pointing his finger, shouted at Duff, "plumb illuminated with Sam, he just cold find 'er!"

Sam stood erect, with slanting up, his feet solidly planted, somewhat stretched, his head a confident grin.

As Amos swung lithely down, Lucie turned to him, perched, "Okay?"

The birds got up. Sam slightly, and his ears raised, not move forward. Amos and two cock birds dropped, whirring covey. He clucked, streaked toward the fire. When he retrieved the Amos let him pull off the it.

"Eyes gittin' bad, hell!" after he had sent the dog turned to his horse. "I can't see a gun bar'l."

Suddenly he stared at Duff, realizing for the first time that he was along. "Who told me he demanded, looking at Lucie."

"Me. What's wrong with said."

Waving his head from side to side, Amos answered, "I have no road tramp riding my horse."

"It ain't much of a horse, amiably, thinking that Amos was joking, "even for a tramp he froze, for he saw his n."

Amos took his foot out of the stirrup and walked around to the dog, pointed the dog whip at him along it, and said, alper, "Bud, you make jus you're goan be bumming road again, you git me?"

Lucie said, "He hasn't done anything."

"He ain't got to do nothin' like him. I don't like the ner acts, ner smells, ner that's all that makes a difference cause I'm still the boss here." He looked sharply at Lucie.

Lucie looked at him and said nothing.

Duff, trying desperately to make his mistake helped his standing an uncanny instinct, strating an uncanny instinct, a lost dog, and for several credible distances. And named Smoky Joe had a streaked out through the it was Duff who overtook herded the sick dog like a back to the dog wagon.

"The Squire doesn't like said afterward, "and that But he knows a dog man one, and so he'll tolerate okay."

AT LEAST once a day, Judas' pen. Formerly the pointer by throwing to one end of the pen and of food inside the door after the meat. But now the sheepskin coat and into the pen with the dog hope that Judas would welcome his entrance. A two though, it became ap Judas hunger was second sired to get a man's thro Duff's, between his jaws. Duff let him go three day ing, then entered with a pa burger only to have the him, knocking the meat in and grab the heavy sheep turned around Duff's neck "Man's best friend," mu

brush the bits of meat off
ought to lay him out with
oral," Duff said, patiently,
ill his teeth."
ldn't be no help. Jest as
shewed to pieces," Wesley
nmed to death."
night Alex Prin, the me-
up in front of the board-
instead of walking in
D!! Deal!" as usual, he called
his car, the motor of which
ning.

approached the car, Alex
confidentially, "Boy, I've got
will knock you for a row.

hed the car and laid one
door and immediately an-
almost knocked him down.
led over the steering wheel
im t. Alex had rigged an ar-
that enabled him to short the
the body of the car at will.
y r hide, Alex!" Duff grinned.
t t hot?" Alex said happily.
ked the sheriff for a loop,
t in and let's ride around
ne fun. There's the bottle,
ern that pocket."

thoughtfully watched the frantic
aps, the eyeglasses jumping
sorised eyes; and when he
on, he had bought a hotshot
a odel T coil, and a big spool
-g ge copper wire. While the
an went on that night he sewed
pocket on the back of the sheep-
at io which he fitted the battery
ti connected the thin threads
er ire, sewing them down on
sid of the coat. The switch he
nse the right-hand pocket.

entered Judas's kennel Sun-
wed around outside, making
nir gestures and slapping the
nt Judas was in an angry
H opened the gate and stepped
Jas leaped, hitting him on the
th a fury, then recoiling
er cticity so violently that he
on is back in the middle of the
e e, shook himself, and sprang
only to fall frantically away the
he pched the coat.

Jas stood off, growling and
g off in puzzlement. Duff took
o ard. The dog retreated a
uff turned his back, but Judas
ad nce.

we out of the pen and took off
at ad came back, now watching
st pply. Judas again retreated
hir.

rdner," Duff said with satis-
Now we're getting some-
rt, in spare time, the lessons
asec-always in the absence of
ay norne, of course. What Duff
to one day present the old
wi Judas broken and tractable.
ly hat would remove the hos-
at are on Duff night and day.

Duff borrowed a shoat that Wesley
was about to slaughter—"I may get him
killed for you right quick"—and rigged
up an electric harness for it, with two
wires leading outside to the battery and
coil and switch. He shoved the squeal-
ing pig into the pen with the dog, and
Judas was on him like a jaguar. In one
second Judas struck the pig and missed
a vital spot; the next second he had
leaped frantically away. Duff left the
pig for a while, but Judas made no
further attempt to kill it. When the pig,
looking for escape, came toward him,
Judas growled and jumped on top of
his house.

One afternoon not long after that,
Lucie saw Duff getting ready to feed
Judas.

"Wait, Mr. Beatty," she said, "you
forgot your sheepskin coat."

Duff opened the gate and stepped in-
side, while Lucie watched in fearful ex-
pectancy. Judas stood in the middle of
the pen and allowed Duff to put the pan
down. Duff took a step toward the dog
and caused him to retreat.

She stared at him, then at Judas, a
smile coming to her lips. "Can you also
make water come out of a rock, like
Moses did?"

"Never tried that," Duff said.

The old trainer had not ridden that
afternoon. Lucie was waiting around
front in her car when Duff got through.
Dark had almost come. The motor was
idling, and the heater sent a warm bil-
lowing of air through the car. As Duff
got in beside her, she gave him a sud-
den direct smile. Already buoyed up by
his progress with Judas, her smile gave
him a feeling of warm companionship.
He realized that this girl came nearer
to being a friend to him than anybody
he had ever known.

Abruptly, he said, "You've been
pretty nice to me."

"Sure I have," she said lightly.

He suddenly reached over and kissed
her on the cheek.

"Hey," she said. "That's sort of all
right."

This time he kissed her mouth in-
stead.

"Whoa," she said, pushing him away.
"What's happening here? Let me
think."

"No," he said urgently, "don't think."

HE KISSED her again, and presently
felt her move closer to him, almost
crowding him, and her breathing quick-
ened.

"My heavens!" she whispered, gasp-
ing. "I think I must be dying. Feel my
heart. Wait—no more thanks. Tomor-
row, maybe, or next week, I'll have re-
covered sufficiently. Listen. Tell me,
was all that gratitude? If it was, I'm
liable to be trying to do you favors all
the time."

As she started the car off, Duff,
shaken and uneasy, could say nothing.
Many words came to his mind, but none
to his lips.

(To be continued next week)

The best I.C.S. ads are written by I.C.S. Students!



FOR EXAMPLE, here's part of a long letter of appreciation from Mervin L. S., of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania:

"During an excellent secondary education and three years at the University of C., I failed repeatedly in Algebra and Geometry, and it was only by exceptionally good work in theory that I obtained passing grades in Science. I.C.S. presents its subjects in understandable style, with little lost motion and confusion, and with great interest."

Here are some excerpts from other recent letters: "I was 42 years old at the time of enrolment. The Course has paid for itself many times over." (Chas. A. M., Calumet City, Ill.) "My income when I enrolled was \$77 per month. It is now \$340 per month!" (C. E. H., Ravenna, O.)

Somewhere in the I.C.S. curricula is a course that can help you achieve greater success in your line of work. The cost is so low, the rewards so great, you can't afford not to mail this coupon for complete information! No obligation, of course. Do it today—America needs trained men in order to outproduce the enemy!



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★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course before which I have marked X: ★

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A
NEW
"ANGLE"

FOR SPEEDY SHAVES

CLICK! Blade "clicks" in! New type head—checked to 1/1000 inch assures correct "angle" for clean, speedy shaves the first time over!

QUICK! World's lightest razor! Gives instant pressureless shaves. Banishes "razor burn." Simple one-piece construction. Easy to clean.

SLICK! Sensational "nick-proof" guard protects blade corners. Permits close shaves without cuts or scrapes... eliminates clogging.

ENDERS FLYING KIT: Shaver, 6 blades, cream, lotion, comb, smart case, \$1. Semi-automatic strip, \$1. Post Paid.



ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

gives wings to your morning shave
MADE BY DUNHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

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Too Easy Chair

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HATE MUST WAIT

THE most foolish and the falsest things now being said about this war concern us and England. Otherwise reasonable people repeat the most baseless falsehoods, and many would be shocked if they realized they were echoing sentiments that Dr. Goebbels' German propagandists first said for them.

A pleasant white-haired old lady with a son and two grandsons in American uniforms was saying, "Why should the United States have gone to war to save Singapore for the British?"

Now who do you suppose thought that one up and handed it to a nice old lady and to others not so old or nice? She and the numerous others, poor and rich, who have been saying, "Why should we fight to restore Singapore, to save India, to defend Australia for the British?" are following precisely the Axis propaganda line, although, of course, most of them do not know it.

We did not enter this war to save the British or any of their possessions. Yes, most of us preferred the British to the Germans but that's not why we went to war. We got into this war because the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and for no other reason. The British did not bomb Pearl Harbor.

The British did not inspire the Japanese to make a sneak attack on our ships and planes. The Japs thought that out for themselves without any British help. Maybe Hitler needed them up for the attack, and Mussolini certainly did not try to dissuade them. But you have to be pretty far over on the looney side to give the British any part of the responsibility for Pearl Harbor.

And you have to be more than a little crazy to give the British credit for the German and

the Italian declarations of war against us. Germany declared war on us immediately after Pearl Harbor, before our Congress got around to doing any declaring. So did Italy. Germany was not persuaded by the British to declare war against us. Neither was Italy.

We did not make any sneak attacks on the Japanese and we did not declare any wars before we were attacked and already in a state of war by the declarations of the Japanese, German and Italian governments. These three governments put us into the war. They decided. We did not. Neither did the British.

But the American people intend to decide when the war will end. It will end if we win, as we expect to do, when we think we have brought about a situation that promises freedom and security for us and for our children.

We are not faithless friends or treacherous comrades-at-arms and we don't plan to break faith with any of those who are fighting with us. But we are fighting our war and nobody else's.

It does not matter greatly whether we like the British or the British like us. Individually we are free to dislike whomever we please. But war is not a tea party. You don't choose your allies on the basis of congeniality or the color of their eyes or even the tint of their politics. You take your friends and your enemies where you find them and you do what you can to save yourself.

We are glad the British are with us. We are glad the Russians are with us. We are glad the Chinese are with us. We are glad the British Dominions—Canada, Australia, South Africa—are on our side. But we are not fighting to save Russia or China or Britain or anything except our freedom to live after the fashion we choose.

The old ladies and the young stupid men and the ignorant men who sometimes know better than the puppets pulled by strings in the hands of the propagandists cleverly out of sight.

Everybody has prejudices, likes and dislikes. We don't have to let them rule us. But neither do we have to let them rule with our prejudices when they try to do so. Do you remember William Thompson, who made his plea in Chicago by promising to sock the nose of England in the nose? That was of decades when the irritation between the Irish and the English was such that he thought he could get some more German votes in Chicago by being British.

It was ridiculous then and means mean and shameful. It was enough to think of your fellow citizens having such base appeals. But nothing more than the government of Chicago. Not that that's wholly unimportant.

Now, however, we are fighting for our continued existence in the great wars mankind has ever faced. We cannot afford the luxury of confusion in our own national purposes. We are not so stupid that we can insult and push away our allies and comrades. We ought to be enough and wise enough not to be caught by the enemy propaganda.

Today the enemy propaganda emphasizes historic differences between the United States. Remember that you hear someone muttering so our fighting to save the British.

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TEN CENTS
1942
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE COMPANY
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



**"WE SHALL WIN
OR WE SHALL DIE"**

— MAC ARTHUR

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Is
**INFECTIOUS
DANDRUFF**
threatening the health
of your scalp?

Start now with **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** and **MASSAGE!**

... troubled by any of these symptoms . . .
scalp and inflammation, telltale flakes
on your collar?

Get started right now with Listerine
Antiseptic and massage, for you may have the in-
fection of dandruff. Neglect may aggravate the
condition. I don't rely on so-called "overnight"
treatments. You can't expect to treat a stubborn in-
fection with one application.

Scientific Treatment for an Infection

Even in an infection in which germs are active,
common sense tells you that one of the best ways
to use an antiseptic with germ-killing
power is why Listerine Antiseptic and mas-
sage is specially fitted to fight infectious dandruff.
In fact, four ways to combat this condition:
1. Listerine Antiseptic gives both hair and scalp a
refreshing, antiseptic bath which kills mil-
lions of germs associated with infectious dandruff,
Pityrosporum ovale, the queer "bottle bacil-
lus" which any leading authorities recognize as a
major agent of infectious dandruff.

2. Listerine loosens and removes ugly, telltale
flakes and scales.

3. Listerine relieves itching and inflammation.

4. Listerine makes your scalp feel healthier, your

hair look cleaner.

Why fool around with make-shifts . . . why dally
with an infectious dandruff condition? Start now
with Listerine Antiseptic and massage, the *tested,*
easy, delightful home treatment which has done so
much for so many!

76% Got Improvement in Clinical Tests

Remember that Listerine, when tested clinically,
under the most exacting conditions, came through
with flying colors! The cold
figures? In a series of severe
clinical tests, 76% of the
dandruff sufferers who used
Listerine Antiseptic and mas-
sage twice a day showed com-
plete disappearance of, or
marked improvement in, the
symptoms within a month!

And from homes all over
America, enthusiastic, *unsol-
solicited* letters have been re-
ceived! Countless men and
women write in, praising
Listerine unreservedly for the
help it gave them in their
dandruff problems.



Pityrosporum ovale, the
strange "bottle bacillus"
regarded by many leading
authorities as a causative
agent of infectious dandruff.



The LISTERINE Treatment


MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic
on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part
the hair at various places, and apply Listerine
Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine
dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent
massage. Continue the treatment so long as
dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're
free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage
once a week to guard against infection. Listerine
is the same antiseptic that has been famous for
more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it
does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

FIGHTERS AT HOME need Radio Fun too!



Let's FIGHT TO WIN
and keep tuned to
World Events with a

Motorola AUTO RADIO

• There are no restrictions on morale-building entertainment and education. Our government says chins up! We're all in the army. Lighten and brighten your work-days with the news, views and entertainment that comes to you quickest and cheapest by radio.

**There is a Motorola to
FIT and MATCH
your Car OLD or NEW**

Get a "custom-tailored" installation of a genuine Motorola right now... today! Buy the auto radio that plays where most others fail... that gets you more stations... that delivers voice and music with unmatched beauty. You can't buy a new car but you can enjoy Motorola in the car you have.

See a Motorola Dealer Today!

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Motorola

AMERICA'S FINEST
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ANY WEEK



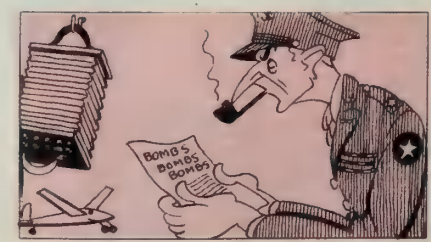
SYMBOL of aggressive courage is the American Bald Eagle, adopted as the national emblem of the United States by the Continental Congress in 1782. The fiery specimen on this week's cover is a captive bald eagle owned by a Floridian. For more about eagles, read Eagle Scout on page 14 of this issue.

A full-color reprint of this cover will be sent you on receipt of ten cents in stamps or coin. Address Collier's Cover Editor, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

A DARK future for Japs is forecast by a friend of ours who has just come back from witnessing a demonstration of a few new arms that the Army has tested and found perfect at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. We gather that it was a tank demonstration—tanks with new, larger and better guns. "And noise?" went on our spy. "You ask about the noise? It was just like interviewing that superior, patriotic gentleman, Mr. Thurman Arnold."

THE fiction editor of this magazine, Kenneth Proctor Littauer, has gone to Washington, a major in the Army Air Force. Neither we nor he nor the Air Force has yet decided what his duties are to be. We know what they should be—but we have not been consulted. Moreover, we are content to let the Army decide. Major Littauer, heavy with honors perilously won as a flier in the first World War—the first flier among American airmen to strafe enemy trenches with machine-gun fire from hedge-hopping altitude—can be of inestimable value to the Army. The Navy could use his advice too. What the War and the Navy departments have needed for a long time is a good fiction editor, and the major's talents in literature are as shining as was his genius as a combat flier. We got to thinking of

this the other night when, our good ear plastered against our radio, we heard a milky voice read what it described as an Army communiqué: "The Japs have again raided Port Moresby, New Guinea, dropping twenty-six bombs on an airdrome, but no damage was inflicted and there were only slight casualties." As a fiction editor and experienced airman, Major Littauer could have edited that right cross to the public's intelligence with excellent results. Either Port Moresby has discovered something new in airdromes or the communiqué is somewhat rose-colored. Even if those twenty-six bombs were all duds, that airdrome must have been more than somewhat ruined. If any one of them exploded, havoc on a thoroughgoing scale must have ensued. We have a nice loud picture of the major sitting at his desk in these offices reading a piece of fiction in which the author dropped twenty-six bombs on an airdrome without damage to the latter. We can almost quote the major's comment but we shan't do it here because it does a magazine no good to be barred from the mails. However, as we've said, they can use a superior fiction editor to good advantage in Washington, and Major Littauer is their chance.



WE'RE informed too by a young lady that the day-nursery activities in her town have hit a snag or two. With the best of intentions she and her friends have set up a day nursery for infants left with them by mothers working in munition and other war-production factories. That part is turning out nicely, but some of the ladies decided that the physical well-being of the mothers was important too and formed a committee to do something about it. The results were not encouraging. The committee had decided that the mothers, stopping in to retrieve their young ones, should be given fifteen minutes of relaxing and compensating exercises—calisthenics which would tone up muscles not used in the factories. These the committee referred to as Stretching and Bending Routines. To the surprise of the committee, the working mothers declined—not politely—to co-operate. "What did these women say?" demanded the clinic's head woman. "Must we go into that?"

(Continued on page 33)

<h1>Collier</h1>	WILLIAM L. CHE	CHARLES COLER	THOMAS H. BEC
<h2>THIS WEEK</h2>	MAY		
SHORT STORIES	J. P. MARQUA	Doctor's Orden	torn between
MARY ELLEN	A Candle at Ni	reality became	
HAMLEN HUN	There's Someo	will out, no m	
THE SHORT ST	Whatcha Kno	Bardette.	
SERIAL STORIES	VEREEN BELL	Trial by Man	seven parts.
AGATHA CHR	Moving Finger.	parts.	
ARTICLES	JIM MARSHALL	Flying Hell.	killer plane for
DUDLEY HAD	Eagle Scout. T	of our Nationa	
GEORGE CREE	The Long Stret	the rubber sho	
MAJOR LYNN	Bombs Away!	U. S. Bomber C	antidote.
BILL DAVIDSO	Belle on Wheel	Gloria Nord pro	for skating.
OUR FIGHTING	STANLEY FRAI	Side-Winder.	lyn's Wild Ma
MARY LEWIS	Culottes for A	fort, chic and	
FRANK GERV	Argentina—Ax	les' heel of the	
FRELING FOST	Keep Up with t	World	
WING TALK.	EDITORIAL	Fight the Enem	Not On
COVER			

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"Ask me about tires made with synthetic rubber..."

...d them on my car for months!"

continued the fire chief. "It was last year when I first got tires made with Ameripol. The Goodrich Company wanted to know if they would stand up to the test, so I put a set on the car."

"What happened?" asked the car

the point! Nothing happened," said the fire chief. "Near as I can tell, they're no different than good tires!"

At the end of the conversation turns to the rubber, you can tell

folks that it's far beyond the laboratory stage. For 15 years we have invested our time and money perfecting Ameripol.

Nearly two years ago we sold the first tires containing synthetic rubber ever sold in this country. More than half the rubber was synthetic.

Thousands of these tires were bought and road-tested by patriotic corporations and car owners who wanted to help B. F. Goodrich get America's synthetic rubber program started. Their performance was successfully proved.

If America has to declare its temporary independence of foreign rubber sources, you can probably look forward to riding on tires made with Ameripol some day.

Not next month. Very likely not next year. But some day. For many military purposes Ameripol is better than natural rubber. And military needs must come first, of course.

Remember, Silvertowns have always been high quality tires. And they always

will be, whether they're made with synthetic rubber or natural rubber!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

Your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store is Tire Information Headquarters for your neighborhood. Here you can get the answers to your questions about tires, or the tire situation. Even more important, you can get the advice and help of tire experts on how to get more miles from your tires. Your "B. F. Goodrich Man" is also qualified to make expert repairs, if needed.



How to make your tires last longer!

Recommended or rated air pressure at all times.

Rotate tires from wheel to wheel 100 miles to insure uniform wear, including spare.

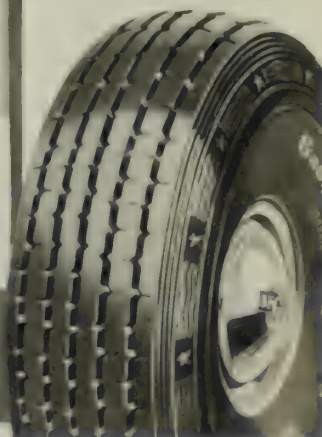
Check tires at high speed; they wear faster than anything else.

Check your brakes—except in an emergency.

5. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
6. Don't drive too fast—for high speed heats up tires and hastens deterioration and wear.
7. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
8. Do not bump into curb—no tire will withstand such abuse.



In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER





FLORSHEIM

Brown and Whites

LESS WHITE . . .



EASIER TO CLEAN

"Less White"—the newest thing in style—the most practical thing for day-long summer wear! Wear them (and don't spare them) for office days, social nights, and vacation hours from June to September . . . you'll find that in service as well as in crisp smartness they're Florsheim quality every inch! Left, THE CRUSADER, \$11; right, THE COASTER, \$11.

Summer Styles \$10 and up
Regular Styles \$10.50 and up

THE **Florsheim** SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE VOICE

By Freling Foster

In recent years, jackfish, a species of pike found in the lakes and rivers of the northeastern part of North America, have eaten annually about nine million baby ducks, or approximately eight per cent of the total potential duck crop.—By Richard Richards, Lorain, Ohio.

The last man in the United States to be branded with a red-hot iron for a crime was Jonathan Walker, who had the initials S. S. (slave stealer) burned into the palm of his right hand at Pensacola, Territory of Florida, in 1844, for having helped seven slaves in an attempt to escape to the Bahamas. Incidentally, this episode inspired Whittier's poem The Man with the Branded Hand.—By Connie Green, Burlington, Kansas.

In larval form, a certain variety of filaria, a small, eel-like worm found in warm countries and which frequently causes elephantiasis in human beings, swarms in the victim's blood during the night and completely disappears during the day.—By Meredith Dallas, Newark, New Jersey.

According to a recent survey, nearly one half of all the 1,857 daily newspapers published in this country today sell for at least five cents a copy.—By L. M. Green, New York, New York.

Many high wire fences enclosing our war-production plants are now equipped with an electric "robot sentry," which enables one man at a loud-speaker in a central office to hear and locate noises taking place near the fence, even when it is twenty miles long. The device is particularly useful during blackouts and on dark nights when guards would have to stand almost shoulder to shoulder to protect the property adequately.

The lowest notes on the pipe organs in many European cathedrals are rarely played because it is feared that the intense vibrations might shatter the stained-glass windows.—By Mrs. M. Salvatore, Bennington, Vermont.

America's only blind amateur radio operator, a 21-year-old Leo Sado, lives in Brooklyn, New York, and operated Station W2XW. He had to "hear" his signals through a device induced by special devices both the written and the spoken word in 1941 and was a member of the Federal Communications Commission.—By James Weymouth, Massachusetts.

During bad storms, the United States light housekeeper, a milkmaid, waves a light that they sometimes damage the lighthouse 150 feet above the sea.

Not so long ago theaters would print in one day for the mission. Because of the convenience for the audience to the five first acts were in succession, then the third acts followed in quences.

Until the war put automobiles, though either in a wrecked condition, were a liability by their owners of American cities. In one recent year in total of 10,251 cars, twenty-nine a day hauled to junk yards by the department of Sanitation in New York City.

The growing of hibiscus in Egypt, the suicide news is prohibited, and the exhibition of freaks is prohibited.—By Thomas S. Burgh, Pennsylvania.

Five dollars will be paid for unusual fact accept Contributions must be a factory proof. Address: World, Collier's, 250 Park City. This column is copied from The National Weekly. Not to be reproduced without the publisher's permission.



**JUST HEARD
SOMETHING WE CAN
TALK ABOUT!"**



It's no secret that, plane for plane, American warplanes can outfly and outfight the Nazis and the Japs. That's because the engines of all American warplanes are designed for high-octane gasoline.

Everybody also knows, or should know, that only the United States has plenty of all the *three* things needed to produce large quantities of high-octane gasoline: 1. Vast resources of fine crude oils. 2. Superior

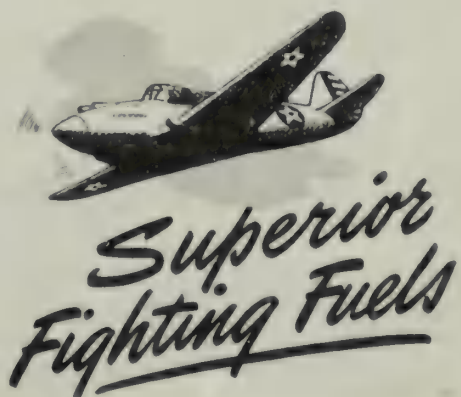
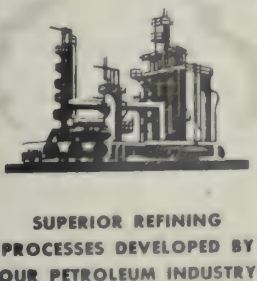
refining processes, developed by the American petroleum industry. 3. Adequate production of anti-knock fluid to increase octane ratings of military gasolines.

The makers of Ethyl brand of anti-knock fluid have geared their plants, laboratories and technical staffs to meet the oil industry's war need for anti-knock fluid. Our Army, Navy and Allies will have plenty of Ethyl for fighting fuels. And that's no secret!

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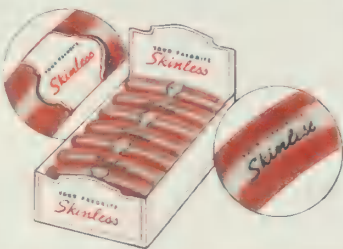
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"First, I'm given a sparkling 'VISKING' casing for a coat."



"After I'm smoked my 'VISKING' coat is removed, like this."



"Here I am, with a tender, digestible surface I made myself."

BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS



Canadian Colonial's Thomas Allegetti, crew chief, in removal of control locks with an automatic cable-and-chain device

WING TAIL

PARK an airplane on the airport on a windy day and the ailerons, elevators and rudder will be banged up and down, right and left, doing them no good. A simple device known as a control bracket has been developed to lock these control surfaces in a neutral position. It is just two joined pieces of wood that slip onto the control surface, one on the movable part and the other on the fixed structure of the plane. Testing of the controls before departure is the pilot's responsibility and that is why you see all the movable parts waving goodbye before the ship taxis out for the take-off.

Of course, there's always the possibility, however remote, that the pilot may forget to check his controls and rise into the air with one or more surfaces locked. It has happened on at least one occasion that a control bracket was left on an aileron with the result that the plane fell off and crashed.

Best idea yet to guarantee removal of control locks if the ground crew forgets is to attach a cable or strong cord to the bracket at one end, and a heavy weight at the other. Then if the pilot, too, should forget to check his controls, the locks are automatically pulled off by the weight on the ground as the plane begins to move.

GO TO the airport and see how a cold airplane engine is warmed up. You will get a few pointers from the airplane people that will add to the life of your automobile motor. At least you'll receive an unprecedented demonstration of patience on the one hand and reverence for the power plant on the other.

The engine is turned over by the starter and bursts into a roar. Immediately it is throttled back. Depending upon the size of the engine and the degree of cold, it is allowed to idle for several minutes. Meanwhile, the pilot's eyes glance at the oil pressure, oil temperature, cylinder-head temperature or coolant temperature instruments. There are minimums which the needles must reach before the pilot would think of taking off.

And so the prop whirls on and the engine purrs for what seems an interminable period. Then comes a change in the noise level. The throttle is being opened slowly. Finally comes the all

out, and the plane thro tail, straining at the cho Slowly the throttle is to idling speed. The ma is satisfied. The first pi engine failure on the t engine—is eliminated.

Once we saw a green r ing up the engine of a N went at it like a careless the engine and pumpi The pilot flew into a rag cockpit and pulled the r the back of his neck. Ti to the abuse of his engi to the abuse of his pet flying for a quarter of a engines always were g cause he was good to tl

TO THE three-score from all parts of th wrote in with suggestion an airplane from under we extend acknowledg the question and the C responded promptly and regret we are not charg to make a decision as tion is most likely to placed the entire matte government organization cerned with this develo

AIRLINE traffic men lic is taking the seat in a very commendable larly when they have to military and naval men portant-looking package

Can't say the followi the public attitude, but tolerant state of mind as performance of a passer the poor clerks behind th and threatening dire cor didn't get a seat on the It was wired us under ing for a No-Show:

Here I am in Pitts A lovely place you But now I think it Because I'm here

He got a seat though, senger who had a reser show up. And didn't ev up and cancel.

Wake up Sleepy Motors



with
**CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS**

A sluggish, sleepy motor is wasteful and inefficient, and any car with one has no rightful place in our wartime economy.

Wake up your sleepy motor—step-up gasoline mileage to the maximum by having your spark plugs tested, cleaned, and re-gapped at regular intervals.

When should spark plugs be changed? That varies, as most any spark plug will continue to function in a hit or miss, wasteful and inefficient manner almost indefinitely. But why continue wasting gas with old, worn-out, carbon encrusted spark plugs, and why put up with sluggish, inefficient performance when new Champions will rectify these troubles—which usually occur after 10,000 miles of service?

Have your spark plugs checked today. If you need new ones insist on dependable Champions, the only spark plugs with the Sillment seal which prevents harmful gas leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. Since leakage in spark plugs causes overheating, pre-ignition and rough, wasteful engine operation, it's decidedly to your advantage to insist on Champion Spark Plugs for champion performance.

CHAMPION
REGISTERED



CHAMPION
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SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

HERE'S THE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG FOR YOUR CAR

MODEL	YEAR				
	'38	'39	'40	'41	'42
AUSTIN-BANT.	J8	H10	H10	H10	
BUICK	J5	J5	J5	J5	J5
			10mm Y4A		
CADILLAC	8 cyl. J8 Others 7	Y4A	Y4A	Y4A	Y4A
CHEVROLET	J8	J8	J8	Y3	Y3
CHRYSLER	Reg. Hds. J8	J9	J9	J9	J9
		Alum. Hi. Hds. H10			
DESOTO	Reg. Hds. J8	J9	J9	J9	J9
		Alum. Hi. Hds. H10			
DODGE	Reg. Hds. J8	J9	J9	J9	J9
		Alum. Hi. Hds. H10			
FORD	Models A, B, '38-V8, C4				
85 hp 18mm	7				
85 hp 14mm	H10	H10	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com
60 hp	H10	H10	H10		
6 cyl.				H9 Com	H9 Com
GRAHAM	H10 Smoothed & to Ser. H10	H10	J10 Cam	J10 Cam	
HUDSON	All Reg. Hds. J9 All Hi. Hds. H10				
LA SALLE	J8	Y4A	Y4A		
LINCOLN	7	7	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com
MERCURY		H10	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com
NASH	To '36 L-Hd. C7—Over Hd. 15, 14mm J5				
	J8	J8	J9	J9	J9
OLDSMOBILE	J8	J8	J9	J9	J9
PACKARD	Y4 or Y4A	Y4A	Y4A	Y4A	Y4A
PLYMOUTH	Reg. Hds. J8	J9	J9	J9	J9
		Alum. Hi. Hds. H10			
PONTIAC	J8	J8	J9	J9	J9
STUDEBAKER			Cham. J8	J9	J9
	All Models 8 or 6 Com.-62				
WILLYS-4, 6 & 8	CT	CT	Hi. Hds. H10 J9	J9	J9
ZEPHYR	H10	H10	H10	H9 Com	H9 Com

YOUR CAR MAY REQUIRE A HOTTER OR COLDER TYPE THAN NORMALLY RECOMMENDED—CONSULT YOUR DEALER

"Don't look now boys, but..."



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Today, in the closely guarded walls of the Philco laboratories, engineers have already worked out problems of

tremendous importance to the ways of peace. Others are in the making that will cause the evil of these stormy days to live only in the history books of future generations and the good survive in the abundant joys of their daily lives.

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Doctor's Orders

By J. P. Marquand

Torn by two allegiances, he betrayed both of them—each for the other. He died with his honor intact

THERE was often an interval after dinner in Honolulu when guests began to tell amusing stories about their servants. You waited of course until Pedro and Taki had left the Scotch-and-soda and were presumably well out of ear-shot, and then you told of the time when Pedro thought a hot-water bottle was used for drinking purposes, or when Taki was sent downtown to the store to get biscuits and came back with a truck load of bricks—that was years ago and

of course Taki's language was much better now.

At such times when Frank Joselyn looked across the water at the Hawaiians with their torches and their fish spears wading on the coral reef, it was easy to believe that you were in the Orient, where one called the servants "boys."

In Honolulu, one also referred occasionally to the housemen as "boys." Joselyn, for instance, had what was termed a "fine boy," although Awaki's stiff black hair was already touched with gray. Awaki's face, round and without many lines, was extraordinarily benign for a Japanese, and his hair gave him a venerable look when he stood before one with hands carefully clasped together.

Joselyn pushed his chair away from

the breakfast table. The breeze from the veranda rustled the pages of the newspaper and blew a letter to the floor. Awaki bent forward quickly and retrieved the letter.

"Awaki," Frank Joselyn said, and took a cigarette from the box near his elbow. Awaki moved forward with a shadowlike swiftness, pulling matches from his pocket and striking one as he moved.

"Soor," Awaki said, "too much cigarette no good. Doctor, he say . . ."

But Joselyn's mind was on something

The sidewalks were crowded with the divergent features of the Orient. A spicy smell of food came from the open-sided shops



else. "A friend of mine is coming to dinner tonight, a great friend."

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said. "Lady, please?"

"No," Joselyn said. "no, no, an army officer. Captain Marsh."

"Oh," Awaki said, "from mainland yestiddy. Oh, yiss."

"An old friend," Frank Joselyn said. "We went to the military school together—West Point."

"Yiss," Awaki bobbed his head. "West Point. Oh, yiss. Captain, he stop all night? He long time stop?"

"No," Frank shook his head. "He has his own quarters."

"Up at new flying field," Awaki said, "yiss?"

Joselyn pushed himself up straighter in his wicker chair. "What the devil do you know about a new flying field?" he asked.

"So sorry," Awaki said. "All the time talk. Too much soldier. Too much war."

Awaki gave a short apologetic laugh

and trotted toward the kitchen. He was back in a moment with a pill and a glass of water.

"Medicine, please," he said, "must not forget." And he waited while Joselyn swallowed it. It seemed to Joselyn that Awaki's dark brown eyes were less impersonal as he stood there.

"So sorry sick," Awaki said. "So glad not have to go to war."

It surprised Joselyn at the time, and it still surprised him when he thought it over later.

"We'll have Martinis," he told Awaki. "Captain Marsh likes them dry."

"Yiss," Awaki answered. "Not too many, please. Doctor, he say . . ."

IT DID not matter particularly what the doctor said. Joselyn was glad that an old friend was coming to the Islands; not that he was lonely, but Joe Marsh was a very old friend. He wanted Joe to see his place. He wanted Joe to like it.

Joe Marsh said he liked it that evening. He looked hard and competent

as he stood in the doorway of the long living room where the windows opened on the lawn beside the beach. When Joselyn saw Joe Marsh's face he was aware of how much his own had changed. The active lines, the clear-cut molding were leaving it. He felt more than usual the need of a Martini while he watched the captain glance at the comfortable chairs and the magazines and the red lacquer tables in the living room. He had been pleased with his decorative results, and with the way he had combined home with the Orient and Polynesia, until his old classmate spoke.

"I like it here," Joe Marsh said. "There's only one thing that's the matter. It's soft, Frank, too damn' soft."

The trade wind was blowing, the waves were pounding on the reef with an undertone of sound that was more reassuring than ominous. Far down the beach someone was singing the song of the Islands, and the sea breeze had the sweetish salt smell of the tropics.

"It's too easy," Captain Marsh said again.

"Yes," Joselyn answered. "There was something in Joe Marsh's eye feel soft himself. "But for a bad heart."

He saw Joe Marsh change. He would have everything he owned received his sympathy.

"I didn't mean for you said. "You're looking ever did. You're doing

Joselyn knew exactly doing, because the doctor

Then Awaki came in tray and the cocktails. room in a straight line Captain Marsh, extended front of him, and bowed gentle intake of breath.

Marsh looked at him while before he drank asked, "how long have you boy?"

Joselyn told him that Awaki ever since he and that was five years.

"Awaki's very good," one of the old-time Japanese hard to get, you know born are pretty terrible."

"Where did he come from say?" the captain asked

"Outside of Tokyo swered. "He came with mother when he was was brought up on a plantation. He's worked for all the know, I think he rather

Joe Marsh's mouth loosened when he smiled. "Don't he said. "Any good service think he likes you."

"No," Joselyn answered. "quite a friend of mine. I more money, but he says along with me."

LATER in the evening Joselyn was looking at the lanai looking at the no place like the Islands never too cold. It was air-conditioned room at night. The breeze slat coconut palm outside high up in the tree there ing sound.

"Rats," Frank said, with captain look up. "You don't you?" It occurred was beginning to be garr informative, like an old Islands. The name for him He was a Kaamiina and of the Intelligence was a Malahini. If Joselyn drink he believed that this difference to the captain.

"You see, about the "the story is that they bad—rat holes everywhere one imported the Inc Well, they drove the rats and now we have them and rats."

"Yes," the captain's him through the darkness Indian animal in to kill the rats go into the trees nese to work on the plan the Hawaiians didn't want you educate the Chinese don't want to do field work in Japanese. And you Japs, and they don't war Japs, they've got quite here, haven't they?"

(Continued on p. 28)

Then Joselyn saw that Awaki was holding the automatic. "Soor," Awaki said, "stop please. Doctor, he says





FLYING HELL

By Jim Marshall

Those famed Stukas turn out to be pretty mild when compared with America's latest dive bomber—the new Vultee Vengeance

been wondering about the much-advertised German Stukas and worrying if we've anything about them, stop. We are turning out something better than any Stuka ever—much, much better than the Japs may have. Just how our death-sower is than we can't tell you. But you'd know.

you this much, though, the Vultee Vengeance that flies from production lines. It flies faster, carries more bombs and can defend itself better than any similar ship we have—or even have as our intelligence serv-

we're going to put you in the cockpit of a new Vengeance. You bomb any enemy ship, as you prefer, but you have to understand a few things. You get a lot of movie-implemented in your head.

terror isn't an "answer" because it is not the mission. It's to battle another. It's a hit-and-run diver. Its job is to get its target, do its work and get back to its base. Fleets of bombers don't fight one another, at least not up to the fighter squadrons.

ship, as you'll discover. You fit yourself down into its narrow, cramped cockpit—and fight if necessary—and strip the enemy fighters that are in your way. You know, dive bombing is an old idea but unfortunately it was

not until the Germans and then the British demonstrated what could be done by making a plane into a sort of flying howitzer that we started to see what we could do about it. It didn't take us long to come out atop the heap.

But now, since you're itching to dive down on that Jap cruiser and let go your bombs, we'll go out and find Frank Davis. Frank is test pilot for the experimental section of Vultee Aircraft. He's a Caltech boy, an ex-Marine dive bomber pilot and what he doesn't know about the Vengeance is practically nothing. The ship is out on the concrete apron, in drab working paint, not yet camouflaged. You notice that its wings seem to be bent midway between the body and their outer tips.

If you want to see how the bomb-release gadgets work, crawl under the lean belly with Frank. In the cockpit a mechanic presses a button and the long folding doors of the bomb bay swing open. Up above you are the wicked-looking bombs—but don't worry; they're not "armed." You could drop them on the concrete and they wouldn't go off. Well, probably not. On each bomb you see a little windmill. When you "arm" the bomb, you release this windmill by twiddling another gadget in the cockpit. As the bomb drops, the mill spins. After so many revolutions the bomb becomes live. When its nose hits anything—zowie!

But until the spinner has run up its destined number of revolutions nothing can happen. The ship can land fully loaded in safety. If it doesn't find its target it doesn't have to waste its bombs.

You can climb in now. Let yourself down gently on the folded chute that

pads the metal seat. In front and on each side of you are levers and knobs and buttons and indicators and dials. As pilot, you will have to watch all the dials, run the ship, spot the target, operate some of the guns and finally dive down and release the bombs at the right moment. Frank—he's your gunner on this trip—is back in the rear cockpit. He handles the radiophone by which you talk to other bombers and your base. He does the navigation, telling you where you are and what course you're on, through the interphone. Also, he handles the after guns and spits hell at the target and its defenders after you've let go your bombs and pulled out of the dive.

Now the Cyclone is roaring out on the nose and into the air. Frank chats through the interphone as the country slides by underneath. You zip over the beach and head out to sea, looking for that Jap cruiser.

You see (says Frank) a bomber is a sort of flying cannon and you have to aim it not only to make your bombs hit but to make your fixed guns, in the forward edge of the wing, effective. At some of these movie speeds you hear about, if the pilot took a deep breath he'd miss every time.

There are brakes on the wings to slow down the ship in a dive, which often is slower than level flight. Of course, it can't be too slow, or your enemy's gunners would get you. It has to be a compromise—like everything else about a plane: slowness for accuracy, speed for safety.

No crash helmet. No dive belt. No death-defying dips at ten miles a minute. But just as things seem humdrum, you look down in the angle between

America's answer to the Axis: the Vultee Vengeance. This dive bomber carries bigger bomb loads farther and faster than any other ship in the world, including, by actual test, Germany's much-vaunted Stuka

your wing and the body of the plane—and far below is the tiny outline of a ship, hardly visible against the gray sea. Now, if you'll imagine that's a Jap cruiser and you're an American bomber pilot on a Vengeance, here's what you do:

First, you maneuver your plane to get the sun behind you, so the Japs below will have to look into the light-blaze to see you. Then, if you can, you get into position over the target the long way—that is, you try to get either ahead or astern of the ship. When you're set, you open the bomb doors. As these open you see between your feet a little window. In front of you, attached to the windshield, is a small square of heavy glass. As you maneuver the plane, you see the target in a reflection on this glass. You keep the target in the sight, if you can.

Then you figure out what sort and how many bombs you'll use. If it's a battleship you let everything go. This time you figure two big high-explosive babies may be sufficient. So you press two small "selectors." Then you "arm" the bombs, by another button. Now you're all set.

You get over the target, shove the plane's nose down and watch the sight. You put on the brakes to steady the ship and head almost straight down for the

(Continued on page 65)

EAGLE SCOUT

By Dudley Haddock

Charles Broley's hobby—capturing and banding bald eagles—has him scarred from head to foot. It's a worthwhile hobby, however, for now we are learning plenty about Uncle Sam's trade mark

BECAUSE he tackles buzz saws with his bare hands as a hobby, Charles L. Broley, a 63-year-old retired Canadian banker, has supplied Uncle Sam with more information about his trade mark during the last four years than had been learned since its adoption by the Continental Congress in 1782. In lieu of golf and fishing he bands bald eagles during his winter visits to Florida.

Until Broley became interested, in 1938, only 58 of the birds had been banded in North America. Knowledge of its habits was limited. It was believed, for one thing, the Florida species was non-migratory. Now it is known to be a long-distance traveler, for two with

Broley bands have been found in Canada, one on Prince Edward Island, 1,650 miles north of the nest it left only three weeks previously. Of the dozen Broley birds reported thus far, all were at points along the Atlantic Coast, indicating they remain near salt water while on tour in order to catch fish, their principal food.

It also has been learned they possess almost human intelligence—the crow, Broley asserts, is an ignoramus by comparison. As an example of eagle smartness: This winter a protracted cold blast from the north swept Florida. After several days of it the apparently disgusted birds got busy and built wind-breaks of Spanish moss upon the north side of their nests.

Until recently much of the life story of the species was a closed book. Observation of the nests and banding of the eaglets is so strenuous and hazardous few attempt it. One must be an engineer, acrobat and strong man to do so, for these nests are in the tops of the tallest pines and cypresses. Open a great umbrella, turn it upside down and attempt to climb into it from the tip, without wings, and it may be realized what one is up against in gaining the top of a nest, even after the tree has been scaled.

The first branch of the nesting tree usually is forty or fifty feet above the ground. Broley's device for raising his rope ladder is a broomstick with a tablespoon fastened at one end. An old lacrosse player, he places in the spoon a six-ounce lead weight attached to a stout fishing line, hurls it over a limb and, by using successively heavier lines, raises the ladder against the trunk. He finally reaches the nest by means of a rope, cast from branch to branch, which he climbs hand over hand.

The job has just begun when the nest is attained because it is like sharing the top of a small table with a pair of bobcats. An eaglet five or six weeks old, the best banding age, has a wingspread of more than six feet and is nearly as heavy and powerful as an adult bird. Broley is scarred from head to foot as the result of many battles. On occasion he has had to resort to a pair of pliers to pry out talons driven deeply into his arms and hands. Arguments always are with the youngsters: the old birds circle at a distance or perch in a near-by tree and express their indignation by loud screams.

The Canadian devised his own method of banding eaglets. The nests are flat across the top, hence there is a

This is an adult Eagle—a living emblem of the skies, the United States

level area upon which grasps the tip of the left hand, and the right to escape, backs away downward and forward as a shield against beak, he slips his right and grasps the left leg, his knee upon the wing keep it extended and hand, the band is applied.

The female eaglet, and far stronger than the perfect hellion. A bunch of peramental as an open so vicious she not infrequently eats her brother when scarce or when they starve or other tidbit. Of more handled during the seasons, Broley has noted of the feminine gender down, drag-out fight.

(Continued on



agle nest in North America is this one in a big pine in a St. g, Florida, residential district. It's 22 feet high, 12 feet wide, e or nest in which Mr. Broley (in tree) has ever found three This great nest has been used by many generations of eagles



6-year-old Charles L. Broley is an ex-banker whose hazardous finding and banding eaglets to aid U. S. Wild Life Service study Eagle in his arms came from tree he is ascending at right



With weights and rope, Mr. Broley slings a rope ladder over the lowest limb for first stage of climb to the nest above. Rest of trip is hand-over-hand on ropes. Job is doubly dangerous because eaglets are hellcats

The Long Stretch

By George Creel

Because Uncle Sam's rubber reserves must supply all the non-Axis world, you'll get even less rubber from now on. In fact, you'll be lucky to keep what little you've got now. Here's what you can expect

JUST what is the outlook for the country's rubber users? Meaning almost the whole 130,000,000 of us, for nipples and perambulator wheels bring babies into the count. When tires wear thin, what will be the chances for re-treading and recapping? More important, what are the prospects for new tires? And how about tires for your bicycle, assuming that you have one or are eligible to get one under the new rules? How about taxis? Will they be forced off the streets? What about rubber heels, overshoes, boots, coats, hats, bath mats, gloves for dishwashing, garden hose, golf balls, tennis balls and the thousand and one other things that are as much a part of everyday life as the kitchen stove? Also rubber for medical and surgical use? And for the farm? Com-

ing right down to it, is there a real rubber shortage, or is it some more of the hysteria that has gripped Washington ever since Pearl Harbor?

Not one of these questions can be answered snappily or even cheerfully. No doubt a certain amount of hysteria does exaggerate and complicate the rubber situation. Nevertheless, there is a shortage. What's worse, not even the most farseeing expert can tell exactly how much of one or how long it will last. Everything depends upon a lot of things that are still up in the air: America's own essential needs, for example, and the essential needs of some thirty other anti-Axis nations; the amount of natural rubber we can get from sources still available; the progress of our synthetic rubber program, and the extent to which we can cut out rubber waste.

After going over every fact and figure in the case, the guess can be hazarded that rubber users will get an "all-clear" signal in 1944. There is better than an even chance that drastic restrictions will be materially relaxed in 1943, but for the next twelve months, at least, the great majority of people must get ready to grin and bear it. And grinning, it may be added, can be made a whole lot easier if all of us get rid of the angers and irritations bred by wild rumors and a good many downright lies.

First and foremost, the job of build-

ing up a rubber stock pile for the United States, one large enough for any emergency, was neither botched nor boomed—unless, of course, you want to join the army of hindsighters and claim that Pearl Harbor, Singapore and Java should have been foreseen. Fortunately, the records show that no warning voice was lifted prior to the fateful day of December 7th.

When Congress, in 1939, gave Henry Morgenthau some \$70,000,000 for the purchase of "critical and strategic materials," rubber received no mention, and the money was spent for quinine, tin, mica, chrome, tungsten, etc. Why not? Even the Army and the Navy held firmly to the conviction that the Far East could always be depended upon for a cheap and inexhaustible rubber supply. The possibility that Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies could be occupied by an invading force was too farfetched for serious consideration.

Rubber did not come into the picture until after May 28, 1940, when President Roosevelt declared that the United States must and would be the "great Arsenal of Democracy." On June 25th, an aroused Congress authorized Jesse Jones, head of the Federal Loan Agency, to accumulate stock piles of "critical and strategic materials," and on June 28th, the President put rubber on the list.

Within an hour a rubber company was in operation. Mr. Jones was sitting from representatives of the International Rubber Regulation Committee, the British-Dutch controlling 97 per cent of the supply.

There is a fairly generally fostered in certain circles, that the ice-ey of his reputation as a delayed negotiator, "horse trading." On record shows that Jones speed that must have off the bat, was for every pound of rubber requirements and at the he could get at the 1 tons, due to the fact that was operating at only capacity. Learning this of record—Mr. Jones heat. Under his steady production upped to 85 per cent at the end of the year total of 430,000 tons a 000,000. More than the industry had increased it 54,000 tons over 1939. by Mr. Jones lifted the duction to 100 per cent (Continued on page 45)

A ground crew putting new tires on one of the U. S. Army's B-25 bombers. One of the principal reasons that civilians will have to go short on rubber is to supply tires for this plane and thousands like it

WILLIAM HOFF



A Candle at Night

By Mary Ellen Chase
Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins



ha brought peace,
eternal that sealed
rling friendship

nines after Mary Penrose
ceived Susan Glover's post-
with its sad and surprising
wa counting out her money
y looked bedroom on the top
e great Castle Hotel. Having
e envelope from within
of one coat, she arranged
asse in neat piles on her bu-
st, the six green-backed pound
ne to clean; next, the eight
s, dog-eared and brown;
g of two
alf crowns, the four two-
ce the five bob, the seven
the eight pennies, the two
all, eleven pounds, two
nce-halfpenny.

two
pre-
nted her savings from
from Easter to Lammas
ad when one considered
pent four and nine for a
had sent six shillings ev-

ery week to her mother in St. Ives, and
had paid a shoe shop one shilling to take
the squeak from her shoes, since the
manageress had said it lowered the tone
of the hotel.

Still, she must not be rash. There
were but five more months to Christ-
mas, when, the season slackening, she
was sure to be laid off; and in those five
months she could hardly hope to do bet-
ter than in the same number preceding.
There were, unfortunately, clothes to
be bought, a new coat and dress, shoes
guaranteed to be squeakless. More-
over, now that Susan's postcard had so
summarily changed the face of things,
she must make allowance for the three
winter months during which she must
keep herself.

She drew the card from her apron
pocket with her right hand while with
the fingers of her left she encircled first
the shillings and then the half crowns.

"Dear Mary:

"I write to say that Jared was
drowned today. The burying is Friday.
If you could come for it, it would be
good.

SUSAN"

To go to the village just north of
Land's End, in which Jared had lived,
and in the racing waters beyond which,
so the postcard said, he had died, would
cost no less than two pounds even
though she could share Susan's bed at
the Red Lion and pay nothing for her
food. She could doubtless travel by
charabanc. Now that tourists clam-
ored to see the Cornish coast as quickly
and as easily as possible, such great
cars ran daily from Tintagel to the ex-
treme southwestern point.

EXPENSIVE as was the journey and
out of the question as it would be
under any other circumstances, it was
every moment borne in upon Mary that
she must make it. Susan Glover was
her best friend. Not only had they been
girls together in St. Ives, but for six
years they had served in neighboring
public houses in the Land's End village.
And as for Jared Treknow, Mary Pen-
rose had promised to marry him at the
beginning of the new year.

Once she had decided to attend the
burying, she went to obtain permission
from the manageress. It was granted

Dreaming, Mary could live in
another age. She saw Jared and
Susan there, embracing in the
wide spring fields of Camelot

not too grudgingly and yet, on principle,
not too willingly. Mary was a steady
and a courteous waitress, and one did
not run the risk of spoiling her by fa-
vors.

"I suppose as a matter of fact it's not
what one would call a pleasure trip,"
said the manageress. She was a large,
florid woman with small, ill-adjusted
steel spectacles over nearsighted eyes.

"No, miss."

"You say a relative has died?" the
manageress asked.

"Yes, miss."

"Near of kin? I mean to say, what
kind of relative?"

Mary winced a bit under the blinking
stare of the manageress. She had not
meant to give even the least particular
of Susan's scanty information. But there
was no help for it. "One, miss, that I

(Continued on page 74)



Bombs Away!

By Lynn Farnol

MAJOR, U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

Deep into the Atlantic Ocean wastes the Bomber Command probes with deadly fingers, bringing sudden and violent death to Germany's submarines and new life and hope to America's ships and seamen

THAT'S it!"

A final roar of the motors, a sputter and then silence.

One by one, we scamper down out of the ship, blear-eyed from watching too long, stiff from tense, huddled positions, with the funny feeling of letting go of a lot of excitement a little too quickly.

The ground crew takes over. Trucks and trailers appear out of the darkness. Through the biting winter wind, we find our way to the "Recon" car that takes us to the orderly room of the hangar.

Six of us with our land legs back strut into the club room of the squadron. Everyone stops, looks up from what he's doing. A friendly welcome, unspoken. The squadron leader waits and then asks, "How many?"

The pilot smiles. He's allowed to do the talking. He's the boss. He holds up four fingers and says "Salvo!"

And so ends a routine patrol mission of the Army Air Forces out over the Atlantic sea wastes, searching for the Nazi undersea wolves, a search in which life hangs in the balance for the hunter and the hunted both.

Four and a half hours earlier, pilot, copilot, navigator and bombardier and squadron commander and the intelligence officer of the First Air Force had stood around a folded hydrographic map. This was a "brief." Fingers traced lines out to the Atlantic and back—not aimless lines, but magic routes to strange rendezvous. Understanding, men tugged and pulled at the winter flying togs into which they were stuffed like sausages. Out to the waiting ship, its idling motors stirring up swirls of sandy snow. From the other side, the Atlantic sent a frosty blast as we waited for "Buzz," the bombardier, to get his head down out of the bomb bay, loaded with death. Buzz wouldn't be hurried, though. His up-raised hand, a casual kind of a salute, was the signal. The eggs were in their nest, ready to hatch.

Lieutenants "Mac" and "Bob," his copilot and understudy, were going through their check-off. The list of things that had to be done before the plane took off was in Bob's hands. Trim tabs, "set for take-off." Battery switches, "on." Propellers, "full low pitch." Their eyes looked to their dials, to the landing gear, to the wings, a hand went up to touch a lever, or point loosely to a dial, as each item on the list was indicated. They have no need of talk. Eyes and instinct. The hands of one obey the glance and impulse of the other.

Curious the relationship of a pilot and copilot; teacher and pupil. The kid, just up from Kelly. Mac, who

never says much. All the things they don't teach you in school. War. The realization that their destinies are pretty well tied up, only they don't talk about it.

Then, at the head of the long runways, the motors give an angry murmur, and off we go, down the runway, up, imperceptibly, inching our way over the church steeples and the tree tops.

There's something different about a bomber. By comparison, a commercial airliner is like taking an elevator. Just that impersonal. With a bomber, you don't fly airtracks. Flying isn't just buttons and levers. There is a tangible response to pressure, not like a bicycle, maybe, but you know that if you do this, something quick, direct and immediate happens. It's trigger-quick. Especially over water, with that horizon that you see now, and now don't.

Here we come to the jagged line of surf. We've settled down now. The smooth breathing of the motors, the transparent silver glints in the propellers' swirls. Each man in his place. Gunners trying out their safety catches, just to make sure. "Deke," the navigator, reaching out for his computer and his maps. Buzz, the bombardier, is already at his vigil, like a terrier, pointing. Six pair of eyes, watching, as we head out to sea.

Ocean, Ocean, Everywhere

We pass over a rusty old boiler, half protruding from the choppy water. The tail gunner sights, presses the trigger and drops twenty rounds dead in the center, just for luck.

Wondering, as we shoot out over the water, quickly out of sight. You wonder. Some of these trips are eleven hours or more. No landmarks. Just the pattern of the waves.

Wondering about the Bomber Command that now seems so important. Three jobs we have: to fly the ship, to get there and to hit something. The boys were pretty good at bombing in the World War. At flying, we've been pretty good. Navigation has sort of pulled the whole thing together. Colonel Williams telling us about the old days when they were first teaching air navigation at Rockwell Field, near San Diego, in 1933, with Martin B-10's. The old days when the late Major General (then Major) Herbert Dargue was flying out from his 2d Wing Headquarters at Langley Field to demonstrate some bomb sharpshooting on craft out over the Atlantic. The new Bombardment Command? Hell, they were "running sweeps"—flying offshore patrols—ten years ago, and doing it well.

Wondering about the English Coastal Command. Last August, they caught a German submarine and took it captive to land. The odds are against us, of finding or hitting a submarine—looking for a needle in a haystack—but what sport when you find one! The boys say that the English never really got very many by air.

The subs hate the air patrols, though. It is a form of attack against which they

(Continued on page 64)

A torpedoed tanker goes down beneath a spectacular pillar of flame and smoke. Preventing such disasters as this is the task of the U. S. Army Bomber Command

Pilot and copilot are the nerve center of a bomber on patrol. Close personal relationship makes bomber crews a cohesive unit with high degree of co-operation



Aboard a patrol bomber, the radio operator keeps close contact with other crew members and listens for signals from ships or shore



Bombardier's station is in the plane's plastic nose. Here he indulges in a few practice bursts on his .30-cal. machine gun—just in case



The navigator's job is computing position and reporting to the pilot as the bomber makes its charted series of great overwater sweeps



There's Someone for You

By Hamlen Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Two ugly ducklings magically turn into swans before each other's astonished eyes

TULSA sat there stiffly because she had to reserve the table until the Danielses came back from the shoe store down the street. Tables were precious at the Green Spot on Saturday night.

Tulsa spread her library book flat open in front of her, to show she had something to do, and one thin hand clung to the glass of beer that proved she was a customer when she knew in her heart she was an outsider from gaiety. And yet, all the time, she was

waiting to see if Everett Smith—it was a revelation of character that even the Army hadn't given Everett a nickname—would turn up at the Green Spot before the evening went by.

"He's so different, maybe not," Tulsa thought. Then she thought, a little sadly, "But even though he is so well-informed, he probably wants a good time like everybody else. A fellow like Everett would naturally have a date."

For on Saturday nights there was not a sun-dried old grandmother who did not have a friend she was eager to talk the week over with, there was no girl without a dance partner now there was a near-by rifle range. Even a girl like Eileen Fornoy could have a half dozen soldiers.

Eileen looked young from a distance, but close to, she was as old as remorse,

with a hard little face under the fat baby curls and the bright red beanie. She had on a lot of make-up but it couldn't hide the calculating look in her eyes or the mean set to her own mouth under the lipsticked one. Tulsa could remember that mouth laughing on a night when she, Tulsa, had stood on a rooming-house porch, crying tears that felt like hot pitch on her hands that clung to the railing.

TULSA looked away and watched Saturday night. Victory was the only town for thirty miles of Mojave Desert in every direction and its Green Spot was the very heart of society. On Saturday nights everybody was there—ranchers and their families, workers from the cement plant and the railroad yards, cowhands, soldiers, the sheriff and dude

ranchers like the young couple together in a dream.

"She's beautiful," Tulsa told her. "That's why he loves her. He needn't be ashamed to let her see his thoughts, and at the same time, even if Everett he won't care that you was Tuesday afternoon with nobody around."

There she was, sending for the Danielses with the truck waiting out in the truck beat down on the little office building, and outside the petual dust rose thickly the tress was slow and when Tulsa read a book.

Everett Smith reddened. (Continued on p. 71)

"You own a ranch?" Tulsa asked. "Why, yes," Everett said. "You know how many trees I have on it?"





LEAVITT

BELLE on Wheels

By Bill Davidson

year-old Gloria
catapulted to
fame by
Rooney. He
her down in a
one look at her
gams, and what
after is history

ing a hue and cry about the amateur roller-skating bum (a cousin of the amateur tennis bum)—the game has definitely arrived.

But that's not all.

There is Gloria Nord.

Miss Nord is a fetching blond creature who is the star of the above-mentioned roller-skating show. She is, as Samuel J. Friedman, publicist, puts it, Sonja Henie without ice. She is, as Mr. Friedman further puts it, a belle on wheels.

Recently, when the skating show opened in Baltimore, nineteen-year-old Gloria turned in a nervous performance. Jim Morton, roller-skating expert of the New York Journal-American, watched, and the experience was admittedly harrowing. He sat next to a large stranger, tentatively identified as a Mr. Moriarty. Gloria made her spotlighted entrance before the hushed audience, looking delectable in a cute Little Bo Peep costume. Behind her trailed an oversized toy sheep, mounted on roller skates. Mr. Morton tch-tched at this violation of the pure skating art. Mr. Moriarty rubbed his hands together and chortled.

Gloria swirled and danced through the opening chorus of her number. Then she made a misstep and tripped over the sheep. Down she went on her gingham-bedecked *derrière*.

Mr. Morton winced. "No *éclat*," said Mr. Morton.

Mr. Moriarty grinned. "What a pair of gams!" said Mr. Moriarty.

A few minutes later Gloria attempted a difficult Mohawk turn and lost her balance—regaining it only after much unscheduled writhing of the torso.

Mr. Morton covered his eyes with his hands. "What horrible concentricity!" said Mr. Morton.

Mr. Moriarty moistened his lips with his tongue. "What a hunk of woman!" said Mr. Moriarty.

In the next act Gloria did a Cinderella number with Ted Sokol. At the stroke of midnight Sokol was supposed to remove one of Cinderella's skates. The skate stuck.

Mr. Morton buried his head in his arms. "Lordy, lordy, lordy!" said Mr. Morton.

Mr. Moriarty leaned forward on the edge of his seat. "Hot stuff," said Mr. Moriarty.

When the act was over, Mr. Morton, his critical mind made up, rose to go. Tremendous applause thundered through the arena. Mr. Morton looked around at the cheering audience uncomprehendingly. Then slowly, reluctantly, he sat down and his eyes wandered back to the floor where Gloria was beginning

The grace of the ballet, combined with the speed of wheeled motion, is embodied in the skating of Gloria Nord, pictured here in one of her roller routines

an encore. A long, low whistle escaped from Mr. Morton's lips. He turned to Mr. Moriarty for the first time.

"What a pair of gams!" said Mr. Morton.

The Baltimore episode is not typical of a Nord performance. Actually, Gloria is one of the finest figure skaters on wheels. This is a fact worthy of note because, comparatively speaking, she is little more than a novice. In the same show with Gloria are performers who were once numbered among roller skating's more renowned "bums." At the slightest provocation, each of them will open a trunk and show you hundreds of medals, ranging from national championships down. In Gloria's trophy case there is but one solitary insignificant medal. She was whisked into the ranks of the professionals after winning just one title as an amateur—the 1941 Southern California Waltz Championship. This is a feat comparable to Bing
(Continued on page 52)

MEDICAL MEN. Ready for all emergencies are members of the Medical Corps who normally guard the Army's health and whose work—before, during and after actual combat—is unceasing. To show Collier's readers how medics take care of and comfort our fighting men in action, personnel of a detachment here demonstrates treatment of a casualty. In this picture Pvt. John Doe, hit in the leg by a machine-gun slug, has been reached by an aid man from a medical detachment assigned to Doe's company. Aid man determines the nature of the injury, gives first aid and fills in an Emergency Medical Tag (reproduced below, half size). Diagnosis: Wounded in Action, Doe has Gun Shot Wound and a Fracture Compound Complete



NAME: JOHN DOE			
GRADE: PVT.		COMPANY: ---	
DIVISION: 0	CORPS: 0	ARMY: 0	AG: 23
STATION WHERE TAGGED: AID STATION			
DIAGNOSIS: IF INJURY, STATE HOW, WHEN, WHERE W.A.I. G.S.W. F.			
LINE OF DUTY: ---			
TREATMENT: TOURNIQUET AND SPLINT			
ANTITETANIC SERUM: DOSE ---			
MORPHINE: YES	DOSE: 1/4 GR.	TIME: ---	
DISPOSITION: ---			
SIGNATURE, WITH RANK AND ORGANIZATION: ---			

Form 62B—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, U. S. A.
(Revised October 25, 1940)
16-5544

After applying tourniquet, dressing, and splint fashioned from rifle, aid man records Doe's personal data from dog tag. Handkerchief on bayonet in tree stump is signal for litter bearers that Doe must quickly be taken to aid station

Our Fighting Men

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY W. EUGENE SMITH



45TH DIV.

CAMP BARKELEY, Abilene, Texas. Trainees at the Medical Replacement Training Center are learning how medical units function, with the aid of a miniature battleground recently knocked together in the camp's woodworking shop. The battle site shows the medical setup from the front lines all the way back (a theoretical six miles) through the clearing station, and takes in a small town spotted three miles from the front. The whole thing is built to scale, with an 18-inch church steeple as one of the yardsticks. Tents have been made from salvaged canvas, more than a hundred

small trees dot the landscape and the layout is complete right down to telephone poles.

The miniature battleground is expected by the 53d Medical Training Battalion's adjutant, Lt. F. W. Park, to put the lesson across with more of a wallop than would maps, drawings, or lectures; with it the trainee can get a mental snapshot of what his outfit will be doing when the fireworks get going, and can see how his work fits into the general picture. Principal menace to the miniature town is Old Bill, the MRTC's goat, which has tried to nibble a few trees off the mountains and was last reported

to be hungrily eying the bower's Rooming House in honor of Brig. Gen. Ro



AIR CORPS
COMBAT
COMMAND

NAPIER FIELD Specialists—the Army has. A private, driving a ditcher and a markable skill an officer about his wheel aptitude. "You lot of civilian driving said he. "Before I er the private, "I had to I hauled moonshine."



Shock due to loss of blood, but with his pain eased by one morphine, Pvt. Doe is borne by litter bearers to battalion. Four bearers are used for longer carries (1,000 yards)



At aid station, where casualties are recorded and sorted, Doe is transferred to a dress litter and treated for shock. The emergency splint is replaced by a half-ring steel splint. Aid stations are protected from direct enemy fire



Under adverse conditions clearing stations function with simplest effective equipment. Here Pvt. Doe gets blood transfusion. Note trouser-belt tourniquet. After this Doe goes to hospital, where elaborate care assures recovery



Under adverse conditions clearing stations function with simplest effective equipment. Here Pvt. Doe gets blood transfusion. Note trouser-belt tourniquet. After this Doe goes to hospital, where elaborate care assures recovery

MIAMI BEACH, Fla. With snazzy barracks and a golf club, administration building, training school for Air Corps officers is operating full resort. Where classes are under the palm trees and a mess hall, 500 Air Corps officers and noncoms are learning to serve the ground command of the flying command. Corps wings may be.

prop wash of a model plane when, ten weeks ago, Commandant Lt. Col. James S. Stowell announced to the press that six hotels and apartment houses had been leased for the duration and that classes would begin within four days. Hotel guests were given just 12 hours notice to check out, and Miami Beach's largest restaurant became the mess hall almost before the bus boys could clear the tables.

The Officer Candidate School will have a revolving membership of some 4,000 with an administrative force of 500 officers and men. Candidates come from all over the country. In fact, men

who, for one reason or another, fail to qualify as flying officers, have suddenly made Miami Beach a military mecca. Wouldn't you?

CAMP BLANDING, Starke, Fla. Pvt. John O. Harrop, of the Evacuation Hospital, will probably hesitate before he again identifies himself as a hospital attaché while off duty. Seems he set sail for a heavy date in Jacksonville the other night and happened upon an auto accident in which a couple of soldiers had been hurt. An officer asked if there was a doctor in the crowd and Harrop, with a lot of first-aid experi-

ence in his dome, stepped forward. Next thing he knew he was larruping back to the Blanding hospital with the victims. Hours later he finally reached Jacksonville to find his gal had given up and gone out with another guy.

AND Pvt. Carl Hutchins likewise suffered from innocent-bystander trouble. Some time ago some pixie in his outfit wrote an Indianapolis paper to the effect that Hutchins was lonesome and would appreciate a letter or two. First return mail yielded 432 letters, three boxes of candy, a raft of cookies

(Continued on page 62)

A SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Whatcha Know, Joe?

By Trevor Bardette

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

ME, I like do som'theeng for the General," insisted Joe impassively.

"Joe" is short with us for Filipino, and this one didn't appear much different from the thousands of others on the Peninsula, except for the suit of begrimed, mud-spattered store "whites" that were wrinkled and not quite dry after his twenty-two-mile row across Manila Bay to Balanga in a stolen dinghy.

"But," said the major, giving me the office with a level look over Joe's head—we'd been through this routine with infiltrations before—"how do we know you're not a spy?"

"Yes, Joe," I butted in, scenting a good feature story for my next turn over the short-wave, "how do we know you're not working for Homma, Aguineldo or The Vibora?"

Joe just turned his head for a minute and looked at me. Then he started peeling off his coat. Not belligerently, but carefully . . . shrugging out of it. Not a muscle of his stolid face moved, but it didn't need to. I had an idea what was coming. His shirt was harder to get out of . . . even with our help. It stuck in a dozen places front and back. I whistled softly. We could hear the big rifles at Ft. Mills blasting away at the enemy concentrations near Cavite.

The major got up from his banyan-root seat behind the little deal table. "Come on, Joe!" It was a respectful order. "The hospital tent is over here."

We threaded our way through the screen of banyan roots that camouflaged the H.Q. from dive bombers. Joe followed the major. I followed Joe. We passed a foxhole. Even by walking carefully we still kicked up a lot of dust.

"What did they want to know, Joe?" asked the major suddenly, looking up as we heard the familiar roar of a cruising reconnaissance plane. I followed his eyes. It wasn't our P-40.

"They like to know where gold is," said Joe.

The roar above dove into a low scream.

"When they open bank vault . . ."

The major took one arm; I grabbed the other. We literally lifted Joe off his feet as we leaped into a foxhole dug beneath a rocky outcropping. We unscrambled ourselves on the bedding of leaves as Joe went on: "They do not find gold, bank notes, not even bonds, but . . ."

His voice was drowned in the crackle of the machine gun and the roar of the plane. The sharp voices of our antiaircraft guns started talking.

" . . . they find me. They know I am bank teller. 'I do not know where is gold,' I say. They do not believe me. Officer lieutenant arrive then. He say, 'Dear Filipino brother, you not in bank now, you in nice Nippon headquarters. But it is very, very hot. Please to take off pants and make body comfortable?' Little soldiers help me take off pants."

"I do not feel funny, but they laugh very much. Officer lieutenant say to soldiers, 'It is not nice to laugh at good Filipino brother without honorable pants. So please will Filipino brother take off coat and shirt, so not be funny.' Little soldiers help me take off coat and shirt quick."

We were climbing out of the foxhole now. We didn't offer to help Joe. We knew by this time that he could help himself.

"Officer say tell us where is gold," Joe went on. "He say Nippon need gold to buy nice things for dear good Filipino brothers. He do not say Nippon need gold to buy more nice airplanes to bomb General MacArthur and dear good Filipino soldiers."

"I say, 'Do not know where is gold.'"

"Officer lieutenant along with little blood-brother soldiers and me. We pass along very narrow twisting path. The ground is not solid in many places. The officer lieutenant walk beside me when he can, but most of the time he make me walk in front

"Finally he say, 'I go now. I leave Nippon brothers. You think very hard you remember.'"

"When he is gone, little soldier in his hand is twenty-five-caliber bayonet. He holds bayonet close as he whisper in my ear, 'We nice now. You tell me where is gold, Joe?'"

"I say, 'I do not know where is gold a long time I hear my heart beat like careless soldier. When he step beside and I am glad the bayonet is sharing the flesh of my arm and do not hurt me.'"

"So sorry, excuse please!" he says. Then he put finger in blood from wound to his forehead, leaving small mark. He whisper, 'we blood brothers not tell me where is gold, yes?'"

"I do not know where is gold," I say.

"Then other little soldiers like brothers too. They draw strange bayonets on my back and chest and their foreheads with the blood. I am good. But the officer lieutenant disgrace myself."

"He shout, 'What is such foolishness?'"

"Please, Officer Lieutenant," I say. "I am blood brother now. But even must make living too. For ten thousand gold, I take you where is bury treasure, gold, paper and bonds."

"They say—oh, yes, they make ten thousand dollars gold and also dent of bank. They are very happy. 'Dear good Filipino brother.' Now you buy many nice things for dear brothers. They still do not say, 'Nippon buy planes.' They give me back my money."

The major pushed aside the tent flap as Joe appeared in the opening. "Attention, sir."

THE colonel, Medical Corps, was in his sleeves, filling small vials from a bag containing a kind of medicine. He walked slowly around Joe. He saw Homma has held another session. "Please."

"With your permission, sir," said the major, turning to Joe as the colonel began to leave. "Joe, they gave you back your money."

"The gold," continued Joe, "is buried in a place. We do not go to that place very long way. It is place that I almost die there once. It is place I hunt when I am boy. There are soldiers. The officer lieutenant . . . ugh."

The colonel had bent over him and swabbed a colorless solution. "Lieutenant, Joe," said the colonel, "and grip on it."

"Officer lieutenant along with blood-brother soldiers and me," Joe resumed, "we pass along very narrow twisting path. The ground is not solid in many places. The officer lieutenant walk beside me when he can, but most of the time he make me walk in front because, when we reach the place I almost die, I do not make the path straight on as if the path is solid ground. . . . If, of a sudden, they would throw heavy weapons and equipment to save themselves. But without weapons they are afraid. Then it is too late. Quick, obstinate. The more they struggle to get them down . . . ugh!"

"I do not struggle. I lie quiet and wait. Maybe it will be kind to me again. The grove roots not far away . . . ugh!"

"This is going to hurt, Joe," said the major, "but pretty soon you'll be a new man. You're here, what do you want to do?"

Joe said, "Me . . . ughhh! . . . som'theeng for the General!"



May we act as your guide . . . for a minute or two?



US: If you don't mind, sir, we'd like to make a suggestion . . .

MAN: About a pool where there's another 16-inch rainbow hiding?

US: No—though our suggestion will certainly add to the enjoyment of your fishing trip. But first we'd like to ask: Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: Why, no. That's something I've intended to do, but haven't, yet.

US: Then we wish you'd come over to our camp and join us in a Four Roses Old-Fashioned. Because, unless you've tasted today's Four Roses, you can't possibly know what wonderful things have happened to this glorious whiskey! Here, in our humble opinion, is the greatest whiskey we, or anyone else, ever bottled!

MAN: Hmm! You wouldn't be just the least bit prejudiced, would you?

US: Oh yes, we *admit* we're prejudiced . . . in favor of Four Roses. What's more, we'll bet our bottom dollar that *you* will be, too—once you savor the mellow-rich magnificence of today's Four Roses. Just you wait till you taste it!

MAN: All I can say is that if today's Four Roses lives up to your promise, it will be *my* whiskey from now on, wherever I happen to be!



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!**

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



A "stick" of tobacco ready for the market. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by James Hapin

WE PAID 40%* MORE IN LAKE CITY, S. C., TO BRING YOU MILDER, BETTER-TASTING TOBACCO!

MILLIONS of smokers like yourself know that a cigarette is only as good as the tobacco that's in it . . . and not one whit better.

That's why the makers of Luckies pay the price to get the milder, better-tasting leaf, all over the tobacco country.

Just as an example:—At the tobacco auctions in Lake City, S. C., this season, we paid 40% above the average market price. Yes, 40% more, so you could enjoy milder, better-tasting leaf in your Lucky Strike.

This was in no way unusual. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 markets last season. And the *best* we buy goes into Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. With these men who know tobacco best—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

In a cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. Remember that . . . and next time you buy—act on it . . . ask for Luckies!

*Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.



WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

one elbow and held
his. "Lucie?" he
Duff?" "I'm so full
ilk. love you so much"

ry hus Far:

his other shoots herself, young
Vebe—who knows that his father,
successful dog trainer and field-trial
became a shiftless ne'er-do-well—
leave his home in the deep South.
take to the road; and—although
a to keep himself alive for a time—
he finds himself on the brink of
The, to his delight, he finds a dog
golden lost. The dog is wearing a
an engraving: "REWARD: Amos
Tafton, Alabama."

is a huge brute, will have nothing
the boy. Nevertheless, Duff—who
succeeds in capturing the
which takes to Tafton, where he
Hawthorne.

one an old man. He lives in a
in Tafton with his granddaughter,
When Duff Webster arrives, he
boy a roasty reception—tells him the
the dog (Judas) is an unruly beast,
he does not want him and will pay

appears to be present during the in-
Feeling sorry for the boy, she pays
dollar after which, she gives him a
for grandfather's kennels (some four
of Tafton).

tely, for a time, of septicemia
sonin, Duff is treated, and cured,
Phila, whose daughter, Delia, is
attracted girl for miles about. Once
he goes to work. But, whenever he
nce, he puts on a tough sheepskin
goes to the pen in which Judas is
The dog, an outlaw, attacks him,
all his whenever he makes an ad-
vertheless, Duff—certain that Judas
in the takings of a great champion
dog—severs. . . .
lawline dislikes Duff. Fully cog-

nizant of this, Lucie—who is strongly drawn
to the boy—goes out of her way to be with
him when she can be. Realizing that the girl
is being kind to him, Duff—unable to control
himself at the kennels, one day—thanks her.
And presently he finds himself kissing her, al-
though he is well aware that he should take no
liberties with Amos Hawthorne's granddaugh-
ter. Then, when the girl makes it plain that
she does not object to being kissed by Duff, he
climbs into her car, and, with her, starts for
Tafton.

III

AHEAD, a rabbit ran out of the brush
along the ditch and into the glare
of the headlights, then bounced
down the road and crossed over. Lucie
and Duff approached Bill's Tavern, Taf-
ton's lone jook, a cheap frame structure
with a bright blue neon border around
the eaves, and a red sign EAT: a place
of many humors where sometimes sev-
eral couples from town would come and
play noisily; where an old man with a
wet, slack mouth watched the whirling
cherries and lemons and plums as his
nickels clinked into the slot machine;
where once in a while late some Sat-
urday night there would be trouble,
with an ice pick or a bottle or even a
gun coming into view; where girls
hopped cars or served tables or danced
with whoever asked them, simple girls
with a matter-of-fact worldly wisdom
brought on perhaps by an unfortunate
early marriage and a child farmed out
with a relative.

Bill's Tavern was like a business, or
a government, or a legislature, or a
world—whether it was good or bad de-
pended on who dominated it at the time.

"How about a beer?" Duff said,
finally.

She turned the car in and blew the
horn. "Let's don't be too long. Teague
McGinnis is coming over tonight."

"Maybe we better go, then."

"Oh, no," she said, pinching his leg.
He said, fascinated, "You're a sort of
fresh girl."

"Refreshing, you mean."

The waitress came out, an almost
pretty girl in cheap slacks. Inside, the
jook organ began playing and the notes
of Tuxedo Junction emanated from the
loud-speaker under the neon eaves and
spread over the calm Alabama coun-
tryside.

"Some day," Lucie said thoughtfully,
when the girl had gone, "I'm going to
find out what's behind that mask you
use for a face."

"You won't find much, I'm afraid,"
he said.

She smiled at him in that sudden
honest way of hers, and said, "Maybe
I will."

The girl brought the beer and hooked
the tray on the car, and left doing a little
sliding dance step, snapping her fingers
to the music. Bill's Tavern was almost
deserted at this early hour.

"What I like about you," Lucie said,
"is your superior brand of conversation.
Duff, listen. Are you coming to see me
or anything?"

"I don't guess I ought to."

"Sure you ought to. I'll have to think
of something, because the squire would
bust a gusset if you came to the house.
He's not crazy about you."

"I don't want to cause trouble."

"Duff," she said seriously, "I want to
see you. Honest. I'll fix it. You wait
and see."

LUCIE proved to be expert at duplic-
ity. She told Amos that she was going
to a show, or to play bridge. Sometimes
Duff simply came to the house after
nine, which was Amos' invariable going-
to-bed time. This night they drove to
the bluff that overlooked the amber
river. The night belonged more to May
than January; across the river a light
showed dimly in a farmer's house, and
she speculated that they must have a
sick baby, because no farmer would be
up at that hour of his own volition. Her
forehead was against the side of his
neck, and her hand was under his coat
against his shoulder in her friendly in-
timacy that he found so fascinating.

"We could go down to the bank.
There's pine straw to sit on, and it's not
cold," Duff said.

(Continued on page 37)

"Going to Town! A Winner!"

THAT'S THE RATING HANDSOME HAIR WINS YOU!



Keep your Hair a Business and Social Asset with

VITALIS

and the

"60-SECOND WORKOUT!"



50 Seconds to Rub—Just feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresh, natural lustre.

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Your social popularity and your business success alike depend on the personal impression you make. So let the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" help you to register a winning impression fast—with handsome hair stepping up your personality. Get Vitalis at your druggist's.

Product of Bristol-Myers

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

Doctor's Orders

Continued from page 12

His voice trailed off until it was lost in the sound of the waves on the coral reef.

"That's why you're here, I suppose?" Frank asked.

"Yes." Now the captain's voice was thoughtful. It was clear that he was deciding just how much he ought to say. "You know I did pretty well at language school."

Joselyn placed the tips of his fingers carefully together. It was so dark that he did not need to conceal the pain his thoughts gave him.

"You think it's coming, Joe?" he asked. There was a second's silence.

"Never mind," Joselyn said hastily. "I shouldn't have asked. It's funny to think that I'll be out of the show."

The kitchen door closed noisily and they heard Awaki's steps padding across the matting of the living room.

"Soor," Awaki said, "too long sit up. Too late, so sorry. Doctor, he say . . ."

"Now you see," Frank said as they walked across the lawn. A military car with a chauffeur was standing in the driveway. "There isn't any need for him to take care of me like that." He did not mean to be egotistical or complacent; he knew Awaki liked him.

"It's too soft," Joe Marsh had said.

Captain Joselyn, Field Artillery, United States Army, retired, had felt exactly that way before he thoroughly understood that his heart would never permit him to be wholly active again. When he was sent to the Islands to recover from pneumonia and had first rented the bungalow at Kahala, he had an army man's impatience of many of the Island dwellers' easy ways. He had been very careful not to use the word "pau" or "haole." He had the intolerance of a practical man toward legends of the vanishing Hawaiian race.

At first he had tried to appear unconcerned when people asked after his health. He explained that it would only be a few months at most before he recovered from over-strain, but of course his condition had been always on his mind. There was always that fear of permanent disability, although he would have been ashamed to have admitted it aloud. It was a sort of fear that turned his thoughts inward, so that he was oblivious to most details around him.

Awaki had come with the bungalow, but because of Joselyn's concentration on himself, it had been a long while before he had ever thought of Awaki as a person.

One morning some months after he was established there Joselyn noticed that the Japanese houseman was standing beside the breakfast table longer than was necessary.

"Excuse, soor," Awaki said, "very much need to go away this afternoon, please. Not Sunday, please."

The loud toneless quality of Awaki's voice made his meaning difficult to follow.

"What?" Joselyn asked. "What's that?"

Awaki rubbed his hands together, and burst into a titter of cheerful laughter.

"Must go today," he said. "My wife—I think she die tonight."

Joselyn had never heard death mentioned before on the heels of laughter. It was the first piece of ugliness he had experienced on the Islands.

"What's that?" he asked. "What's that you said?"

Awaki burst out again into that vicarious mirth.

"My wife," he repeated. "I think she die tonight." And he stood there, po-

lately grinning, waiting for J

swer.

It always pleased Joselyn understood the meaning mirth. Joselyn could never prompted him, for he was a servant person, but suddenly Awaki behaved according to code of manners. He understood it would have been an impossible thing for Awaki to have shown grief, depth of his woe should be an inverse ratio to his laughter.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Oh, no," Awaki's teeth yellowish happy grin. "Oh sorry."

It had never occurred to Joselyn that Awaki might have a wife of far as he had known, Awaki had been his small quarters bungalow.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"Please," Awaki said, "understand."

Joselyn spoke more slowly not here," he asked, "where?"

"Ewa side Nuaanu," Joselyn said.

"Along by Vineyard Street, please," Joselyn said.

"You get the car," Joselyn said.

There were queer wrinkles on Joselyn's forehead. "Soor," he said, "stand."

"You heard me," Joselyn said.

drive you there. If she's sick to go right now."

"Soor," Awaki said, "not."

It gave Joselyn a feeling crudely overstepped some thereby had destroyed so proportionate value.

"Not proper?" he said.

fool. Go out and get the car."

He drove the car himself, a roadster he had brought with him from the mainland, past Black past the irregular crater of the Head. The trade wind was blowing and the day was very clear.

the neat bungalows, which Joselyn had seen in the California coast, the coconut palms, and for darkness of the mountains in the distance.

IT WAS only after they had reached the palace of the old Hawaiian king that Joselyn had turned from King Street that Honolulu began to show its self-conscious neatness. Nuaanu flowed between stone walls, rickety houses on either side, sidewalks were crowded with the most divergent features of the Orient, the smell of strange foods can be open-sided shops.

"Not proper," Awaki had said.

Joselyn understood him for Joselyn had also grown conscious of his own race and yet he was happier than he had been in a long while. Awaki's face was one of those wooden tenebrous balconies and outside staircases the wash hung on lines above plants and where the voices rose above the scamper of bare feet.

"Many people here," Joselyn said.

"Along of each other, every day," Joselyn said.

He could never explain it in Awaki's manner after that it was respectful, but somehow different. If he had not taken it if he had not asked Awaki family, he was sure that a never have brought his sister help when he had guests to see was a rather old lady, a little with black irregular teeth in kimono and, the obi around her waist.

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use on wooden getas. He
cein that Taka would not
him a present of rice wine
ken Awaki home, and he
ot that Awaki would never
ied him a month later,
had come to call.

ector had left, the im-
is news kept growing.
ought at first it was some-
ontrol, but its implica-
preading through his
drop of dye in water. It
iocre sort of person, al-
without resources which
ompensation. The first
d as to pour himself three
hky and drink it straight.
ve touched whisky in the
efe, and now instead of
or intensified his despair.
was nothing whatever to
he felt ashamed.
say you better, soor?"

ice was startling, for it
fit indication which Jose-
was not alone.
to says I'll stop here a long
ely said.

val said, "so sorry."
do now but sit here all
osyn said. "I sit, you work.
ene whisky."
o rich, soor," Awaki said.
e s' . . ."

mate. How do you know
oor said?" Joselyn asked.
ese wondered why Awaki
ne luth. It may have been
hadeen impossible to think
t en Joselyn thought that
l the truth because Awaki

istened, please," Awaki
ack in kitchen door."

ot bad as it might have
ry ear as Joselyn became
toeing a semi-invalid, life
eer. In the morning he
hile in the sand, and next
his up after lunch, then tea,
in the evening at home or out
s. He was still in the Army
pit of physical infirmity, he
ate as part of the Army. He
el permanent and withdrawn
the officers he had come to
wh their tour of duty was

he began to see that the atti-
the strangers was growing
y different from his own.
came to a man like Joe
h from the War College and
all he gossip in Washing-
was to use talking about the
n plds or the trees or the
aks in the Bishop Museum,
e Marsh brushed all this im-
side Joe said that he didn't
n about local color on the
at they were a strategic base,
n't care whether people ate
stick or flew kites on Boy

on't care if they put lanterns
amps and have a day de-
velling dolls to little girls," Joe
d. "Frank, have you got a
hou?"

beautiful afternoon. Clouds
ver the sharp edges of
ains and a light rain was fall-
vicinity of Nuaanu Valley,
by the sea it was clear sun-
swirl of the Pacific was
at d' and the big breakers
on the coral and made a fine
foam but it was calm enough
reef. A Japanese yard boy,
of Awaki's, in knee-length
is brown legs bare, was turn-

hos
the horizon he could see the
cruiser patrol, and in the air

above them was the familiar hum of
combat planes. It was getting on to-
ward time to buy presents to put on the
Christmas boat for home and soon there
would be Christmas trees on the Hono-
lulu streets. Yet in spite of the Christ-
mas season, it was like an afternoon in
June, as he remembered June at home.
There he was, dressed in whites and Joe
Marsh was in the khaki of the tropics.
There he was, sitting outdoors on his
veranda, offering Joe Marsh a Scotch
and soda.

"What's that you asked me?" Joselyn
said.

Joe Marsh linked his fingers together
around his knee. "I asked you if you
had a gun," he answered.

"Yes," Joselyn said, "an automatic in
my upper bureau drawer."

He did not mean to sound supercil-
ious; after all, it was the Army's busi-
ness always to be expecting trouble that
never came.

"That's good," Joe said. "Maybe
you'll need it before you're through."

Neither of them spoke for a while,
and Joe Marsh stood up and began
walking slowly up and down the ver-
anda.

"I suppose you know something I
don't," Joselyn said, "something you
can't tell me."

"You all just sit here," Joe Marsh an-
swered. "I don't like the way things
look. Let's let it go at that." He picked
up his hat saying, "I've got to be going
now. What are you doing on Saturday
night?"

Joselyn thought for a moment. He
was doing something on Saturday night.

"There's a poker game at my quar-
ters," Joe Marsh said. "You'd better
come along."

Joselyn thought again. Sometimes it
was strange to think that he must al-
ways consider his health.

"You'll sit up too late," he said, "and
it's a long ride back."

"Then spend the night," Joe Marsh
told him. "I've got a bungalow of my
own."

Even if it had gone on longer it would
have been one of those conversations
which did not mean much at the time.

IN a way his life was narrow but in an-
other way he had never been so com-
pletely master of his own life and of the
time which moved by him with the
trade wind and the sun. When he
thought of going to play poker with Joe
Marsh he could remember how the idea
would have struck him years ago. Now
he was as removed from times like
those as though he were a disembodied
spirit.

He thought of it as he was getting
into a fresh white suit. He could see his
face in the mirror above his bureau,
placid and contented with no new lines
on it. It was only a matter, the doctor
said, of no undue strain, and he would
live as long as anybody . . . no strain, no
worry, no sudden emotional excitement.
Two cigarettes a day and perhaps one
drink, no more. It was odd how com-
pletely he had become used to it. As he
stood there arranging his necktie, an-
other thought struck him, but again it
was purely academic curiosity like ob-
serving the sea bottom through glass.
He reached behind his handkerchiefs
and some packs of old letters to the
farther right-hand corner of his upper
bureau drawer and pulled out the side-
arm which he had worn in the service.
He did not do so with the slightest in-
tention of being dramatic, but simply
because he remembered his friend's
question. The pistol was the conven-
tional forty-five automatic, well bal-
anced, but rather heavy.

He had not handled the thing in years
but it fitted easily into his hand and the
magazine was filled. He could not re-

"Turn off that RACKET!"



Why spoil their fun . . .

just because you're nervous and weary
at day's end? You can be a pal to your
family, make evenings the Best Part of
Your Day, if you take time out and
get into the tub with a cake of Ivory.

Take it easy in an IVORY BATH!

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velvet suds that foam off that big
white floating cake. Smooth that ca-
ressing Ivory lather over your weary
back, arms, legs and body. How silken-
soft that famous Ivory mildness makes
your skin feel! How light and slim and
lovely you seem! Without a worry,
wonderfully rested, you almost dance
out of your bath.



A Fresh Start — for the Day's Best Hours!

See how gratefully your skin responds
to Ivory's baby-care mildness, how
much faster Ivory Soap lathers than
any other leading bath soap. And that
fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you
delightfully dainty. For livelier eve-
nings and a lovelier you, get a Fresh
Start every afternoon in an Ivory Bath!

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For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

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REGULAR, EXPERT CAR SERVICE... DEPENDS
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3. Your battery needs our check-up every 2 weeks.
4. Let us change your oil every 1,000 miles—we'll put in clean, tough Mobiloil!

5. Let us Mobilubricate your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!

6. We'll protect your car's finish, too! Let us wax every 3 months!

7. Let us flush cooling system twice a year—condensate fresh water to guard against damaging, clogging.

8. Let us make sure your gears are protected—check every 1,000 miles.

9. Let us clean your spark plugs every 5,000 miles—help you save gas!

10. Let us check your oil every 2,000 miles—change your oil filter every 8,000 miles.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and
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AMMUNITION**

USE IT WISELY

had ever left it loaded. Necessary was to throw a chamber. He leveled the weapon at him and he no longer had a marksmen; and he had not once. He put the auto back and closed the door. He might have done with it did not belong to him.

his white linen coat and let into his inside pocket. When he could hear the clatter of the kitchen door. Awaki was in his white shirt sleeves rolled up to his brown arms.

he said, "no dinner. I'm going." Awaki said, "no dinner. Please, soor, so I tell if you can't stand here talking. Go out and get the car."

Marsh's quarters," Joselyn said. He folded the palms of his hands and folded them together.

"oh, yiss. You want I stop. No too long time stop, soor," he said.

"Light," he said, "you go when I want you to pack your things. Awaki—pajamas, clean socks, shoes, still folded but the smile of his was gone. Joselyn had the idea of a puzzle. He thought he spoke too fast and he repeated his directions again when Awaki spoke.

"Awaki asked and his little thinner, "what for the bag?"

there was nothing wrong

about the question, it disconcerted Joselyn slightly because it was contrary to routine and convention.

"The captain asked me to spend the night," he said. "No breakfast here in the morning. It's a long way for me to drive back at night, Awaki."

Awaki bobbed his head and his lips creased again into his broadest smile. "Oh, yiss," he said; "doctor he say too long to drive. Soor, please, I drive you back tonight. So very glad."

"Thanks," Joselyn said; "you don't have to. Captain Marsh expects me."

There was another of those silences that were too long. Awaki was frowning almost stupidly.

"I said," Joselyn told him patiently, "I'm staying there at the flying field tonight."

Awaki did not move, but all the wrinkles in his face deepened.

"More better you stay here, soor," he said. "Too much out too late this week. I get nice dinner. You go sleep early. Too much out too late this week. Doctor, he say . . ."

"All right," Joselyn said. That stupidity of Awaki's was exasperating. "Never mind what the doctor says, I can't stand here talking. Go out and get the car."

"Soor," Awaki's voice was thin and almost pleading, "please more better you stay here tonight."

Joselyn was puzzled. The situation was entirely new.

"Look here," he said, "what's the matter with you, Awaki? I've stopped out there before."

Awaki drew a deep breath through his teeth. "Please," he said and there was a strange sibilant hiss in his voice, "please, you so good to me, soor, so very kind. Along with you a long time I stop; please soor, more better that you stay here. So long drive, soor, and doctor he say . . ." Awaki cleared his throat in a noisy vulgar manner. "More better that you stay."

There was something different in the room. There was something very curious and tense in Awaki's speech. It gave Joselyn's voice an edge of authority which he had almost forgotten.



Stop pestering them, Alfred. They've already told you they don't know how to go up a rope and disappear in the air"

HUMPHREYS

"That will do, Awaki," he said. "Go out and get the car!"

"Yiss," Awaki said. "Yiss, soor!" And then the kitchen door closed carefully behind him.

Joselyn sat down heavily on one of the wicker chairs. "Now what the devil was all that about?" he said.

There was no answer except the gentle rumbling of the surf outside and the dry rustling of the palm fronds by the window. He wondered if there was anything in his appearance that made Awaki think that he was looking drawn and tired. Sometimes Awaki was very quick that way.

It was growing darker every minute, so dark it was nearly time to turn on the lights. He kept waiting for the sound of the car outside but there was no sound.

Then he heard the kitchen door open. It was Awaki still in his apron.

"Soor," Awaki said, "so sorry."

Joselyn pushed himself out of his chair so quickly that it hurt him and he caught his breath.

"What the devil are you so sorry about, and where is the car?"

"So sorry, soor," Awaki said, "two tires flat! No can fix. So sorry."

"Two tires?" Joselyn repeated. He sank back in his chair. After all it did not matter—it was easier not to face the complication. He could call the garage in the morning. It did not matter whether he went out that night or not.

"Well," he said, "never mind it then. Get dinner. I'll stay here."

It was dusk by then so he could not see Awaki's face but he heard the polite hiss of Awaki's indrawn breath.

"Better you stay here," Awaki said. "You stop in chair. I telephone so sorry. I get you one nice drink and one nice dinner and then more better you go to bed. Doctor, he say . . ."

JOSelyn had grown to love the mornings on the Islands. The compensation for being an invalid was the interest you took in all that you did not notice when you were well. The curtain of the night lifted so suddenly on the Islands. The light increased in a way that was almost theatrical. First Koko Head was a gigantic sleeping shadow. Then the sky around it took on the softest pastel hues of pink and blue and streams of soft color swept over the ocean. All sorts of rainbow tints which you only saw at dawn grew brighter and then slowly faded with the rising sun.

It was Sunday morning and Sunday was a happy time. Friends he knew who worked in the city would be with their children on the beach in the morning. And the beach boys would be out at the farthest line of breakers at Waikiki. He opened his eyes with the first light and lay there as he often did thinking of the picture of the sunrise and watching the light change on the hibiscus bush outside his window. The sounds outside were all familiar: the call of a bird, the droning of a plane.

As the light grew brighter, he heard the door open in the little house where Awaki had his quarters. Joselyn did not look at the time, because the closing of the door outside told him that the hour was exactly quarter after seven. Next he heard the outside door to the kitchen open. In a minute Awaki would be putting the kettle on the stove.

Joselyn raised himself slightly in bed, arranged his pillow more comfortably and leaned back. A shaft of sunlight was already coming through the window, falling on his Nanking silk dressing gown, which Awaki had folded on the chair by the bureau. He leaned back and closed his eyes, still listening for Awaki.

At exactly a quarter before eight Awaki would open the bedroom door. Joselyn had slept very well, and he felt

The Man from Cairo, Egypt

I met a man the other day

Who purchases supplies
For a firm in Cairo, Egypt—

And he made me realize
That smokers, too, from

distant lands
Appreciate the best—
For I spied a tin of Edgeworth
In the pocket of his vest.

"Ah ha!" I said, "I recognize
An old familiar friend,"

"Edgeworth? Yes," he answered
"It has been my favorite blend

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That we, in far-off Cairo, too,
Have learned to love the fragrance
From that famous tin of blue."



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much better. When the door opened he looked, as he always did, at his traveling clock on his bedside table. It was exactly a quarter before eight. Awaki was in his white coat holding the tray with the coffee cup and the glass of water.

"Good morning, soor," Awaki said. "You sleep well. You look much better," and he handed Joselyn his medicine.

"I get you a nice breakfast," Awaki said, "very nice." Awaki fixed the pillows behind Joselyn's head.

"Thanks," Joselyn said, and handed him the empty coffee cup. "I'll get up. I'll have it in the living room."

THEN Awaki's dullness reminded him of the night before. Awaki stood staring beyond him out of the window, his face a little strained and intent. He did not seem to have heard. He seemed to be listening for something.

"I said I'll have breakfast in the living room," Joselyn repeated.

His voice made Awaki start and smile.

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said. "I get you nice breakfast."

Then he stepped backward with the tray the way he always did and closed the door.

It could not have been more than a few minutes later when Joselyn heard the sound of firing. At the first report he remembered it was Sunday and there should be no military exercises on Sunday. Then the firing was louder. It rose to a quick crescendo from the direction of Pearl Harbor and Fort Shafter. He knew the sound, though he had never heard it in such intensity. The anti-aircraft guns were opening up.

He was out of bed in a moment. He had not moved so fast in a long time. He was in his dressing gown running to his bedroom window. His room faced toward Ewa, as they said in the Islands, in the direction of Pearl Harbor and the military post. As he stood there, though trees and roofs and Diamond Head cut off his view, he could see black smoke in the direction of the naval base. Then he heard the sound of planes. The air was full of planes. He stood for an instant in blank incredulity, before he knew there was no make-believe about it. He had read of such things. He had considered them in military problems. It was an air attack.

"So," he said, "the Japs!"

He had been a soldier, so he knew exactly what was happening. They were knocking out the flying fields. They were over the Naval Base. Then he thought of something else. He would have been out there—in the middle of it if his car had been in shape. Then he remembered Awaki's words. He had heard them last night and they rang through his mind with the slap of gunfire and the distant thud of the bombing.

"More better you not go."

There had been a time when Joselyn could think and act quickly; and now with the firing it all came back. He opened his bureau drawer. His hand was perfectly steady. He threw a shell into the chamber of his automatic and holding it at his side he stepped out of his bedroom down the little hallway to the living room. He could still recall Awaki's voice:

"More better you not go."

His heart was beating so fast that he was shaken with his own heartbeats. His body felt clammy with perspiration but his mind was perfectly clear.

"Awaki," he called. "Awaki!"

The kitchen door opened. He saw Awaki in his white coat. When he leveled his automatic at him he saw Awaki's expression change. The man looked old with his graying hair. But he did not look startled. Instead, he

looked a little sad. It seemed unnecessary to say anything. Awaki knew that Awaki understood. "Awaki," he said again dizzily. He sat down in one of the chairs.

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said. "So that's why you didn't stay out there?" Joselyn said. "Was coming, did you?"

He did not speak again. He felt dizzy and shook clear it. It was true what you never knew anything Japanese.

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said steadily. "I tell you, more stay here."

"It was kind of you, Awaki," Joselyn said. "I'm sorry."

"Yiss, soor," Awaki said. "Sit down in that chair," "sit down!"

Awaki did not move. "What he asked."

"Sit down!" Joselyn said. "Seems a little mean, Awaki is over, we go to the police how you knew."

Awaki sat down carefully of a straight-backed chair. He began to speak again and the noise in his ears that had been with the noise outside. The growing blurred and he felt himself and angry. He was ill.

"Soor—" Awaki began, heard his own voice, but it was like his voice.

"Awaki," he said, "sit down!"

Joselyn had been taken twice before. It was over you had the right medicine.

WHEN he opened his eyes in the chair and Awaki over him.

"Soor," Awaki said. "Please. Doctor, he say."

Joselyn took the glass of water and swallowed quickly. He sat still for a while with his sight was better. Even the room was coming back. A handkerchief across his face.

"You better now?" "More better now?"

Joselyn pulled himself together. "Yes," he said, "more and then he saw that Awaki the automatic."

"Here," Joselyn began, stand up, but Awaki did not.

"Soor," Awaki said, "please. Doctor, he say."

Awaki's voice broke through. He had been aware of it stopped and cleared his throat.

"You good to me, soor."

"So sorry. No need you need call police. What I do."

Now my people late more face now. So much You feel better now? More

Joselyn pushed himself chair and placed his feet.

"I'm better," he began. But what he was going to do a out of Joselyn's reach.

"Please," he said, "more stay still. No need for the see now," he looked at the holding and then he laughed.

He had thought of something funny, "you see now more myself, more better in the goodbye." And he stepped

he always did and swung kitchen door.

"Awaki," Joselyn called. no time to tell Awaki no heard the shot before

again.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

committee. So they've
creeping and bending for
noave, cleverly we think,
o stretching and bending
his administering to the
him it is about the funni-
er saw.

ention a young Navy
er, who was seen working
w, uniform with a rag and
in. Later, our scout ques-
pey officer. "Oh," he re-
vir to give his fresh braid
h like the admiral's."

R were we go we seem al-
ugh Washington. We've
to get out of that rodeo
gh was a close shave.
maged to wander into
ed, horsefaring between
lou and the Treasury.
mifies us, as we under-
yo, trying to do it might
e set by any or all of the
die patrolling the place.
rofhare is sealed and
ernent is doing there, we
An'ay, we were quickly
by lieutenant who put us
tly thorough examination.
ast that we were merely
an not intent upon mis-
rte us into Pennsylvania
gh heavy gate and past
s. After telling us for the
ntime that we might
ot, the lieutenant asked us
ad family. We told him
"Well," sighed he, "then
uld have missed you."

61, too, by news from
Yk. The proper spirit

has captured that lovely town. Not long
ago the Defense Council broadcast a
request for volunteers to do a spot of
pick-and-shovel work—unromantic toil
undramatically described. Only three
men volunteered and, for the moment,
the council was understandably down-
cast. But a bright mind came to the
rescue. He changed the words of the
call slightly, requesting volunteers for
"demolition crews." Almost instantly
eighty brawny Pelhamites (and not all
men either) responded, prepared to de-
molish things—any things—including
Pelham if necessary.

SIMILARLY we've just received a re-
port from a young Army major whose
job it is to help defend a most important
sector of our Pacific Coast. For weeks
after being thus assigned, he and his
men referred to their unit as the So-
and-So Ghost Artillery, the easily un-
derstood reason being that they had no
guns, or none worth mentioning, let
alone firing. But presently they got the
guns and very potent guns they seem to
be, too. But the name survives, the
reason now being that the new guns
are so mobile and their haulage so swift
that—oh, well, you finish it!

PERHAPS it's only natural that a dis-
regard for human life should be notice-
able in civilians these days. A lady
advises us that her child—a daughter,
aged eight—became messed up in a gory
fight with a neighbor's daughter, aged
six. "She's a selfish little devil," our in-
formant's child explained with righteous
bitterness. "She wants to kill the em-
peror of Japan although I have already
let her cut Hitler's throat."

BLESS their hearts. . .

W. D.



"Now if one of you gentlemen will toss a coin to
the ottom, I will demonstrate its maneuverability"

DICK CHAW

COWBOY WINS BY HAIRLINE DECISION



WILD AND WOOLLY ...Frequent dousing with
water washes away *natural* oils, leaves hair brittle,
bushy. Kreml keeps your hair *neatly* in place,
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...and with a smother-
ed scalp. Kreml keeps
your hair looking soft
and lustrous, perfectly-groomed all day
... without that "patent-leather" look!



"SLIPPING" . . . "Round
up" a bottle of Kreml—mas-
sage it in daily—to help *check*
excessive falling hair. Kreml
helps your scalp maintain a
proper oil balance.

**HEADS, HE WINS**

...with Kreml-groomed
hair! Kreml helps the
scalp stay clean, re-
moves loose dandruff, keeps your hair
looking it *natural* best! Moral: "Head"
for Kreml, today!



Ladies! Kreml keeps coiffures lovely,
lustrous . . . conditions your hair both
before and after permanents.

Hair-Care Combination: Use Kreml
Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Sham-
poo (made from an 80% olive oil
base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves
your hair more manageable. Ask your
barber for an application. Get **BOTH**
at your drugstore.

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HELPS CHECK EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

Side-Winder

By Stanley Frank

"It ain't the arm that goes to the shoulder. Me, I use three-quarter motion." Higbe, Dodger work horse, why he hasn't thrown his arm into a pitcher

Walter Kirby Higbe, work horse of the Brooklyn Dodgers, has appeared in more ball games in the past two seasons than any other pitcher in

years ago. That wasn't the arm that goes to the shoulder. Most arm fellows are overhanding a lot of shoulder in a sidearm, three-quarter motion. Another thing: Most fellows have arms with too much range. I let a trainer touch my arm after I pitch. She always comes strong."

Pitchers are a funny bunch as they gain the esteem of the fans and a balance in the clubhouse suddenly regard their properties which must be protected. Not our man Higbe, the turned up at the Dodge this spring just as eager as ever—if not more so. Although a week after his colleague he was the first Brooklyn pitcher to throw nine full innings in an

He's Got Dizzy

Leo Durocher, Brooklyn Dodger, was one of the sweaty, brawny fellows during Dizzy Dean's days, says his man Higbe, "Dizzy's for spirit and stuff."

"When the jam is on a pitcher to stop a rallying up at you instead of at his shoes, like too," Durocher reveals. "Dizzy's always restless on the going to the bull pen ten minutes before he was ready."

Like Dizzy, Higbe has confidence in himself. When the Dodgers at training camp blandly announced he was going to be a star in the games. He continued to all that he was a cinch for the team was wandering of the country on its own. The season opened, and ately lost his first two the Giants by scores of 1-0 and 1-0. He gave no earned runs and the anvil chorus began to grow. Higbe went into himself and came out of how he knew what the always had worn number 13, he explained the Dodgers had broken his (Continued on p. 48)

WALTER KIRBY HIGBE is crazy. He is crazy to pitch and crazy because he wants to pitch every day in flagrant violation of the union rules which admonish the brothers against abusing the meal ticket—or arm—more than twice a week. The Philadelphia and Brooklyn managements have co-operated so enthusiastically in satisfying his wacky whim for work that Higbe has appeared in more ball games in the last two seasons than any other pitcher in America.

Not since Dizzy Dean began to flout all natural laws governing wear and tear on the human arm ten years ago has there been a pitcher with Higbe's ardent yen for throwing baseballs. When the fellow isn't demanding to start

games, he is relieving faltering colleagues and feeling pretty morose because he didn't start in the first place. In helping the amazing Brooklyn Bums to win the pennant last year Higbe participated in more games than any other major-league pitcher (48), topped the National League in victories (22) and, of course, led in bases on balls. He always does; his control has been the most spectacularly erratic in the league since he entered it in 1939. He is wild about pitching—and even wilder when he does pitch.

Old guys' tales warning brash youth of the disaster which will overtake silly citizens who lay down their arms and careers for the soulless baseball corporations fall on tin ears when addressed

to Higbe. In the last decade, virtually every work horse has lost his effectiveness temporarily—or his job permanently—as a result of punching his meal ticket full of holes prematurely. Those who have been befouled by the sore-arm epizootic include such eminent craftsmen as the Dean boys, Hubbell, Grove, Ruffing, Gomez, Lyons, Mungo, Rowe, Schumacher and Vander Meer. But Higbe feels he can outlast the sun, the moon, the stars and the earth, and he may be right at that.

"Ain't never had a sore arm and ain't never felt tired in my life," he says negligently. "The only bad thing that's happened to me while pitchin' is that I've had my brains knocked out and I got a catch in my back at Moline five

new! It's baby-gentle! It's a sudsin' whiz!



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—Large and Regular

THE CLUB OF LADIES OF GOOD
Guaranteed by
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Swell in hardest water!



TUNE IN!
GRACIE ALLEN
GEORGE BURNS
PAUL WHITEMAN
See local paper for time and station

LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS

Eagle Scout

Continued from page 14



WE'LL
Keep 'em rolling
TO HELP "KEEP 'EM FLYING"

Materials—and still more materials—for planes, tanks, guns must be delivered to a multitude of industrial plants. Troops must be transported to military camps.

It's an important job the railroads are doing today and Union Pacific is proud to do its share. A fleet of gigantic locomotives—largest ever built—haul vast quantities of vital war materials and completed armament over the Strategic Middle Route, planned by Abraham Lincoln to connect the East with the West. All of our facilities plus thousands of experienced Union Pacific employees are on the job for Uncle Sam day and night. We're keeping 'em rolling to "keep 'em flying."



The Progressive
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
The Strategic Middle Route

Although unable to fly, an eaglet may leap from its invaded nest. Because of its great wings it lands safely upon the ground but it cannot take to the air again. It must be returned to the nest. The first time Broley encountered this situation he made his way up the tree with one hand while holding the bird with the other. Once was enough, for he received an unmerciful beating. Now he wraps the bird tightly in a wide strip of heavy canvas and slings it over his back, leaving both hands free for climbing.

Millions of Americans have never seen the national bird outside the picture books for, although it is observed occasionally in every state and in Canada, it is found in large numbers only in Alaska and Florida, the extremes of the continent. One of the greatest concentrations of eagles is on the peninsula between Charlotte Harbor and the Gulf of Mexico a few miles north of Boca Grande. Here, on more than 40,000 acres of pine and cypress barred to hunters, are hundreds of the birds and their nests.

It is costly to slay one of the birds. Congress increased the penalty two years ago and to kill or have a bald eagle in captivity without a federal permit now involves a fine of up to \$500 or imprisonment for as much as six months, or both. The offender, incidentally, goes to trial before a federal judge and not a justice of the peace.

Nest Building Sideshow

In building their nursery, which they will use indefinitely, Mr. and Mrs. Eagle are engineers as well as architects. A tall tree, with a suitable crotch of great branches, is selected and, in accordance with eagle custom, it must not be within one mile of another nest. The building material is dead but sound sticks and, although there is nothing to bind them, they are fitted so precisely that a man may stand upon the nest without fear of its collapse. In gathering them the eagle frequently puts on a veritable air circus. The bird sails at a dead branch at top speed, grasps it with its talons as it passes and, through sheer momentum, breaks it off. Again, it will hover directly above the branch, fold its wings and drop, talons first, its weight severing it.

The nesting tree may be anywhere. One in use many years is in a populous residential district of Sarasota, while another is in the center of the fairway of a golf course at St. Petersburg. The men at MacDill Field, the Army's great air base at Tampa, are proud of the nest on the reservation which, this season, held a pair of hefty eaglets who probably felt they could lick the living daylights out of any one of the B-24s or P-40s which skimmed just above them.

Although the average nest is five feet in depth and six feet across the top, larger ones are not uncommon. The birds add new material each year, increasing the height from a few inches to as much as one foot. A nest in a great pine in a residential district of St. Petersburg, within a block of the heaviest stream of motor traffic in the city, is believed to be the largest in North America. An inverted cone, it is twenty-two feet high and twelve feet across the top. Its age is unknown but there is record of its having been in use fifty years ago.

Until this winter Broley had never found more than two eaglets in a Florida family, although three are observed

now and then in Canada. It was a great nest at St. Petersburg, the triplets.

The little fellows are given from choice or because they literally stuff them to overflowing.

In one nest this winter supply of nineteen large like so much cordwood, although it was apparent that the eagles were already ready to fly away the year at least one pound more than the average adult weight or thirteen pounds.

Born to Fly

Unlike other birds, the eagle is commissioned as a full-fledged first time it leaves the nest, flitting from limb to limb while learning to fly. It is a spectator to assume the part of a bugger or practicing tumbler. Stretching to its full height, it spends long hours flapping its wings to strengthen them. Soon it is itself a few feet directly above and thereafter, for two or three days before its departure, it performs. Apparently it is its rudder and other controls that give it the stiff breeze, the youngsters gun and bounce about like balls.

For about two weeks after the air the eaglet returns to be fed. Then the old bird thinking it time that it itself, simply drive it away and a youngster return the following day and attempt to keep in the nest in hatched, war is declared and after a battle or two selects a tree and builds its own.

Broley became addicted by request. Prior to his 1938 after twenty years of the Winnipeg branch of Montreal, he had attained as one of the continent's authorities on ducks, geese. Upon learning he intended to spend the winter in Florida, official Audubon Society and Wild Life Service requested the Department of the Interior to band a few bald eagles, beginning. His work proved to be of such value that he was requested the Canadian which restricts the movements during wartime, to return and continue it.

But because Broley is an eagle, others should not be expected to do so. An amateur enters the ring with James, mixing with the birds is a serious business.

Each eagle banded by Washington. The printed space for date, location, condition of the bird after the band, among other files of the Department is one dealing with a bird banded by Broley near Escambia not so long ago after it bears this notation: "CONDITION OF BIRD—better than my own."

THE END

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 27

ive d a little, and tightened
across his chest. "Tell me
g n, Duff."
t k w how."
e I just don't affect you that

no better than that."
gu I do."
d explain: "I try to say
ne, but when I've got you
th's so much rises in my
tets all bottled up in my
ne of it will come out. Do
hat mean?"
f course I see," she said,
mther. "You don't have to
his cramped long legs.

ay de by side, staring sol-
at sky overhead, and there
moonlight for him to see
had never seemed so sol-
unnatural soberness of
stirring. He lay beside
c, staring with her at the
ked through his, and the
lled him was transcen-
sing upsurging thing
ise of its fullness, and he
th wonderment and even
re, as if she were a perish-
immeasurable precious-
ose upon one elbow and
against his cheek.

at.
Du?"
fu I can't talk."

se love you so much."
ff, love you so much, too."
l to say the things that
him, but his tongue could
ge m. This inarticulateness
ed him, and he unknow-
her hand painfully, until
as it were an explosion, he

f st w and ivy buds,
ral asp and amber studs,
ese pleasures may thee move,
th e and be my love.

she for thy meat,
ous: the gods do eat,
an ivory table be,
I eat day for thee and me."

cie face was against his, and
d apness of her cheek. But
sai lightly, "Sounds okay.
s a that start?"

this minute."
iled at him and said, "You
at I said I was going to find

be and that front."
you pound out?"

arlin, I've found out. This is
ide, strong and silent and al-
th, ut inside, sensitive and
l, as kinder than all get-out,
of der things."

"Duff said,
hat right?"

say, Lucie, it's right."
then the river flowed noise-
dim light lay upon it. There
g since.

wh has Delia Phillips got
en'tot . . . besides an artist's-
e ar a soprano voice?" Lucie
id. She's not for you, Duff.

ou."
aid anything about her?" He
elia hadn't been mentioned.

"You went to church just to see her,
didn't you? But let me tell you about
me. I'm full of pep, just bubbly as I
can be. That's what you like about me,
because I keep you from having the
mulligrubs so much. And I'm not bad
to look at. My face is sort of plain but,
anyway, it's not dished-in or anything
and when you get more in love with me
you may even think it's pretty. And my
figure is, well, I think it's doggone good.
Or isn't it?"

"It's okay."
"Just okay, huh? You're crazy."
"What else about you?" he asked in-
terestedly.

"Well, I can sit a running buck on a
cold-jawed horse, and worm a dog, and
lots of things Delia can't do. Cook and
everything."

"You must be quite a gal," he said,
smiling in the dark.

"Sure I am. Duff, listen. Think what
it'll be like, raising the puppies and
breaking the dogs and campaigning the
circuit. Summers we'll be on the lone
prairie, with the coyotes howling just
like in the song, and the wind blowing
fit to lift the mortgage off the house.
And the grasshoppers eating everything
green—Jake Bishop said they even ate
a green tire cover off his car one time.
Oh, we'll do fine. Maybe you'll even
break Judas and win with him and
that'll give us a reputation, and I'll sort
of flirt with the owners and get them to
send their dogs to us and—"

"That'll give us a reputation, too."
"Oh, you know, just sort of tease
them. I know how to do it," she said.
"Stop laughing. I'm not kidding."

"I know it."
"Honey, look. I love you and you
love me. I don't know about that ivory
table and stuff, but it'll be fine whether
you can arrange for the ivory table or
not. Don't you see how fine it'll be?
Huh? Don't you?"

"It sounds fine," he admitted.
"What's wrong with it?"
Duff said slowly, "I'm no bargain,
Lucie. And Amos Hawthorne will find
plenty wrong with it."

"Well, I'll tell you about him. The
squire was born with a quota of three
changes of mind per lifetime. He
changed his mind once when he was
forty-three, once eight years later, and
the final time when he was sixty-nine.
He's used them all up. He wouldn't be-
lieve in you if you were the Apostle
Paul. But look, he doesn't have to. I'm
the one. And I do. You've changed
since you came, even. Don't you feel
different?"

"I feel all right," he said.
"Well, tell me you love me again."
"I do, all right."
"Do what?"
"What you said."
"Well, my conscience, say it!" she
said, punching him.

"LUCIE, I love you," he said warmly,
kissing her. "But what are we go-
ing to do about it?"

She repeated, "'Silver dishes for thy
meat, as precious as the gods do eat,
shall on an ivory table be, prepared each
day for thee and me.' Yes, sir, that'll
be okay. I guess the precious meat part
means some of that fifty-cent-a-pound
steak Mr. Merrick had last week," she
said. "Duff, I tried to tell you about the
squire. We'll have to wait."

"Wait? Do you want to wait?"
"We can't run away and leave him.
It's hard hiking these days for the
squire. The owners just can't believe
he's the man he used to be. They send
their dogs to young men like Teague

"WE LIVE BRIGHT...!"



"No fooling about bright, clean teeth in the picture business... it's just part of the game that every star has to know," says Mr. Brent. No wonder many stars speak so appreciatively of Calox... a tooth powder with *two ways* to whiteness.



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Two ways to WHITENESS

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CALOX

TOOTH POWDER



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● "An ace for your face—that's Ingram's! You need no tonics or lotions with this cooling, freshening cream. So leave shaves that bite and sting behind you... get cool, cool Ingram's today. It comes in a tube or a jar and, in either container, it's concentrated for economy!"

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McGinnis or Jack Harper or Earl Crangle. Of course, as long as we've got Ambling Sam we'll get some fifty dollars stud fees, but Sam can't be campaigned much," she told him. "The only thing about the squire, I think maybe his eyes aren't any too good any more. He's too tight to go to an eye doctor, but I caught him trying on glasses in the dime store last week. I'm some help to him, I guess, but I can't really handle a hard-headed young field-trial dog. I haven't got a voice for making dogs come to me. But men, now..."

"Hell, I'm nobody to talk of marrying you, broke as I am," he said morosely.

"A belt of straw shouldn't cost much. Look, the baby's awake again. Probably got earache, poor thing. I bet I could fix him up. Don't you bet I could?"

"Sure," he said. "Come here."

ALTHOUGH since the lessons of the electric coat Judas no longer made unprovoked attacks, Duff became convinced that the day would never come when a man could lay a hand on the dog without being bitten. A light leather muzzle seemed the answer to this, but the dog then spent his time fighting the muzzle instead of hunting. Finally Duff left him in his kennel muzzled. After two days of clawing and rubbing, Judas resigned himself to wearing it.

"I think I'll take him out tomorrow," Duff said on Saturday night.

"And lose him?" Lucie said.

"Well, I'm going to let him pull a drag."

"I don't know who's the more bull-headed, that dog or you."

"Maybe that's what this contest is about."

"You know," she said, "that bullheadedness is something you've acquired since you came. Maybe determination is a better word, huh? I guess that's what makes a good dog man. The squire's like that. And Teague, too, some."

"What's he got to do with this?" he asked curiously.

"Nothing."

"What's he to you, anyway, Lucie?"

"Now stop it," she said. She picked up his hand in that little way of hers, and kissed it quickly. "Please stop it, Duff. I love you."

"There wouldn't be anything boring about life with you, I can see that." He smiled, in spite of himself. And it was this that frequently worried him. There were moments—an increasing number of them—when he wondered if, instead of being honestly in love with Lucie, he were not simply fascinated by her light impudence and overwhelmed with gratitude for her generous friendliness.

"Hot ziggety, that's some recommendation," she was saying. "Recipe for a full life: A boss like the squire, a dog like Judas, and a girl like me. Happy days."

THE next morning, Sunday, when Duff and Lucie got to the kennel, John Wesley waited for them with three horses saddled.

With an eight-foot chain dragging behind, the muzzled Judas was released. He spurted away in great plunging leaps, the heavy chain jumping and dancing behind him.

"Take the right and I'll take the left," Duff said to Wesley. "Lucie, follow the course."

Now Judas was swinging out to the left, followed by a small dust cloud. Afield he seemed to lose his sullenness, and ran with a snap and sparkle that gave him almost an air of gaiety. His tail whipped merrily, a sign that he was bird hunting and not just running. Apparently hardly burdened by the trace chain, he skirted a sedge field, then

crossed a weed area on a long diagonal that ended in a Lespedeza patch in a scrub-pine woods. He made two quick whips through this, then came out into the field again, still digging. He was away on a busy, industrious race; but it was his own race. Not once did he look back to keep the riders in view. He was not concerned with the direction of the course—he laid his own course.

But Duff had his horse in a lope, and stayed a couple of hundred yards behind Judas. After fifteen minutes, Judas' pace had not slackened.

"Is he going to pull that chain like that all day?" he mused incredulously.

At ten o'clock Judas was still going, hunting wisely, but with a country-wide abandon, running completely wild as far as his handlers were concerned.

"Dat's what I'm feared of," Wesley panted once when they lost him temporarily, "is you won't never break him of dat wild-hog go-yonder bescattlin'."

"But if I ever do," Duff replied, "I'll have one almighty stem-winder!"

Now Judas appeared up ahead, whipping in a shortening circle, hot on bird scent. Suddenly he stopped, a picture in suspended motion as he hung there with his body stiff and slightly forward, his head lowered in the exact position it had been when the scent got strong, his ramrod tail pointing at the pinetops.

"Whoa, now!" Duff yelled, and drawing closer, slid from his saddle and walked rapidly but unobtrusively toward the pointing dog.

Judas still had not moved, except to open his mouth and close it again, as if to swallow some of the hot scent that welled up to him. When Duff got within fifty feet, the dog took one step, then froze again.

Judas' tail tip quivered slightly. Then, like a projectile, he catapulted forward, and the covey erupted around him as he tried to get his muzzled jaws on a flying quail. The covey streaked away, with Judas in futile pursuit.

"There'll come a day," Duff said, unruffled, "when you'll stand there and watch them bust loose all around you, and hear me shoot, and you'll know better than to move until I say move."

Presently the burden of the chain began to show in Judas' range. He became limited, and instead of casting in long diagonals cut more sharply across the front, and once they saw him check back after hearing Lucie's clear call. He found five coveys, also flushed and attacked a farmer's guinea flock, a hog, and a milk cow, but since he was muzzled the principal damage was to the cow's nervous system.

Next time they ran him, he again pulled the chain for what seemed an incredible time, before shortening his distance; and then again he seemed to begin showing a slight regard for the direction of his handlers. On the third Sunday, Duff waited until the chain had tired the dog down, then he spurred his horse and caught him.

When Wesley and Lucie came up, he said, "I believe we can try him without the chain now. But if I'm wrong it's going to take some hard riding to keep from losing him. So get ready."

With Judas growling and trying to get his muzzled jaws on him, Duff unfastened the chain, and Judas made a line for a distant oak scrub. They rode on, waiting for him to cut through the scrub and come out ahead. But Judas didn't come out ahead. He bolted.

At night they gave up their search and went back to the kennel.

"I guess we'll have to tell the squire," Lucie said. "That's going to be bad."

Old Amos' eyes glinted when Duff told him. "You mean you been working them horses every Sunday when they due to be a-resting, runnin' that pea-headed, fitified, no-count Judas dog?"

"I thought to break him," Duff said,

slowly seeing his idea for old man's friendship collar.

"Before God," Amos said, whistling, "I hope I drop let a road tramp into me again! You listen to me: I know a little something bird dogs? Hah? That broke, er I'd a done it long ago now, it's shore gone now, and leave them horse work days!"

These weeks the whole kennel was direreading Ambling Sam for championship. This, careful conditioning. A fore the trek to Grand Junction an ancient car stopped a young man in overalls and approached them where the front steps of Wesley's "Mister Hawthorne," farmer said, "have you los

AMOS looked past him at the dog Judas, tied by a wire around a window post.

"No," Amos snapped,

"He's got your name on 'Must be a collar I give ain't lost no dog."

"If you'll bring the dog to the farmer, 'we'll be gi reward. That's our dog. ing." She went around t called Duff. "Here's yo boy come home," she said.

"I ain't paying out not a per cent for that dog," Amos said. "Take him on a bud. You can have him a reward."

"Him?" the farmer asked. "Want no dog like that, M He's a mean un. That dog body. I ain't particular ab ward, just a little some trouble he put me to, gitt Figured I was doing you a "Not nair penny," said him on home and shoot a mind to."

"How'd you catch him?" the farmer, as soon as he g

"He came galloping after turkeys, and I sicked my him. Durned if I didn't h him off my dog, and hir seen he belonged here, a he was one of Mr. Hawth ble bird dogs."

"I ain't paying one per Amos said.

"You live around here: curiously.

"I live thirty miles below were a long way from hon I figured he must a-jump or some such. Don't guess such powerful rambler as

Duff said to Amos: "Litter take that dog back... going to have him broke."

"Hah!" snorted Amos broke will be me, from p wards, and hog money an and turkey money for ther has the unlucky fortune to way."

"I'm going to break him

"Well, why don't you pay You pay for him, and you If he's such an all-fired pting him fer five dollars some bargain," Amos said

"To a man working for lars is a pile of money, b From now on, he's my dog Amos' old mouth split in ing stubs of teeth like sna "I ain't goin' to forget h You can keep him in that l dollar a week and you fur But he ain't to be run or

Song of the Admiral's Daughter



The Admiral's daughter was pretty,
As gorgeous a trick as you'd meet
In country or village or city,
And she was the toast of the fleet.
Her father was proud as a peacock
Of Jennie, his ravishing child—
Though stern as could be in affairs of the sea,
With her the old Spartan was mild.

Sing heigh, sing ho! The navy all thought 'er
Each of a package, the Admiral's daughter.

2. "Now listen to me," said her father,
"My nearest and dearest of chicks,
'Twill save you a whole lot of bother
To copy my personal tricks.
If ever in trouble just swallow
A vigorous dose on the spot.
An old-fashioned purge is the short cut I urge,
I've used it since I was a tot."

Sing heigh, sing ho! The Admiral's daughter
Was cold to the lesson his nibs would have taught 'er.



But Jennie, that fair up-to-dater,
Was tactful, and smart as a whip.
She missed her determined old pater,
And said, "Now I'll give you a tip.
First get at the cause of your trouble,
For find and correct it you should.
And have a treat for my hero to eat
That's ever so crispy and good."

Sing heigh, sing ho! "I think that you oughter
Try ALL-BRAN each morn," said the Admiral's daughter.

4. "My program is pleasant. Please try it.
I'm sure if your trouble is due
To shortage of 'bulk' in your diet,
The remedy, Father, for you
Is KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for your breakfast—
You'll find it effective, I know."
He tasted a dish, and said, "Jennie, I wish
You'd told me of this long ago."

Sing heigh, sing ho! "Drink plenty of water,
And eat it each day," sang the Admiral's daughter.

SURE STARTING SAVES PRECIOUS TIME



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hunting leases, ner from none of my horses. And if he gits loose and kills some farmer's calf, remember he's your dog, not mine. You'll learn not to be so crazy about him." Then he added suddenly, "First thing you do is take off that damn' collar with my name on it!"

Anybody who had a connection with Ambling Sam, Tafton's national figure, amounted to a near celebrity, so Duff Webster's social standing never was in question. He had always avoided bridge parties, the town society's main diversion, but Mrs. Ott's invitation caught him unawares. So he went, thinking that, after all, it might not be so bad. This judgment was confirmed when he drew his tasseled tally card from the ornate silver platter to discover that he was Table 1, Couple 2, and Delia Phillips was his partner.

"Hello," she said, her brown, direct eyes smiling in a friendly way.

He murmured a greeting, annoyed by the ringing in his ears that came when he looked at her at this point-blank range. Most of the players were older and married, which gave him a warm feeling of comradeship for his bridge partner. She seemed to share this feeling, for between hands her manner was almost as if they were alone in the room.

BUT during the play she did not smile; she played with a close earnestness, almost like a cat stalking a quail brood, and he understood that she would not like to lose, no matter how social the game. The first two or three hands Duff could hardly make his eyes stay on the cards, so conscious was he of the presence across the table, and his bidding was half inaudible, not according to Culbertson, and once or twice out of turn. Luckily the first hands were dominated by the opponents, so that Duff's job consisted mostly in following suit. During the dealing of the fourth hand—their opponents had made one game—Duff suddenly remembered that partners at head table don't change, which meant that he could keep Delia for a partner as long as they could remain at head table. Now he forced his cards into focus, saw that they included six hearts with A, K, and J, and satisfactory support. Delia responded to his bidding and gave him a good dummy, and after finessing the queen, losing two spade tricks, he made five and game.

"That was nice," Delia said, looking at him.

From then on he played seriously, and by drawing good cards and being lucky on certain wild finesses and having the really skillful help of Delia, they remained at head table the whole evening. While refreshments were being served, he heard himself saying casually, "If I had a car I'd offer to take you home."

"I live right across the street," she said. "You can walk over with me if you like."

He would not have believed that the prospect of escorting any girl across the street could have put his nerves into a numb tremor. But there was no denying her appeal. Her hair was dark, only slightly darker than her eyes; her lips instead of being thin, were full, with only a small amount of pale lipstick, the effect being one of positive, lasting beauty. But her principal attractiveness acted on senses other than the eye; a powerful animal magnetism that pulled at him as if with silk-covered steel cables.

"I've wondered," she was saying, "why you hadn't come to see me. You said you would, I seem to remember."

"Well . . ."

"Oh, well. Maybe I didn't make such an impression on you. You're here now, anyway."

"I've been pretty busy."

Delia said wisely, "I've been busy with."

"I mean busy training trials?"

They sat in Delia's living room. "What's it like, training?"

"You start in Canada, from one place to another, national championship at C that's all. We go to Gran fore long."

"I've always wanted to can't do it on what a makes. I remember teacher used to get Luc tell the class about some she'd been, romantic-sc like Saskatchewan and V was so envious I could."

Duff said, "You would of the places were so hot."

"Some day, though," I going to see them. May me, some time."

"Me?" Duff said in ast "Maybe," she said, her in amusement.

Duff said, for lack of "Perhaps Amos will his place. He doesn't think I"

"There's been talk abo said. She looked at him "You'd be surprised at h you can have in this tow

There seemed to be meaning to this, but what she meant, Delia t things. She talked about tiny wild growths that sh woods, and presently ros them to show him.

He watched the easy gr as she returned with the when she sat down beside fume of her reached him c held the little plant in the hands, close to her face. see the plant for seeing he to it.

"It's pretty," he mutter you call it?"

"I don't know. I have It's got an odd smell. See the plant toward him, a face toward him at the sa

Deliberately, Duff took her hands, set it on the co then swept Delia into h mouth unhesitatingly me and profound passion. Pr himself floating drunkenly emotional flood. Her fing his back, and now her b fluttering gasps.

"Stop now," she whisp and buried her face aga The ornate clock on the distantly, the cherubs h sides in tireless sweetness hand jumped ahead a r sixty seconds and sprang in.

Finally Delia straighte brightly, "Hello."

DUFF stemmed the rus sprinting through his main one of them was ab he said, "Look, it's time

"What's your hurry, Du

"I have to get up early. She moved a little closly. looked at him and said q go, Duff."

So he stayed longe abruptly he stood up. "S

"Wait a little longer, I

"Can't you understand asked, most of his anger self. "I've got to go."

She rose and stood be put her arms gently arou will I see you again? Soc

"Some time," he said d "Soon?"

"No, it better not be s In her bedroom, after Delia undressed in front

grate. Humming softly
out of her underclothes,
in front of the mirror,
her chorus-girl figure,
warm silk of her gown
er it. She turned on the
stic radio beside her bed.
e came an outpouring of
t each station on only for
preferring to travel from
another.

e was in another world.
beautiful Walnut Room
go dancing to the suave
and now she was here in
ening to Latin rhythms
sh was in London, where
asting an actual air raid.
th you hear is, of course,
l the shuffling noise is
et of people going to air-
ne The city is blacked out.
he d no bombs yet, but I
where near the Thames,
and now she was in Bir-
we are broadcasting
urns of the... She turned
off her father was knock-
do; she was in Tafton, Ala-

PS came in. "I'm afraid
was your mother with all
t," he said.

ated him as he held a pine
th fire to get a light for his
light shone redly on his
at the old ashes and dan-
ne at of his unpressed blue
ple it down low," she said.
Shard come by while you
ne arty," Dr. Phillips said.
ked with us some, when
ou weren't here."

ll, don't care if I did miss

her in surprise. "What's
you and Floyd?"

g," he said absently. "Maybe
dy else on my mind."

ooked at her in perplex-
nk Floyd's sort of got it in his

you're going to marry him.
se pretty much at home

ay I don't think I'm going to
," he said lightly.

ow your own mind, and I ain't
change it. But how come

down on Floyd all of a sud-
t he makes more with his gro-

now than I do."

ean collects more."

a doctor has to heal the sick,
they pay or not. Let's don't

g this again," Dr. Phillips said
Floyd's going to start remod-

we. Going to have a big
nd everything."

aid, "here's a grocery store in
very ers half a block, air-

ed everything. Floyd
be sh a big shot anywhere

Tafton." She looked at her
ughly. "Are you still go-

tomorrow afternoon?"

sonbody decides to have a
re I can get off."

at don at her dressing table
a ruling cleansing cream on

h-skinned face.

"Why don't you ask Duff Webster to
go with you? I know he likes to fish, be-
cause I heard him talking to one of the
boys tonight, and asking if there were
any bass around here."

"Where did he get that idea?"

"He's new around here, and all. He
doesn't know where to go or anything.
It'd be a nice thing for you to do, don't
you think?"

"Well, sure, I'd be glad to take him.
I'll call him tomorrow morning."

"Don't tell him I had anything to do
with it. He might resent it."

Next afternoon when Dr. Phillips
came home for his fishing tackle, he
found Delia in slacks, with her hair done
up in a bright red ribbon. She told him
that she had decided to ride out to the
pond with them, and while they were
fishing she would look for moss and
holly. Duff, too, seemed surprised when
he came out of the boardinghouse to
find her in the car. She explained that
she didn't fish, and that he needn't start
worrying about having a dumb woman
along, because she wouldn't bother them
at all.

Dr. Phillips had brought an extra rod
for Duff. They went in two boats, and in
opposite directions. As he fished, Duff's
Negro boatman gave him an account in
detail of his family, of his son who was
farming in Georgia, and another son
who was a waiter in Selma, and of the
daughter who had left home eight years
before and never been heard of since.
But Duff was inattentive, thinking as he
was, not of fishing, but of Delia on the
shore.

Duff fished for an hour and a half
without a strike, and he said, "We might
as well go in, Michael. They're not do-
ing anything."

"Let's don't go in yet, boss. Dey be-
longs to go at it jest before dark. Dr.
Phillips, he catches most his fish atter de
sun done gone down."

But Duff told him to paddle on back
to the landing anyway. There he found
Delia, having gathered her leaves, wait-
ing in the car.

"Not quitting, are you?" she asked.

"They're not doing anything," he said.

"I'm glad you came out. I was be-
ginning to get lonesome," she said.
"Did you think of me last night, after
you left, Duff?"

"Yes, I sure did," he said vehemently.

"I thought of you, Duff," she said
softly. "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Your father might come in and see
us."

"Kiss me," she chided, "and hush."

Later, when her father did come out,
with four bass, she said to Duff, "When
we get home, you might as well stop by
the house and have some supper with
us. That is, if you don't mind cold
chicken."

NOW by day Duff drove himself tire-
lessly, trying to rid his brain of the
thought of Delia. But she followed him
as he rode through the Alabama coun-
tryside, and no matter how hard he re-
sisted he was always remembering the
hot burn of her mouth and the cool
smoothness of her skin. He avoided
Lucie these days, out of pure guilt. But
because everybody was so intent on

HERE'S A SIMPLE AID TO *Clear-Eyed* MORNING SPARKLE



DO THIS...before you go to bed Tonight

DO YOU wake up feeling really fresh
and radiant in the morning? Or are
you frequently listless and logy—tired
and dull-eyed?

If you haven't been waking clear-eyed
and buoyant, you should know this. To-
day, science is reporting startling discov-
eries about food. About new-found,
almost-magic food elements—with power
to revitalize millions of the tired and nerv-
ous and build them up for clear-eyed
mornings and vigorous days.

As you may have read in recent maga-
zines, these new-found food elements are
so important that governments through-
out the world are changing national diets
to include more of them. Warring nations
feed them to their armies, to build up
physical stamina and sound nerves. Deny
them to captive peoples, to sap resist-
ance and undermine morale.

Already our own government is seek-
ing ways to supply more of these ele-
ments. For government studies show that
2 out of every 3 Americans aren't sure of
getting enough of these vital food-factors
to be at their best.

What To Do

In light of these new discoveries, thou-
sands are taking a cup of new, improved
Ovaltine night and morning. For Oval-
tine is a scientific food-concentrate de-
signed to do two important things.

First: Taken warm at bedtime, Oval-
tine fosters sound sleep—without drugs.

Second: To build vitality while you
sleep, Ovaltine supplies a wider variety
and wealth of valuable food elements
than any single natural food. More than
merely a "vitamin carrier," it provides
not just two—or four—or six—but eleven
important food elements, including vita-
mins and minerals frequently deficient in
ordinary foods. It supplies significant
amounts of Vitamins A, B₁, D and G,
protecting minerals, complete proteins.

So—for clear-eyed morning freshness
and more vital, buoyant days—turn to
the new, improved Ovaltine, starting to-
night. See if you don't begin to look and
feel far more "alive" and sparkling—
with new zest for life. Get a tin today!

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Please send free samples of Regular and
Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting
new booklet about certain new-found miracle
elements in food and the promise they hold.
One sample offer to a person.

Name

Address

City State

Ovaltine
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK



Empty Glass

CHUCKLE JOHNSON

Ambling Sam's preparation for the National Championship she didn't seem to notice it.

Some nights Duff forced himself to go to a show, or to the poolroom, in order not to be drawn to Delia's house. Then, next day, a call for him would come to the boardinghouse, and it would be Delia. Why hadn't he come around last night? And he would be angered by the eagerness with which he heard her voice.

"I must be losing my power," Delia would say lightly.

"I wish you were," he would answer fervently.

"Ah, now, Duff. How could you stay away last night, when you know I wanted to see you?"

"Well, I had some things to do, and all . . ." he answered. And then he would hear himself say, "What about tonight?"

"Not tonight—now. Come now," she answered.

And he would go.

The night before they were to leave for Grand Junction, Duff finally steeled himself to say the things to Delia that he knew he should have said long ago. When he got ready to go home that night he stood up and said:

"Delia, this is our last night together. I'm not coming back."

She smiled languidly up at him. "Ah, you're joking, Duff."

"No. I'm not joking. Listen, and try to believe me and understand me. I'm supposed to be in love with somebody else—you know who—and I'm supposed to be engaged to her—"

"But you're in love with me!"

"Who said so?"

"Nobody said so."

"Well, you're too rich for my blood, I know that. I can't keep coming to see you and kissing you and thinking about you all day, when I'm supposed to be thinking of somebody else. It isn't fair, Delia. I don't know how I'm going to manage to stay away from you, but I'm going to do it."

Dr. Phillips came in immediately afterward, and he found Delia seated on the footstool in front of the fire, staring thoughtfully at the smoke from her cigarette.

"I passed Webster going out. He's leaving earlier than usual."

"Yes, he's gone," she said slowly.

Her tone arrested him. "For good?"

She smiled thoughtfully. "Oh, no. Just for a while."

GRAND JUNCTION is a quiet village whose only pretension to anything grand is the fact that it is the best-known field-trial center in the world. For about three hundred and fifty days a year, the village is almost dormant; then field-trial week approaches and the municipal pulse steps up. The housewives put their spare room in shape to take care of the visitors, and begin collecting groceries for lunches to be prepared, and the men start arranging for horses from surrounding farmers.

The druggist, whose store is used as a clubroom during the trial, looks to his stock of soft-drink syrup and orange juice, and arranges his floor space to allow for the prolonged bull sessions. On days when the weather is too rough for dog-running, men in boots occupy all the tables, the fountain stools, the counters, and most of the standing space, and it is an achievement to walk in and buy a roll of gauze and come out within a half-hour.

The drawings were held Sunday night at the hotel in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and bird-dog conversation. Duff came late, entering in the silence that accompanies the announcement of the pairings. Lucie gave him a wink; she was sitting between Teague McGinnis and Ralph Skown, the young sportsman

owner of Hotfoot, and Duff did not wink back.

"In the first brace, Maybelle Maze with Rider's Willie," the secretary called, as he drew from the hat containing the names of thirty-six dogs, twenty-nine pointers and seven setters, all of whom had necessarily won a recognized trial previously. "Second brace, Medalion with . . . Hotfoot. Third brace . . ." Ambling Sam was called for the sixth brace, with a bold young pointer called Ticonderoga. That meant the afternoon of the third day of running.

After the drawings, the handlers and owners and wives and reporters resumed their talk. The handlers began drifting off first, to be sure their dogs were well quartered for the night. Since the running would take more than a week, a good many of the dog men in the lower heats got ready to go back home, to return later.

Lucie was a center of considerable in-

terest, and Duff had a hard time saying to her privately, "Let's blow."

terest, and Duff had a hard time saying to her privately, "Let's blow."

"Gee, honey," she said, "I haven't had so many men to play with in a coon's age. I think I'll stay and give my eyelashes a little exercise."

Outside, a thin filtering of snow had begun, falling in tiny whispers past the bare limbs of the trees as Duff walked, feeling the chill of it against his face, seeing it sift down past the corner street lights, stepping upon the thin cushion of it on the sidewalk concrete. He wondered if his dog Judas was well bedded and warm, back in Tafton. In front of the house where he was boarding, he paused at the gate, then went on past, his coat turned up, walking slowly, aimlessly. He kept wondering where Lucie was, and whom she was with. He hadn't thought he would mind her being out with someone else, but he did. The feeling that held him was not of anger, but of lonesomeness.

The worst part of it was that her going out with somebody else was tacit permission for him to do the same. She had removed one of his principal weapons for resisting Delia's silken pull.

Once summoned, the image of Delia persisted. He remembered the afternoon in the car, when he had held her chin in his hands, and he could still recall the perfumed smoothness of her skin. For a few steps he even imagined

King, in his mackinaw and rubber boots; and Nash Buckingham, who wrote "The Shootin'est Gennelmun."

The handlers held their eager dogs. Mr. Ames looked at his watch. Time, 8:47.

"Ready, gentlemen?" Dr. King asked.

"Okay," the handlers said.

"All right, let 'em go."

The men unsnapped the leads, and the two dogs bolted away like whippets. For two hundred yards they stayed locked in a dog race, then Rider's Willie swung off through the soggy cornfield and began bird hunting. Maybelle Maze made a turn off somewhat to the right, too, and disappeared over the rise.

The application of neither dog, said the Field report later, was impressive. When the turn into the low country was made, Willie made several tentative points in open, stabbing forward, then dashed on with game being seen. A bevy, the first of the day, was observed on the ground at honeysuckle thicket. When the second road was crossed, Willie searched more diligently; he subsequently proved a hard-running dog with a penchant for finding game. He had an unproductive point in edge of cotton field at a fringe of bleached grass near plum thickets, starch if not stylish on this, but thereafter he piled up an impressive bird score albeit the bird work was not inspirational in quality. . . .

Willie frequently contacted beavies were cleanly handled a plethora of style; two sent stops to flush, and pointed, then roared and paused to wing. . . .

Maybelle Maze and finished the three hours weary; neither had run a championship race. But pleased with the somber first brace had proved were there.

One of the handlers looked and said to Teague McGinnis that snow, and you could have a better afternoon."

The judges and three had lunch in the magnificent house. Everybody else ate in a rustic style; after lunch there were few strangers.

At 12:57, Teague McGinnis held under Hotfoot's lion, the other dog, who eagerly on his hind legs, grasped.

"Now, boys," said a ringleader, "if you want to see a dog, you just watch them go. . . ."

TEAGUE MCGINNIS from the great open space born in the marshes of the edge of the Cajun country was a rice farmer, and where were making their killing money on good saddle horses and foxhounds. After rice failed, just another way to lose McGinnis lost their stake; he found oil on the land. He moved to Houston, and built a hundred-thousand-dollar house in the country, full of intricate controlled by push buttons; his wife imperturbably lolled with her hat on his head and nothing on her back.

Six high-class dogs had second floor, dogs young and various amateur trials at try. He and one of the dogs won second. But Mr. McGinnis less with his marble staircase indirect lighting and his oil and he began speculating and that was the end of it ended up back in the north.

Teague didn't mind being either, except that it interested bird dogs. So he became a trainer and handler. The difference, he found, between amateur trial and an open hard-working professional starve by the performance. For a long time he himself category of starving professional by the aid of shooting him for training at two months. The dogs he had amateur trials found he formed well, but they had extra degree of fire it took company.

One day a letter came from Skown, of Houston, who was shooting dogs for training.

"Dear Mr. McGinnis:

"Today I shipped you a Kentucky Babe puppy. It's a good dog and might make you a good one. You might worm him and temper shots. Let him run and he pleases before shutting. I haven't named him; I'll name him when he comes."

"Sincerely,

"RALPH SKOWN"

The puppy was only five months when he arrived. The use on being shipped away from home transported by a noisy, veeyance, among strange



"Echo Lake is getting us all confused, sir"

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When you pour milk or cream over an ordinary cereal, what happens? Dead silence. But not with golden Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Instantly, they snap! crackle! pop! to tell how crisp they are first bite to last.

Nothing prosy about the flavor, either. Kellogg's own recipe, oven-popping and toasting, give a zestful richness. Perfect for unkinking fussy appetites.

Get your family in stride with spring! Serve sunny Rice Krispies!

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smells, emerges from his dog crate unhappily cringing before unknown feet and wetting the ground nervously. But this puppy came out in one exuberant leap, made a couple of joyous circles around the yard, then attacked Teague's Negro's trouser cuff ferociously, pulling and growling. The Negro, Hansel, lifted his leg and the puppy held on until all his feet were off the ground. Next he jumped halfway up toward Teague's face, in an effort to lick it, then started his mad circling again.

"He goin' so fast," Hansel laughed, "he goan burn his feets up!" After that the dog's name was Hotfoot.

When Hotfoot's puppy days were over, and it was time for him to steady down and quit chasing anything that ran before him, he broke easily. He had two wins as a derby, one on chickens and one on quail. As the dog's reputation grew, McGinnis' fortunes rose, and by the time Hotfoot was an all-age dog, the Texan's kennels held all the shooting dogs he could train, and two or three first-class field-trial dogs. When he moved to Alabama, Hotfoot ran better than ever.

RUNNING in his first National Championship, Hotfoot found six coveys, five of which he handled cleanly, pointing positively and loftily. The American Field later reported: *He ran with sparkle, as if he were having the time of his life, and in the opinion of many would have sewed up the stake if he had negotiated the treacherous Hell's Forest with more ease. Even so, it was generally granted that the pace he set was a fast one. Several of the other handlers had to voice discouragement at their chances, though, of course, not openly. . . . Medallion having been out of judgment for thirty minutes, Hotfoot's race toward the last was against the snow. He lost this race, but turned it to victory when in the last eight minutes he meritoriously pointed a huddled bevy in a sumac thicket, with the big flakes now falling in almost blinding profusion. That point was something to remember. . . .*

Next morning the Tennessee countryside was white-covered. Shortly after eight o'clock, the call came from the Ames house to Frank Swift's drugstore, "There will be no running today. . . ."

Now was the time to talk about old races and duck shooting and night fox hunting and guns and walking horses. Some of the men got up a dime poker game. But most of them, during the day, stayed around the drugstore. Bill Brown, of the Field, Dean Coridan, himself a prominent field-trial judge, and Nash and Hugh Buckingham, and Frank Vestal; and the owners, and the dog men—Harris, Beven, Wilson, Redman, Payton, Smith, Prickett, Farrior, Kirk, Gates, Humphreys, English, Morton, the Crangles, Crawford, Frazier, and all the rest of them.

Outside the snow fell intermittently; and inside they recalled the time Jim Avent was disqualified for running at a derby a dog with worn teeth, and the bill the late Al Hochwalt got from the Negro taxi driver who carried him to the trial grounds which itemized: "Three comes and three goes at four bits a went—\$3.00."

"A dog I won't never forget," said Amos Hawthorne, "was old Joe Cumming, an Antonio setter. You talk about your dogs with sand in their craw, well, this setter was one of 'em. Guts? Aye, damn, he had a full belly of 'em. I mind that championship he run in, 'be-time recent, anyhow. Him and another lieve it was 1899 or thereabouts, not no dog, I fergit his name, was the hot shots, and in the first heat it was just gee and haw between 'em, both of 'em running and finding and not a bobble. That night some says Joe won, and some says this

other dog—Dave Earl hi But the judges, as usual, w it's so and the was c shot of it was that both de back for the next day.

"Next morning they ha t no n the e le- b top- ere w e all- let! some- g, to- as a- ng- bre- Joe- cher- og! i- fin- the- refer- me- the- ther- and- as a- then cast them dogs off v setter, he begin to run on t anybody but a fool coul plumb lame. Well, Titus h dog and took a look, and nothing to be seen to c: limping, and so he decided on, thinking it might be ju of stiffness. Joe he was wi away he went, three-legg stool. Before terrible muc! der we seen him, froze up tus flushed 'em, and shot, there grinning at him; an he went again. The other running good, but he was birds much, and it looked Joe run the better he got. we seen he was letting that the ground every now a when the second hour com forgot all about being lar hell-a-lickety, with one fo another. He won, too.

"Well, seemlike that's : the- ad- draw- take- him- he- to- in- s- for- it- the- kn- ce- ber- d- and- ot- to it, until next day. They in the living room—fixing picture if I make no somebody begin fooling w ting him, feeling around h what had ailed it the day to find out Joe had ramme locust thorn plumb throug pad had done closed over tom, and it didn't quite c on the other side. They g opened 'er up a little so t holt with a pair of pliers, an it out. That dog had got s he just forgot he had a sor-

Somebody said, "I like g in a e- Al- Mr- h- thorne?" but I like brains, too. You John now. Remember his

"He had a head on him, right- see- ca- a fast- is do- aldn- ally- er th- dn't- f. I- d dog- p Al- news- faced- me- ever- that- over- r was- she- ch- more- and- lch- John run, but if he was bet pointer bitch Mary, he was I'll stick with Mary. I saw National Championship wh turned two years old, hard a puppy. Then she came b it twice more, and won at in between."

"Well," somebody said, John run, but if he was bet pointer bitch Mary, he was I'll stick with Mary. I saw National Championship wh turned two years old, hard a puppy. Then she came b it twice more, and won at in between."

THE great old dogs lived e n that- and- Bud- id- Gladstone and John Procto M, and the young men sat Duff leaned forward and but he didn't miss a word he thought, they'll have a talk about and remember- black-hearted devil nameo-

"Well," someone said: can name all them old do your pick. But I don't belie them could've beat Amos Ambling Sam, in his day."

"What you mean, in his demanded, and the others"

"I mean when he was yo "Let me tell you somet said coldly. "Ambling San ter, is next Thursday."

(To be continued nex eek)

The Long Stretch

Continued from page 16

he contracted for 1,200,000 tons of synthetic rubber in 1942. Doubt that every pound shipped. Albert L. Viles, the Rubber Manufacturers Association's American who sat in on a meeting of the International Rubber Regulation Committee, testified to the confidence of the Dutch. If Japan did not interrupt, no doubt there would be a supply of rubber. The Japanese were being wiped off by only an interruption. A week or maybe two at longer.

Mr. Knox, Secretary of the War Relocation Authority, no opportunity to declare his opinion, our own confidence less supreme. Of course all of the rubber for which had contracted! The 430,000 tons in 1941, and the 1,200,000 tons delivered in 1942. Rubber shot up to a new high of a year without a word of any government agency. It was actually heavy annual crop rubber. Throughout 1939 and 1940 we sold some 125,000 tons to other nations and, of this, 60,000 tons went to the United States. This is how much we feared the potential enemies.

ing its recommendation, was careful to say that the facilities for making synthetic rubber should be constructed only if it was believed that our supply of natural rubber would be cut off. Such a belief was held by no one at the time, not even the most agitated admiral or general.

A pretty tangle, and in October the council turned it over to Jesse Jones for investigation and study. A common-sense procedure that did not stir a single voice of protest. After several months of hard work, Mr. Jones and his experts reported a fair amount of success. They had succeeded in straightening out the messed-up patent situation, and the Goodrich people were proudly exhibiting some tires that came within 85 per cent of meeting War Department specification.

On May 8, 1941, therefore, Mr. Jones went up to the Capitol, and laid the whole matter before Congress.

The stenographic record shows a complete presentation of every fact in the case. Synthetic rubber, he explained, was not entirely satisfactory, and development would cost a good many millions. Moreover, it might well prove a waste of money, for there was no indication that America would ever be cut off from the Far East supply. All the same, it looked like good policy to have an ace in the hole. The consensus, both in the Senate and House, was that at least one, if not more, experimental plants with a limited capacity, should be financed by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. On May 15th, Mr. Jones, through the Defense Plant Corporation, authorized the construction and equipment of synthetic rubber plants having a rated capacity of 10,000 tons per year. In July, 1941, the agreements were amended to provide for the increase in the production capacity of these plants to 40,000 tons. Due to co-operative effort of the companies, the actual production capacity was 60,000 tons per year. These plants, with existing facilities and new plants owned and being built by industry, brought the total capacity to approximately 100,000 tons, the amount recommended by the council.

Then—Pearl Harbor!

This, then, was the rubber picture in November, 1941. With 430,000 tons of natural rubber, either delivered or on the way, 1,200,000 tons bought for delivery in 1942, and the synthetic program booming ahead, America sat on top of the world. Both the President and Mr. Jones looked to have the right to exchange congratulations. Neither from the Army nor the Navy came a hint of dissatisfaction with what had been done or a suggestion as to what more might be done. There was no reproving word from either Congress or the press.

Then Pearl Harbor! Not even this debacle, however, had power to shake the confidence of the British and the Dutch. With "impregnable" Singapore on guard, the rubber-producing countries of the Far East stood secure against assault. Why the excitement? Nothing was more certain than that every pound of America's purchases would be delivered safely and on time. That was a general feeling then, and it is to the everlasting credit of the President and Jesse Jones that they refused to be soothed.

On January 12th, a government investment of \$400,000,000 increased the synthetic rubber program to an annual capacity of 400,000 tons, and well before

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EVERY-

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Mobil Stop-Leak
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WHERE

NATION KNOWS

Mobil Window Spray
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Mobil Radiator Flush
Mobil Lustre Cloth

the fall of Singapore, another \$200,000,000 was tossed into the pot, upping potential capacity to 700,000 tons a year. Under a patent-pooling arrangement, four companies began producing buna rubber for tires and tubes; Standard Oil of Louisiana started turning out butyl, adequate for barrage balloons, insulation and various mechanical goods; and the du Pont plant, taken over by the government and enlarged, produced neoprene.

Now in staggering succession came the capture of Manila and the successful invasion of Malaya and the East Indies, ending all hope that Jesse Jones' 1,200,000 tons of rubber would be delivered in 1942. At that, no cause for worry raised an ugly head, for as of March 15th, America's 1942 rubber supply figured up as follows: Held by Rubber Reserve Company, 325,000 tons; afloat, but certain of safe delivery, 105,000 tons; in hands of the industry, 170,000 tons; obtained from England in exchange for cotton, 90,000 tons; reclaimed rubber, 48,000 tons. Add 40,000 tons of synthetic rubber that will be produced this year and some 60,000 tons from Latin-American countries and the total is 838,000 tons. Experts estimate domestic consumption for 1942 at 547,000 tons. Deducting this amount from 838,000 tons, leaves a surplus of 291,000 tons.

Then why restrictions? For the simple reason that it is no longer a question of meeting only our own rubber needs. Almost overnight, America is called on to supply the rubber demands of every other member of the United Nations group with the exception of Brazil and possibly Mexico. From the greatest rubber importing country in the world we must now become the greatest rubber exporting country in the world. Russia, China, the Dutch, Australia, Africa, Burma, Canada, and most of South America all look to us for rubber. So does England, for out of their faith in the impregnability of Singapore, the British bought rubber from day to day, laying in no stock pile whatsoever.

Planning an Effective Campaign

Now then to answer that opening question about the outlook for civilian rubber users. Draw close and listen carefully: After the needs of the fighting forces, defense workers, auxiliary firemen and policemen, doctors and nurses, as well as the pressing demands of every other anti-Axis nation have been met, mighty little rubber is going to be left for ordinary folks. Anyone who doesn't drive slowly, turning corners on all four wheels and avoiding sudden stops, is a good deal of a fool, for when tires give out, there will be no replacements; perhaps some recapping if the situation improves, but retreading is doubtful. Very doubtful. "Black markets" are springing up in every hole and corner, to be sure, but don't count on them.

The black market problem will soon disappear because the Defense Supplies Corporation is going to round up all the tires now in retail dealers' hands.

They amount to somewhere between eight and nine million tires, and the government will pay the dealers their cost plus ten per cent, allowing a few tires to remain on hand to satisfy the current needs of the local tire-rationing boards.

After the dealers' stock is completely exhausted, the rationing boards will make demands on this government pool, which will be stored in jobbers' and manufacturers' warehouses.

The dealers' contribution to this huge tire pool will be about six and a half million tires, and before the rationing starts the DSC will make a careful survey in the interests of conservation and

make sure that the oldest tires are used first.

A ban on new tires, on retreading and maybe recapping is not the end by any means. Even now a survey of essential transportation is under way, and out of it may come an order "immobilizing" a half or even two thirds of the 27,500,000 passenger cars and 5,000,000 trucks careering so gaily over streets and highways. That's Washingtonese for putting them out of active use and jacking them up to be held as a tire reserve. Moreover, there's a chance that the cars themselves may be commandeered if needs grow more acute.

Restrictions instead of easing up are likely to press heavier and heavier. Even scrap rubber is going to be guarded no less vigilantly than the pure article, for the War Production Board counts confidently on 350,000 tons a year from the country's junk piles. Bicycle tires will be made out of reclaimed rubber. Almost everything else that has been

tolerated in a crossroads garage: A full 53 per cent of tires surveyed found to be underinflated, some being 50 per cent below recommended pressure; 37 per cent improperly mounted; a tire guaranteed for 30,000 miles thrown away after 12,000 miles; in one scrap pile of 636 tires, 231 found suitable for reissue; no standardized procedure for selecting, testing and training drivers; no uniform plan for inspections, correct inflation and proper mounting; no training schools for instruction in storage, care and maintenance of tires, tubes and tire accessories; no organized system of base repair shops and a lack of mobile shops.

Here's another instance of waste: The Farm Security Administration has no connection whatsoever with housing, yet last June this agency began buying trailers to serve as homes for defense workers. All in all, close to three thousand were bought, and parked in some fifty government camps with the tires

fairly certain that restricted off materially. A but based on these figures sources: 291,000 tons car 1942 plus 250,000 tons of ber plus 50,000 tons from can countries plus 350,000 tons of reclaimed rubber, all add up to 1,000 tons.

Certainly 1944 should be asked of civilians but by then synthetic rubber have reached a peak of 70 for 1945 and 1946, those bring an abundance such never known.

Collier's told you last article called Bringing F about the vast development search program that is un forever America's dependence Far East as a source of

Take Brazil: Not only entered into a contract with government to buy a plus for the next five years set up a fund of \$5,000,000 in expanding the production in the Amazon region roaring years before the Hevea Braziliensis seeds ber production was less than a year, but roads, sanitation proved production technique double and treble this amount

America's Best

A better prospect is offered by Central America where the Bureau of Planting planted more than 11,000 Hevea Braziliensis in cooperation with the various governments of the industry.

Best prospect of all, however, is the rabbit brush that grows eight or nine Western states. Figure that there is enough to produce 40,000 tons a year, though low rubber content of 2 per cent make the cost prohibitive cheap method of extraction found.

Then there are two varieties of milkweed with a rubber running from 6 to 8 per cent. The Colorado rubber weed is white. The Madagascar growing in the United States to the frost line, has less than 2 per cent of rubber, but the quality good. The scientists have covered some inexpensive processing the rubber out of these plants.

This research and experimentation is interesting and may prove but in the last analysis, synthetic is America's best bet. The genius of the industry, as government experts, has already beyond the Germans, and results are in the offing. Rubber figures in the manufacture of 32,000 articles in everyday discoveries in synthetic rubber and lowered production plantings of Hevea Braziliensis, Central America and Africa also hold promise of abundant supply. What than an enlarged rubber industry bled and even trebled in lift rubber articles from 32 or even a 100,000? Anyways comes, the Western Hemisphere to be self-sufficient in the matter of rubber.

Considering everything gloomy picture after all. Restrictions for the next two wringing many a groan from who have lost the use of a brighter outlook for 1943 use in 1944, and a burst of 1945 and 1946!

THE END



"Say, I'm six payments behind on that piano I bought from you! Aren't you going to do anything?"

produced from scrap will be prohibited—tires for lawn mowers, baby buggies and farm implements, bath caps, golf bags, household articles, wearing apparel and things like that.

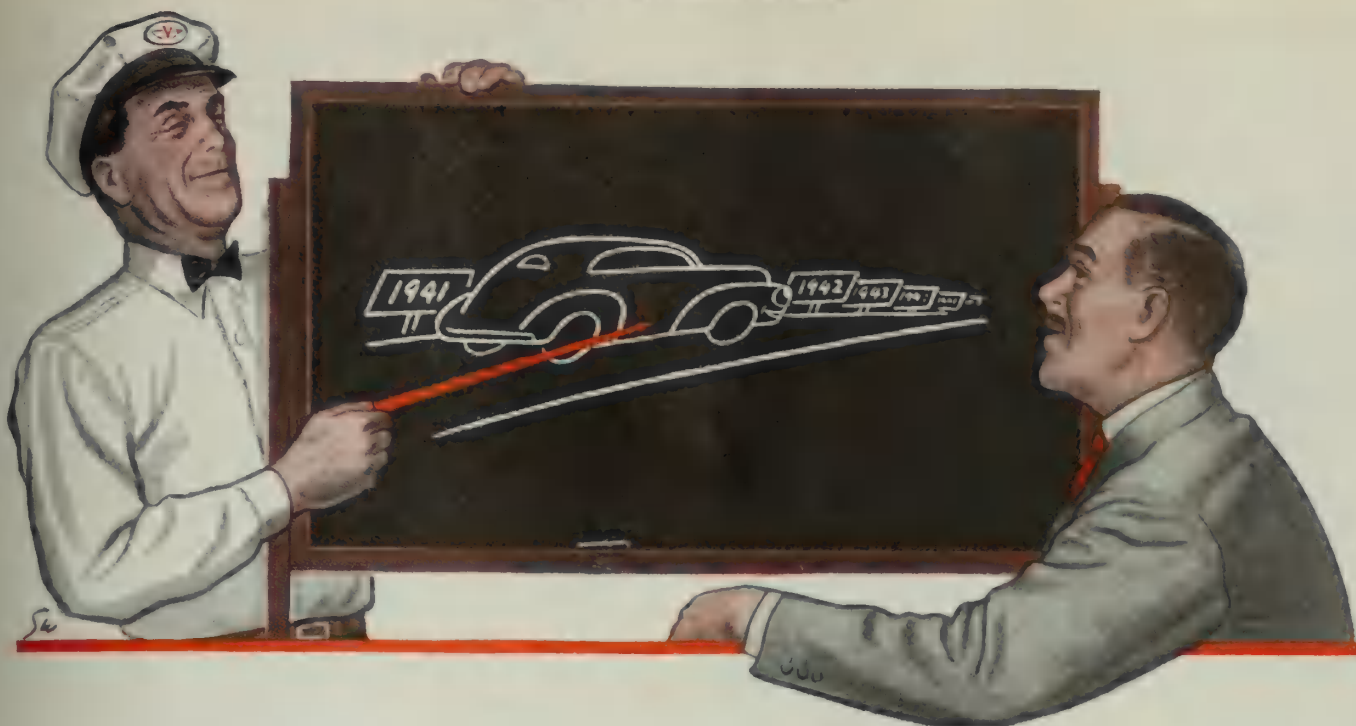
It's a black picture shot through here and there with gleams of light. Some pretty tough men are handling rubber allocations for the War Production Board and nothing is more certain than that no demand will be met until it has been gone over with a cold, hard eye. Every nation will be required to prove its need and justify it in all particulars. So will the Army and Navy and every agency concerned in any degree with the war effort. Not long since, the Office of Civilian Defense excitedly slammed in an order for 60,000,000 gas masks enough to take care of every coast state—Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf—and also to provide for people in the mountains, desert and prairies. But will OCD get them? Not a chance! Only 5,000,000 at the most!

Judging from surveys made already, an end to the waste of rubber by the government itself would almost take care of the rubber shortage. The Army is a chief offender, for a recent report revealed conditions that would not be

still on. And even weeks after Pearl Harbor, most of them were still on. According to one embittered WPB man, if the gospel of essential use was applied to every federal agency, rubber restrictions could be cut to a minimum. But—and it's a cheering "but"—these abuses are going to be corrected. Already orders have been given that will make division and company commanders take the same care of tires and tubes as of guns.

Another important item in connection with rubber is some decision as to the theater of operations. Where is the war going to be fought this year? In Australia, in Africa, on the Russian front, in Asia, in the British Isles or in the United States? Hitler and Hirohito have something to say about it, of course, but so do the United Nations. Obviously enough, the field of war and the character of the fighting have a decisive bearing on rubber needs.

Even with the maximum in rubber-saving, however, 1942 is going to be a tough year for every automobile owner who can't prove essential use. Jittery Washington means to take no chances. In 1943, given an end to waste and some intelligent ascertainment of needs, it is



A Short Course in Driving Longer

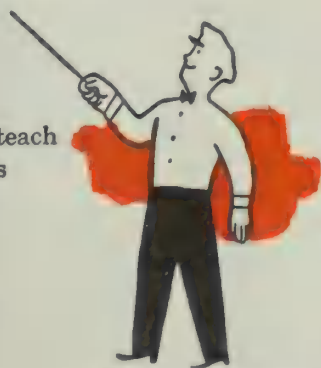


This is you, learning how to drive—thousands of miles longer than you expected to! (Aren't we all?)



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This is your teacher—a bright, fast-footed Veedol dealer. He'll teach you how to dodge engine-and-chassis WEAR the expert Veedol way.



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LUBRICATION



LESSON No. 2 is—pamper the chassis with Veedol *Safety-Check* Lubrication. It's scientific, thorough, blessed by your car maker. Your expert Veedol dealer gets *all* the wear spots, with the *right* lubricants. He *Safety-Checks* your tires, too—and tells you how to make 'em last.

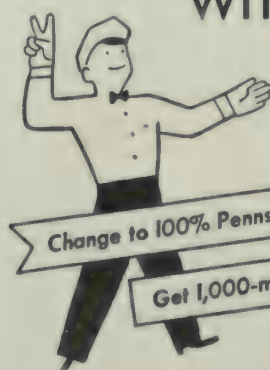


You're graduated with a degree of M. C. D. (Master of Carefree Driving). But be sure to enroll today. See your Veedol dealer now—and for a brush-up course every 1000 miles!

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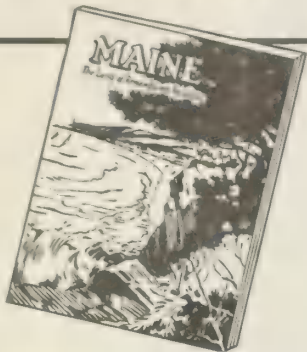
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him change to number fifteen. He went back to the hoodoo identification and won ten of his next dozen games.

Any other resemblance between the firebrands is purely coincidental, however. Higbe is not, and probably never will be, the pitcher Dizzy was. He is not quite as smart in a baseball sense or as resourceful; his leaping fast ball does not explode in the batter's startled face as did Dizzy's Sunday pitch when the heat was on and stern measures were needed to cool off the opposition. Higbe is not particularly big for a pitcher, especially a work-horse pitcher. He is an inch under six feet and weighs 180 pounds.

But in their attitude toward their profession, both are brothers of the same lodge, and for that reason alone, Higbe will continue to be a big winner and a jewel of great price in the diamond trade. Brooklyn had to give up \$100,000 in cash and three players to get him from the Phillies after the close of the 1940 season, and Mr. Leland Stanford MacPhail has no cause whatever to regret the deal. The \$100,000 insured a million-dollar pennant.

A Civic Catastrophe

Higbe's devotion to duty and the Dodgers was demonstrated in convincing fashion last July when the Bums went into their most harrowing swoon of the season and probably would have collapsed with a dull thud, only for our hero. On July 20th, a Sunday, public morale in Brooklyn was so low that three witches riding broomsticks and wearing Giant uniforms could have taken the borough without a struggle. It was bad enough that the Bums, dividing a double-header with the Pirates while the Cardinals were licking the Braves twice, had their lead cut to a game and a half before going west for the third trip of the year. Infinitely worse was the ghastly news that Higbe, the symbol of strength, the strong-arm boy, had been rushed to the hospital. The stricken gladiator had an unruly appendix and might be out for the season.

Learned soothsayers probed the patient and presently announced that Koiby undubitably would live, might even be able to pitch in a week if he took things easy. Civic jubilation was extensive; religion enjoyed a revival in the City of Churches. The following day, Monday, the team entrained for the West, and Higbe turned up with a fat cigar in his kisser. He played gin rummy with Billy Herman for nine consecutive hours.

The trip opened in Cincinnati on Tuesday, and Higbe, mindful of his delicate condition, sat quietly in the lobby of the Netherland Plaza Hotel for twenty minutes, a new world indoor record for himself. He then went out to the ball park and proceeded to go nuts, in company with the Brooklyn entourage, when the Bums blew a four-run lead in the ninth and lost to the Reds, 5-4.

Determined to do something about the slump, Higbe on Wednesday night disregarded the doctors' orders, as well as the shoddy support of his jittery comrades, and held the Reds to one earned run in seven innings. Brooklyn won the game in the ninth, 5-4, and inflicted the first defeat of the season upon Elmer Riddle, who had racked up eleven straight for the Reds.

There was no game Thursday, but the Bums had a double-header with the Pirates on Friday. Higbe relieved in the first game. On Saturday, he re-

lieved Luke Hamlin, who was doing a splendid job of blowing a 3-0 lead in the eighth. Higbe fanned Elbie Fletcher to end the inning. He fanned pinchhitters Spud Davis and Rip Collins to end the game with two big, potential runs aboard. Brooklyn won, 3-2.

Sunday brought another Dodger-Pirate double-header. The second game also brought Higbe upon the scene in a relief role. No game Monday. On Tuesday, Higbe started against the Cardinals and had a nice 6-1 lead going into the sixth when he suddenly was overtaken by a wild streak the like of which only he and strabismic southpaw rookies are capable. That one wound up in a 7-all, 12-inning tie. On Saturday, he started against the Cubs, and the Brooklyn won.

On five successive playing days, Higbe pitched at a time he was supposed to be applying ice packs and things to his angry appendix. Thirteen games were played on the trip. Of the six which Brooklyn won, Higbe started two and saved another.

Restless craving for action characterizes Higbe on and off the field. During the season he doesn't average more than three hours of sleep a night; he is wound up so tightly inside that he finds it impossible to relax. The energetic pitcher is the most indefatigable gin-rummy addict east of Hollywood. More than once he has sat up all night and played the spots off a deck of cards with a groggy house dick.

He will play any game with anyone for money, marbles or fun to satisfy his insatiable appetite for action. Last spring, when the Dodgers trained at Havana, Higbe commuted between the ball park and the Casino and once, on an off day, he dug in at a roulette table before noon and didn't leave until the joint closed.

When the team shifted its base to Florida at Safety Harbor, Higbe took complete charge of the lone quarter slot machine in the hotel. He refused to let

anybody else play the thing. He frequently had his wife hold the machine for him. He was called away to practice, a fast guy with a big arm. He tried to tell the fellow he was the percentages and begged him to throw his arm out, pulling Higbe compromised by pulling into the one-armed bandit hand.

After watching the marriage between the man and the credulous onlookers were common. Higbe never will suffer a so-called bandit's iron arm development, but Higbe's business showed no strain at all. His machine with quarters during the team was at Safety Harbor and conservative estimate losses at no less than one dollar a day. The only game which does not appeal to him is horse racing.

You Can't Fool a Major

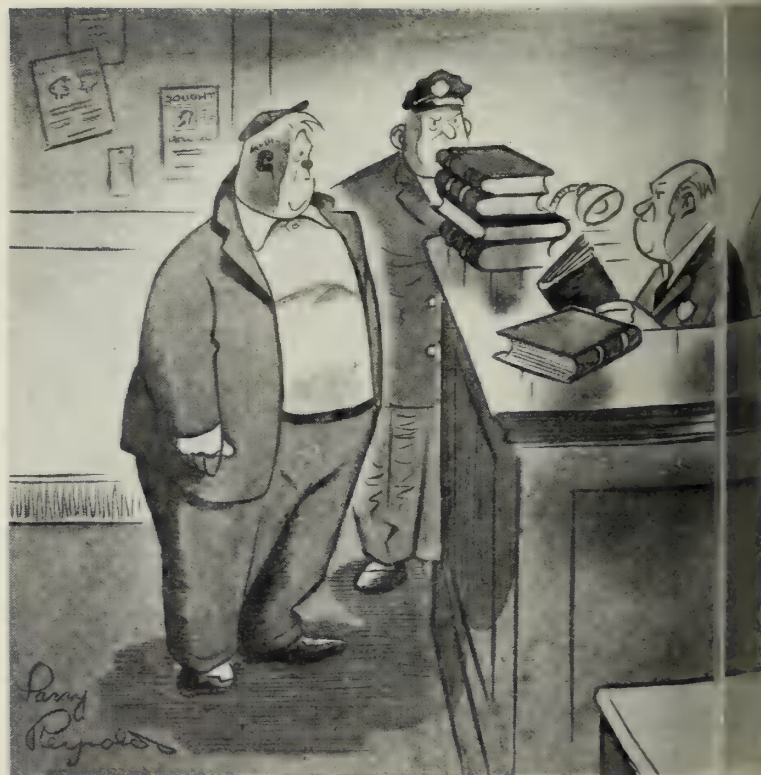
Higbe's entirely innocent ing has given rise to many persons in the dugouts. Last season he made a supposedly secret psychiatrist in Cincinnati, grapevine was intrigued by the effect that the guy really had on his top. The Brooklyn club's eccentric ace to a psychiatrist on other purpose than to let him sleep. It wasn't. Higbe will tell you Higbe is as fond of getting base as he is of getting base.

"It's a lie!" Durocher said. "The screwball is up all night, hard liquor, positively no later, one way or another, but out which men drink and how had a couple on our club but Higbe wasn't one of them. I doubt that Higbe had even a glass of beer once. I doubt that Higbe had even a glass of whisky last year."

It didn't take Higbe long to discover that.

BUTCH

by Larry Reynolds



"I bin readin' about the boys in camp wantin' books —an'—well, there I was in this big, big liberry!"

at affection for a normal, born 27 years ago in Carolina, still his winter got fed up with book seventh grade when he quit school and went to a boy in the local branch Railway and held the ars, or until baseball en- He gravitated naturally g, the center of action, me he was sixteen the quite a reputation. the home post in the gion national amateur 1931, the Columbia kids with Higbe pumping his ene feebled opposition. the regional title at Charlotte, continued unbeaten in als at Manchester, New red through the elimina- Houston, Texas, then Chicago for the national The game lasted four- Higbe gave five hits, n—and lost, 1-0, on an

s crawling with major- and they immediately be- another's throats with on the kid from Carolina. Hilton finally got Higbe with a \$1,000 bonus. e last kind words and the folding money young was to get for six years. ghipped the kid to Wichita chita shipped him home x weeks, his wildness depopulate the Western ecapitation. Muskogee he, xt year, but not for long, ar d he five games he pitched ed, walk an inning. By this ubu had lost interest in the n, d Higbe returned to Co- d be semipros of the sur- ouside. In the next two e deepest Carolina bush, ame and won something -fiv

An Meteoric Rise

wo people believed Higbe ount to a big-league pitcher. ight himself. The other was alloy, the old American flier who was managing a eamst Laurens, South Caro- 34, alloway persuaded At- ke flier on the kid late in a, at our hero promptly lost rtine made and resolutely o his routine of one base on ninn. It was the considered eal competent critics that ldn stand in the middle of Strt and throw three con- balls down that thoroughfare eakg a window.

ng complimentary things do with the quality of Mr. s judgment and eyesight, At- Higbe to Portsmouth in '35. no ll of fire, but Connie ents made a half-hearted at- buy him. They went away pric was mentioned. Higbe at Portsmouth and in '36 had year up to that point in his e we eight games and lost l issed a walk only every ng. he Cubs took him on a farm him out to Moline, of -I League, in '37.

for the first time in six sea- rgand baseball, Higbe won nes tin he lost. He had, in year r himself. He led the th 21 victories and 5 defeats, t the enormous total of 257 15 ings and clinched the or Mine by licking Clinton, he dative play-off game. In sion, e also led the league in

walks and wild pitches, but he was coming along. Promoted to Birmingham in '38, Higbe earned his spot with the Cubs by winning 15 games for a sixth-place club.

The first time the Dodgers saw Higbe in a Chicago uniform they saw entirely too much of him. That was on May 17, 1939, the date of the screwiest game the Dodgers ever played—and the Dodgers have figured in most of the squirrel-cage contests on record. At the end of nine innings, the athletes were locked in a 9-all tie. Ten innings and a lifetime later the score still was 9-9. The Dodgers battered old Earl Whitehill for 15 hits in the first twelve rounds, but Higbe thereafter stopped them colder than the thermometer, which was in the low thirties. He gave the Dodgers one hit in seven innings.

Durocher Didn't Forget

Displaying the sagacity for which they are celebrated, the Cubs twelve days later traded Higbe, Joe Marty, Ray Harrell and the ubiquitous Joe Cash to Philadelphia for Claude Passeau. The latter, working for a first-division club, won 15 games, only three more than Higbe scored for the dreadful Phillies. In 1940, it became obvious that Higbe was not destined to waste his sweetness on the desert air of Philadelphia for long. He won 14 games for the humpty-dumpties and led the league in strikeouts—and bases on balls! The Dodgers, remembering the rookie who had kept them on a hook in the Chicago icebox, investigated further when Higbe defeated the hated Giants five times with two-, three-, four-, five- and seven-hit performances.

MacPhail, determined to buy the pennant for Brooklyn, went into consultation with Durocher after the season and asked his manager to name in order the men he needed to win in 1941.

"Higbe, Mickey Owen, Billy Herman and an outfielder who can hit .780," Durocher snapped. MacPhail bought in order all the players but the outfielder, and you will please note that Higbe's name led all the rest. That's how it turned out at the end of the year when he won 22 games and lost 9.

That he lost more than two or three games was strictly his own fault—the old fault, lack of control. Nobody knows when these fits of wildness are due. He can go along pitching an elegant game—in sixteen of his victories last year he gave the opposition two runs or less—and then it happens out of nowhere. His control goes off the beam; first it gets bad, then it gets worse, and finally the customers sitting in the upper tier behind the plate are fleeing for the bomb shelters. His trouble is not emotional; for a citizen of his volatile temperament, Higbe is a surprisingly calm, dead fish on the mound. He simply cannot throw the ball up an alley when he is seized by a spasm.

"There's only one thing to do when he gets like that," Durocher admits. "You gotta get him out or they'll knock him out. If he ever learns control, he'll be the Feller of the National League."

Higbe doesn't want to be difficult about this, but he doubts he ever will see that happy day.

"You can't change an ole hound dawg," he says casually. "Besides, I might get belted if I had better control. Them bums at the plate would take toe holds on my stuff if they knew the ball was comin' over. Shucks, I got to leave my mark on this game somehow. Looks like the only way I can do it is with bases on balls. Give me ten years in this league and I'll bust every record in the book."

And, incidentally, win a hatful of ball games too!

THE END



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CULOTTES FOR ACTION

BY MARY LEWIS

UP TO now, if someone called you "culottic," that was merely a highbrow way of saying you were respectable. "Sans-culottic" meant the opposite. It all started back in the French Revolution, when respectable people wore culottes—pants—and the rest didn't.

Nowadays, more and more American girls are becoming more and more culottic every day—although the meaning of the word has been changed. A culotte now is a divided skirt, and a divided skirt is about the neatest thing a girl can wear riding a bicycle.

Until the war started, eighty-five bicycles out of every hundred were made for children. Now the grown-up models are the only ones made.

Even with rationing of new wheels, there probably will be some bicycles—including used ones—available for civilians after the necessary number has been assigned to war workers. The model for women—without the top frame bar—is far ahead of the male model, although girls in shorts or slacks ride either.

Thousands of girls nowadays are doing the marketing, going to first-aid classes, garden-club meetings and their war jobs on two wheels instead of four. The old tandem, even, is back—when you can find one—with youthful romance proceeding fore and aft from saddles instead of side by side on an upholstered auto seat.

Well, fashions usually more or less express the times in which they appear. The bicycle boom means culottes in a big way. They seem the best answer to what-to-while-pedaling. Regulation slacks need ankle clips to keep them from tearing in the sprockets. Shorts demand good legs. Skirts are standard; skirts are feminine. But they can blow up in a wind if they're full; ride up if they're tight.

The culotte has the grace and attractiveness of a skirt; the convenience and practicality of pants. It can be worn anywhere, all day. It may be of any one of a score of fabrics or colors. It can be paired with blouses or sweaters, or be the lower half of a jumper dress.

It's the answer to the girl who wants to keep 'em wheeling! ★★★

Right: Reporting for duty in a defense plant. Her culotte skirt is cotton covert with saddle leather belt. Red flannel waistcoat for warmth and dash, and short navy blue wool reefer jacket





Cuties can travel everywhere. The young lady above wears a rain jumper culotte to market, with a gay plaid gingham shirt. Her next job will be anchoring the box to her bicycle carrier

Right, above: Vacation bound, but time out for a breather. The cowgirlskirt, shirt and kerchief are of sturdy cotton gabardine. Her purse hinges onto her belt. Saddle bags on the bicycle serve for luggage

Right: Off for a date, starting point, US Club in New York. Box-pieced culotte is movie star favorite. This one is turquoise rayon, matched with cotton knit pullover and cardigan sweater



Belle on Wheels

Continued from page 21



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Crosby coming up with a Kentucky Derby winner. The only difference is that no one is wringing Bing's hand and saying, "Congratulations, Colonel," whereas Gloria is actually the star of roller skating's biggest show.

Gloria's roller skating is literally an art. She combines the grace of the ballet with the speed of wheeled motion. Like Sonja Henie, she has endowed the spinning, whirling and flying of ordinary figure skating with a definite terpsichorean tinge. In a dazzling ten minutes in the Roller Follies, for instance, she re-enacts the story of Cinderella. It is a very adequate job, complete with scenery and fancy lighting, one chariot, six horses, two thrones, one rag costume, one fancy ball costume, one chorus, one Prince Charming.

The Bewildering Nordskogs

Gloria was born and raised in Hollywood, and acquired all the peculiarities attendant to such an abnormal upbringing. Fortunately she comes from solid Norwegian stock which has a tendency to keep its feet on the ground regardless of environment. Her father Andre Nordskog was a concert singer who specialized in Ave Maria in churches, and as Nanki-Poo in Pacific Coast versions of The Mikado. Her three older sisters became, respectively and in rapid succession, a night-club singer, a leader of an all-girl orchestra, and a designer of artificial flowers for movie productions. Then, in just as rapid succession, all three got married. This was quite a bewildering parade for little Gloria who was just about five years old at the time and very impressionable. On one occasion she severely shocked her mother when, in answer to a perfectly normal query about what she was going to be when she grew up, she said, "A geisha girl."

At the age of seven, Gloria reached a crisis in her life. Mr. Nordskog had settled down to teaching voice and he seized upon Gloria as one of his future concert stars. Soon he had her singing such arias as Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star, in sweet, clear childish tones. Mrs. Nordskog however had other ideas. She wanted her Gloria to go into pictures or at least on the stage. The controversy raged for several months with the inevitable result in altercations of this sort: Mrs. Nordskog won.

So Gloria learned how to dance and be cute. By the time she was nine she was playing minor blond roles in the Our Gang comedies of blessed memory. By the time she was eleven she was a full-fledged dancer on the California vaudeville and night-club circuits.

At the same time she attended Miss Long's Professional School in Hollywood. This is an interesting institution in which distinguished Hollywood brats are reluctantly exposed to learning for a minimum number of hours per day. It was here that Gloria first learned the intricacies of roller skating. Her instructors were those four lovable youngsters, transplanted from the streets of New York and known affectionately as the Dead End Kids. They taught her everything, from the best method of eluding a cop while on skates to the execution of a pirouette around a sewer plate.

This clandestine activity came to light one day when Miss Updike, a long-suffering teacher of English grammar, sent Gloria into a study room to learn the declension of the relative pronoun. A few minutes later a horrible noise sent Miss Updike scrambling to the nearest

window. There a sho her eyes. The Dead Gloria, were playing rol middle of Hollywood B was spinning like mad t of the Dead End Kid: hockey stick around th them in passage. The were retaliating by thro one another and hook under Gloria's skates.

A few minutes later, t back in the school, led of firm grips on their Miss Updike had to t liberal doses of aromati monia by the school d worst was yet to come was finally called upon clension of the relative she had been sent ou gaily began, "Dese dem

Gloria's formal entry roller-skating ranks ca later, when she was sixt the meantime continue cessful ballet and tap- She was a good dancer a as such in several W shorts. Moreover, she the natural phenomeno in appropriate places. ful.

Her beauty was of evokes whistling betw among members of the was, according to Samu publicist, a combin Grable, Greta Garbo, M Sonja Henie, Veronica Bruce, Alice Faye, Joan Landis, Ilona Massey Carroll. Mr. Friedmar agents, inclines to exagg

One night, strictly Gloria went to the open man's Roller Bowl in H date that night was a y Dick Paxton. Gloria d Dick placidly skating around ing their own business, v touse-headed streak wh streak possessed two ar which were striking out ferent directions at t Finally, after reversing i expected suddenness, th right smack into Gloria three hit the floor.

The streak looked us grin spread over its hom It tried to act nonchal man-to-man apology.

It was Mickey Roone

A Career Be

That was the begin friendship among the t which resulted in Pax well for himself in pictu sulted in the inaugurat roller-skating career.

Rooney introduced Grauman, who took one eral pulchritude and he cute ballet routines went screaming for Sar pro. Matthews took he four months she had w California Amateur W ship with Dick Stoddard

From there, she went star in the swank floor s bassador and the Royal ers of which dangled jui before her eyes before Amateur Athletic Unio At the Royal Palms, Ec a former newspaperma decided then and the

it a new roller-skating maga-
 a picture of Gloria on every
 is he did and, for an attrac-
 Gloria packed her mother and
 is and gave exhibitions promot-
 magazine in rinks all over the
 y.
 cago rink, she was spotted by
 inman, a former fight man-
 once handled two other ballet
 note, known as Kingfish
 and Johnny Paychek. Both
 gentlemen were featured in
 wizes with one Joe Louis. Mr.
 took a single look at Gloria
 d then and there that he was
 to promote a professional roller-
 ow, with Gloria as its star.
 l, which brings us up to date
 he most whirlwind careers in
 at etic history. It has been so
 hat Mickey Rooney shudders
 thought of it. "If I had intro-
 he o Louis B. Mayer that night
 ur n's," he says, "by this time
 ro bly be playing Andy Hardy."

In the former, which is a little soda
 fountain replete with all manner of won-
 drous pinball machines, she spends
 hours with Hollywood's younger set,
 wasting her nickels and watching the
 little lights flash. In the latter, she en-
 gages in what is probably the most illus-
 trious jam session in the world. This
 consists of Jackie Cooper on the drums,
 Mickey Rooney at the piano, Judy Gar-
 land on the guitar, Bonita Granville on
 the trumpet, and Gloria on the clarinet.
 This is a holdover from Gloria's early
 musical training and gives her father
 some solace to know that his efforts
 were not completely for naught.

Gloria is most crazy, however, about
 skating. Between shows she spends
 hours on the arena floor, practicing her
 intricate dance steps. She also spends
 hours running up and down stairs, for
 what reason, nobody knows. When she
 has an evening off, she'll go skating at
 the nearest rink, usually with Gordon
 Finigan, another youngster in the show.
 She constantly hangs around the old-
 time vaudeville stars in the show and
 exchanges her knowledge of the skating
 art for such tidbits as the juggling of
 Indian clubs and the manipulation of a
 trampoline.

There is no doubt in anyone's mind
 that her roller-skating wizardry will
 send her back to Hollywood with star
 status.

Two of the vaudevillians were dis-
 cussing this possibility the other day. "I
 can see her now," said Lucille Page,
 acrobat, "helping Don Ameche invent a
 new type of roller skate which will en-
 able our soldiers to skim across Europe
 and throw hand grenades at Berlin."

"Yes," said Bobby May, juggler.
 "And then she'll probably get ship-
 wrecked with John Payne and open a
 roller-skating rink for the dear natives
 of Tahiti."

Heaven forbid!

THE END

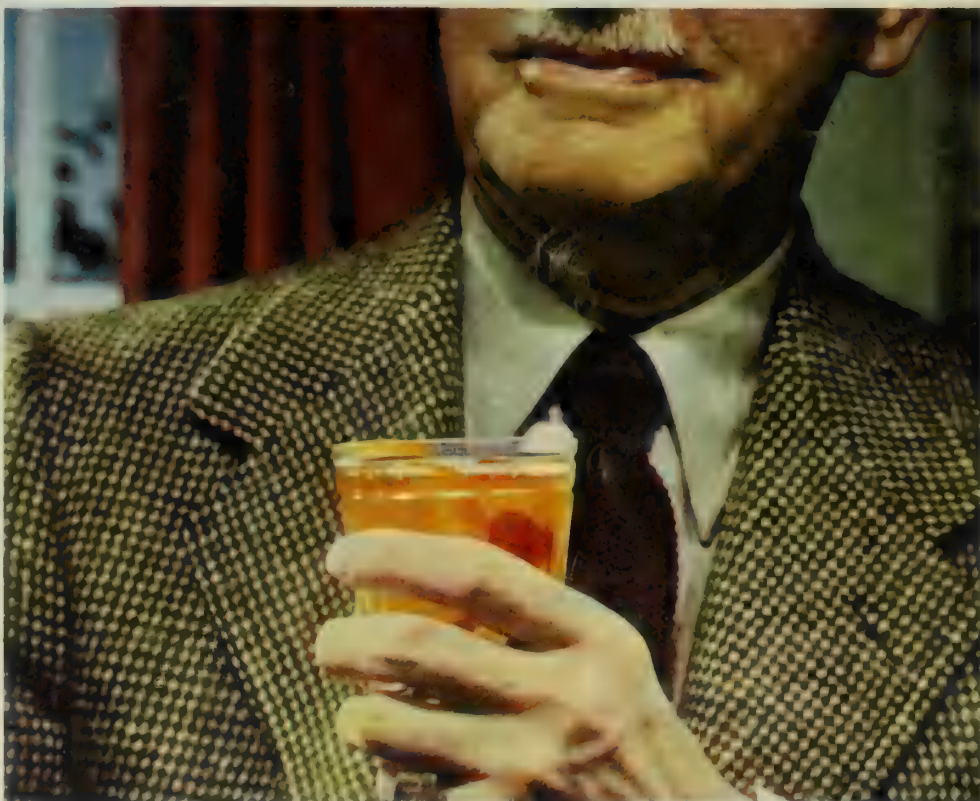
Pounds of Glamor

five feet three inches tall,
 pounds, and has huge blue
 eyes. Despite her glamorous exterior,
 she is just a shy, quiet 19-year-
 old from her press agents. Her
 travels with her wherever she
 acts as an effective barrier
 to depredations of marauding

as another normal kid, Gloria is
 about pinball machines, amuse-
 ment, chow mein, dancing, ham-
 burgers and swing music. When she's
 in the family's cute stucco Holly-
 wood (which isn't often) she can
 be found in one of two hang-
 out spots: a popular establishment on Holly-
 wood Boulevard known as the Holly-
 wood cellar of Jackie Cooper's



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I.W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey





There was an outraged shout from the porter as I pulled Megan up from the floor where my impetuous action had landed her. "What on earth did you do that for?" she demanded breathlessly

Moving Finger

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

INJURED in a plane crash, Jerry Burton, a young Londoner, goes to the provincial town of Lymstock. There, with his sister, Joanna, beside him, he hopes to regain strength.

Among those whom the newcomers meet are: Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife; Owen Griffith, a physician, and his sister, Aimée; the vicar—the Rev. Dane Calthrop—and his wife; Mr. Pye, a well-to-do dilettante; Miss Emily Barton (who owns the house, "Little Furze," the Burtons occupy); Megan Hunter, Symmington's stepdaughter (a girl whose strange personality is not understood by those around her); and Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' nursery governess.

Shortly after he and his sister are settled in Little Furze, Burton receives a foul anony-

mous letter. Worried, for a time, he presently learns that a number of other persons have received somewhat similar missives.

Mrs. Symmington commits suicide. Investigation reveals that, shortly before her death, a poison-pen letter had reached her! Then, while the community is still recovering from the shock, the Symmingtons' maid—Agnes Wodell—is murdered!

Two capable officials—Superintendent Nash and Inspector Graves—go to work on the case. And Superintendent Nash suspects that the maid was aware of the letter writer's identity; that the author knew it, and to protect himself, did away with her.

Quite by chance, Burton finds an old book at Little Furze—a book from which a number of pages have been neatly removed. One glance at the printed contents of the book is

enough to convince him that the letter writer had made use of it in pasting together his foul communications!

Following an interesting talk with Miss Jane Marple (an amiable, elderly lady who is visiting the Dane Calthrops), Burton has a curious adventure. Near the Woman's Institute, at night, he follows a mysterious figure into the building. There, he comes face to face with Superintendent Nash, who has been awaiting the arrival of the letter writer—drawn to the Women's Institute by the typewriter which has invariably been used in addressing the letters.

The mysterious person disappears, and Burton goes to his car. Megan Hunter is beside it—she says that she has been taking a walk! Burton drives her to her home. He finds Symmington seriously worried by the girl's absence.

VII

ON THE following day I went looking back on the only explanation I was due for my

Marcus Kent. . . . I went up by the train to my intense surprise to stay behind. As a rule he was to come and we usually stayed a couple of days.

This time, however, I turned the same day by the train but even so I was astonished. She merely said enigmatically she'd got plenty to do, hours in a nasty stuffy train on a lovely day in the country?

That, of course, was sounded very unlike Joanna.

She said she didn't want to drive it to the station it parked there against the wall.

The station of Lymstock for some obscure reason was for way companies only, quite from Lymstock itself. On the road I overtook Megan along in an aimless manner.

"Hullo, what are you doing?"

"Just out for a walk." "But not what is called a walk, I gather. You were like a dispirited crab."

"Well, I wasn't going ticular."

"Then you'd better come off at the station." I opened the car and Megan jumped in.

"Where are you going?" "London. To see my doctor."

"Your back's not working?" "No, it's practically all right."

I'm expecting him to be about it."

Megan nodded.

WE DREW up at the station, got out of the car and went in to buy a ticket at the booking office. There were very few people on the platform as I knew.

"You wouldn't like a penny, would you?" said a man. I'd get a bit of chocolate machine."

"Here you are, baby," said a woman. "Here the coin in question wouldn't like some clear throat pastilles as well?"

"I like chocolate best without suspecting sarcasm."

She went off to the chocolate machine and I looked after her with mounting irritation.

She was wearing a trod and coarse unattractive a particularly shapeless skirt. I don't know why have infuriated me, but I said angrily as she came do you wear those things?"

Megan looked down and said, "What's the matter?"

"Everything's the matter. They're loathsome. An pullover resembling a bage?"

"It's all right, isn't it? years."

"So I should imagine you—"

At this minute the train interrupted my angry

I got into an empty first let down the window and continue the conversation.

Megan stood below and turned. She asked me cross.

"I'm not cross," I said just infuriates me to see and not caring how you

"I couldn't look nice, does it matter?"

"Cut it!" I said. "I'd turned out properly. I'd

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America's Most Distinguished Beer

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

and outfit you from tip to

is you could," said Megan.

time for the train to go. I
own into Megan's upturned,

en, as I have said, madness
up a me.

ed the door, grabbed Megan
erm and fairly hauled her into

re as an outraged shout from a

all he could do was dexter-

to ang shut the door again. I

Ngan up from the floor where

apious action had landed her.

ain earth did you do that for?"

med breathlessly.

it b," I said. "You're coming to

th me and when I've done

ou won't know yourself. I'll

what you can look like if you

ired of seeing you mouch

at heel and all anyhow."

aid Megan in an ecstatic

ti et collector came along and

ht egan a round-trip ticket. She

me orner looking at me in a kind

ed aspect.

ay she said when the man had

"You are sudden, aren't you?"

y, I said. "It runs in our fam-

plain to Megan the impulse

at d come over me? She had

li a wistful dog being left be-

Sh now had on her face the in-

ous pleasure of the dog who has

ak on the walk after all.

upse you don't know London

well," I said to Megan.

io," said Megan. "I always

h it to school."

s," said darkly, "will be a dif-

Lon."

arred with half an hour to spare

appointment in Harley

axi and we drove straight to

anna's dressmaker. Mirotin

he sh, an unconventional and

won of forty-five, Mary Grey.

a ver woman and very good

ny. have always liked her.

d t Megan, "You're my cousin."

y?"

nt gue," I said.

y Gey was being firm with a

won who was enamored of a

ght powder-blue evening dress.

cher and took her aside.

ten, I said. "I've brought a lit-

usinf mine along. Joanna was

uput was prevented. But she

ould leave it all to you. You see

he l looks like now?"

mos certainly do!" said Mary

itheling.

ll, want her turned out right in

particular from head to foot.

bia he. Stockings, shoes, un-

everything! By the way, the man

es, anna's hair is close around

an'te?"

oine. Around the corner. I'll see

re woman in a thousand."

I'll enjoy it—apart from the

an, that's not to be sneezed at

es. Half my selfish brutes

men ver pay their bills. But as

she enjoy it." She shot a quick

glance at Megan standing

off. "She's got a lovely

met have X-ray eyes," I said.

ooks mpletely shapeless to me."

y Gey laughed.

the schools," she said, "they

a pride in turning out girls

hemselves on looking like

g els on earth. They call it be-

reet id unsophisticated. Some-

an ttes a whole season before

can ll herself together and look



"He's a gentleman, all right. He hires a taxi just to take you home in"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

human. Don't worry, leave it all to me."

"Right," I said. "I'll come back and fetch her about six."

MARCUS KENT was pleased with me. He told me that I surpassed his wildest expectations.

"You must have the constitution of an elephant," he said, "to make a comeback like this. Oh, well, wonderful what country air and no late hours or excitement will do for a man if he can only stick it."

"I grant you your first two," I said. "But don't think that the country is free from excitement. We've had a good deal in my part."

"What sort of excitement?"

"Murder," I said.

Marcus Kent pursed up his mouth and whistled. "Some bucolic love tragedy? Farm lad kills his lass?"

"Not at all. A crafty, determined lunatic killer."

"I haven't read anything about it. When did they lay him by the heels?"

"They haven't, and it's a she!"

"Whew! I'm not sure that Lymstock's quite the right place for you, old boy."

I said firmly, "Yes, it is. And you're not going to get me out of it."

Marcus Kent has a romantic mind. He said, "So that's it! Found a blonde?"

"Not at all," I said, with a guilty thought of Elsie Holland. "It's merely that the psychology of crime interests me a good deal."

"Oh, all right. It certainly hasn't done you any harm so far, but just make sure that your lunatic killer doesn't obliterate you."

"No fear of that," I said.

"What about dining with me this eve-

ning? You can tell me all about your revolting murder."

"Sorry. I'm booked."

"Date with a lady—eh? Yes, you're definitely on the mend."

"I suppose you could call it that," I said, rather tickled at the idea of Megan in the role.

I was at Mirotin's at six o'clock when the establishment was officially closing. Mary Grey came to meet me at the top of the stairs outside the showroom. She had a finger to her lips.

"You're going to have a shock! If I say it myself, I've put in a good bit of work."

I WENT on into the big showroom. Megan was standing looking at herself in a long mirror. I give you my word I hardly recognized her! For the minute it took my breath away. Tall and slim as a willow with delicate ankles and feet shown off by sheer silk stockings and well-cut shoes. Yes, lovely feet and hands, small bones—quality and distinction in every line of her. Her hair had been trimmed and shaped to her head and it was glowing like a glossy chestnut. They'd had the sense to leave her face alone. She was not made up, or if she was it was so slight and delicate that it did not show. Her mouth needed no lipstick.

Moreover there was about her something that I had never seen before, a new innocent pride in the arch of her neck. She looked at me gravely with a small, shy smile.

"I do look—rather nice, don't I?" said Megan.

"Nice?" I said. "Nice isn't the word!

Come on out to dinner and if every second man doesn't turn around to look at

you I'll be surprised. You'll knock all the other girls into a cocked hat."

Megan was not beautiful, but she was unusual and striking looking. She had personality. She walked into the restaurant ahead of me and as the headwaiter hurried toward us, I felt the thrill of idiotic pride that a man feels when he has got something out of the ordinary with him.

We had cocktails first and lingered over them. Then we dined. And later we danced. Megan was keen to dance and I didn't want to disappoint her, but for some reason or other I hadn't thought she would dance well. But she did. She was light as a feather.

"Gosh!" I said. "You can dance!"

She seemed a little surprised.

"Well, of course I can. We had dancing class every week at school."

"It takes more than dancing class to make a dancer," I said.

We went back to our table.

"Isn't this food lovely?" said Megan. "And everything!"

She heaved a delighted sigh.

"Exactly my sentiments," I said.

IT WAS a delirious evening. I was still mad. Megan brought me down to earth when she said doubtfully, "Oughtn't we to be going home?"

My jaw dropped. Yes, definitely I was mad. I had forgotten everything! I was in a world divorced from reality, existing in it with the creature I had created.

"Good Lord!" I said.

I realized that the last train had gone.

"Stay there," I said. "I'm going to telephone."

I rang up the Llewellyn Hire people and ordered their biggest and fastest car to come around as soon as possible.

I came back to Megan.

"The last train has gone," I said. "So we're going home by car."

"Are we? What fun!"

What a nice child she was, I thought. So pleased with everything, so unquestioning, accepting all my suggestions without fuss or bother.

The car came, and it was large and fast, but all the same it was very very late when we came into Lymstock.

Suddenly conscience-stricken, I said, "They'll have been sending out search parties for you!"

But Megan seemed in an equable mood. "Oh, I don't think so," she said vaguely. "I often go out and don't come home for lunch."

"Yes, my dear child, but you've been out for tea and dinner too."

However, Megan's lucky star was in the ascendant. The house was dark and silent. On Megan's advice, we went around to the back and threw stones at Rose's window.

In due course Rose looked out and with many suppressed exclamations and palpitations came down to let us in.

"Well now, and I saying you were asleep in your bed. The master and Miss Holland—" (slight sniff after Miss Holland's name)—"had early supper and went for a drive. I said I'd keep an eye to the boys. I thought I heard you come in when I was up in the nursery trying to quiet Colin, who was playing up, but you weren't about when I came down so I thought you'd gone up to bed. And that's what I said when the master came in and asked for you."

I cut short the conversation by remarking that that was where Megan had better go now.

"Good night," said Megan, "and thank you awfully. It's been the loveliest day I've ever had."

I drove home slightly lightheaded still, and tipped the chauffeur handsomely, offering him a bed if he liked. But he preferred to drive back through the night.

The hall door had opened during our colloquy and as he drove away it was

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fish shop again and rejoined us. She was holding a large red lobster.

"Have you ever seen anything so unlike Mr. Pye?" she said. "Very virile and handsome, isn't it?"

I WAS a little nervous of meeting Joanna but I found when I got home that I needn't have worried. She was out and she did not return for lunch. This aggrieved Partridge a good deal, who said sourly as she proffered two loin chops in an entrée dish:

"Miss Burton said specially as she was going to be in."

I ate both chops in an attempt to atone for Joanna's lapse. All the same, I wondered where my sister was. She had taken to being very mysterious about her doings of late.

It was half past three when Joanna burst into the drawing room. I had heard a car stop outside and I half expected to see Griffith, but the car drove on and Joanna came in alone.

Her face was very red and she seemed upset. I perceived that something had happened.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Joanna opened her mouth, closed it again, sighed, plumped herself down in a chair and stared in front of her.

She said, "I've had the most awful day."

"What's happened?"

"I've done the most incredible things. It was awful—"

"But what—"

"I just started out for a walk, an ordinary walk—I went up over the hill and on to the moor. I walked miles—I felt like it. Then I dropped down into a hollow. There's a farm there—a God-forsaken lonely sort of spot. I was thirsty and I wondered if they had any milk or something. So I wandered into the farmyard and then the door opened and Owen came out."

"Yes?"

"He thought I might be the district nurse. There was a woman in there having a baby. He was expecting the nurse and he'd sent word to her to get hold of another doctor. It—things were going wrong."

"Yes?"

"So he said—to me. 'Come on, you'll do—better than nobody.' I said I couldn't, and he said what did I mean? I said I'd never done anything like that, that I didn't know anything—"

"He asked me what the devil that mattered. And then he was awful. He turned on me. He said, 'You're a woman, aren't you? I suppose you can do your darnedest to help another woman?' And he went on at me—said I'd talked as though I was interested in doctoring and had said I wished I were a nurse. 'All pretty talk, I suppose! You didn't mean anything real by it, but this is real and you're going to behave like a decent human being and not a useless ornamental nitwit!'"

"I've done the most incredible things, Jerry. Held instruments and boiled them and handed things. I'm so tired I can hardly stand up. It was dreadful. But he saved her—and the baby. It was born alive. He didn't think at one time that he could save it. Oh, dear!"

Joanna covered her face with her hands.

I contemplated her with a certain amount of pleasure and mentally took my hat off to Owen Griffith. He'd brought Joanna slap up against reality for once.

I said, "There's a letter for you in the hall. From Paul, I think."

"Eh?" She paused for a minute and then said, "I'd no idea, Jerry, what doctors had to do. The nerve they've got to have!"

I went out into the hall and brought Joanna her letter. She opened it,

glanced vaguely at its contents and it drop.

"He was—really—rather wonderful. The way he fought—wouldn't be beaten! He was really horrible to me—but he was wonderful."

I observed Paul's discomfiture with some pleasure. Finally he was cured of Paul.

THINGS never come as expected.

I was full of Joanna's affairs and was quite tired the next morning when Ne over the telephone:

"We've got her, Mr. I was so startled I nearly receiver."

"You mean the—"

He interrupted: "Car heard where you are?"

"No, I don't think haps—"

It seemed to me that to the kitchen had swum open.

"Perhaps you'd care to the station?"

"I will. Right away."

I was at the police station no time. In an inner Sergeant Parkins were

was wreathed in smiles "It's been a long chase we're there at last."

He flicked a letter at This time it was all was, of its kind, fairly

"It's no use thinking step into a dead woman whole town is laughing now. Soon it will be a warning. Remember to that other girl. Get on

It finished with some language.

"That reached Miss morning," said Nash.

"Thought it was funny one before," said Sergeant

"Who wrote it?" I asked. Some of the exultation Nash's face.

He looked tired and said soberly:

"I'm sorry about it, but a decent man hard, but haps he's had his suspicions

"Who wrote it?" I repeated. "Miss Aimée Griffith

NASH and Parkins went to the fiths' house that a warrant.

By Nash's invitation them.

"The doctor," he said of you. He hasn't man place. I think if it is you, Mr. Burton, that him to bear up under t

I said I would come. job, but I thought I might Griffith and we were drawing room. Elsie and Symmington were

Nash behaved very He asked Aimée if few words with her pr

She got up and car thought I saw just a f in her eye. If so, it wer perfectly normal and h

"Want me? Not in car lights again, I hope

She led the way out room and across the l study.

As I closed the draw saw Symmington's head I supposed his legal tra him in contact with po

had recognized some manner. He half rose. That is all I saw befo and followed the other

saying his piece. He was and correct. He cautioned told her that he must ask pany him. He had a war-arrest and he read out the w the exact legal term. It rs, not murder yet. G fifth flung up her head and laughter. She boomed out: dulous nonsense! As rite a packet of indecent th. You must be mad! I've tt a word of the kind." roduced the letter to Elsie said, "Do you deny hav- n is, Miss Griffith?" erated it was only for a split

quietly: I you, Miss Griffith, that derved to type that letter acne at the Women's Insti- ee eleven and eleven-thirty eht before last. Yesterday e post office with a bunch in our hand—" r pted this."

ould not. While waiting for ou ropped it inconspicuously oo so that somebody should ng asuspectingly and pick it ost."

r-ropened and Symmington He id sharply, "What's going ee, there is anything wrong, t tbe legally represented. If m."

ok then. Covered her face an and staggered to a chair. "G away, Dick, go away. Not t y!"

eed solicitor, my dear girl." ou. —I—couldn't bear it. I t u to know—all this." ers od then, perhaps. He said llet hold of Mildmay, of ill that do?"

She nodded. She was sobbing now. Symmington went out of the room. In the doorway he collided with Owen Griffith.

"What's this?" said Owen violently. "My sister—"

"I'm sorry, Dr. Griffith. Very sorry. But we have no alternative."

"You think she—was responsible for those letters?"

"I'm afraid there is no doubt of it, sir," said Nash. He turned to Aimée: "You must come with us now, please, Miss Griffith—you shall have every facility for seeing a solicitor, you know."

Owen cried, "Aimée!"

She brushed past him without looking at him.

She said, "Don't talk to me. Don't say anything. And for heaven's sake don't look at me!"

THEY went out. Owen stood like a man in a dream.

I waited a bit, then I came up to him.

"If there's anything I can do, Griffith, tell me."

He said like a man in a dream, "Aimée? I don't believe it."

"It may be a mistake," I suggested feebly.

He said slowly, "She wouldn't take it like that if it were. But I would never have believed it. I can't believe it."

He sank down on a chair. I made myself useful by finding a stiff drink and bringing it to him. He swallowed it down and it seemed to do him good.

He said, "I couldn't take it in at first. I'm all right now. Thanks, Burton, but there's nothing you can do. Nothing anyone can do."

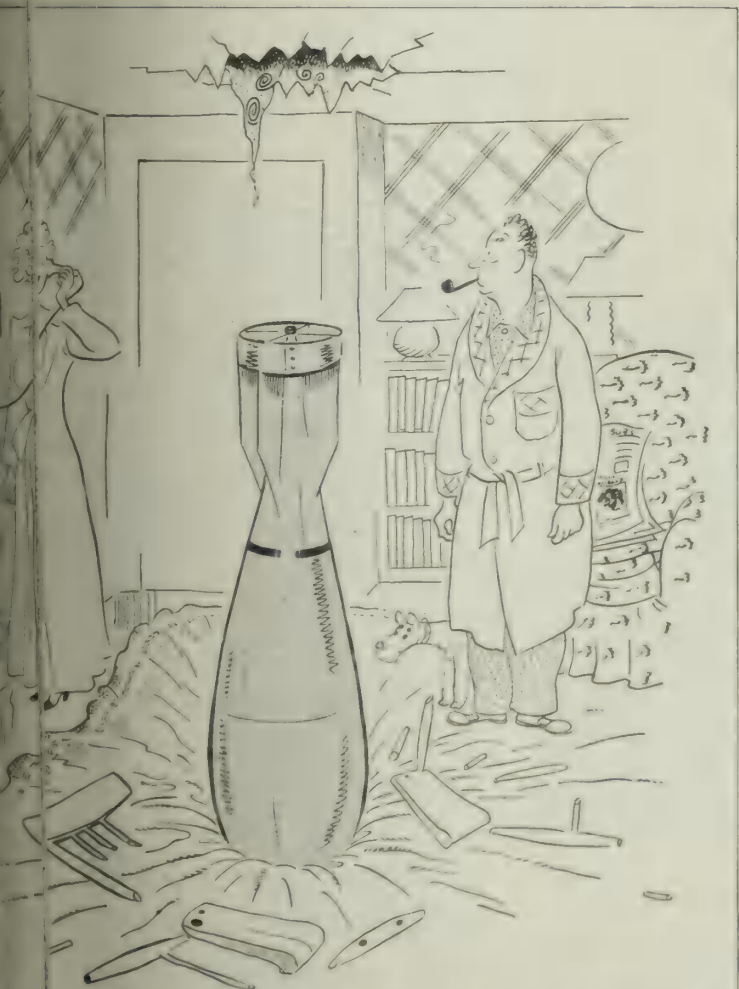
The door opened and Joanna came in. She was very white.

She came over to Owen and looked at me.

She said, "Get out, Jerry. This is my business."

As I went out of the door, I saw her kneel down by his chair.

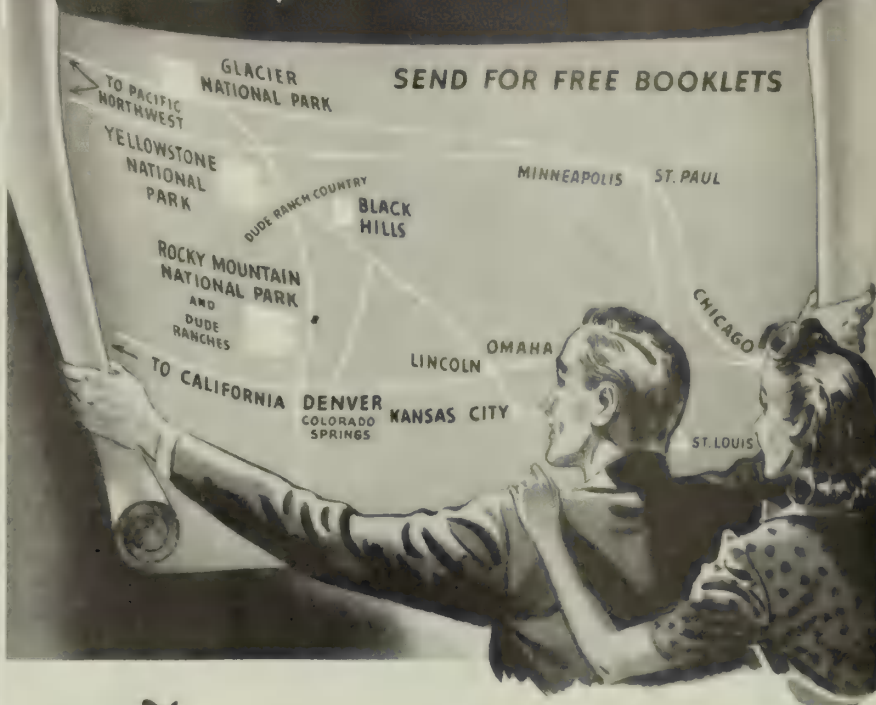
(To be concluded next week)



guy the apartment below is complaining about the noise again"

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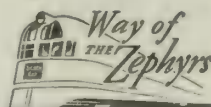
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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 23

and a load of stationery. "The candy, cookies and so on—yes," says Hutchins. "because it's divvied up with the boys in my company. But the letters—no. I get plenty of them from my wife."

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Blow Out the Rising Sun is the battle cry of the Fellows of the Bellows, an organization that could—and should—be installed everywhere War Stamps are sold. When a Fellow of the Bellows buys a 25-cent stamp he becomes a Puff. He qualifies as a Breeze with \$25 worth, a Gale at \$50, a Storm at \$75 and a Hurricane with \$100. Official scorekeeper for the outfit is Lt. Comdr. Richard H. Briner, of the Accessories Division of Assembly and Repairs, where the idea originated.

BY THE time personnel officers at this Station had finished questioning Seaman Walter E. Svoboda about his past they were willing to call it a day. As a Russian parachute trooper Svoboda made three jumps behind the Finnish lines during the Russo-Finnish war and seven behind the Polish lines when Germany and Russia overran that country. Besides that, he's a graduate of a Russian school for guerrillas and snipers. But right now he's training to be an Aviation Machinist Mate at Jacksonville. Here is how come:

Svoboda's father, of Czech descent but a native of that part of Russia which became Poland after the last war, emigrated to this country a long time back and settled in Detroit to become an engineer. With other American engineers he went to Russia in 1929 under a five-year contract from the Russian government, and son Walter, at the age of twelve, joined him in 1932. Walter went through high school but couldn't get into college because he wasn't a citizen. Meantime his father's contract expired but the government wouldn't allow the family to leave Russia. So—with nothing else to do, Walter learned parachuting and sniping, a knowledge the Russian government was glad to make use of even though Svoboda wasn't a citizen. When Poland disappeared Walter was discharged from the army and in March, 1941, the family returned to America by way of Siberia and Japan. After eight years in Russia Seaman Svoboda speaks Russian and Ukrainian and understands Polish and Czech, all of which has been duly noted in his dossier for possible future reference.

NAVAL SUPPLY DEPOT, Seattle, Wash. Last fall, when Lt. Knox Woodruff went on duty at this base on the world's longest pier, which the Navy had just bought from the city, the on-the-scene staff consisted of the lieutenant, a storekeeper and two civilian workers. Somebody asked Lt. Woodruff how much more help he'd need. "Not more than two men," he guessed. Today the site is the Navy's fifth hugest supply depot, with Naval personnel, Marines and civilian help numbering hundreds (it takes more than 100 Marines alone to patrol the place).

Lt. Woodruff, who admits he's one of the 130,000 Americans who didn't know last November that Pearl Harbor was just around the corner, is the unofficial historian of the depot; he has a complete log of the depot's progress, and the comings and goings of ships. Amidst a bunch of statistical detail there's one entry for a patrol craft: "Detected peculiar odor. Investigated same. Found the tide was out."

Unfortunately for secrecy, a big overhead bridge connecting one of the fashionable residential districts with downtown Seattle bisects the depot area. The Navy at first planned to close the bridge, then changed its mind after briefly considering the quandary into which it would put thousands of peninsular residents. The bridge itself is so situated that it should offer a swell view of the city's skyline, but because of some designer's quirk that has made Sunday drivers grouse for years, passing motorists can't see over the rails. This ill wind blew good for the Navy, though; people in cars can't see most of the Navy's secret activities down on the pier.

Depot supply officers are proudest, perhaps, of a junk pile comprising stuff stripped from boats converted in Puget Sound shipyards to Navy use. Every time a Naval vessel puts in at the pier, the supply boys invite the crew to help themselves. An engineer finds a tube he needs for an engine-room repair; somebody else grabs some cable, or whatnot. The pile is about gone now, and the supplymen are boasting they haven't wasted a thing.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. The rules prohibit posting any advertising in mess halls, but one cigarette company puts out such a snappy electric clock (with the brand name neatly lettered on the face) that one outfit here hung it up anyway. To be nonpartisan about the business the mess sergeant draped a large sign underneath the clock. The sign: NO SMOKING.

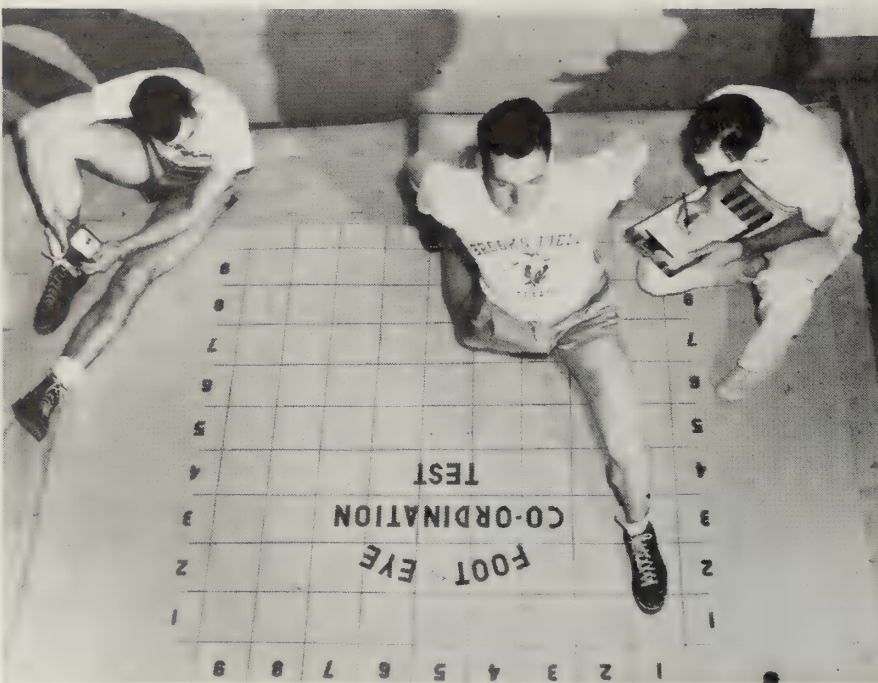
FORT MCPHERSON, Ga. Sgt. Harry J. Lassiter, who sorts the mail for this Reception Center's P. O., offers two examples of how not to address soldiers' mail. The first he calls the understatement address: Leon Lafell, Cavalry (I think), Camp Something, Atlanta, Ga. The other extreme is even more of a headache to post office clerks: The Very Private Robert L. Turnstall "Tod" Bober, French-Hornist De Luxe, 1st Chair, Horn Section, Company B, Re-

ceiving Battalion, Special Duty, Reception Center Band, Inc., Care Privates Sidney Ware and James Halford Williams, Reception Center, Fort McPherson, Ga., U. S. A. Both letters were delivered in spite of everything.

QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, Atlanta. Civilian sacrifice of rubber is helping the armed forces, but the armed forces are playing ball, too. Fourth Corps Area Quartermaster Col. James R. Alfante, for instance, is doing all he can to conserve the supply. Ten civilian inspectors now examine every tire coming off every Army vehicle and those once sold as junk are now repaired. Fourth Corps Area's monthly recapping job comes to an average of 10,000 tires.

ON AN even larger scale is the rubber-saving program of the quartermaster general. By changing the specifications for tires and tubes produced over a period of nine months, some 70,000,000 pounds of crude rubber have been made available for other purposes. This is enough to fill all the rubber requirements for 175,000 P-40's, or more than 30,000 four-engine bombers, or more than 450 battleships, or more than 140,000 additional Army trucks. An admirable project.

FORT EUSTIS, Va. Pvt. Jerome B. D'Agostino was on his way to becoming a veterinarian when the Army got him, which is why Patsy's progeny are alive today. Patsy was only an alley cat, but she was the pet of one of the battalions here, and when she was run over and killed by a car one morning recently, Pvt. D'Agostino, who was working in a near-by mess hall and who knew something of Patsy's history, grabbed a knife and ran to the street. Four of the five unborn kittens were delivered alive and are now thriving. Two are black, one is gray and the other's red. Pvt. D'Agostino has been feeding them milk from an eye dropper every two hours beginning at 3 A. M. and ending at 9 P. M. and it hasn't got him down yet.



Army pilots don't need big muscles, but co-ordination is essential. In the test shown above, Athletic Director Joe Holmes (right), of Brooks Field, has called, "Two-one!" and the flier, without looking down, is trying to put his foot in the proper square while the man at left times him. This test helps determine the exercises necessary to forestall muscular fatigue

GENERAL

LETTER from an Army reading, in your column 4th, the woes confronting decided to pass along some thoughts which came before I married about a year ago. Remember the country, not to comfortable. It doesn't because you're not an old Rank Hath Its Privilege band's rank, and playing you any good. Moreover your husband a lot of life is no bed of roses. You sation is the realization ing a little bit more than are ever asked to do in the

THE guy who invented marking the Army's have designed the incon cause any cluck can laundry system. Army consists of the initial l dier's surname plus the of his Army Serial N mark of Ezekiel Q. 8254829, is J-4829. D take place but the cha mote it doesn't give a body the night.

AS REPORTED he 25th in connection v Louisiana maneuvers, into the bombardier's a Douglas A-20-A, pilot L. Galusha for a foray mored Division below 12 bombers in the fligh smoothly enough until spotted moving down a things began to uncork. low the winding road hour, the pilots had t through everything but rolls, but it wasn't unt to clip leaves and pir tree tops that we began but hard—on an imagin When we finally stag plane's nose at Lake C hunch a real enemy w that squadron. And no have. The War Depa announced that Capt. (moted) Harry L. Gal the first three pilots aw for work in the Phil campaigns. It was off sha really brought hom squadron intercepted transports and naval lusha made a direct hi with a 110-pound egg. Jap cruisers. Galusha the 154th Observation kansas National Guar listed in the Air Corps a flying cadet. Oh, ye Little Rock, which is thur's home town.

RECOL

"YOUR department i postcards Pvt. V. from Fort Leonard d. don't get mad, will y straight on this? In y column you used the p goes there?" That, chur lywood. In this man's who's there?" Oke?"

OKE.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

Presents the *MOUNTAIN BOYS* by P. WEBB

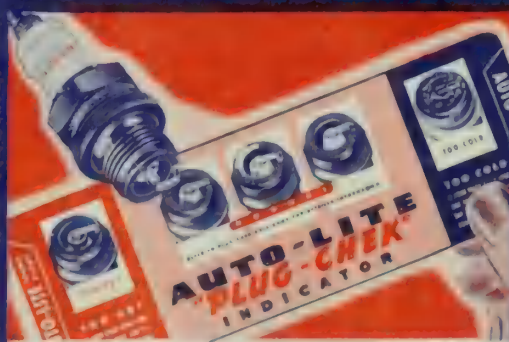


"SHECKS, ONCLE TIGE--IT'S STILL TOO DERN GOOD FER THE HAWGS --- WITH SOME WHEELS ON 'ER AN' A FEW NEW AUTO-LITE PLUGS SHE'D RUN LIKE A DAISY"

GET "LIKE-NEW" PERFORMANCE FOR SPARK WEARY ENGINES...

The Mountain Boys are right—these days cars must be kept in service. And thousands of car owners find when faulty plugs are replaced with new Auto-Lites, they get flashing pick-up and power, restored gas economy. To discover whether or not your present plugs are the reason for hard starting, lack of power, ask for a

"Plug-Chek," the new inspection service exclusive with Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers. You may find simply cleaning and regapping your present plugs makes your car run like new. Find out, too, how you can get a free copy of the "Mountain Boys" cartoon book—24 pages of laughs by the sly humorist Paul Webb.



Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating "too hot," or "too cold," or just right. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to spark-weary engines.



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IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

Bombs Away!

Continued from page 19



In water repellent Galt cloth, \$16.50. Others \$11.50 up.

**You're Smart
Two Ways
with an
ALLIGATOR**

First, your Alligator gives you smarter appearance. Second, its extra protection keeps your suits looking newer. See the Alligator styles at your dealer's. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

\$6.50 to \$31.50
At Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
Raincoat. Galtcloth. Sportswear.
Because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Makes
BLADES LAST LONGER
SHARPEN - SHAVE BETTER!

It's timely economy to make razor blades last longer, shave smoother by sharpening your double-edge razor blades with TWINPLEX Economy Stropper. Deluxe Model includes built-in hone, \$2. At dealers or postpaid from: TWINPLEX, 1800 Roscoe Street, Dept. 205, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

TWINPLEX
ECONOMY STROPPER

JUST TURN THE CRANK!

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

3¢ A DAY

HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

POLICY PAYS

Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to

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...And other valuable benefits.

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Dept. 22-5, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3¢ A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

are defenseless. Maybe if we can keep them submerged, afraid to show their noses, afraid to come up for air, they'll hate this coast and clear out. Life in the pig boats must be pretty tough when you're down there hiding for hours. Some of the boys say that we've made it so hot for them that they've gone south.

This patrolling would be a good thing, vital in the country's defense, even if we didn't see a submarine. It keeps them down under and makes life tough for them. It's a good thing for the Army and the Navy to know what goes on out here, too.

Funny about dolphins, how much like submarine they look. One of the English patrols hit a sperm whale. They certainly got their oil slick.

The radio operator sits and listens. The ship has three receiving outfits. One is always keyed to 500 kilocycles, the international distress band.

One by one, we pass ships. Some we know. With others, we find out pretty quick. And we know that everyone who identifies himself as "Friend" may not be a friend. For three days, the same ship has been in the same spot, going the same speed in the same direction. It won't ever do that again.

Wondering if the submarines really do get supplies and shore communication from some of these boats, tramps, tankers, even fishing boats.

Trouble Looks for Us

The radio operator tells us of the "lonely skies" these days. No gab. In the old days, there used to be a constant chatter. Now, just waiting, waiting for trouble.

Startled, he looks up and begins his ticking. Over his earphones, the pilot is getting the same message. A tanker has gone down—look for survivors—position—Mac gives orders over the interphone to acknowledge the instructions—"Pilot to Radio," "Radio to Pilot, go ahead," then, "Send departure from routine, that's all."

The course changes only a little. Mac "piles on the coal" as we head for trouble. No one has to move. We've been ready and waiting all along as we swept back and forward over the sea wastes. The navigator passes a slip to the pilot. It can't be far.

Over the interphone comes the bombardier's flash, "Raft three miles ahead... little to the right"... In a minute we're over it, a couple of pairs of drums lashed to a platform. No sign of life. There's a pear-shaped oil slick and a few little pieces of debris. We bank sharply and come back. Again we circle and climb a bit, then a wider circle. A Navy blimp is coming up off in the distance.

"Periscope straight ahead!"

"We're on it!"

"Open bomb bay!"

The retractable landing gear is lowered to cut our speed. The entire crew is rigid, expectant.

"Arm bombs!" into the phone.

"Bombs away!"

No. 1 egg hits the water, not really very close. Everyone knows that as the ship, flying over the explosion, bumps. The plane seems to have gone out of control as the altimeter flutters wildly and the compass spins dizzily. But the blimp has arrived with her nose down, hot on the scent and, to mark the target for our return she drops a yellow "bubble ball" practically on the sub's nose as the periscope and its sea-green belly crash-dive in a burst of sea foam.

Now we return in an unhurried and sure approach like Joe Louis moving in.

Again, "Bombs away." Another bank, short and quick—the blimp goes down, drops her marker—and again, "Bombs away."

We can see an oil slick and a bubble come up—from a sick sea wolf, we hope.

Once more, and we give it the depth bomb. A smothered kind of roar and the water lifts up, not like one of those geysers you see in the movies, but just a heavy, tired gurgle. It must have hit the yellow ball, for it isn't there any more.

There are two oil slicks now, and plenty of bubbles. The big slick takes the shape of a sea horse.

Curious, not a word was spoken beyond the bomb-discharge commands.

Mac says, "Maybe it was and maybe it wasn't, but if it was, it ain't." Texas talk.

At five hundred feet or so, we begin wide sweeping circles. All of us, six pairs of eyes, light on a boat and a raft at the same time. The raft is the same kind that we saw a few minutes ago, the same platform roped to oil drums. Three cold-looking men are huddled in a bunch. They not only look cold—they look wet. In the boat there are perhaps fifteen. Unlike the men on the raft, who made no move as we swept down, the men in the boat wave, and even though we can't hear them, we can see their lips move in a yell.

As we circle, our report to shore goes out. Position. Survivors. Details.

We come down over the water so low that the altimeter indicates that we are under water. That's because it has zero set at the airport level, which is ninety feet. When you fly that low, you realize how fast you're going—too fast to see much.

We get a quick glimpse of those tired faces below us that have just gone through the gamble of these wartime seas, the gamble every one of them has to take. Those boys have had a bad shake, but have recovered.

We circle for a while in the early twilight haze. Help is on the way from the Coast Guard, we know.

The men of our bomber look at one another in a kind of a satisfied way, a way that vaguely suggests gratitude and affection. "Just right, kid," they seem to say, but don't say it. That's a mighty

good thing, when a proud of one another they're good.

After a while, we drop and then a slow-burn away for a few miles. be seen for four or five the empty raft. Wond of the men who don't be more terrible. Wh guys be? Did they e they ready? They mu Another flare; this o but only because it ha Buzz yells up, "De right, sir."

Sure enough, it is,

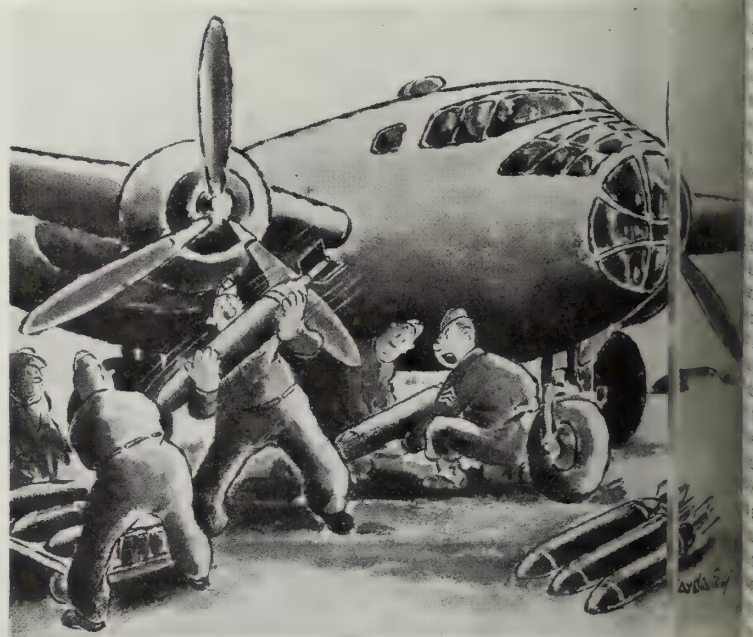
Another Routine

We drop five flares a on our running lights a little Coast Guard cra without lights. We rac give her and the poor the boat and the raft and head for the shore.

A black outline app the murky pattern of sweep down on it. quickly lights up the painted on its side. R diagonally over its r that they can be rele Good luck, fellows. H Can they feel a handi cold night with death h ness of the water?

Carefully, we come b ber 3 runway. The na Buzz comes back from nose. The copilot get list for landing. Mac the field traffic. 300 "set to field pressure." ing gear, "down and needle drops to 170, runway now—Nose W locked." 120 feet. "1,000 lbs." The grou eningly, 100 feet, only runway. The copilot the landing gear. Mac looks straight ahead, h Ninety feet—a bump, driving, whirling metal over a hundred mile bump, then a strip of v Safe.

THE EN



"Hey! Easy wif' those things! They cost plenty dou!"

Flying Hell

Continued from page 13

...ly you're a bit excited
...e—and you let go furi-
...wing guns, hoping to
...of the anti-aircraft gun-
...v.
...ve the ship right spang
...your sight you press a
...down go the bombs.
...the dive, fold in your
...bomb doors and head
...ther! As you pull out,
...lets go with the after
...poil the aim of anyone
...unflustered enough to
...you as you leave.
...e climbed to compara-
...can circle around and
...pped to your target. You
...the bombing now is so ac-
...a bomber can drop a buster
...in 40,000 feet—which is
...ne. If a bomb hits within
...ance of its target, that's
...an average.

Macie is Born

Vengeance was born only a
...in this way: The Brit-
...looking for something to
...the Stuka, and Hugh Fen-
...resident of Vultee, went into
...British experts. He was a
...senior officer himself, had
...European battlefields and
...what was needed. Fenwick
...together with Dick Palmer,
...mechanical engineer, and they
...it a lane.

...in the secret-design
...to work and soon produced
...bomber that would outfly,
...bomb anything in the
...these ships already are at
...Scores are coming off
...lines of Vultee and
...or own forces.

...more than two years
...in production. If a fac-
...experimental model out in
...this, patted itself on the
...there were two months
...and eight weeks or so of
...ing the customers—who
...ted changes. After the cus-
...ly okay it took nine
...e to make machines to make
...ines to make airplanes, to
...of flying out a production
...ally a plant got a "big or-
...ay, twenty-five planes.

...planes start coming out in
...nine, ten months from the
...e just a gleam in an engi-
...There are no trivial changes;
...s from, as it is in cars, and
...ship proceeds without a
...ange are made, they are
...out swing down this flow.
...e first plane of a new model
...be eight different groups of
...to work on various parts—
...ng air, armament, bomb
...moulds, tail assembly. Each
...ces a part and then these
...together in what is called
...This isn't a plane: It is a
...size model of wood, cloth,
...ids and ends. By the time
...has been fitted together,
...months have elapsed.

...mod up the first plane is
...t by hand. Meanwhile, ma-
...being made and production
...d out and subcontracts let.
...gets its in the tunnel. W.
...ler, an assistant professor
...and an aerodynamics expert,
...his machine how the
...ct in light.

...the prototype—the first ship

—is ready, and Frank Davis takes it
up. And takes it up. And takes it up.
Small flaws appear. There's a bug here
and an instrument that needs changing
there. As the plane flies, it automatically
radioes to men in a laboratory on the
field just how its parts are standing the
strain. Performance of wings and rivets
and braces is recorded permanently,
though the plane is miles away flying at
300 miles an hour. Pretty wonderful.

Talking about strain: It's almost im-
possible for a pilot to wreck a plane in
the air by overtaxing its strength. When
the pilot is strained to the limit by
speed and changes in direction, the
plane still has a 100 per cent safety
factor.

Even while the prototype of the Ven-
geance was being tested, ships were
coming off the production lines. The
plane actually is manufactured by doz-
ens of subcontractors and subsubcon-
tractors, all over the country.

The outer wing panels and the tail,
for example, are made in the Midwest,
the center section in the South, and so
on. All these parts are then shipped to
the big plants for final assembly. The
Vengeance, by the time it rolls out onto
the runway for its tests, is really an all-
American product.

People educated to mass production,
with things rolling off assembly lines by
the scores of thousands, wonder why
you can't produce warplanes that way.

It is uneconomical, and may actually
be slower, to set up mass production as-
sembly lines if you are going to roll out
only a few thousand units of a terrifi-
cally complicated piece of machinery,
because you have to divide the cost of
this line, and the time it takes to build
and set up the machines, into the num-
ber of units you build. While you're
waiting for weeks for a system to be
set up and machines to be made and in-
stalled, you might be making planes by
simpler methods.

There always will be a tremendous
amount of hand labor in plane building
—as there still is in car building, for that
matter. Incidentally, on the Vengeance
and our other warplanes, much of this
hand labor is being done now by girls,
whose fingers often are defter than
those of men. You can see them at work
on the production lines, proud of their
ability to do a job exactly right in the
so many seconds or minutes allotted
before the line moves on. And the girl
who hasn't completed her job while the
part she's working on is at her station
gets a nice quiet razzing from the others.

Making Good—with a Vengeance!

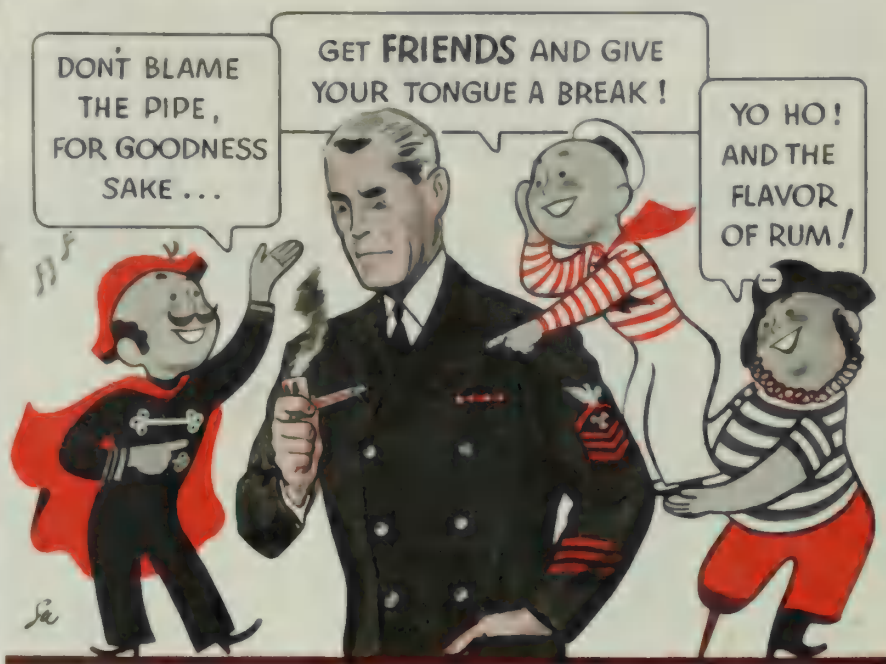
Reports from the British say the
Vengeance is making good. Just how
good is a secret—but you can judge a
little from the fact that the Stuka has
a range of about 500 miles, fully loaded.
This is enough for the Germans, flying
from French bases close to England, but
not enough for the British, who must fly
from England to Germany; or for us, who
must perhaps fly over oceans eventually.

The Vengeance, the British report,
does its job with ease and speed. It car-
ries bigger loads of sudden death farther
and faster than any Stuka in the air or
on the drafting table.

It may cheer you to know, too, that
plane production is a lot farther along
than you think. Planes are rolling as
fast or faster than pilots can be trained
to fly them. The production problem is
about licked. The big news now is, the
Vengeance (hundreds of them) is ready
to blast dictatorship from the earth.

THE END

Gangway! FRIENDS to the rescue!



TRY **FRIENDS**
THE NEW
RUM-CURED
SMOKING TOBACCO

ONLY **10¢** IN THE
HANDY SOFT POUCH

PRODUCT OF
P. LOBILLARD COMPANY



Newsboys unwittingly aid Axis indoctrination by vigorous pushing of pro-Nazi El Pampero. They get this paper free



Invaluable aid to hemisphere defense would be Argentina's navy, now immobilized by her dubious neutrality. Fleet includes 2 battleships, 3 cruisers and



Radical Paul Tabodra leads middle-class businessmen, bulk of opposition to Castillo's pro-Axis conservatives



This, the second of two articles on enemy influence in Argentina, where Nationalism plus Axis pressure and profiteers' greed add up to neutrality. The first of these articles appeared, under the same title, in Collier's for April 18th

OF THE twenty-two nations in this half of the world, only two are isolationist. One of these, Chile, may yet enter the war on the side of the Allies, or she may come part way eventually by divorcing the Axis. The other, Argentina, doesn't believe in divorce. She'll stay tied to the Axis and call it neutrality and she'll cling to that policy as long as it continues profitable and safe and otherwise expedient. That's the Argentine way.

You can lay this to the influence of Axis money and propaganda and the presence in Argentina of the most powerful fifth column in South America. You can attribute Argentina's neutrality to her blood bonds to Madrid and Rome. More than two thirds of Argentina's 13 million people are of Italo-Spanish stock.

But the real reasons for Argentina's isolationism go beyond all the obvious ones to a cause as old as Argentina herself. The policy of neutrality proclaimed by the congenitally pro-Axis government of Conservative Ramón Castillo is rooted in nationalism. Argentina hasn't a corner on this superpatroitic commodity. Nationalism flourishes in most South American countries.

In Argentina, however, you have the only country in this hemisphere where nationalism and the conditions that breed it and feed it exist simultaneously. It's the only South American country where it's almost impossible to distinguish nationalism from the politics of the party in power. Nationalists pack the cabinet, the civil service, the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies and the provincial and city administrations. Nationalists dominate the army, navy and air forces.

Nowhere else on this continent is it as difficult to tell a Nationalist from a Nazi. Their opponents, the enfeebled Radicals, call them Nazionalistas instead of Nacionalistas. Not all of the Conservatives are Nationalists, but nearly all Nationalists are Conservatives, and unanimously the Nazis, Fascists and Fa-

Ablest journalist in South America—as well as leading Nationalist—is Enrique Osés, who edits the violently pro-Nazi El Pampero

langists who flourish in Argentina. They number approximately 250,000, an enormous bloc in a country where a vote at a national election seldom exceeds a half.

The Nationalist party line is a speech by Adolf Hitler, an oration by Benito Mussolini or the editorials of Goebbels. It preaches hatred of Americans and cates anti-Semitism and provokes Communists, and in Argentina, where the social system is in the Middle Ages, anybody who asks for a peso a week more than he's getting is a Communist.

The Nationalists teach that democracy and that government of and for the people is a perished political philosophy. Their platform of Argentine Nationalism is identical with those of Nazi-Socialism, Italian Fascism and Spanish Falangism. It's complete doctrine is the Nazi-Fascist dogma of racial superiority. They boast of all Argentines, whether Argentine or not, that they are the only uncontaminated race in the Western Hemisphere. The pride of the conquistadors flows in their veins.

Axis agents have stirred in the appetites for empire. "Our right to empire has become the battle cry of the Argentine as it was the war theme of the Italian Fascists and German Nazis. Their demand for the British-held Falklands Islands projects. Some demand the reversion of neighboring countries to the Argentine of more than a century ago, but she wasn't really Argentine then, she was a British vassal.

It is this Axis-inspired campaign at this critical moment in the Hemisphere, is the most dangerous activities to (1) peace in Latin America (2) defense of the Hemisphere unity (3) defense of the Hemisphere against the offensive Allied war effort. The Axis fits in with the Nationalist's desire to keep it alive through newspapers subsidized by the Nationalist government. El Pampero, a daily with about 75,000, edited by Enrique Osés, a Nationalist in South America and a leader of the Nationalist movement, keeps it alive through newspapers subsidized by the Nationalist government. El Pampero's work.

Experienced Allied military officer I talked in Rio de Janeiro, Santiago drew a blueprint of possible event which challenge the High Command of the United Nations, but particularly the armed forces of the United States. The State Department of the United States reasoned that the Axis has not overestimated the situation in South America, destroying hemisphere unity and power.

Deprived of quantities of rubber and of considerable oil by events

A Signature
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STRICTEST WHISKEY STANDARD
IN THE WORLD

*THE standard was first fought for by the late
Col. E. H. Taylor Jr. who had it written into law.*

*And since this came about, no other
kind of whiskey has ever been made
in the Old Taylor distillery.*

*It produces a costlier whiskey. But
we believe it is worth it. And millions
of men who know fine bourbon
heartily agree.*



Blood, Sweat and Tears -- *and a Leaven of Humor*

TO CHURCHILL'S "blood, sweat and tears," we say a fervent "Amen!"

Collier's readers know the courage and candor and vision of that great Briton who wrote so prophetically for Collier's in pre-war years.

Of the Prime Minister's prescription, unfortunately, there will be more than enough to go around. And America will have its full share of the seamy side. Main Street will have to take it.

But to America's millions fighting on the home front, Collier's promises the mind-saving breaks—a leaven of humor, escape into fiction, comic relief.

We'll continue to bring you the war—vividly, accurately, speedily and firsthand. Our staff correspondents on the fronts around the world will keep you informed.

We'll report, too, and as authoritatively, the war behind the war—the daily battles of the vast civilian army that may never fire a shot. This means facts—as immunity against the poison peddlers, and as antidote for their poison.

Keep on looking to Collier's, as millions do, for the clear, concise "low-down" on home-front plans, battles and strategy—whether they concern sugar or skirt lengths, diet or defense, priorities or production.

But one of the inalienable rights we're fighting this war for is our right to the enjoyment of a smile or a grin or even a belly-laugh when the going is rough. And Collier's won't forget that, either.



"YOUR SUGAR BOWL BLOWS UP"

You can go easy on the sugar with better spirit after reading Frank J. Taylor's article in the current issue of Collier's and learning that sugar cane is needed for smokeless powder. And Collier's makes the saving easier, too, with a 36-page book of recipes for the use of sugar substitutes. Week after week Collier's anticipates the needs of the vast home army. Watch for its authoritative, high-spot articles on the war on all fronts.



"Regardless of what you saw in the movies, Alfred, not every woman in a long, black dress is the secret agent of a foreign power."



HOW'RE YOU DOING, MR. ADVERTISER?

War dusts off and brings back old neighborly instincts—revives the curiosity people have about other people—breeds binding friendships. What are you doing in the war? or Jim? or Mary? or Slim who used to run the gas station?

These are the questions they're asking each other in the big home army of 130,000,000 Americans.

And, Mr. Advertiser, you're one of the old friends they're asking about.

You can give your answer to millions of these friends and customers of yours any week, every week, in Collier's.

And from the way readers have been clamoring for reprints of our articles on home-front news we're certain there's no better way to reach the greatest number of the most active among them.

Collier's — *for People of Action*

and Great Britain need of these raw materials obtained from Latin part of the Axis strategy, believe, to deprive us of ties. British intelligence in Norway and Denmark and the Balkans, who've years' or more advantage gun-point the technique are, are particularly condit of events in Argentina, Chile.

hat the Axis will, in the hs, feel increasingly the Anglo-American offensive the west and Russo-Chi-om the east. Therefore, the Axis will strike in South they have in the last six laid their plans for such

ult.

very country in South have been and there are who want to be "ins," intellectuals abubble with otism who want to over- governments in favor of will guarantee jobs. re are third-rate Huey e of bad faith and persons ovely believe that democ-

osphere, similar to the prevailed in Italy im- Fascism took over and fore Naziism came to is thrives. In Brazil 19 and 1937, President began suppressing sub- ends, the danger of Axis reduced, although the sti far from safe. But in the Axis reaches the apex of South America.

Hope for the Future

ongoo in Chile, but there ties, the Socialists and uni, allied with the Radi- Popular Front government Ríos, keep the Nation- at fowers of defeated presi- dide General Carlos Ibáñez in leek.

wh the showdown comes, pe, there were in England, d factory workers who will t keep the rights of free ve in years of struggle air tie unions. They'll fight recee any aid from outside. gentia there is no organized o prevent the country from ed der to the Nazis.

e middle-class businessmen tute the bulk of the Radical to conservative Castillo's e wing to oppose the im- is urge. Their leader is ul monte Taborda but he liberals in Chile, can't e. E hasn't even the full the ging former president asto, spiritual leader of the rty.

asto his villa at Mar del r Buenos Aires. Maybe he g do but he gave me the of ling a tired old warrior d tooftly to be willing to in lading a revolt against vativ. Revolution or Allied n, Ctillo opponents said, ave gentina now.

as to throw South America anizal chaos which would affect-maybe the word is e All d war effort are seen and merican military men age tour State Department ecomic hammer lock on Becae Argentina's exports ys pitably exceeded her ae has seldom known a de- nd it likely that she can be

brought into line with a complete embargo on automobiles, tires, manufactured goods and gasoline.

Great Britain has already cracked down on Argentina. Despite Axis propaganda to the contrary, she sells little or nothing in Argentina and buys Argentina's beef largely because there's none available elsewhere.

I tracked down three stories of British competition with American firms in South America and found all three to be false. One concerned the sale of British-made airplanes in Brazil and Argentina. Another said that British machinery made with Lend-Lease materials was being marketed in Argentina. A third accused the British of whispering to Argentine merchants that they shouldn't forget Argentina's real friends were the English and that the Americans were interlopers who wanted to grab the Argentine market for themselves. I talked with scores of American and British businessmen and none could produce proof of Anglo-American commercial competition in that country. There was such competition in the early stages of the war when it was still the phony war, before it became the people's war. It ended with Dunkirk



"Now, now, Mrs. Cressington . . . the man leads"

JOHN A. RUGE

and with the purge of the appeasers in Churchill's cabinet.

Small British ships put into Buenos Aires once every four to six weeks. These occasional five- and six-thousand tonners couldn't possibly carry enough goods into that country to offer the United States anything like serious competition. But the anti-Allied propaganda persists despite the efforts of American Ambassador Norman Armour in Buenos Aires and British Ambassador Sir Noel Charles in Rio de Janeiro to kill it. The propaganda stems from sources like *El Pampero*.

Both business and military men say that brutal as a policy of economic sanctions against the country may seem, it is the only language Argentines will understand at this point.

The hardships which sanctions would entail for hundreds of thousands of Argentine workers would bring pressure on the Castillo government and cause it either to modify its policy in respect to the Allies or to quit. Despite Nationalism and Castillo's political machine, the average man of Argentina—including even the peons and pamperos and gauchos who live and work on the big ranches but must vote as their bosses demand—is pro-democratic.

The editor of a leading afternoon newspaper in Buenos Aires told me that the Argentines buy newspapers only when the Allies are winning. Circulation falls off when the news is bad—i. e. when the Axis is winning. The editor interpreted this to mean that the average man is on our side. He, like Ambassador Armour and several prominent members of Castillo's government, also declared that only a hard-boiled cracking-down policy by the United States can prevent Argentina from going completely over to the Axis side.

They recognized that severe measures against Argentina might hasten the swing over to the enemy's side. But, they argued, what has the United States to lose? Delay in the application of economic sanctions against Argentina will only delay the inevitable date of a show of hands all around, and meanwhile Castillo will strengthen his position with the Axis and with those people in Argentina who believe the Allies are fighting a losing war.

Appeasement Won't Work

As in the case of Vichy France and Spain, the tendency of the State Department has been to "go slow" with Argentina in the vain hope of winning Castillo over. President Roosevelt, however, appears to recognize the urgency of the Argentine problem. Immediately after Argentina became one of the holdouts of the Rio de Janeiro Conference he reportedly cabled Castillo that Argentina would receive Lend-Lease aid and the supplies of munitions and airplanes she demanded, only when the needs of the Allies and loyal friends in South America had been filled. At the present rate of production and allocation, that means never. Castillo, nevertheless, went about Buenos Aires bragging he'd made Roosevelt knuckle down.

Whatever hopes the State Department might have entertained about the possibility of winning over Castillo must have received a rude wallop the other day. In Madrid, Foreign Minister Serrano Suñer, stooge for the Axis, announced completion of a Hispano-Argentine trade agreement calling for exchange of \$40,000,000 worth of Argentine food products for "Spanish manufactured goods."

In the first place, Spain is not a manufacturing nation. Secondly, her factories are still mere wrecks from the civil war. Her "manufactured goods" will very obviously come from Germany and Italy, and just as obviously the food Argentina sends to Spain will go largely to Germany and Italy. Italy is almost as close to starvation as are Poland and Greece.

The pact also called for establishment of a Madrid-to-Buenos Aires air line and the increase of shipping facilities between Argentine and Spanish ports. If these terms are fulfilled, existing channels for the transfer of Axis agents from Europe to this continent, the interchange of goods, the importation of weapons and a general betterment of communications between the enemy and this hemisphere will be not merely doubled or tripled but squared. Proportionately, the dangers to Argentina (already the potential Norway of South America), to the American continent and to us will increase. And perhaps some of that tungsten which Argentina produces and has promised us will find its way, along with nitrates from Chile, into the factories of the arms makers of the Axis.

Politically the Hispano-Argentine trade pact establishes at least one fact: Castillo is thinking in terms of making a deal with the Axis and not with the United Nations. He must be sure the Axis will win the war. He's taken a step

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which will cause Nationalists and Conservatives to cheer. The Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, the Minister for Public Works and the Chief of Police of Buenos Aires are all Nationalists. Here, perhaps, is the first concrete evidence of direct Nationalist influence in Argentine foreign relations. The negotiations began eight months ago, which means that Castillo, despite occasional lip service to Pan-Americanism and *solidaridad* and to the memories of San Martín and Simon Bolívar, has had it in his heart and mind for a long time to do business with Hitler rather than with Roosevelt.

It doesn't occur to the Nationalist followers that they might be betraying their country by embarking upon an imperial adventure. I asked two representative Nationalists what they would do if it suddenly became clear to them that they were being used by the Axis to further the ends of Germany and Italy rather than those of Argentina. "Ah," they replied vaguely, "in that event, we shall know how to die." Undoubtedly some few Nationalists are fervently, sincerely patriotic, but their leaders are not. They see in the present state of world affairs a wonderful opportunity for self-gain and power and glory.

The trouble Argentina could cause in South America is considerable. Argentina has a good navy. It includes two battleships, two heavy cruisers, one light cruiser, sixteen destroyers, three submarines, ten mine sweepers and four auxiliary vessels. Its army is the largest and best trained in South America and comprises 48,100 active troops with 281,000 trained reserves. The air force has 470 planes, about 100 of which are first-line light bombers of our Martin type. This might not seem like much of an army compared to the modern fighting machines of the Allies and the Axis today but against, say, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay it would have a power comparable to that which the Japs threw against Luzon.

The Approaching Storm

Realistic observers are convinced that the Axis will instigate a Nationalist uprising in Argentina at the proper psychological moment. This moment, they believe, is rapidly approaching with the coming weeks. The Axis isn't concerned with Argentina's imperial ambitions; it seeks only to set in motion the forces necessary to obstruct an effective Allied offensive.

The Axis has plenty of friends in the Nationalist movement. One of these is retired General Juan Bautista Molina. He's the granddaddy of the Nationalists. He's been a Conservative, a Radical and is now a Conservative again. He heads the biggest Nationalist organization, the Alianza de la Juventud Nacionalista and commands the biggest block of votes for Castillo in the Nationalist camp. Mesmerized by German military power and efficiency, he's a pro-Nazi. Comes *der Tag*, he'll be in there swinging. In 1940, when Argentina was popularly anti-German and pro-American, he gave a de luxe luncheon party for German Ambassador von Therman. At that particular time, France had fallen and Britain appeared to be on the verge of collapse. Molina is a pleasant-looking man in his early sixties, with a genial smile, horn-rimmed eyeglasses and a pair of cold, black, piercing eyes.

Another prominent Nationalist is General Domingo J. Martínez. He's young for a general, and ambitious. As a young officer he switched his loyalties from Radical President Irigoyen to Conservative Uriburu and then to the liberal Radical General Justo. He advanced a grade with each switch. He

dropped Justo for C sees Molina aging leadership. Martine in an arrogant, pom pick it up. Castillo Martínez chief of p capital, which is m it sounds. More th gentina's 13 million

A third top Natio Fresco. He calls hir ing literally "wild first commanded th scouts by organizing ees of the province while he was gover tion storm-trooper paid for their unifor aries, drilled in their last year, he organ one of the largest groups. He's said dollar war chest.

The Nationalist Doctrine

The smartest and dangerous of the Ne is Enrique Osés, of calls himself *El Prii* First Comrade; but not the kind of Com into the Kremlin. tionalist career as e scure little paper ca now one of the mar odicals. Osés saw th of cashing in on N organized *El Pampe* own and much of ot The Taborda Comn pero costs the Gern \$25,000 every month

A prolific writer—sessed with a marty the Nationalists' do bels or the Gayda of books are National used to go to jail o Now they leave hi Castillo, to keep up *El Pampero* closed *El Pampero* reappe stands long before der expires. If the days *El Pampero* c If it's ordered clos buy the paper two became effective.

You can best jud tionalist movement lead it today but memory the Nazina Juan Manuel de Ro tor of Argentina and est dictators in hist

Rosas ruled for s organized his own Matorca, meaning " symbolizing the tigh of the regime. He political opponent. tion alone he publi of 1,500 men cut. In 1835 and 1852, he ki women who dared o gentine Nationalists power and greatness clothe him with the of the gaucho and There hasn't been a gentina since Rosas

But the Nationa story of what happe dictator—as all d must—came to a di a book called Facu tion of the tortures Rosas regime, the crucified the great stirred longings fo hearts of men, and f was overthrown by cabal of generals w mocracy. Rosas die English garret.

There's Someone for You

Continued from page 20

wiped his forehead off
kerchief and spoke.
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ist often you see a girl
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for two," said the post-
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ress thought, "Old maid
ing pants!" and that she
at e thought.

y alive?" Everett Smith
usly. It made him more
to show quickly the girl

moved to get away from his talk, and
yet he had to try, desperately, not to let
her go right out of his life. "My name
is Everett Smith, from Texas. May I
come to see you some time? Do you
live near here?"

"No," Tulsa said flatly. "A long way
off."

"Please!" said Everett Smith, but
Tulsa didn't want to be laughed at. She
walked right by Everett and all the way
home told herself she had a right to cry
if she felt like it and had a headache
from the sun.

"Keep yourself to yourself," she
warned her heart. "At least then nobody
can laugh at you, on top of everything
else. He's probably laughing at you
right this minute."

But somehow she knew he wasn't and
Everett Smith was the name she fas-
tened to all the confused dreams of her
lonely, hungry life. It was a wonderful
name.

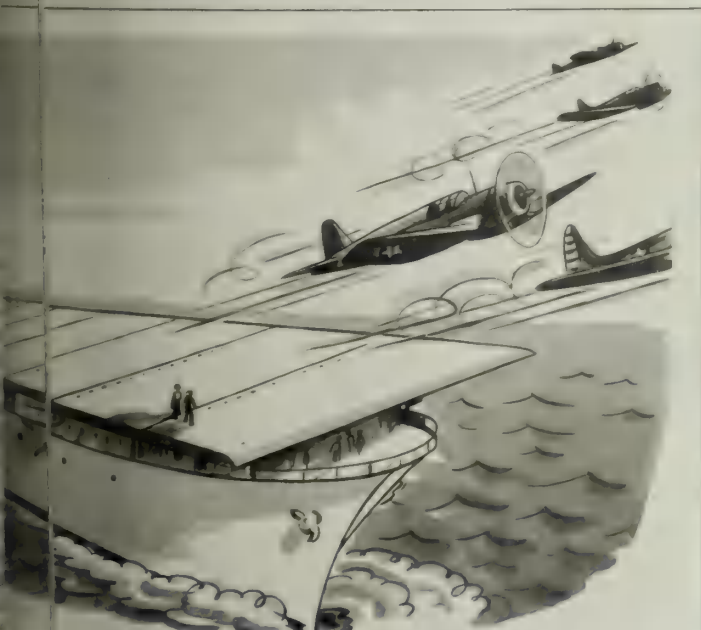
"This is Saturday night," Tulsa re-
minded herself, looking down at her
book. "Everybody but you has a date
and if he comes here, he'll have a date,
too."

One reason she had been glad to work
for the Danielses on their remote ranch
was that she was a long way from town
and wouldn't have to face these sham-
ing, blank, Saturday nights, but tonight
Molly had made her come along.

She said, "There's no reason for you
to stay home when we're taking the kids.
There must be things you want to do."

MOLLY DANIELS was a brisk, brown
little woman, not unlike the prize
turkeys she and her husband raised.
She wasn't too brisk for tact, however,
and she was careful not to say, "Or
people you'd like to see." Sometimes
it worried her, the way Tulsa tried to
hide when somebody new came to the
ranch, huddling down like a scared bird
inside her feathers until they left. But,
since the Danielses had someone who
worked like two and was glad to do it
because they were all Tulsa had to care
about in the world, they didn't try to
change her. She was easy with them
and talked along in a low voice about
the turkeys and the feed and the eggs,
or talked softly to the children as she
put them to bed.

That was how they knew even as
much about Tulsa Brann as they did,



place always seems so big and lonely, when they all leave"

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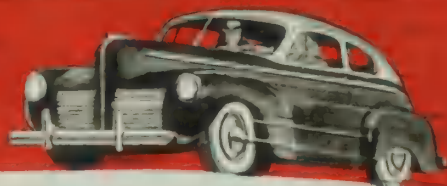
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part of the tube itself to stay there permanently

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from her talking in the evenings to the children, who slept in a big room off the kitchen. Tulsa sat in a high-backed old rocker, with the two-year-old done up into a bundle of blanket on her lap, and creaked the chair while she told the children that she was named Tulsa because her grandfather had pioneered to Oklahoma and how she had chosen the name of Victory on the map, and how she had nobody in the world to care about, only the Danielses.

"It was a fortunate day your mother found me," she began the story. "Otherwise I do not know what would have happened to me. Indeed I do not."

TULSA had a formal way of talking because she talked as though she were reading. She read all the time she wasn't working; she read everything.

"I was so lonely," Tulsa said, "from being ugly. And a girl had been very mean to me that day, until I wanted to run away, far out on the desert, until I was lost."

"Are you the ugly duckling?" little Molly would ask and Tulsa always said, "Yes, I am the ugly duckling, only I can't turn into a swan."

As a matter of fact, Tulsa wasn't ugly, which is something striking and sometimes even attractive; what she was was plain and nondescript.

Danny always said, "When I grow up and have children, I'll name them all cities, like you, Tulsa. Tulsa is a lovely name."

"Thank you," Tulsa answered.

"Tell about your mother," little Molly always asked, though here the story was sad and the happy ending only started after grandma and the Danielses got into the story.

"My mother was beautiful," Tulsa said dreamily, creaking back and forth in the rocker and patting little Cora. "Very beautiful. My father loved her and they were happy when I was born—my grandmother always reminded me of that so I would not worry. But I am a serious and worrying kind of person. When I was only a little older than Cora here—"

Her arms would fold tighter and Molly, listening from the kitchen as she darned stockings, could tell the children were listening, too. "We moved to Halifax, which is a great seaport, because my father built ships and there was that other war. One day there was an explosion and a lot of things were blown up, including our house. My father never came home to find out."

"It worried me that my mother who was beautiful died and that I lived. But my grandmother, who raised me, was very kind to me and covered apples with red candy and knitted me sweaters. She used to say—" And here Tulsa's voice would fall until it sounded like a sleepy wind, and the children would be very still. "She used to say, 'There's someone for everyone, Tulsa, and there's someone in the world for you, never fear. You just go about your business and be a good girl and they'll surely find you.'"

AFTER the grandma died, there were bad times and hard jobs and finally a job in the Victory cement plant.

"One sad evening," Tulsa said, her voice quickening for the end of the story, "a lady named Daniels came by and said, 'Maybe you're not so pretty but you look nice and good to me, so come and work on my turkey ranch.'"

"So you came," the children chorused, "and you liked all the Danielses, every one of them, and they liked you, so your grandma was right and you'll stay here forever and ever, amen."

"Amen is for prayers," Tulsa said, getting up to put Cora into her crib by the window. "Not for stories."

Molly went on darning but she wondered if Tulsa's grandma had only meant the Danielses for her. How must it be for Tulsa to have only a home and

children that weren't her own and only work for other people? And yet what would the Danielses do without her?

"Time to worry when it happens," Molly thought. She called, "Come on, Tulsa, have some coffee with me now the young ones are asleep." Because it wasn't going to happen to Tulsa, even though her dropped spoon meant company coming.

There was a noise at the door of the Green Spot and Tulsa looked to see if this was the Danielses but it was a group of soldiers tanned deeper than their uniforms by the desert sun that had made little lines around their eyes and sweated them lean. One leaner than the rest. He stopped beside Tulsa's table, while the rest went on to the tableful of waiting girls at the end, one of whom was Tulsa's enemy, Eileen.

Everett Smith said, "I've looked everywhere to find you."

Tulsa could see Eileen watching them, laughing and making a joke out of it. "Look at the old maid trying to get herself a man," she'd say, and she might tell an old story about Tulsa. Tulsa couldn't look at Everett Smith, who might even be in on the joke. How did she know?

"What is your book's name?" Everett asked urgently.

Still she wouldn't answer.

In a lower voice Everett said with sudden sad urgency, "Talk to me, Miss Brann! Please!" He paused a second before he went on as he had been told to do. "A fellow I know said no girl could stand me more than an hour, on account of the way I talk so much. I've bet two months' pay I could get a date this Saturday night and make it last until eleven o'clock. The fellow goes with a girl named Eileen Fornoy. Why, they're practically spending my money right now, they're so sure nobody'd talk to me that long."

"Eileen Fornoy?" Tulsa said. She said it with such quiet fierceness Everett was surprised. "Sit down," Tulsa said, "if you want to." She smiled at him timidly. "It is just a book on Inca civilization I happen to be reading," she said.

Everett said eagerly, "I have read a little about Inca civilization myself, as it happens." Everett had, and he absorbed other facts and figures like a willing blotter; the trouble was, nobody else cared. Nobody ever seemed to care about the total volume of water in Lake Mead, or what happened to the target when a rifle sight was one one-thousandth off. Except Tulsa was interested. It warmed him to see her sitting there quietly listening, not clicking her nails

together, or breaking up

restlessness. "Laughing!" Tulsa said later. "People are I never know what Everett had been in long, instructive listen to forever as more than smile o Tulsa feel easy wit

"People very se talk," Everett said. "Maybe you ha early, when you're "Otherwise you do not speaking of some people have."

That was Eileen, noisy table, shriek the room in wry was being talked laughed like that. thought. Maybe r

Everett said slow the aunt and uncle are not the same ranch for me while to Texas—I was worked hard and s I own this fig ranch It goes right on I away in the Army, I will still have a f ing figs and packin But still I might be at her.

"You own a ranch?" Tulsa asked. "Why, yes," said quickening his vo Tulsa. "And you trees I have on it?"

HE HARDLY got by-fig descriptive next hour and Tulsa nated. Her eyes s lay idle in her lap into warm eagerness better than a book dream.

When she looked up, she saw Molly and the fairy had Molly looked cross "What's the matter her husband asked. me, and we've bou and walked the town want to come in h can't figure it out."

"That's plain," s were introductions.

Everett Smith w eleven. And Eileen money to spend or wasn't right! Ever

"Please," Tulsa dance with me?"



"But the idea of installing music in the shop was to get the men to work better"

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and Molly was poking
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o spite Eileen because a
Everett was worth a thou-
that!

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y finest assortment, Tulsa
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ed try."

ju one conscious wish and
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at myself," Everett said
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g u in her throat like water
it sank down as regu-
she caught sight of Eileen, or
eser the clock, and was re-
hes if. Everett had an anx-
at ade her think, "But just
it eleven I'll let him go—
e d dle of a dance, even.
dn think I'm doing this for
oir it against Eileen."

he enemy to whom a trust-
rl the cement plant had
olls as her share of a party
ay ght. A party that had
by pick up Tulsa, waiting
ree plaid cotton dress and
ome rooming-house porch,
carnad driven by, slowly
o lisa, still there waiting,
on knew this was the first
ad d even this much of a
he the talk and laughter
fohy her own two dollars.
voir had said, "Oh, what of
ver sake? It's worth two
hat for hen just to think she
a o.e, but if we drag her
only spoil the party!"

DANIELS had come by
tear were still flooding over
ple, stiff face and a few
sh was on her way to the
ch wh her few belongings in
ander few hopes discarded.
wa getting back at Eileen,
do ything for money.

Smil said, "You're going to
daer. Down home they
es o Saturday nights, too.
od n."

ed m to sound so, but he
if ey were or not. He had
at t edge of things all his
u goack, afterward?" Tulsa
said Everett Smith holding
tght. "This aunt and uncle
nt teire, and there's a big
hose. I suppose a girl
ant move into an old place
ine, n rooms, and fig trees
n, and a garden at the side.
to a decorator from Dal-
up."

e the was a girl in Texas!
l a flow like Everett not
waing? And was that any
to tie a sociable interest?
voic trembled as she said
ly, ome girls might like
nto and see how the man
e, I gss. They might like to
n old curtains and feel good
ey pl up the new ones and
tem."

ce ha a warmth she didn't

know about, and she moved softly and
easily now that she had stopped think-
ing about Eileen. Her eyes had the
smoothness of green water, her hair the
soft shine of pine needles.

"Some girls, who always lived with
other people's things, well, they'd cher-
ish everything that had belonged to him
or his family for a long time back. It
would make them feel good just to touch
those things with their fingers."

Everett Smith said, "Do you guess
that's really right, Tulsa?"

"Yes," she said absently, but Eileen,
dancing near, shouted to her partner,
"Come on, let's go some place else! This
dump's dead and it's way past eleven!"
Tulsa's coach turned into a pumpkin
and she stopped dancing abruptly,
though she had almost forgotten.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Smith,"
she said, in a loud, clear voice, so that
Eileen would hear and take notice.
"I've enjoyed it, but since it is after
eleven, I must hurry and go."

WHEN she walked back to the table,
Molly saw that the light had gone
out behind Tulsa's face and she thought
maybe her idea had been a bad one
after all. Maybe she had given Everett
too much credit for sense. Maybe he
didn't appreciate Tulsa.

"Come along, Tulsa," she said kindly.
"Time to be getting home."

Her husband, just beginning his sec-
ond beer, stared at her in astonishment.

"Why, we just got here!" he bellowed,
and even Everett, following Tulsa,
jumped at the sound. "What's got into
you tonight, Mamma?"

Everett turned wretchedly to Tulsa,
who stood a little away from the family-
crowded table with nowhere to hide.
"You have a kind heart, as Mrs. Daniels
told me," he said miserably. "You talked
with me and danced with me to save me
losing some money—so you thought—"

"It was to spite Eileen," said Tulsa
flatly.

"But you got so tired of me you
wouldn't go one minute overtime, would
you?" Everett asked. "I thought may-
be—"

Molly suddenly had her inexplicable
impatience again. "Go on outside and
talk, you two," she said. "After all, why
should we be interested?"

Tulsa walked out into the street,
blindly, because if Molly wouldn't help
her, nobody would. She climbed up into
the back of the truck, and Everett stood
beside it.

"There wasn't any bet," he told her.
"I found out you worked for the Dan-
ielses, and Mrs. Daniels said you were
kind, you would talk to me, but you
were shy, so she advised me to make up
a reason. She said she would occupy the
others buying shoes—but it didn't do
any good. You didn't want to stay with
me one minute longer than you had
to, and I don't blame you, a wonderful
girl like you, with a mind and all."

There he was, he knew dismally.
Talking, talking, when any other fellow
would take a girl in his arms and it
would all work out.

But there was Tulsa looking at him,
as if a hand had suddenly hung out the
sun in front of her eyes and she was
dazzled trying to see through the sud-
den strong light that was shining in Vic-
tory at half past eleven at night.

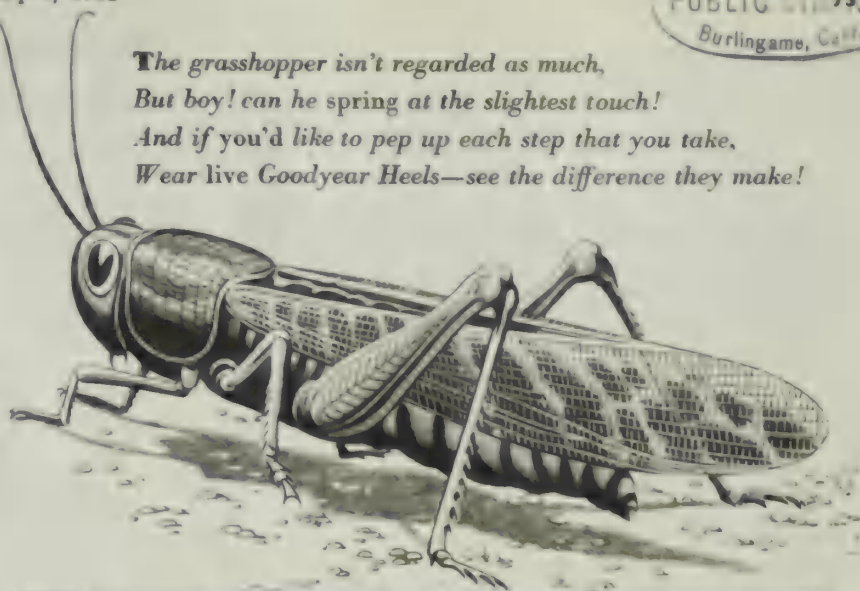
"There wasn't any bet?" she said.
"You just wanted to talk to me on pur-
pose?"

"Why, yes," said Everett Smith.
"Anybody'd be proud to!"

"Then my grandma was right," said
Tulsa. There were tears in her eyes as
Everett climbed up beside her and val-
iantly put his hand over hers, but a
chime of bright words sang inside her:
"Tulsa, there's someone for you, never
fear."

THE END

The grasshopper isn't regarded as much,
But boy! can he spring at the slightest touch!
And if you'd like to pep up each step that you take,
Wear live Goodyear Heels—see the difference they make!



Look at YOUR heels!

Have no fear when you wear Goodyear Heels that you are using any of the nation's precious supply of crude rubber. For Goodyear Heels are now made entirely from Regenerated Rubber by a special formula resulting from Goodyear's vast resources and matchless skill. They are live, springy, long-wearing. And they wear down evenly. Get a pair today!



America's Largest-Selling
Rubber Heels

Is it true what they say about
FALSE TEETH?

(OR) HOW BUSINESS GIRLS
GET RAISES

Kate McCarthy, sad to state,
Was about to "get the gate".

Why? Her FALSE TEETH were a "sight",
Scrub and rub them as she might;

"Denture Breath" also assailed her;
Poise and pleasant manner failed her.



Said her dentist: "Polident
Spares you this embarrassment.

"In its no-brush, no scrub action,
You'll find instant satisfaction."



Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing!
Do this every day: Add
a little POLIDENT Pow-
der to half a glass of
water. Stir. Put in plate
or bridge 10 to 15 min-
utes. Rinse, and it's
ready to use.



Kate tried POLIDENT... and, lo!
TEETH and SMILE now gleam and glow.

In return, what did she get?
Fired? Oh, no! A raise? You bet!

MORAL: If your plate's distressin',
Profit by this object lesson!



CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH

POLIDENT

ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

A Candle at Night

Continued from page 17

was about to be married to, come January."

"Oh! I'm sorry." She continued to blink faster than ever until Mary, feeling somehow responsible, began to feel sorry for her. "But I dare say it's quite for the best. How old are you, Mary,"

"Going on thirty, miss."

"Ah! Well, it's hard to settle into a new walk in life at thirty. Marry young if you marry at all. That's my motto, and I may say I've followed it. I'm bold to think that time will prove I'm right."

"I dare say, miss. Thank you, miss."

"And maybe, if things go right—mind you, I promise nothing!—maybe you might stay on here at the Castle. I shan't lay off everybody, even after Christmas."

Mary felt her heart beat an excited tattoo in her side and then jump into her throat, where it beat even faster. Reprove herself as she would with the simultaneous thought of Jared still and dead, she could not deny her sudden happiness.

"Thank you, miss. There's nothing I'd like so much."

"Then work for it!" said the manageress sharply. "A girl that's slack can go and pack. That's my motto. Bess Jago dealing out humbugs to Boots, and Doris coloring her own face! I won't stick such goings-on, and there's an end to it! And openings aren't plentiful these days in England like the black currants."

"Quite so, miss."

"Oh, and one thing more, Mary."

FROM the shelf beneath her desk she drew a large red book, the sight of which made Mary's beating heart still suddenly with fear. Now that her decision to go to Jared's burying had cut away all hope of buying an identical book—a hope which she had cherished since Easter—could it be that she was to find herself deprived of her greatest joy?

"I take it you read this book."

"Yes, miss, but only at night after all the guests have gone to bed. And I'm that careful of it I cover it with an apron, miss. I like the stories in it, and I bring it down early. And the candles I burn for reading I bought myself, miss."

"Well, I'm not saying as how you shouldn't, am I?" snapped the manageress. "Better read than run to cinemas, I say, as though sixpences were sea-pinks. Only take care no one's wanting it, and more care that you don't go about leaving things in it."

As she spoke, she drew from between two of the pages a thin envelope and handed it to Mary, whose cheeks flushed with sudden recognition. It was her last letter from Jared Treknow. She had placed it quite in the midst of the story of Sir Tristan and the Fair Iseult in the hope that somehow it might take upon itself something of the splendor of their love. But even as she looked upon its cramped address, even as she realized that Jared would write no more, she knew that within and without it remained as stodgy and as inarticulate as ever.

"That's all," said the manageress. "Just keep a quicker eye to things. That's all."

That night after the hotel was still, after Mary's pound and half-pound notes, folded in a clean handkerchief, were sewed securely in her bosom with much redoubling of threads, she tiptoed down the four flights of stairs for the red book. Her need and desire for it just now were greater than they had ever been. She did not want to go to

Land's End for Jared Treknow's burying; she did not want to see his mother, querulous and alone, nor to follow his body as it was borne along that somber highland path through the bracken to the churchyard. Above all, now that a larger perspective had magically opened before her eyes, she did not want to be plunged even for a few hours into the drab, nagging perplexities of the village in which she had lived for the past six years.

Nevertheless, though she had never wanted Jared as he had wanted her, she had given her word to marry him, and her sense of duty toward him was strong. Lastly, from Susan Glover's card it was evident that she wished her to come; and Susan was the one person in the world whom Mary really loved, toward whom her sense of loyalty was tenacious and secure.

The red book did not fail her. Wrapping its covers carefully in an old apron, she sat hunched in her one chair, and read for hours beneath her candle. From

the red book and the storied Tintagel cliffs where all these loftier deeds had once taken place, she had suddenly become a different person, with other and far different demands and satisfactions.

Before she took off her shoes and dress for a brief nap until the morning came, she placed her lighted candle in her one narrow window. Thus, she reflected as she stood behind its flickering and listened to the thunder of the seas meeting at high tide in Merlin's Cave—thus had done the fair Iseult for the sake of Sir Tristan, the Lady Guinevere for Lancelot of the Lake.

DURING the long journey down the coast she chose to sit with the driver, whom she knew a bit, rather than among the tourists, with whom she felt shy and out of place. As the great, lumbering car hurtled along the black roads, she watched the Cornish country change, the late foxgloves and campion grow more sparse in the hedges, the hedges themselves give place to solid

instead of Jared, she was able to love him as thoughts, she who hated the less moving of the cuary?

"They say, too, that Michaelmas, 'e always wanted,"

"Oh," said Mary. Now she was in a labyrinth of perplex confused, and her sight.

"I'd call 'im a fool the boy with the twenty-one. 'It's n worth all that."

It was long past the charabanc at lane leading between the Treknow cottage borhood had gathered procession. Their more somber the g under a heavy sky. from the sea beyond land fields and bill blankets spread up to dry.

WHEN Mary saw Susan Glover to take their places black coffin, she stood beside the though Susan by a Mary walk between his black cassock walked before Jar bearers on either side ing a bit beneath his mother, Susan and neighbors. There h as to what hymn t seldom happened t know a favorite of t had attended neither had never, so far as heard to sing.

Because, therefore knowledge regarding of the fact that the best if familiar, the wise choice:

O God, our help
Our hope for ye
Our shelter from
And our Eterna

This they sang, as they followed the through the gate, an road, took a moorland churchyard.

Mary could not the words stuck in she was crying, like nately sobbed and not feel like crying ing shoulders of the towering above the ring in the wind, t the sea—these took was born. Here a gaunt heights, wh heather were begin great shafts of st heard, had been p acient people long s

Time like an ev
Bears all its so
They fly forgotte
Dies at the op

Once they had yard, matters mov Mary's intense reli ers were said, suc deadening the thin



"Air raids won't interrupt our routine—we've been living in a blackout since you bought that camera!"

FRED BALK

five months of daily absorption she knew the stories by heart, but there was always the charm, the atmosphere, the transcending truth to be recaptured and made again her own. For these great passions, these high old loves and noble hatreds, this scorn and carelessness of death, this readiness to sacrifice, had pushed far into the background the dull world of Mary Penrose and created for her another, unbelievably satisfying in its romance, its dignity. What wonder that she feared the necessary interchange, even for a day, of this new life for the old! In the negative patience of the thwarted lives she had known, there had been at best only pathos. And pathos, though it might and often did break one's heart, could not command one's respect, fire one's imagination, leave one satisfied with the ultimate fitness of things, tragic though they were.

NOT that Mary Penrose in her Castle tower for one moment analyzed the gray narrowness of the world from which she had come or the glamorous largeness of the world in which she now moved. She only knew that because of

walls of stone. Gone were the purple veronica, the rose and white valerian of sunnier Tintagel; gone were the high, many-colored little fields of corn and grass. Gorse and bracken began to usurp the hart's-tongue and osmunda of the glades, the moors to usurp the meadows. Only the cliffs, now near at hand, now farther as the road curved inland, remained substantially the same. And the sea, ever hurling itself against them, partook of their permanence, even in its changefulness, now purple in the white-sanded harbor of St. Ives, now green as the coast descended in its precipitous tumble toward the end of England.

The driver turned to Mary: "Yesterday at Land's End they tol' me as 'ow a fellow drowned 'isself. They couldn't talk of nothin' else down there."

With this added news thus supplementing Susan's laconic message Mary felt her hair rise. She heard Jared's tired, half-sulky voice begging her to marry him at Michaelmas; she heard her own refusal. Was she, then, to hold herself responsible for this unexpected wicked act? Was she perhaps the wrongdoer

COUNT *THIS* ARMY IN!

THERE'S a trained army more than a million strong working to back up the men in uniform.

It's the army of railroad men, on duty day and night in every state in the Union.

For more than twenty years—ever since the last war ended—this army has been supplied with better and better equipment. And railroads, military authorities and shippers have worked out plans to get more service out of each piece of equipment—to get the most use out of every facility of the world's greatest transportation system.

That's why this railroad army is meeting emergency demands—why, for every minute of the day and night, it is moving *a million tons of freight a mile*—an all-time record for this or any other transportation system in the world.

All this veteran army needs, to meet future challenges, is a flow of new equipment great enough to match the rising tide of America's war production.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Your fleet may be only ONE CAR!

TO MANY OF US, the question of picking the right oil for a car is a new question. It has seemed so important only since prolonging the life of a car is so vital.

But there are men who devote their business lives to keeping fleets of trucks and cars continuously on the road. It is not a new problem to them—and their very jobs depend on reducing cost of wear and repairs, saving on gasoline, and preventing the replacement of parts.



For instance, the Nevins Drug Company of Philadelphia operates 5 tractors and 25 salesmen's cars. In nine months "it was not necessary to do a carbon or valve job. Our oil consumption is less than with other oils. Gas consumption has dropped 10.9%," they write us.



When the Supreme Baking Company of Los Angeles, operating from 40 to 55 trucks and automobiles, kept actual records using RING-FREE exclusively for five years, they found they saved money on gasoline consumption, mechanical repairs and keeping their fleet on the road continuously.

When Shannahan Brothers, general contractors of Huntington Park, California, report that a Diesel-powered shovel has operated for nearly four years "without an overhaul job of any nature," it means something to know that RING-FREE has been used exclusively.



IN letter after letter, we are told by fleet owners, contractors, and other users of gasoline and Diesel equipment that savings in fuel consumption as high as 10% are not uncommon; that the repairs and overhauling bills are decidedly lower.

Company after company, on a straight business basis, has adopted Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil for all of its equip-

ment after the most exhaustive competitive tests on equipment in actual use.

You may not be an expert on lubrication. The maintenance engineers of these companies are experts. You can rely on their findings for your car which is just as important to you as their fleets are to them.

Now is the time for you to investigate Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil!

Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is guaranteed to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try one fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

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MOTOR OIL**

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that only single words and phrases were now and then audible: "Man that is born of a woman . . . he fleeth as it were a shadow . . . earth to earth . . . blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" The wind swept the unkempt grass of the grave mounds and smote the granite crosses standing here and there, placed deep in the earth against the fury of the open Atlantic. It even stirred the dry brown soil of Jared's grave and caused little brown swirls of dust to rise and float away.

Then Mary, Susan and Jared's mother walked silently back to the cottage for a cup of tea. They had scones and Cornish cream that some neighbor had left behind for them. Susan sobbed as she drank and ate. It seemed to Mary, herself still tearless, that she could never stop crying. Jared's mother was the only one who spoke, and Mary wondered in the dimness of the kitchen if she knew what she was saying to them.

"'E might ha' married either of you. I'd not ha' minded, not I. 'E never brought me much cheer since 'e come back from the war, you might say. I'm not for staying 'ere by meself. Once things are settled up, I'm goin' along o' me sister near St. Ives. With all these strangers passin' to and fro on the roads there's a livin' to be 'ad by bed and breakfast at six shillings the night. I'll not be homesick, not I."

Mary was glad when she and Susan could take their way in the wind along the black road toward the Red Lion. She longed to be of help to Susan. She longed more to be through with it all and on her way back to the Castle Hotel and the red book. That evening she helped in the public room, drawing beer and ale from sticky wooden casks into tall, ungainly mugs and carrying them to the men who talked in low tones of Jared at the tables and in the corners. It seemed an endless succession of hours before she and Susan were in Susan's bed beneath the eaves of her sloping room.

LYING there in the windy darkness, she put her arms around Susan, holding her shaking shoulders close against her own breast. She loved Susan. She wanted desperately to say something; but she did not know what to say. Until today she had not realized that Susan had so loved Jared, even perhaps as Jared had loved her, Mary Penrose. At last she found some words:

"I'm sorry, Susan. I never loved him like that, even though I said I'd marry him. I'm sorry he didn't love you instead of me. That would have been better, and I'd have told him—straight out, I would—if I'd known your feelings. I would, and that's a fact."

Susan suddenly tore herself free from Mary's encircling arms and stopped crying. Mary felt the tiny room grow tense and heavy with whatever was in Susan's mind. In those pregnant moments even the thought of the red book and those ancient, more gracious Tintagel loves, lurking as they always were in her consciousness, were swept into the background. She knew that something was coming and waited for it as one waits, half-suspiciously, for an event which will change one's life.

Susan began to speak in a dry, quite tearless voice: "It's not for 'im I'm crying. That I'll do by and by, when I'm straight with you. There's time enough—days and weeks and years. It's what I've done to you, Mary, that's killing me. You're my best friend, and I've not been fair to you. Jared did love me. 'E wouldn't have, but I made 'im. I kept telling 'im—all the spring I did—that 'e could have all of me 'e wanted. I kept telling 'im in little ways—something taught me how—and by and by 'e understood. That's what's killing me. And that's what killed 'im, too."

Mary lay quite still. It seemed to be dead. In it at all. From the tiny, casement window she saw a light flashing on a faraway reef in a high tower.

"I'm a great sinner, my best friend and I'm a sinner because, except for my sins, I'm not sorry I never known what before, what it felt like as not I'll suffer for my sin—suffer and your leaving n be punished in the leastwise I've got th

MARY'S body was still dead. Her mind began to wake. The red book crept rated themselves t clearly one by one:

Then the Lady I a grievous double standing that she v liege lord tormenter torment she sufferer guish because of he tan. For thus straly joys of love itself c the beloved alike to offer

And again: Much had Guine Queen, to rememb among the primros meadows of Camelo Lancelot of the Lak

It was not jealous question which Ma then. An eager cur a hope, almost a stories within the re intensity in her tor "What things, Susa got to remember?"

Susan still lay u did not move at seemed to come fro "Lots of things. J himself, not being s all shut up. 'E wok different. Like a book—not like peop

Mary held her t the light far out at Don't you worry. wake up. I'm glad he?"

"'E began to s books—after I'd do 'im to love me. A things. Once at nig brought me primro ered himself. And the fields, 'e noti and such. 'Twas q like 'im."

"'Twas a fine s "for walking out."

"'Twas that that wrong, Mary. 'Two different in winter. in the spring and started coming on. got hold o' me whe fields and Jared lo above the little cove again, but I can't g o' my mind. They'r I see them when I a dream about them

"I'm glad," said The honesty in he ate, unmistakable. and heart were sati ness of her body ca felt alive with new walls of Susan's di Dreaming, Mary c age. She saw Jare embracing in the w Camelot. They w corduroy and gingi inarticulate and st ankle-deep in prim

ed and clung. The stories
k had come at last to earth
indeed, but for the one
ed. She did not for a mo-
ow she herself might have
his new, more splendid
I she turned suddenly and
her arms.

gled to free herself from
"You've got to get it
Then you can't be glad.
m to understand."

said Mary. "I've got it
ght in my mind, Susan.
didn't marry Jared, once
like that. I'm sorry he
to make you happy. But
ks don't stay happy in
s—leastways not as I've

re not saying goodbye to
or all, Mary? Remember
ne you. I'd expect it as
I say as 'ow you'd 'ave to
hing."

u, Susan? Saying goodbye
oi? Not I, my dear. We
e friends since we went to
S Ives, and then cleaned
se vat, and then lived here
art than a stone's throw!
I you what, Susan. It's
uddenlike what we'll do.
ir, notice here, and then
in o me in Tintagel. There's
ta on the Camelford Road,
ve some money. We'll have
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as ying again, but her sobs
e relief. "You're good,
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'ou're quite too good."

aid Mary. "I'm not good.
ew things inside me, Susan,
not mind you and Jared.
o g'dness, and that's a fact.
coe to Tintagel and I show
th, you'll see."

at 'intagel an old place,"
n, where history happened

and such like. I never thought it new."

Mary reflected a long moment in the still, musty darkness. "It is old," she said. "That's quite right, Susan. But new things happen there to folks—at least to me. You'll see."

She lay awake after Susan slept, reviewing again the stories in the red book, picturing Jared and Susan among the primroses. Although the glowing pages between which Jared's letter had lain, pages which chronicled the love of Sir Tristan for Iseult the Fair, had worked no miracle for her, they had for Susan and for Jared. Their love, which had killed Jared and which lay so weightily as a sweet sin upon Susan's heart, was for Mary shorn of wrong by its very glamor, by its pervasive and transcending power, transforming the dullness of their lives into something ancient, magical, satisfying. Susan, whom she loved, had for a brief moment lived an old romance, which had in some strange way brought back to somber Cornwall the enchantment of its earlier, higher days. Even Jared himself by his terrible act had taken upon himself a dignity which in life he had never possessed.

WHEN the early light came, turning the gleam of the faraway beacon from gold to blue, Susan awakened.

"I've just dreamed, Mary, as 'ow we offered bed and breakfast in our cottage like Jared's mother said. It might be I could make some shillings for us that way."

"I dare say," said Mary. "Folks do race that fast along the roads these days." The sun came up over the gray Atlantic and the beacon ceased to glow. "And I was just thinking, Susan. Maybe when the dark comes early, you'd place a candle in the upper window against my coming home."

"I dare say," said Susan in her turn. "A candle now and then at night is nought so dear!"

THE END



"I haven't got an empty tube. Just squeeze the toothpaste into a paper bag!"

AL ROSS



MR. MFGTCH

helps to keep 'em flying

Once upon a time there was a man named Mfgtch. One morning he came down to breakfast and saw by the papers that the world was coming unglued.

"What a mess," muttered Mr. Mfgtch.

When Mr. Mfgtch got to the office, where he was a Little Shot, he called Miss McZrty over to his desk.

"Miss McZ.,," he said, "how many people are there in the United States?"

So Miss McZ., who was good at vital statistics, told him.

"And how much," continued Mr. Mfgtch, "is it going to cost us to larrup the living day-lights out of the Nazis and the Nips?"

So Miss McZ., she told him.

"Jeepers!" observed Mr. Mfgtch. "Now then! How much is the cost of doing the larruping divided by the number of us folks who have got to do it?"

"Just a minute, sir," said Miss McZrty, who was employed by the firm as a Comptometer operator. And so saying, she went to her desk, and in a jiffy worked out the problem on her trusty Model M Comptometer.

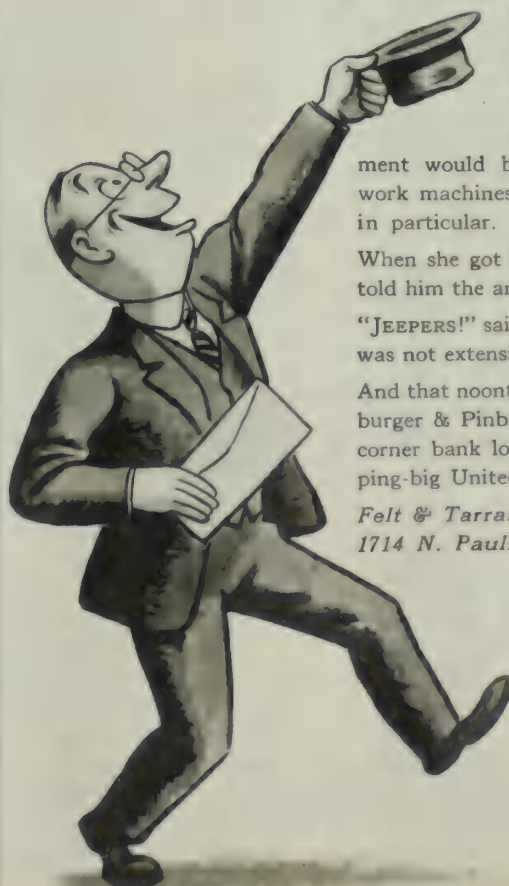
Even as she whisked through the problem, she thought what a marvelous adding-calculating machine the Comptometer is, and how speedily, accurately and economically it handles all sorts of figure work.

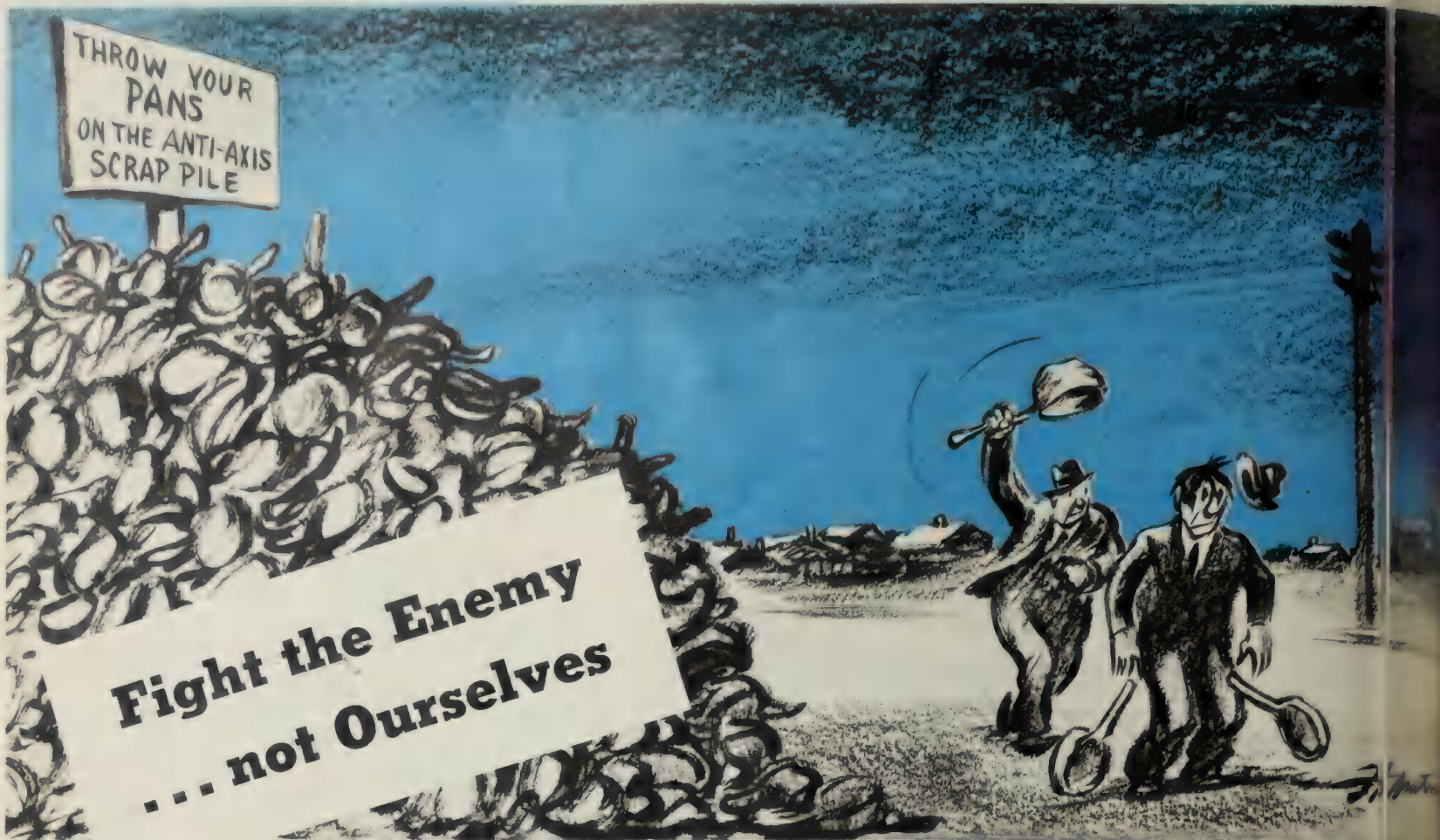
And as she hurried back to Mr. Mfgtch's desk, she considered what a dreadful jam Management would be in if it were not for figure-work machines in general, and Comptometers in particular.

When she got back to Mr. Mfgtch's desk, she told him the answer.

"JEEPERS!" said Mr. Mfgtch, whose vocabulary was not extensive.

And that noontime, on his way to Hank's Hamburger & Pinball Emporium, he paused at the corner bank long enough to purchase a whopping-big United States Defense Savings Bond. *Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.*





IN ONE American town, a Civilian Defense leader recently fell prey to what seems to us to have been a peculiar worry. Maybe the same sort of thing has happened in 3,000 American towns; we don't know.

All householders in this particular Civilian Defense unit's area had been duly told how to go about blacking out, and what to do in case of air raid alarms or actual air raids. The common sense which most people, believe it or not, possess, might have been trusted to carry on from that point.

But the gentleman who figures in this story felt that not enough had been done. It was discovered that only a handful of these people had made preparations for having innocent, frolicsome fun for themselves and families during blackouts. Even fewer had equipped cellar or sheltered rumpus rooms with the checkers, cards, ping-pong outfits and wholesome reading matter supposed to be necessary at such times.

So this Civilian Defense leader proposed that all these people be more or less forced into making these provisions, whether they wanted to or not . . .

In another American town, two ambitious and managing ladies, who hated each other socially and personally long before Pearl Harbor, and haven't sunk quite all their differences since, have contrived to split their town's Civilian Defense organization cleanly up the middle into two warring factions.

This, too, may be taking place in 3,000 other American towns; again we don't know. But it is too bad that it is taking place anywhere in the country . . .

The WPB recently ordered the cuffs off all the trousers in retail stores when the order took effect, and banned manufacture of trousers with cuffs till further notice. Some busy mind at Washington then conceived a supposed improvement on this order. This mind worked it out that if you bought cuffless trousers and had a tailor decorate them with false cuffs,

usually called French cuffs, you were breaking some kind of sacred law.

This, though the French cuffs are made without using extra cloth. It was not the saving of the cloth that mattered to this mastermind; it was the pure, unadulterated cufflessness of American pants. We haven't heard as yet of any order directing men to get the cuffs off pants purchased before the cuffless order came down, so that we shall become a uniformly trouser-cuffless nation, but such an order would not be surprising . . .

We go into these seemingly petty instances because they seem to us to be symptoms of an upsurge of intolerance in this country.

It is an intolerance bred by the war, of course. And in some of the people who are practicing it, and will practice more of it unless sat upon or kicked in the teeth by public opinion, it has praiseworthy motives behind it. It springs in many cases from excessive and misguided but perfectly sincere zeal to do something to help win the war.

But it is excessive and misguided, nevertheless. Far from contributing anything toward winning the war, it can only stir up rancor, malice and resentment among some Americans toward other Americans. To repeat something which you may be tired of hearing, but which can hardly be repeated too often just now, that is precisely what our Axis enemies want—that we shall do more and more bickering and faultfinding and back stabbing among ourselves, until at last we shall cripple our own war effort.

What's the reason for it? Something inborn in democracy, as claimed by Mr. Hitler?

Partly, we'd say, yes. We had the same kind of goings-on during the federal prohibition era. Once that law attempting to regulate private conduct was on the books, we turned out to have a lot of citizens who were burningly anxious to regulate and regiment their fellow citizens. Many of those born Nosy Parkers see a glorious comeback materializing for them in

this war emergency and are making the most of their opportunities.

But we think the Administration at Washington will be wise to discourage this kind of ing and divisive intolerance and concentrate public attention on fighting the enemy of ourselves.

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, struck exactly the right note when he insisted that all purchases of War Bonds and Bonds be wholly voluntary. Secretary Morgenthau explicitly forbade companies of any sort, direct or indirect, in the sales of loans. He was wise enough to know that the American people without compulsion are generous and ready to make every sacrifice required for victory in this war.

The tone of some of the rationing and other decrees, necessary in the war, on the other hand, has been unfortunate. Instead of being phrased as appeals to the intelligent people who well know what war sacrifices, some of these have sounded like orders issued by a new member of the Hitler-Mussolini club to a passel of ignorant Americans. They must be ordered and booted and threatened to deliver any results at all.

We think especially in this sudden, autocratic freezing of the whimsical, contradictory alarms and excursions regarding rationing blades.

This kind of stuff not only makes Americans mad at the government, but encourages the little neighborhood born zealots to hector and bully the low citizens.

It had better be called off, the bottom up. Happily it is being called off at the top. We are supposed to fight Hirohito and Mussolini. It is a bloody and deathly matter. The more energy we squander in fighting our own enemies, the less energy we have for our enemies.

Collier's
TEN CENTS

16, 1942

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AMERICAN NOTES by Raymond Gram Swing

Report from a national arsenal of mobile power



G LOCOMOTIVES... "Where to?" I asked the dock foreman. "Far East, Asia, mountains; war orders. We practically built [redacted] of these little ones the hour! Don't look so surprised. We build locomotives of all kinds, s, ed by the hundreds... been at it a hundred years, know how to do it."



ASSEMBLY YARDS... "Which is which?" I asked the super. "Don't blame you knowing," was the answer. "Both streamlined to the ears! Near one is line, other is Steam-Liner." Each is an ultra-modern power source, record-making, wartime traffic over U. S. rails.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP... "What's that?" I asked. "Roller-bearing for a battle-ship turret, machined as fine as a watch part," was the answer. No wonder our American warships have an edge. Equipment like this means everything in active service.

ON THE PROVING GROUND... Tanks, lots of tanks, wheeling and jumping like cavalry! Believe me, special skills and 100 years of engineering experience are worth plenty... these days! And when they told me how many, I felt good. I felt very good.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

MANUFACTURERS OF MOBILE POWER

STEAM, DIESEL AND ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

MARINE DIESELS, TANKS,

GUN CARRIAGES AND OTHER ORDNANCE

Sorry we can't be more explicit. Revelation of details might be of aid to the enemy... endanger American lives.

Picture OF THE MONTH

SPENCER TRACY
HEDY LAMARR • JOHN GARFIELD

"TORTILLA FLAT"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PRODUCED BY: Victor Fleming
Based on John Steinbeck's novel

SCREENPLAY BY:
John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer

FEATURED ARTISTS—Frank Morgan,
Akim Tamiroff, Sheldon Leonard, John
Qualen, Donald Meek, Connie Gil-
christ, Allen Jenkins, Henry O'Neill.



RAPID REVIEW (Read 2 minutes and go): As heady and warming as new wine... is M-G-M's latest venture in turning a great book into a great picture. "Tortilla Flat", John Steinbeck's idyll of the carefree "Paisanos among the Pines", is in M-G-M's splendid tradition of literary works faithfully pictured. It happens in old Monterey by the Pacific, a strange world apart. Steinbeck, with his genius for depicting unusual people ("Grapes of Wrath"), has found in his own native locale these wayward, wonderful characters. They are often in trouble but never really bad. Love, food and drink are their absorbing occupations and the tinkle of the guitar is ever mingled with the sound of laughter. Here, Spencer Tracy, as "Pilon", is leader among those down-to-earth convivialists who believe that Wine, Women, and Song are essentials of the gay life. Hedy Lamarr is a turbulent, tempting spitfire of a shapely lass—and John Garfield is happy-go-lucky Danny, who turns serious about love. Great direction stemming from Victor Fleming. He megaphoned "Captains Courageous" and "Gone With The Wind" among many others and again gives you something entirely new under the sun in "Tortilla Flat".

TRACE TRACY—through all his wonderful performances and you'll agree that he's best of all as "Pilon"!

HEADY HEDY: As "Sweets", Hedy Lamarr is equal parts of fire and fun!

HE DIDN'T SEND FLOWERS: You'll be overcome with laughter when Danny (John Garfield) sends "Sweets" a vacuum cleaner to show his love. Her house wasn't wired but there was electricity in the air.

NOTE TO DOG LOVERS: See the old "Pirate" and his five dogs (he calls them his "boys")—as tatterdemalion and lovable a group of man's best friend as you've ever seen! Frank Morgan as the Pirate gives an off-the-beaten-track performance.

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Staff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor

CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT MCCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE HOPE it makes a difference to someone, although we doubt it, that we're sick and tired of being told by visitors to these shores that the apathy, the complacency with which the American people accept this war is appalling. What do they expect to find us doing—beating our heads against walls, tearing down enemy embassies and consulates, lynching neighbors who aren't wringing their hands, flinging ourselves into the sea? We're neither complacent nor apathetic. Hungry for a hero, we've been Heaven-blest with a real one, Douglas MacArthur. Looking for a leader, we're trustful of the President even though he lacks novelty. We get a little silly now and then but we're not apathetic. We have it from Mr. Enos B. Plickette of Washington, D. C., that it is going to be very helpful when both the War and the Navy departments are moved out of the capital to Arlington, Virginia, where many of the more painful scenes cropping up in staff offices will be lost in the suburbs. "Not long ago," writes Mr. Plickette, "a stout staff officer called in his stenographers and spoke to them sternly about their spelling. Their spelling was strictly hearsay. 'This war can be won or lost on the type-writer,' said the colonel. 'If the enemy were to see the spelling in some of these letters you've typed he would be encouraged by the knowledge that we are an uncultured people. We would lose the confidence of our Latin-American neighbors and would become the laughingstock of the Chinese.'" So maybe that's what visiting deplorers have on their minds and don't like to say anything about it. We're not so hot at spelling ourselves and understand that the weakness is more or less general. Mr. John B. Kidney of Havre, Montana, reports that he has recently seen a large rock on which was painted, "Remember Pearl Harb." The painter stopped there either discouraged or prioritized out of enough paint to go on. Something tells us that this has very little to do with what we started out to say. Which shows that at last we're getting the hang of this columning racket.



ANYWAY a South American good neighbor recently sent a large package of small, dried leaves to the New York Agricultural School at Morrisville, New York. No letter accompanied the

gift but after viewing, smelling and tasting the leaves the experts pronounced it tea and whacked it up among the faculty. For some days thereafter tea was served in the afternoons with much discussion of the quality thereof. Some said it was much like a better imperial hyson but others regretted that it lacked the body of the best oolong. Presently it was rather generally agreed that it was more like a fancy souchong, well endowed with theine, which gives tea its stimulating quality, and that obviously it was rich in vitamin B as all good teas should be. So they drank all the tea before the good-neighbor donor's letter arrived stating that he was anxious to know the result of feeding the stuff to chickens suffering from coccidiosis, a quite nasty parasitic disease of barnyard fowls. Anyway it hopped up the faculty of the New York Agricultural School nicely and is soon to be given a fair trial in Washington.



OCCASIONALLY we have certain pacifistic leanings ourselves. In fact we have one right now. Staff Sergeant William C. White, United States Marine Corps, invites us to trade wallops with him. When we begin swapping smacks with a marine sergeant, things will have reached a pretty pass. It's about all we can do to lick a marine corporal—which shows what rotten condition we're in. The sergeant objects to our statement of some weeks ago that "To a marine, a sailor's a swabbie; to a sailor, a marine's a flatfoot." To this, Sergeant White says, "Listen, Mac, to a sailor, a marine's a gyrene or leatherneck, but when you call a marine a flatfoot (which is a marine's term of endearment for a swabbie) you'd better be grinning like the Cheshire cat or start swinging or taking off at high port."

THE sergeant writes from the Pacific Coast where, according to Mrs. Morena Z. de Zuche (don't blame us), things are somewhat Jap-hazard these days. Working for Mrs. de Zuche is an Irishwoman whose four sons—all the sons she has—are in the Army and whose daughter—the only one she has—is an Army nurse. Mrs. de Zuche's Irishwoman took the day off not long ago to say goodbye to a Japanese woman whose two sons—all she has

(Continued on page 61)

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHEN
CHARLES COLEBA
THOMAS H. BECK

THIS WEEK

MAY

SHORT STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY
South of the Mo
romance, it rose

WILLIAM A. KR
Escapade in Mar
a dead man's ic
an impostor in l

JAMES NORMA
Channel Man. T
tossed miles to C

THE SHORT SH
The Man Who F
Jack Macmurrac

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHR
Moving Finger. C

VEREEN BELL
Trial by Marrie
seven parts.

ARTICLES

CECIL BROWN
Take 'er Down.
roic submarine c

CARL BYOIR
Joe Louis Name
is part of God's

KYLE CRICHTO
Hillbilly Judy. I
loving favorite
films.

RICHARD L. NE
New War Hor
back into his
fanfare.

WALTER DAVE
Panama Patrol.
Interceptor Co
and ready.

FRED LIEB
The Great Ex
eyes the bone

J. D. RATCLIFF
Magic Mud.
new answer to

OUR FIGHTING

FRELING FOST
Keep Up with

WING TALK

EDITORIAL
Don't Hate the
China Relief.

COVER

Vol. 109, No. 20. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board, Thomas H. Beck, President, Albert E. Wenger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, John S. Brehm, Vice President, William P. Larkin, Vice President, J. A. Welch, Vice President, T. L. Brantly, Vice President, A. H. Motley, Vice President, Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, \$3.00 a year, two years \$5.00, three years \$7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: \$6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

**"Drop in some morning
about 10:30, McGinnis,
and I'll show you a traffic jam!"**



"Sure, Mac, I know—you run up against parades, football crowds—and a World Series now and then. But we're handling traffic jams almost every day.

"This war is taking some of the traffic off your beat and putting it on mine—taking it off the streets and putting it on the telephone lines.

"And we're getting short of materials. The stuff that used to make switchboards and cables now goes to the shooting part of the war.

"But we've found the public good-natured and helpful just as you have. The trouble began with Hitler and will end when we finish with him."



LONG DISTANCE *helps unite the nation*



"Things have changed
since Grandpa's
time . . ."



For years hog bristle made the
best brushes...then along came
Pro-phy-lac-tic's **PROLON**

Du Pont chemists have outdone the
hog—there is no better bristle than
Pro-phy-lac-tic's synthetic "PROLON"

Du Pont is "tops" when it comes
to making synthetic bristle! And
"Prolon" is Pro-phy-lac-tic's name for
du Pont's finest grade.

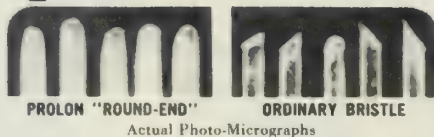
So when you hear competitive tooth
brush claims, ask yourself this: *how can
the same du Pont bristle, in another brush
under another name, last longer than
under the name "Prolon" in a Bonded
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know
the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a
mighty important *plus* over any other
synthetic bristle sold under any other
name . . . only "Prolon" is rounded at the
ends! See for yourself, in the photomi-

crographs, the difference between the
rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and
the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bris-
tle. *Think of the difference on your gums!*

The only Tooth Brush in the World with

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE

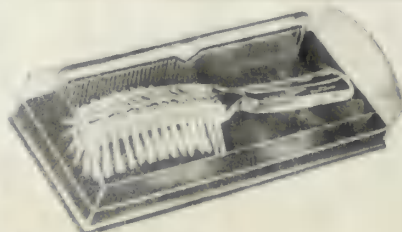


**2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK
GUARANTEE**

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you...may-
be a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and
do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-
back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush
in the world with this definite 6-months guar-
antee of service. That's how sure we are of its
dependability and durability!

... and don't miss this new line of
gem-like, transparent hair brushes!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet
brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleam-
ing, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-
resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. \$1.50 to \$10.00
—at most brush-goods counters. Illustrated: Roll-Wave,
a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, \$4.50



Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Scientific studies have shown
that the arrival of the first baby in
the average American family in-
creases the work in the household
about fifty per cent.—By John J.
Murphy, Ithaca, New York.

In Tibet, many Buddhist monks
spend their entire adult life sealed
up in little stone huts with only a
small opening for the passing of
air and food. A few years ago one
of these men was dragged out of
his hut after being shut in for sixty-
nine years and was found to be
blind and shrunken to half his
former size. Contact with daylight
killed him within an hour.—By
Charles H. Brush, Jacksonville,
North Carolina.

An old and peculiar profession
in Java is that practiced by *go-
woks*, women who analyze a man's
fitness for marriage. After a youth
has proposed to a girl her parents
send him to one of them for study
and in about a week she reports
on his possibilities.—By Mary
Louise Sprague, Seattle, Washing-
ton.

Some of the heaviest rains on
record, particularly those which oc-
cur at night in the South Pacific
Ocean, come out of a clear sky.
Warm, moist air rises from the sea,
condenses in the colder strata and
then descends in sheets of water
that make ship awnings useless.

Scientific auditory tests, made a
short time ago among 500,000 men
and women, revealed that, while
five out of two thousand had diffi-
culty hearing over the telephone,
sixteen had difficulty hearing a di-
rect conversation.

Scheelite, the chief tungsten ore
in the United States, is often
searched for in pitch darkness with
the aid of a portable ultraviolet
light. When thrown on the ore, this
black light causes it to glow with a
distinct fluorescence.

An 1,800-year-old painting of the
Madonna and Child, on a wall of
the famous catacomb of Priscilla
in Rome, is reputed to be the
oldest picture of these figures in
existence.—By Janet Schwertman,
Washington, D. C.

American naval vessels
their own bank accounts
are deposited profits
the canteen store, so
laundry, barbershop
service, and from which
drawn money for well-
recreational purposes. I
U.S.S. Augusta made
ing that in case she be-
loss her bank balance
Navy Relief Society
Lambert, Noblesville,
Indiana.

Persons in a state
anxiety and tension
temperature of their
crease as much as two
degrees within an hour.
Stewart, Waycross, Georgia.

Probably the largest
ing order in history
recently created by
of sugar in this coun-
three private printing
as the Government P
were required to prod
000,000 forms, cards
—By Earl Stephens,
Michigan.

In some parts of
belonging to native la-
not only allowed to
and personal property
have slaves of their
Clayton Miller, Arlington, Virginia.

The Sargasso Sea,
North Atlantic which
area as large as that
tinent United States
that it is relatively m
that it far exceeds in
water or land area in
voted exclusively to th
single species of plan
floating seaweed. Inci
weed is also unique
grows at the tips as i
base.

The Victoria River
in northwestern Austr
square miles in area
cattle property in the

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BILL BLUE GETS A TIRE TIP

that will keep his tires running months longer!

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IDEA

NO FOOLING, THEY'VE A SCIENTIFIC
PLAN FOR STRETCHING TIRE MILEAGE
THAT'S A WONDER!

DOES IT WORK? SAY, I'D
BE THUMBING RIDES RIGHT
NOW IF I HADN'T GOT WISE.

SURE YOUR TIRES ARE WEARING OUT,
BILL BUT I KNOW A PLACE WHERE —



OKS LIKE I'D GET
7,000 MILES OUT
OF THEM.



THEY DON'T TELL YOU WHAT
TO DO—THEIR EXPERTS DO
IT FOR YOU.



YOU JUST TAKE OUT THIS GOODYEAR
TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY
AND YOU'RE ALL SET!



BETTER GET YOUR GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE
EXTENSION POLICY TODAY BEFORE YOUR
TIRES ARE "GONE"—IT CAN ADD THOU-
SANDS OF EXTRA MILES LIFE TO YOUR
PASSENGER CAR OR TRUCK CASINGS!

Tips for Certified Tire Buyers

TO GET the longest-wearing tires, get
Goodyears—world's first choice for a
quarter century.

ON ORDINARY tubes, get LifeGuards
—they insure maximum tire-life and pre-
vent damage after punctures, enabling
you to come to a smooth, safe stop.

WHEN READING — Goodyear dealers
have facilities available for handling
passenger and truck tires
by factory methods that
give a better, safer job.

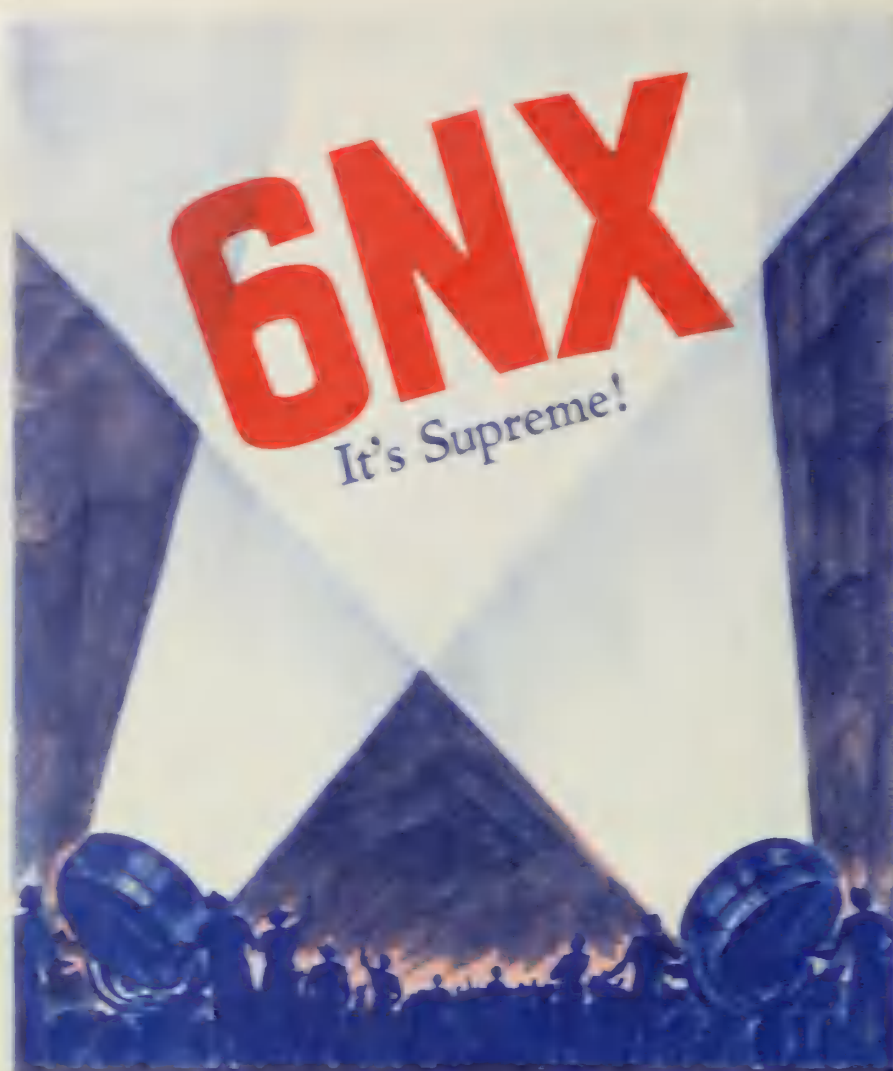
Cross section of LifeGuard,
showing inner safety tire.

HELP SAVE RUBBER FOR THE NATION
visit the

GOOD YEAR

TIRE-LIFE
EXTENSION
STATION





MAKES YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

We know you've been asked to believe a lot about razor blades. We know you're suspicious of claims and superlatives. All we ask is that you listen to the story of 6NX—and



then make up your own mind about it. 6NX is our secret, closely-guarded formula. It's a process representing a certain combination of special steel, tempering, grinding, honing and wrapping applied to the new Star

Double Edge Blade for double edge razors. It's the result of hundreds of scientific experiments—of specially built machines—of unending patience and a high order of craftsmanship. And it has produced a double edge blade unique in the history of blade-making! On sale at dealers everywhere... Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.



INTRODUCTORY OFFER

1 TEST BLADE FREE

TOTAL **5 FOR 10¢**

Money back if free test blade doesn't give you the best shaves you've ever had in your life!

ALSO 15 FOR 25¢

INCLUDES 3 TEST BLADES FREE

Made by the makers of Star Single Edge Blades

STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

WING TALK



The Navy's Douglas Torpedo Bomber (TBD-1) is the heaviest carrier-based plane. Its folding wings have a 50-foot span.

RELEGATED to the background by the spectacular performances of heavy bombers, dive bombers and fighters, the torpedo plane, born and developed in this country, has come into its own and has brought great rejoicing to its faithful advocates.

Oldest and most ardent believer in the torpedo plane was Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, who died a few weeks ago with his claims vindicated beyond doubt—but by the British and Japs. Remember Taranto and the Prince of Wales and the Repulse? While, at this writing, American Navy torpedo planes have not had equal opportunities with those manned by British and Jap pilots, we do have the most efficient and highest-performance torpedo plane of all, the Douglas TBD to the Navy; Devastator to you.

The birth of the torpedo plane can be figured from two dates, whichever you choose—1911 or 1917. In 1911 the Fiske theory was given a practical demonstration. In 1917 the first of a long line of planes built specifically for torpedo work appeared. The idea of launching torpedoes from aircraft was not readily accepted by naval experts, primarily because both the airplane and the special torpedo it had to carry were insufficiently developed to match the proved performance of the torpedo launched from surface and subsurface craft. But through the years, the Navy's torpedo-plane advocates kept everlastingly at it, and the aircraft industry made constant refinements and developments until today we have the Devastator, a carrier-based, three-place low-wing monoplane that flies well over 200 miles an hour and can pack a heavy tin fish.

There's a technique in torpedo-plane operation. At dropping point, the plane must be in nearly normal flight position. None of this diving at the battleship, for the torpedo might nose over when it hits the water and run the wrong way, or if dropped from too low, the splash might hit the plane and wreck it. An ideal condition for attack by torpedo plane is rain, low clouds or the faint light of dawn or dusk. This is not so good for the high-altitude heavy-bomber boys.

No time to argue here the effectiveness of torpedo versus aerial bomb, because ships have escaped from both and also have succumbed to both. But the torpedo, operating under water, hits the ship in its softest spot, below the waterline, where the explosion is confined.

CAPT. LLOYD HAZEN

Air Lines, which open ton up through Maine, N and Vermont and into C to be known as Boston ways), believes fifteen stitute the ideal family already. We don't want derby, but we will say C is the biggest batch we v longing to any arrive Shoud any of you other challenge this systeme Capt. Hazen believes fr ceiling—not the absolute

THE government is m

about the weight of same taking off. S funny attitude when the should weigh less after take-off because that gallon gasoline burns up answer is found in to weight" regulation, win say 25,350 pounds but to land until it is reduced the "standard weight" or allowable for landing of 800 pounds is made up a long, nonstop flight up all right, and the ship at the other end with a! poundage gone through stacks.

But suppose it become the pilot to make a lashed that 800 pounds? E dump valve until about high-octane aviation gas the tanks. Much more risking the ship and all a fast landing and expen landing gear and shock load for which they w This entire procedun lines to skip stops and o schedules between key safety and reliability

"ON INSTRUMENTS

term applied to a p ing through poor visibil the readings of his comp tachometer, bank-and-climb and air-speed ind "on instruments" for a requires training skill a This term is also used denote that a guy is m tal fog.

AMERICA STREAMLINES COOKING



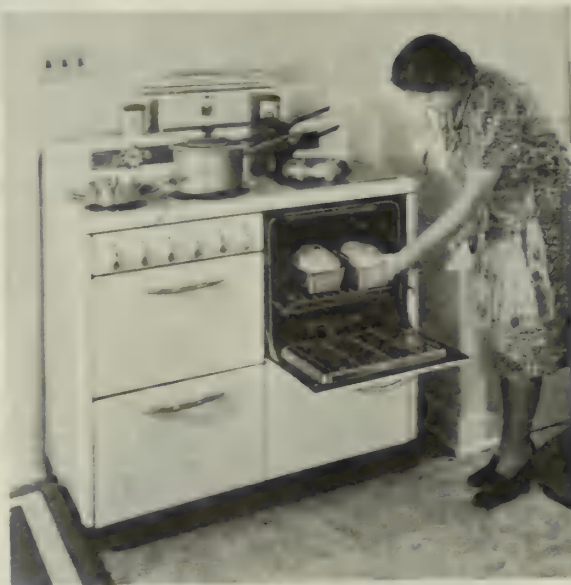
AMERICA'S armed forces calls for "streamlined cooking." Typical is this scene in Air Corps Field. Here hundreds of thick, juicy steaks are speedily fried on Hotpoint Ranges... and how they satisfy he-man appetites! The two chefs above using flameless, efficient Hotpoint-Edison Electric Cooking Equipment were officially commended for their clean kitchen and delicious food.



To "Pass Inspection" at this U.S. Coast Guard Training Station, meals must have that real home taste. And prepared the quick, easy, Hotpoint electrical way, they're every bit as wholesome, healthful and downright *delicious* as mother's own! Durable Hotpoint-Edison equipment is widely used aboard U.S. naval vessels and at many navy bases, for its outstanding thrift, safety and dependability.



...economy are essential in the cafeteria of our industry plants. That's why hundreds of such as the one partially shown above, where meals are prepared daily—depend on cleanly, Hotpoint-Edison Electric Cooking Equipment!



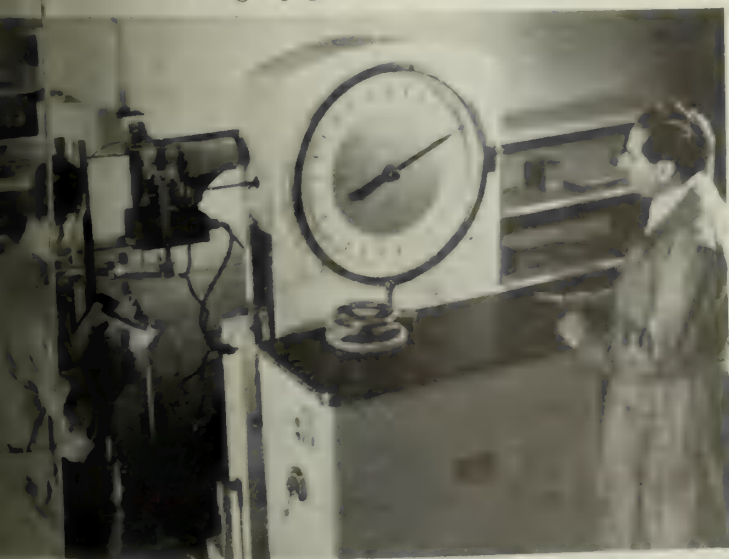
Mrs. G. A. Sickler—Milwaukee defense-home tenant—speaks for more than a million Hotpoint Range owners when she says, "My Hotpoint is clean and safe—gives perfect results every time. And by using Hotpoint's *measured heat* I save money, conserve electric power!"



Mrs. W. J. Grenier of Leominster, Mass., states that, "Our grocery bills are away down since getting a Hotpoint Refrigerator. I buy food at bargain prices—keep a week's supply safely. And because our Hotpoint uses so little current, we conserve electricity as well as food!"

Good Care Conserves Good Appliances

Today Hotpoint's entire production facilities are devoted to war work. If you already own Hotpoint Appliances, however, you can expect them to serve economically and well over a long period. They are built for *extra* durability by America's largest manufacturer of electric ranges. But with proper care, good appliances will perform *better*—last even *longer*! To help you conserve your present equipment, Hotpoint has just issued an informative new 20-page booklet packed with practical suggestions for the proper care and use of electrical appliances—plus new ideas for preserving vitamins, cutting food and current costs. Ask your Hotpoint retailer for a copy, or fill out the coupon and send to us with a 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost.



Better, Brighter Tomorrow! While Hotpoint's vast factory is busy turning out appliances for our war, engineers in Hotpoint's laboratories are forging ahead with discoveries that promises great things for the future. Discoveries made today will make home makers with still finer time-and-labor-saving Hotpoint Electric Appliances when our factories again turn to civilian production.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC KITCHEN APPLIANCES

RANGES, REFRIGERATORS, WATER HEATERS,
WASHERS, IRONERS, DISHWASHERS,
DISPOSALS, ELECTRASINKS,
STEEL KITCHEN CABINETS

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5683 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is 3¢ stamp for your new booklet,
"How To Conserve With Hotpoint Appliances."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

"How can I help WIN THIS WAR?"

HAVE YOU, TOO, had that "left-out" feeling? That helpless urge to do something—anything useful—to help?

Work for the Red Cross—war bonds—your Victory garden. . . . All that's been asked, you've done—and felt it wasn't enough.

And when you hung that little flag with its proud star in your window, you vowed that nothing you could do here—to help him—would go undone.

You heard some thoughtless ones—still asleep to Freedom's peril—complain because there were no more tires—or cars—or other luxuries of a rich nation at peace. And you were ashamed—and glad.

Ashamed of the few who want their freedom saved without discomfort to themselves. . . .

And glad that before most of us even saw the grimness of our peril, industry had started a million machines whirring in our defense. . . .

But can you—who never saw a factory machine

—or handled a factory tool—do anything to help? Yes! By treasuring the things you already have! Your car—refrigerator—washing machine. . . . Your oil burner—radio—vacuum cleaner. . . . The gutters and screens on your house. . . .

Because every part worn out thru neglect—every ounce of metal, rubber or chemicals used for avoidable repairs—means time and material diverted from war production . . . weapons missing at the battle front!

Find the instruction books you barely glanced at. Give every precious part the oil—or adjustment—or paint—or cleaning—its maker said would

prolong its useful life.

A new plug on a lamp-cord is a little brass in plugs for a million lamp-cords—million machine-gun cartridge cases. The us can do is to see that the long shadow not postpone our day of victory.

THIS MESSAGE is published solely in the interest of American victory. We have no ax to grind. We have been converted to the making of essential war and war production. We look forward to the day when they may serve civilian needs again. How soon that depends upon how well we all do our job now. There will be no let-up short of victory.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
Chicago, Illinois • Belleville, Ontario

PEACE-TIME MAKERS OF Alemite Lubricants • Alemite Motor Oil • Alemite Lubricating Equipment • Stewart-Warner Speedometers, Instruments, Gauges • Die Castings • South Wind Car Heaters • Dual-Temp Refrigerators • South Maid Electric Ranges • Magic Dial Radios • Bassick Casters.

Put These in Your Home Defense Program

- Have timing, carburetor, generator and ignition on your car checked spring and fall. Change to the correct gear lubrication at the same time. To get easier starting—more mileage from gas—better performance.
- Give your car ample lubrication. You prefer Alemite lubricants. Use them and get them regularly. Increase mileage between lubrications.
- See that your automatic water heater is never set for more than 140 degrees. Lower it. Too high temperature actually shortens the life of the tank.
- Never let your refrigerator freeze more than 1/4 inch of frost before defrosting. This is insulation—cuts efficiency.
- Clean metal tools—particularly hand tools—after every use, and wipe with a dry cloth.
- Waste nothing—buy nothing—throw nothing away that can be repaired, service, or be re-used.



Death of the Moon

by Roy Cohen

BY JOHN HOLMGREN

the day of her life was the day
when she discovered she was not
allowed to dance with her husband

sign outside said SAM'S NIGHT CLUB
BAM. It was in Miami and it wasn't
as you might think from the name. It was
beside the B spots in town and a lot of
acts had played there, one time or another.
The place was different from what you would expect
of the man who owned it. Sam was a
w, so of shy and gentle. Everybody liked
him. He built the place up from nothing and hadn't
red it for years.

One evening Sam was worried. He said hello to
the regulars at the bar and then sat at a table
by himself, waiting for somebody. After a while
in. She was dressed in yellow slacks. She
had a pretty seventeen dollars' worth of lettuce
salad. She was Dale Clark. She was the cigarette
girl. Sam's face and she had worked there for
a year.

He told her to sit down and told her there
wasn't anything about putting on her little red panties
on, which was the costume she wore while
cigarettes and cigars. He said, "There's
a table over there to talk over with you, Dale."

He smiled, and her whole face lighted up, and
he said, "I can take it."

He looked straight at her. She could see he
wasn't embarrassed about something, and even when
he was talking she couldn't peg the embarrass-
ment. He was telling her that he'd been offered a
place in the new show opening next Wed-
nesday. "Joe Julie," he said. "Which is some
of a dance act."

He said, "I never heard of 'em."
She said, "Nobody else. That ain't even their
name." She waited.

"It's a new act. Breaking in, see? They want to
groove their routines and I've got a chance to get 'em
cheap."

Dale said, "That sounds like a bargain. What's
the argument?"

Sam fiddled with an old signet ring and looked
everywhere but at the pretty girl opposite him.

"The man in the act," he explained. "He's the
draw. It's Eddie Cameron."

He knew that would hit her hard and it did. She
didn't answer right away and when she did, her voice
wasn't quite steady. She said, "Where do I figure in
this, Sam?"

He looked straight at her. "Everywhere. You've
been here a long time. I like you. Everybody likes
you. I don't want to stack you up against something
that would be tough to take."

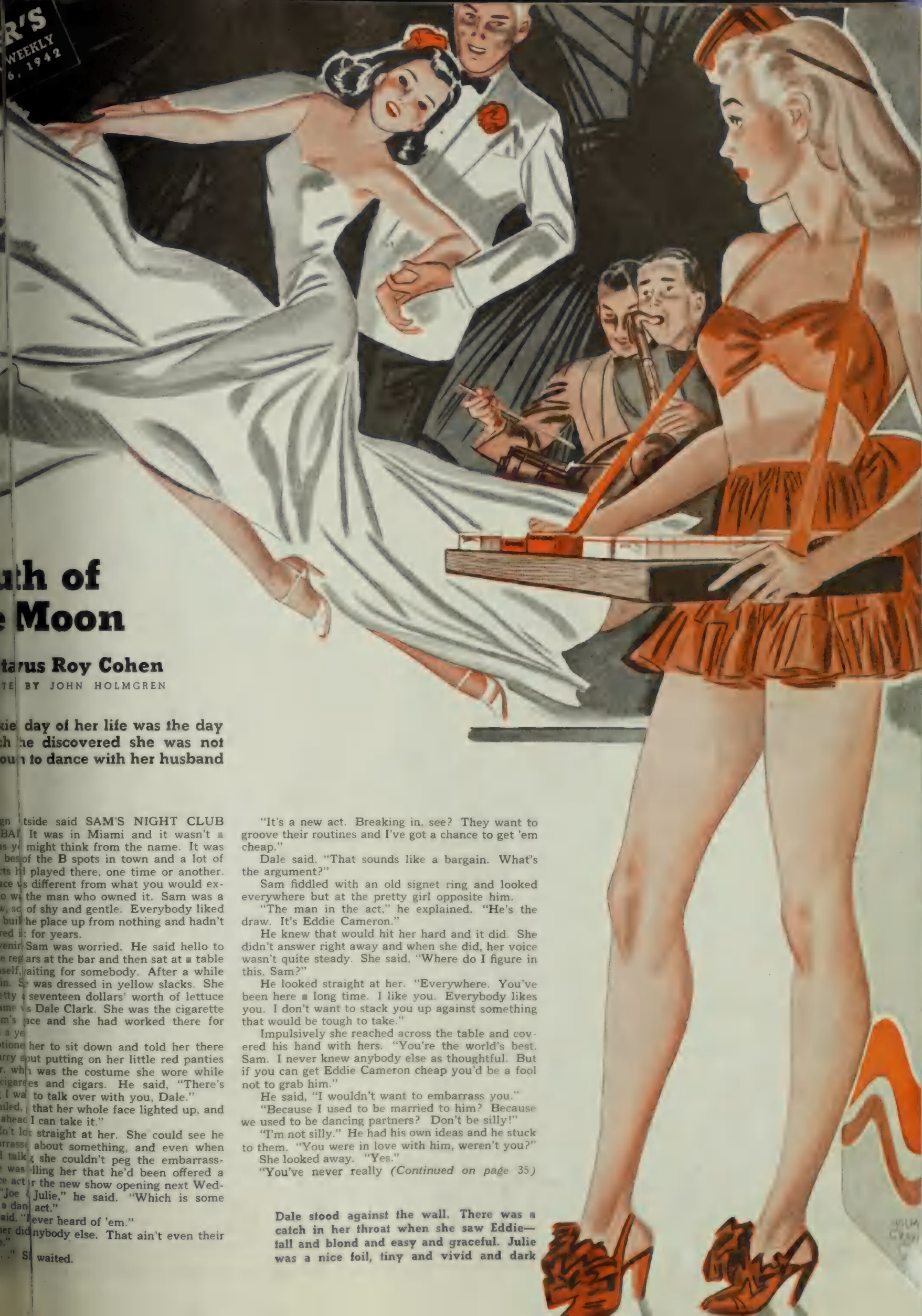
Impulsively she reached across the table and cov-
ered his hand with hers. "You're the world's best,
Sam. I never knew anybody else as thoughtful. But
if you can get Eddie Cameron cheap you'd be a fool
not to grab him."

He said, "I wouldn't want to embarrass you."
"Because I used to be married to him? Because
we used to be dancing partners? Don't be silly!"

"I'm not silly." He had his own ideas and he stuck
to them. "You were in love with him, weren't you?"
She looked away. "Yes."

"You've never really (Continued on page 35)

Dale stood against the wall. There was a
catch in her throat when she saw Eddie—
tall and blond and easy and graceful. Julie
was a nice foil, tiny and vivid and dark





Lieutenant Wreford Goss Chapple is a native of Billings, Montana

How Cecil Brown Got the Story

My orders were: "Get to Australia."

I had just reached Batavia by plane from Singapore, a pathetic city, the bomb-blasted bastion of British power in the Far East.

Transportation was problematical from Java to Darwin, at the northern tip of Australia. But the Dutch Airlines, KNILM, promised me passage within a week. Seven days is too long to wait for a plane which might never get off.

My impatience to get out of Java was due to two reasons. I could not work there. I had been barred from broadcasting from Singapore; I was persona non grata with the British authorities. And the Dutch, with great regret and courtesy, said they must, as a result, also consider me an outlaw.

Why not see the American Naval authorities in Surabaya at the eastern end of Java? Perhaps I could arrange speedier transportation through them. I left Batavia on a Monday night at 6:00 P. M. by train for Surabaya and traveled down the spinal column of this lush, rich outpost of the Dutch colonial empire then soon to be attacked, overrun and conquered. At 8:00 A. M. Tuesday I arrived at the jeweled city where the great Dutch naval base was located.

A telephone call to the United States Naval Headquarters at Surabaya brought two developments: assurance I could take off early the next morning for Darwin in a Navy bomber, and a luncheon date with four American naval commanders.

At American Naval Headquarters late that afternoon Rear Admiral W. R. Purnell, who had approved my passage to Darwin, wanted to see me. Commanders J. V. Peterson and W. A. Deems took me in to the admiral. He said, "I'm mighty glad to see you. You're the first American reporter who has come here. I don't know why we're being ignored."

"You're not being ignored any more," I said. "I'm just passing through, but I could certainly use a few stories of American heroism. For a year I've been writing and broadcasting about British heroism."

"We've got them," Purnell exulted. "Our boys have done a job that the whole world should know about."

Admiral Purnell turned to Commander Peterson and said, "Take Mr.

Brown in to Captain Wilkes and let him see that submarine commander's diary."

Captain John Wilkes, commander of the United States Submarine Forces in Asiatic waters, was a browned, stocky, square-jawed officer, amiable, bright-eyed and delighted to have the story of one of his men told.

He reached into his steel-cased file marked "Secret and Confidential" and drew out a sheaf of papers.

"This," he said, "is 'Moon' Chapple's diary as he handed it in to us. It is one of the greatest operations of the war thus far."

I hastily skimmed through three or four pages and then urgently implored Captain Wilkes: "Give me a typewriter, some paper and let's get hold of Chapple."

At Naval Headquarters there I copied Chapple's diary. At times the bravery, the utter unconcern of death contained in that diary was so overwhelming that I forgot I was a reporter hurrying to do a job and became an emotionally overcome spectator of a great exploit.

As Captain Wilkes and I sat working on a rough map, an orderly came up, saluted and said:

"Captain Wilkes, I am unable to find Lieutenant Chapple." Captain Wilkes said, "Keep trying. He has a few days' leave but he must be around town somewhere. Mr. Brown must see him." That was at 7:30 P. M.

Until 3 A. M. we searched for Chapple. I then grabbed an hour's sleep at the Oranji Hotel and was called at 4 A. M. by Lieutenant-Commander E. T. Neale to go to the Naval Base for the take-off in the PBY, 800 miles across Bali and the Timor Sea to Darwin, in northern Australia.

In the gray darkness of early morning at the Surabaya Naval Base, just fifteen minutes before taking off, I found this tall, husky, round-faced submarine skipper whose diary I had. We met in a cubbyhole of an office.

"Understand you've been looking for me." He smiled, boyishly.

I opened my portable typewriter on a narrow table half covered with operational maps. Hunched over them were the pilot, the copilot and the navigator of the PBY that I was to take.

I told Chapple I wanted all kinds of details to intersperse in his too dispassionate, too modest diary. Color, atmosphere and dialogue that he did not include in the diary.

"We have no time now," I said. "I will type out a hundred questions. Will you answer them and mail them to me in Sydney as fast as you can? Give me three thousand words in excruciating detail."

Chapple laughed: "That's the toughest assignment ever given to me but I'll try."

The pilot of our PBY said, "Let's go. We've got to get off from here before daylight." We did.

We taxied down the harbor, passed four seaplanes burned out and half submerged from the Japanese attack the day before and got into the air.

A few days ago a fat envelope, heavily stamped with censor's seals, came to me by air mail from Australia. Chapple came through and his elaborations are included in his story.

CECIL BROWN

Take 'er Down

By Cecil Brown

C. B. S. CORRESPONDENT

IT WAS a hazardous mission, but the orders were explicit. They said to proceed to a gulf on the west coast of Luzon and to pursue and attack a large enemy naval force and concentration of transports. And that's what Lieutenant Wreford Goss Chapple, of Billings, Montana, skipper of a United States submarine did.

He got one ship. Then for hours that were years he squirmed about on the bay's treacherous bottom to evade depth charges the Japs dumped on him. Thirty-seven times the exploding ash cans came near enough to make the pigboat clang with that awesome sound that submariners dread.

Other submarines were ordered to the same waters on the same mission. Only two succeeded in entering the gulf. One of them was Chapple's. For succeeding in taking his submarine into the gulf, for attacking the enemy successfully, and for bringing submarine and men out Lieutenant Chapple got the Navy Cross and it's proud they are out in Billings, Montana.

You'd never think, though, from reading Moon Chapple's diary, that he did anything extraordinary. His classmates at the Naval Academy dubbed him Moon because he resembled, in his plebe year, the indestructible Mister Mullins of the comic strip. What was probably the most dangerous part of his mission Chapple set down in about seventeen paltry and ineloquent words. This was when he took his submarine into the gulf over the reefs that spread east for about ten miles across the entrance. He never had more than 30 feet of water in which to navigate and usually it was so shallow that razor-sharp rocks were everywhere to knife the pigboat's belly.

This is how Moon described it: "One morning in the latter part of December at 1:44 A. M. we were proceeding over the northern part of the reefs."

Deadly Hide and Seek

That is a new high in understatement. That gulf is about 25 miles wide at the mouth. At least ten miles of the width are protected by the reefs. The remaining 15 miles were very definitely protected by Jap destroyers, about ten of them. As it was, Moon Chapple had to elude six destroyers in addition to reef spears.

If the Jap patrol had been good enough to drive off the other destroyers which rushed to the area, you may be sure it was very good indeed; in the shallow waters of the reefs, Chapple had no depth into which to dive if he had been spotted. The Japs knew this. Chapple knew this. That's why he chose to enter that way.

Once inside it was no picnic. By 5:17, the submarine was clear of the reefs and Chapple took his pigboat down. At 6:15 he came up to periscope depth and sighted many transports. He said there were so many of them they looked like cars in a parking lot. He also sighted two destroyers circling about the transports. He saw some motor launches hovering about. These undoubtedly carried tons of ash cans.

"But," wrote Chapple, "the vessels were somewhat to the north and slightly out of my area."

For an hour Chapple kept his eyes pressed against the rubber eyepieces of the periscope. The periscope is the skipper's job, his symbol of command.

The enemy drew closer, and eager, glistening with at battle stations. One buck we get one." The closer on slow motors. C to himself the Jap detector pick up his vibrations, within range.

"At 7:10 A. M.," Moon's four torpedoes at four misses.

"The first one was for the target. The second fourth fired were ahead from a little under the enemy ship to about a ship's length.

"One of the latter three lent possibility of hitting three vessels. The depth under water at which moves) of the last of the have been too much for

A Hit-and-Run

The Jap ships were old shallow draft and it was that Chapple miscalculated the torpedoes set higher.

"We reloaded and div destroyer which dropped charges fairly close. I had to lose the destroyers who trail."

When an ash can explodes there is a sound within confines of a submarine like a sledge hammer against you inside the boiler. It might mean a buckled or a leak, a flooded battery and then a slow death. Chapple about well below the surface 45 minutes, keeping in range, and then he rose scope depth. He had a quarter there was a sitting duck.

"At 7:58 A. M. we fired I saw the ship's anchor charge of troops. She was and loaded with troops. I fired led the ship. I fired smack at her. Thirty seconds heard the explosion.

"We dived immediately charges came closer to us ones we heard. At least destroyers were after ployed evasive tactics as we found ourselves rising face as though we were stopped, coasted to about depth gauge. We flooded (tanks) rapidly in order selves from rising."

So began thirteen critical fifty men and a pigboat momentarily out of contact the surface. Overhead morning under a blue sea. Jap destroyers search pertinent little American Hounds baying for a hole the kill. In his quiet way,

"Slowly the submarine bottom, plowed its nose in the gulf, and rested the all the machinery and element in the ship, except erator (which supplied electric lights) to eliminate

"The clanging continued always near us, for the day. Small boats with irregular intervals. The



JAMES SESSIONS

The first torpedo led the ship. I fired the second smack at her. Thirty seconds later we heard the explosion

es, an conversations were in
Practically no one had slept
before and all were tense and
although self-contained. Our
mess boy said we must be
illage here his folks lived. He
like us to go up and sink
the Japs right off his folks' front
couldn't smoke, of course. The
tion stations. They got
moving about in their
feet, careful to avoid dropping
a spoon, even, whose
cup picked up by those
night The last destroyer

that I'd sighted had apparently followed
us very successfully with its sound-de-
tecting gear. That last clang had been
close. I set a one-man watch in the con-
trol room.
"With our own sound gear we could
hear the movements of the enemy above.
We heard propeller noises, approaching
and receding. Finally, we'd all heard
enough of this. I ordered the sound man
to stow the apparatus, turn it off. I fig-
ured—and I know the men figured—that
we were pretty helpless and that we
probably were going to get it and what
was the use of knowing exactly when.
"We followed, for instance, the move-

ment of what appeared to be landing
barges shuttling back and forth between
the transports and the shore. When one
would approach and pass us and move
on toward shore we would follow the
sound with our eyes as though we could
see the barge. Emery, the gunner's
mate, remarked that the way we fol-
lowed the sounds back and forth was
like watching a ball being batted back
and forth over a net in a tennis match.
"But still there was noise to plague us
in our deathly stillness below. There was
water in the bilges in the control room.
We were in such shallow water the ship
was rolling. Of all the disturbing noises

I've ever heard the back-and-forth slosh-
ing of that water was the worst.
"I organized a game of cribbage in the
control room. The play wasn't as sharp
as usual. We couldn't remain long with
the sound gear turned off, so the passing
back and forth over our heads of those
boats was very distracting. People be-
gan to be droopy and sleepy in the after-
noon. The deck bore a black slime from
condensed moisture. Officers and men
lay down in the slime to sleep.
"At about 6:30 P. M. we began to feel
that we were going to get away with it.
It was getting dark. Our hopes and
(Continued on page 57)

JOE LOUIS NAMED THE WAR



By Carl Byoir

Joe Louis and Wendell Willkie at the Navy Relief Society Show in Madison Square Garden on March 10, 1942, when "Joe Louis Named the War"

Joe, you have named the war.
I don't think you knew
That you were naming the war,
But you named it.
You named it when you said,
"We are going to win
Because we are on God's side."
You were right, Joe,
And you have named the war.
This is God's War.

Maybe you read in the newspapers
That the President asked the reporters
To name the war.
Our President is a very great man, Joe,
But he does not know very much about whom to
ask
To name wars.
Reporters, Joe, are men who think with their
heads.
No one could name this war out of his head.
It had to be named out of the heart and out of
the soul,
And out of some instinct that reaches back
Thousands and thousands of years;
Back through all the struggle of mankind
To establish the rights
That we are fighting to keep now.
But you were right, Joe.
You named the war.
This is God's War.

Maybe you are the first human being in five
thousand years
Who was not too conceited in naming a war.
For in all the wars that men have fought in
the past,
Men on both sides said, "God is on our side."
I think you are the only man in all history
Who ever said, "We are on God's side."

Of course I know, Joe,
That you were not thinking about naming a war.
You just put into words something that you felt
Way down inside of you.
So maybe it was your great grandfather
Who named the war.
I imagine he was born a free man, Joe,
And then someone brought him to America
And made a slave out of him.
And maybe through the long nights he dreamed
Of being free again
Because he knew the bitterness
And the agony of slavery.
He knew the value of freedom
And wanted it again.
And maybe he was there, Joe,
When Abraham Lincoln wrote the Emancipation
Proclamation
And said that this really was a free country
And made it come true,
That white men and black men were all free.
That here it didn't make any difference
About a man's race or creed or color.
That this was really a country where all men
were free.
Maybe those words were stamped
On your great grandfather's heart,
And maybe they were burned into his soul,
And maybe he came to love America
And to cherish its freedoms
More than some people who just inherited them.
And so, maybe, you just felt what he felt
And so you named the war.
This is God's War.

This is not the first time
That someone like Hitler
Thought he was bigger than God,
Or that someone like Hirohito
Thought he was God.

The whole history of mankind
Has been a history of struggle
Against men like this.
And that's why we can be sure
That we are on God's side,
Because in the long run the people
Who are on God's side
Have always won.
The rights of free men
Were not won all at once.
God has been fighting these wars
As long as there have been men to set

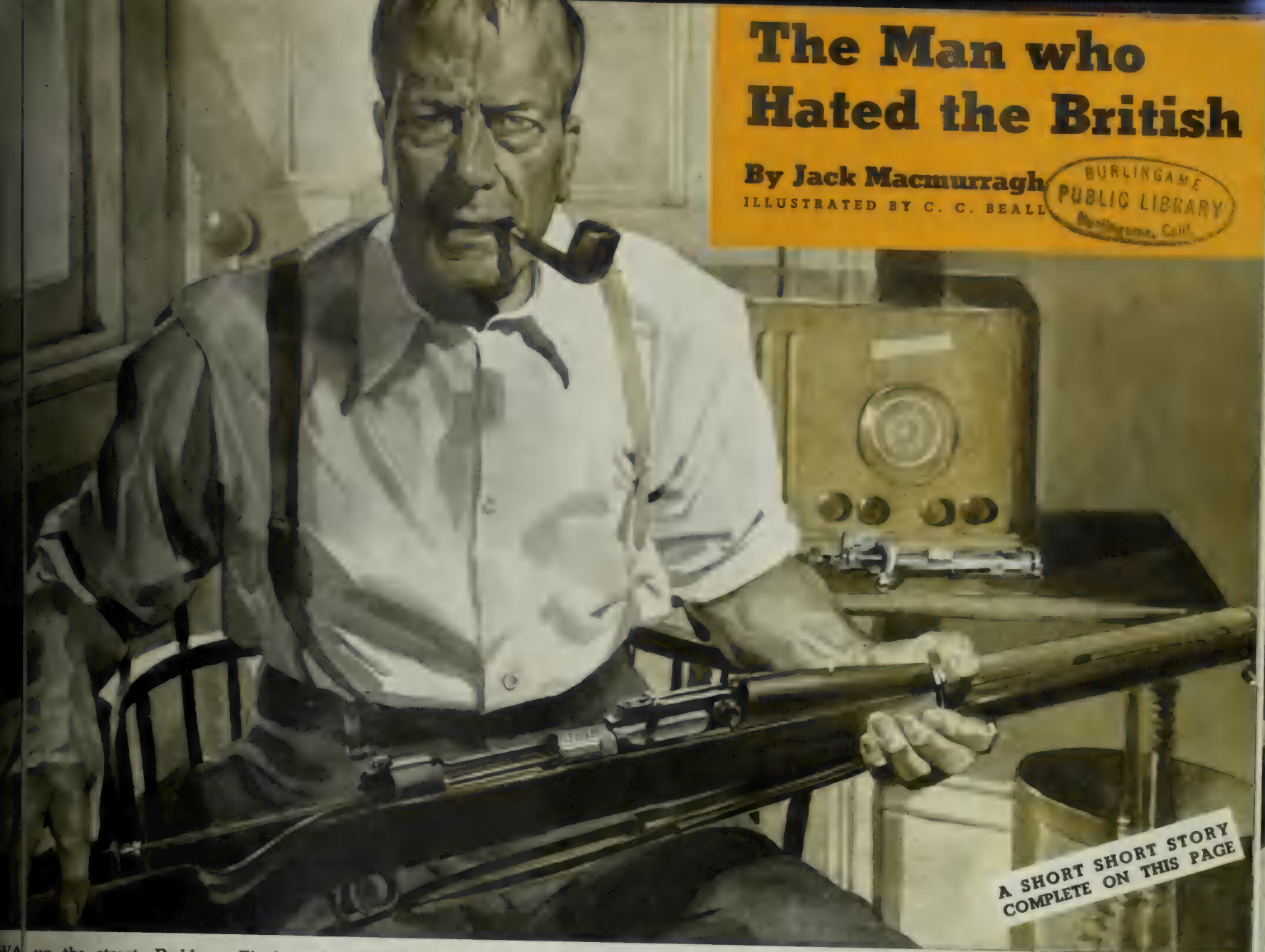
Through all the dark centuries
A lot of people believed
That freedom for mankind was not God's plan,
But they were wrong, Joe.
Men have come out of the darkness,
Men who believed in God;
And after a while, because they believed
They knew they could win back their
But always, Joe, it was a struggle.
Winning it and losing it, and winning
back again.

Eve yone knows that here in America
We had to fight to be free;
And we had to fight to stay free;
And we are fighting now to stay free.
What too many of us forgot, Joe,
Was just what you have reminded us
That freedom is part of God's plan for
So, if we want to be free men now,
Let us all pray for faith
And wisdom and strength
To fight through to glorious victory
On God's side.
In God's War.

The Man who Hated the British

By Jack Macmurragh

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

WA up the street, Paddy
y's boy—who was a man—
d shouting radio from his
use When he walked into his
itch, he could see her lips
Glo be to God!" but he

oke down," he said to the
he eyes. He had to throw
rom the top of his mouth to
rough the beating waves of
"In the name of heaven," he
es hate the British that

ont room, his father's
ce was a bellow, though
"Molly, is it you got that

Kelly grinned at her son,
her ose like a little girl.
hou d. And then to her son,
he ps, too."

thoull's roar came: "Then
is, w can I be listenin' to
pan Willy with the wind
myars?"

an our at a time," Molly
gun need cleanin', he says,
ht e well be listenin' while

ghed together, fondly, across
ng nose, the same sweet grin
black haired man kicking the
his ft in the open doorway
tle man at the stove.

nt room, like a red bull sit-
on a rock and hating
t, Fldy Kelly glowered at
o, a rifle and a clean-
s his lap. When he saw his
dooray, his mouth opened
d th he remembered his
e restraint it imposed
es, d he shut his teeth on
and napped off the radio.

The boy raised his fist and brought it
down on his father's thick shoulder; and
the red man grinned under the blow.

"How's the war goin'?" the lad asked.
"Singapore's gone," Paddy Kelly
said. "DamnthetheBritish!" From long
habit he made it one word, and his voice,
though lowered, rumbled like a truck
on a wooden bridge. "God grant our
generals'll get over the same sleepin'
sickness. If trouble don't send a callin'
card, it catches the generals with their
britches hung on the bed post!"

The lad picked the gun from his fa-
ther's lap, and his father grinned with
only the slightest of embarrassment,
like a man caught cheating at solitaire
by an understanding friend.

"My rifle," the boy said. "I put it
away, greased."

His father said from the corner of his
mouth, "I run outa guns to clean. The
first week, I scrubbed the riflin' outa my
Lee-Enfield."

Molly Kelly's footsteps came down
the passageway, and Paddy Kelly said
hurriedly, "What brings ye home?"

"I quit my job," the boy explained.

From the doorway, his mother said, "I
thought the tractor broke."

"It did," he said. "So I quit my job."

With his hands on his knees, his fa-
ther gave him the look from under one
thick brow. "What's up, boy?" he asked
quietly.

"I enlisted," he said.

There was a quick silence in the room,
and then his father threw back his head.
"Now, by jinks," he said, "them Japs'll
get outa the Philippines!"

His mother's face was very still, as
though caught between expressions.
"Did you think about it first?" she
asked. "Instead of waiting for your
draft number?"

"I did, Mother," he said very calmly.
"I wanted to know," she said, "for my
own peace of mind."

And she said no more, knowing that
with some things there was no point to
words.

But her husband said, "Remember
what I've taught ye! One bullet where
ye want it is worth more than a hundred
around it. Ye don't shoot deer in the
belly, but that don't hold with Japs.
Nobody cares if ye spoil their meat.
Hold fine an' shoot 'em in the belly."

"They tell me the brush is too thick
for fine shootin' in the East Indian jun-
gles," the boy said.

"Use the butt," his father said auto-
matically, and then jumped to his feet.
"East Indian jungles! Am I sendin' ye
only to make the world safe for the
British?"

"And the rest of us," the lad said.

LOOKING at his son, Paddy Kelly took
a deep breath. "There's one thing,"
he said then grimly. "If ye get caught in
that thick brush with a general—British
preferred, because them I know best,
and they're the most stupid—kick his
thick head for your father."

"I'll bring ye a pair in a gunnysack,"
the lad said, and he held out the rifle.
"Keep it clean for me, Dad."

His mother said pleadingly, "Din-
ner's ready for the table."

Her lad turned to her then and the
softness came into his eyes and his voice
and his hands. "It's hard enough this
way," he said; and he took his mother's
face in his two hands and he kissed her
square on the lips.

"God's blessing on you," she said.

His father said sulkily, "Ye're in an
awful hurry to help the damn' British!"

"No time to waste," the lad said, and

"Singapore's gone," Paddy Kelly
said: "DamnthetheBritish!" He made
it one word and his voice rumbled
like a truck on a wooden bridge

he raised his fist, and—slow and hard—
on his father's big shoulder he put the
blow of farewell.

They stood at the gate while the boy
kept walking away, waving over his
shoulder. "He's goin' without me,"
Paddy Kelly said. "For the first time,
Molly, he's tacklin' a dirty job, one that
needs doin', without me there to take
one end of it."

Then from the corner of his mouth, he
said, "In the house, quick, Molly, or he'll
be seein' me do it!"

She looked back over her shoulder,
but she followed her husband in.

He stood for a long minute with his
face to the blank wall above the radio.
"Molly, darlin'," he said, "would it be
too awful lonesome for ye, if I found a
way to get in it? There may be fightin'
at Gallipoli again."

She looked at the big back and at
the red neck, scrubby as a boy's; the
corners of her mouth quivered, and she
laughed, for she could laugh with tears,
which is a blessing of the Irish.

He turned then, and the tears ran
down one side of his face and around the
corner of his sheepish grin. "The lad'll
take care of the Japs," he said, "but the
Germans need the hand of a man who's
licked 'em. And the poor British need
a man who knows their generals. D'ye
think they'd have me, Molly? At Gal-
lipoli, Molly, or thereabouts, I might
find the eye I left there in '15—or a
German who'll replace it. There's no
blue eyes like my own among the Japs."

Escapade in Martinique

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY DESIRÉE MILES



Young Nicolas de Goncourt decided to go to Martinique the easy way. At the time—more than a century ago—it looked like a good idea. The girl was a circumstance he hadn't foreseen

HE HAD not expected the girl on the jetty in Fort Royal. That she should be there to meet him, to receive him, was a circumstance altogether unforeseen. She came quickly, with little steps, through the press of yammering Negroes, of brightly caparisoned colonials and, surprisingly, walked directly to him, stopping before him with a curious planted stiffness, her slender face cool and impassive, bland. She said, "Your pardon, messire—you are Blaise Lorrain?"

There was, of course, only one answer:

"Yes." And he looked at the girl with an open stare that he would have considered, in another, ungracious.

His survey was thorough. She was a

girl above the common height with strong and well-molded shoulders; her skin was warmly brown and her eyes held an astonishing blueness, brightly, innocently blue, color of the morning sea. But it was her hair that principally caught and kept his attention: hair that was heavy and long and incredibly golden brown. Without any kind of doubt it was the loveliest hair he had ever seen.

In short, she was good to look upon and utterly unexpected and the young man called Blaise Lorrain gaped at her with more than a suggestion of interest in his manner. To himself he said, in the silence, under his breath, "And what am I to remark now? Do I know this girl or don't I? What am I to tell her—what greeting?"

But it was she who ended the pause: "Your voyage was pleasant?"

"Pleasant," he said, inclining his head. "And you seem to be in good health—"

"Oh, I am," he said. "Yes. I think I can assure you that I am in good—the best—health. And you, pray?"

She said in a voice quite flat, neither friendly nor unfriendly, "I am well." And she added: "I suppose you may kiss me now, Blaise Lorrain. That's

your privilege, isn't it?" She turned up her expressionless face to him, her lips parted.

Then, strangely, his assurance melted. His mind slipped quite uncharacteristically into a muddle of indecision. He looked at the girl and looked away, as if parrying. His eyes moved over the unfamiliar scene about him: The brig from France, riding at anchor now, sails down; the dancing shallop beside the jetty; the jostle of people on shore, against the backdrop of the pink and white tropical town. He observed, irrelevantly, that the sky was clean and colorless with the light of morning, the West Indian sea heartlessly blue.

The girl said, "Well?"

He thought: I do not so much as know her name. This is indeed extraordinary.

But he touched her arms gently at the shoulders and—his misgivings temporarily ignored—kissed her.

She said to him, then, "Naturally you won't expect me to cry out that I love you." She gazed at him evenly. Suddenly she turned her head and glanced along the wharf. "There's Father," she said bleakly. "Wearing the green linen jacket. Do you see? He will expect you to wave to him."

He brought up blade to slit the lo did not touch the really take yours. Nicholas de G

It was with a sense of uncertainty that the young Blaise Lorrain lifted his hand, signed toward the strange linen jacket. What else, then, could he do? He forthwith dropped his head at the girl. She stared unsmiling.

"Father will be happy girl said tonelessly.

I wonder, thought the young man, and he shrugged—so tally.

THE beginning was in France, on a gray day at the wharf. The ship *Renn* had five hundred tons' burden, in the service for Mathon Fripleted loading. It would sail on the evening tide o'clock or thereabouts (Continued on p. 26)

hillbilly boy

by Crichton

don't give cocktail par-
th Waldorf for Judy
a, use of the sticks.
ent comes to popular-
is she's right up on top

EN Judy Canova came to a
in the receiving line at the
white house reception, she took
y by the hand and said, "How
o!"

ew is name very well, she
erally wanted to call him by
he mind went blank. She
only to his hand and made a
k, feeling that the name was
com to her.

o you do . . . sir!" she finally
and went off in a cold sweat.
ckin herself around in a cor-
ver minutes she brightened

it!" she whispered tensely.

in't o back to remind the
of is identity and is not
hen people keep bringing the
waning it known that loss of
oes not indicate lack of sense.
rl of great good sense.

oming out of the White
er to luncheon (this was at
e President's Birthday
uld a round, blunt cigar
bag and waved it at Gene

Two Small Riots

Gen a souvenir!" she cried.
ron the box when the Presi-
d it round."
id I say when you took a
d M Autry astounded.
ene use your head," said
achly. "What do you think
le asked me if I wanted a

atter of fact, both Autry and
ma riots in Washington for
ason that they would be sen-
Mar d Tree, Ark. With all
our national capital, it con-
eat majority of small-town
dy Canova is the Beatrice
arke Tree, Ark. She is the
ce of Pawhuska, Okla. She
Por of Tucumcari, N. M.
e trip goes through Una-
he inductor walks up and
proudly proclaiming,
y Canova's home town!"

Use of the sticks, the
of the canebrakes. Although
neria Broadway stage star
nev appear on Broadway.
pages are given for her
hols but when the votes
d last year in the popularity
on-cture stars, she topped
an, Rita Hayworth, Joan
d Jones Stewart.
row she," they say at Re-
res, here she works. "Just

ll th, the world is pretty
Canva. The assumption is
y we sings hillbilly songs
tinued on page 62)





In his Oregon corral, Ranger is roped and brought out for examination by officers of a U. S. Army Remount Service detachment. The Army is scouring the country for suitable cavalry horses



"Fifteen hands," says Lt. Col. as Ranger passes his first test.



On goes the saddle, and now Ranger must prove himself to be tractable and gentle. The Army will not purchase buckers or mean-tempered horses



After Ranger has been exercised, Col. Dean puts an ear to his nostrils to listen to his breathing. Ranger proves to be

New War Horses

By Richard L. Neuberger

The cavalry always knew it would come back. And it has. Here's how the Army is getting its horses

FROM the bleak plains of Russia to Oregon's green uplands is half the distance around the world, but Lieutenant Colonel Fred Koester of the United States Army Remount Service said to the lean cowpuncher standing with him at the corral gate:

"Cy, the Russians are proving that cavalry can still win battles. That means, among other things, that we need all the horses we can get now—good, strong horses that our own cavalry can ride to battle. You and your hands better tell everyone back in the hills that the Army wants horses and wants 'em right away, and that we're paying cash on delivery."

Cy Rood gave his chaps a hitch and took a dusty halter from one of the corral posts. "Yes, sir, Colonel," he said. "We'll pass the word along to all the ranchers, Injuns and wranglers in Crook County that their Uncle Samuel hankers after any horse they don't need for spring plowing or fetching the mail."

This is taking place throughout the only in Crook County, Oregon, but in near with a barn or a pasture. Polo ponies, far riding-academy thoroughbreds are being re-ice on our far-flung military front. The horses, thousands of them. Most American equipment for this war exclusively in terms ships and guns. But the Quartermaster charged with the responsibility of obtaining there is another essential—horses. This we we entered the war, even before Russian cav drawn artillery began pushing back the s Nor must it be forgotten that at the very s man attack on Russia, the defenders' cava delayed the foe.

Colonel Edwin N. Hardy, the tall, gray who is chief of our Remount Service, nodd agreement when Bernard Valery reported t



...m H. Dean examines Ranger's teeth. "Four
his verdict. Remounts must be under eight



...pey, feet strong, soles intact," is what goes
y tebooks after the all-important foot exam

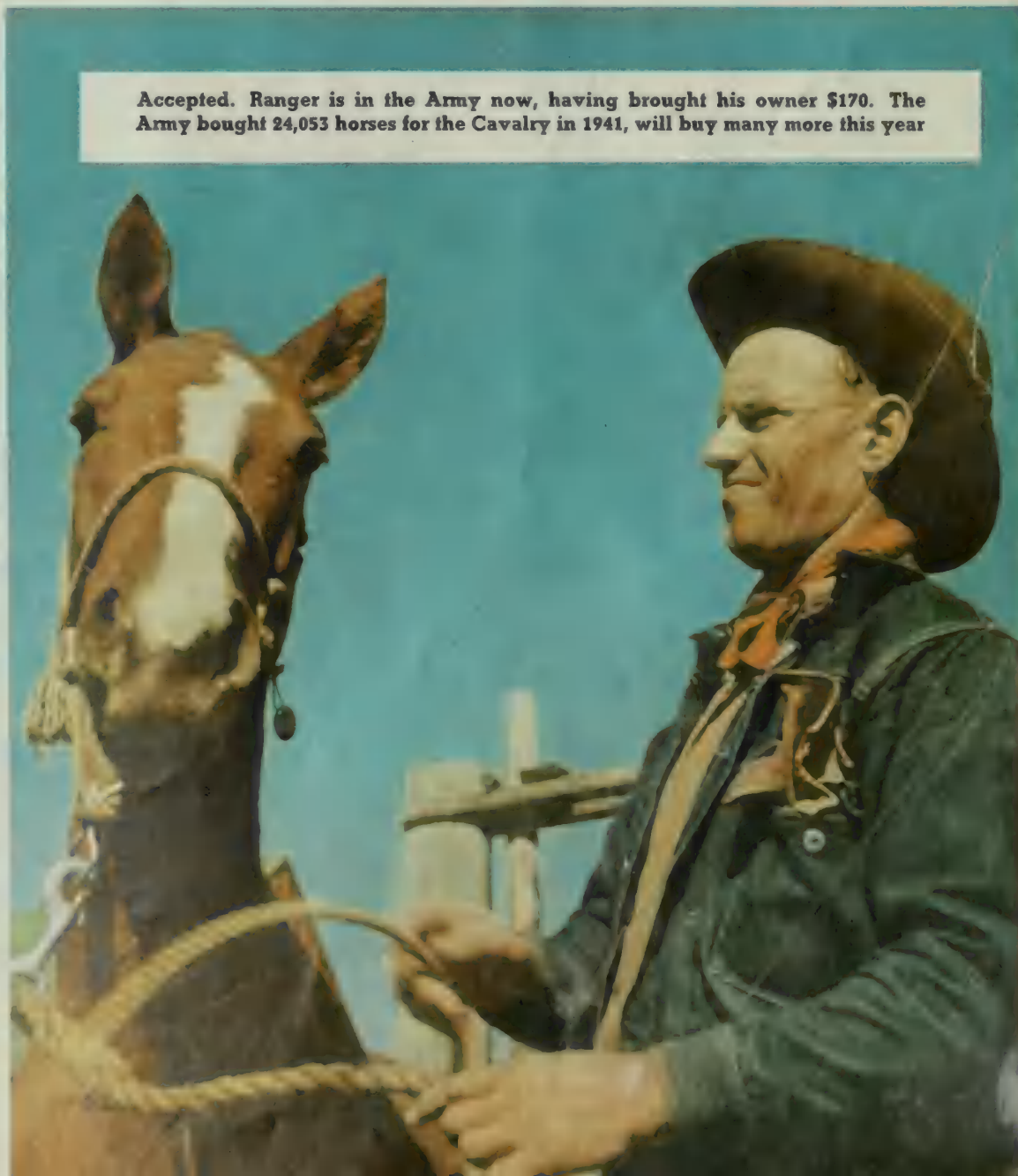


The chestnut gelding is put through a short jog around the yard as the Army of-
ficers watch his footwork closely. Ranger displays no sign of splayfoot in this test



PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. H. JORGENSEN, JR.

...ch is Ranger worth? Col. Koester, notebook in
akes e final appraisal, determines the price



Accepted. Ranger is in the Army now, having brought his owner \$170. The
Army bought 24,053 horses for the Cavalry in 1941, will buy many more this year

at "Soet cavalry moves unhindered by snow and
e the rman panzer divisions have their fighting
ies strugly reduced by the same." Dispatches of
from e Eastern Front confirmed what Colonel
ad conded ever since the war began—that the
only een supplemented by the new revolution-
of the ternal-combustion engine on the field of
nd thae certainly has not been replaced.
Colonelound confirmation, too, in the views of
eneral Robert M. Danford, chief of the United
ield Artillery: "For light division artillery the
nains perior to the motor as a prime mover off
rough e mud and darkness and rain. He does
e open is belly on a rock, he does not fall off an
ment, h does not smash his head against a tree,
still wets a bit longer when his fodder is ex-

opinion became military (Continued on page 45)



Panama Patrol

By Walter Davenport

A Collier's reporter rides a patrol bomber over the Panama Canal Zone, where guns, guts and diplomacy, plus a lot of our guys aching for a fight, are seeing that our most important life line stays in business

The Isthmus offers exciting pets. Corp. Howard Kahler, of Grand Island, Neb., toys with a 7-foot boa

SIGNAL CORPS—PANAMA



WE'RE flying high and wide. I calm in the white of the moon, Our ship's a light bomber—a s swooper that has us thinking of the be that snatched to hell and gone whom demned. This is war but it doesn't Too quiet. You have to remind your

We make notes as we soar, bank hope we'll be able to read them later controls—relaxed, nonchalant, his elb of the instrument panel, his chin in weren't for the long, lancing search o say he was bored. We make a note senses that we're studying him. He suddenly, almost joyously obeying t hand, the plane peels off to the side dives at the sea. Whatever we were came halfway a slithering pencil line that's fun.

"Why don't you just hand in y shouts. "Fool 'em. Look wise. Let figure it out. Fool the Japs too. Som wave it to Tokyo figuring maybe it's Command will lock themselves up i to make something out of it. Fool 'em come over personally to see what v wish they'd come. Hell, I wish they that down there? Pull yourself toget going look-see!"

Brigadier General Adlai Gilkes Pennsylvania, and the United States boss of the Caribbean Interceptor loved from the White House down tral American jungle airfield as "G throws the ship over as you'd cut a switch. We dive at an unnamed rip and silver swell of the misnamed o smuggler's craft—one of the long, that crawl back and forth between m Solano Bay, past the Canal and on the Gulf of Panama. Perhaps he's o a friend of Captain Leo McIntire, Intelligence in the ten-mile-wide Ca in perpetuity by the Republic of United States. Anyway, he waves to with a great sweeping gesture that but more likely derision.

Spoiling for a Fight

McIntire knows them all—all from dour Colombia to storybook C hail him in the streets, they crow write him hundreds of impassioned who's who and what's what and w ten thousand coves and inlets that only by hearsay and which a thous do no more than skim over. Leo credible book all by himself if he ca write it.

Gilky's sore. If ever there's bee for fight, it's Gilky. This Panama is purely defensive. Land, sea and as they are today and such as the walk and fly the Isthmus and skitte shores, waiting, waiting, waiting They're sure it will come. Waiting and sharp and short of temper. Th huge detectors, their long-distance e cocked on the hills and mountain hour; days and nights pass by. No picturesquely profane. He'd rathe fight than loaf around waiting for

"D'ya see that fighter?" says Gil Albrook Field to make our patrol. points to a long sleek beauty whiske guns and engined to pace the wind. ful.

"Come the Japs to blast the "and I'll wait until I've got all m When the last interceptors are u over to someone and take off in th get me my ration of little yella fell they come?"

So we're out over the Pacific w night's the night. This is the place to get the Panama picture. Befor we see things that make us laugh, t that make us calculate. The Ca they're hacking down and around new locks, is blacked out (Conti

Brigadier General Adlai Gilkes, boss Caribbean Interceptor Comm "Gilky" or "Gilky," from White

CHANNEL MAN

By James Norman

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



... knew the Chan-
... but why should
... the hated English-
... an embittered old
... learns interna-
... the hard way

Channel swimmers on the walls . . . Old Marcel and Laura. . .

He jerked back, becoming tense and alert. This was no place for an Englishman to idle.

Alleyn glanced at his watch, then skidded down the back slope, following the tilting dunes, slipping along their sandy shoulders, staggering as the low dry brush snagged his clothes.

His powerful body moved with peculiar stealth for a man of his size. His solid face with its long nose and wide forehead had been stained an Indian brown, as were his hands. The stain gave his features an almost Oriental cast, the inscrutability of one whose profession is danger. His uniform wore that mark also. It was that of the Commandos—black, with black skullcap, blackened equipment and arms.

Only three days before, he and a band of five had crossed the Channel from their Folkestone base, landed in Occupied France near Calais. Creeping up the night-bound beach behind the Casino, they had knocked out a sentry.

Having memorized the street plan of the town, Alleyn had made his way to the enemy munition dump near the railway. The place had been poorly guarded. He had overcome two more sentries and had taken his time planting the dynamite and touching it off with a grenade before retreating across the *gare* plaza.

He had seen by his watch that he had twenty minutes to contact their waiting

boat. Just then a tremendous explosion rocked the city and cut a cone of light into the sky. His nerves went on edge for he saw another black-clad figure race toward him, turning at brief intervals to fire at pursuing soldiers.

It was Bradford, who had held up the station guards. Alleyn opened fire to cover the man. Suddenly Bradford went down. Alleyn retreated into an alleyway, reloaded and continued firing with a cold, mechanical bluntness. It had looked like a trap until he had found a disused sewer main leading to the sea. That blind eternity through the dark, slimy passage had taken thirty minutes and when he crawled out, on the beach, the Commandos' boat was gone.

He realized, almost without feeling, that he was stranded in enemy territory.

It was then that his thoughts had turned to Gris-Nez, a short distance down the coast, and to Old Marcel. The old man could help him, if he would.

NOW, as he skirted the dunes, moving toward the small cove east of Gris-Nez beach where Marcel lived, he wondered. The past seemed so vivid now as he neared the cove. He felt a sharp twinge of emotion. He was glad, in a way, that the war was bringing the old man and himself together again.

He remembered the old Frenchman's squat body. The face built square to support a bleached walrus mustache that overhung each corner of his mouth.

Alleyn hardly saw his face when he whirled, the carbine sliding into his hands with a dry sound. That was how he stood when the heavy blow of knuckles against flesh and jawbone caught him

For twenty years Marcel had been as much a part of Gris-Nez as the stark white beach facing the Channel. He had been the first Frenchman to swim it, and "The Sleeve," as the French call it, had done something to him. Some people said he had floated in the cross tides too long and brine had replaced blood in his veins.

Alleyn knew it wasn't that. Marcel was very human. It was the death of his Parisian wife that kept him from returning to Paris. Instead, he built himself a shack by the cove and brought his daughter, who was yet a child, to live there.

He had gotten himself an inshore fishing boat, an open affair with a one-lung gasoline engine and a makeshift whaleback of canvas at the bow for shelter. He began guiding swimmers across the Channel.

He knew every inch of the Channel. He read ripples and currents like a blind man fingering braille. He made swimming a matter of timetable, and his brain was like an admiralty chart.

(Continued on page 31)

... danger for the mo-
... Perhaps it was because
... across the narrow strip
... Channel. The water cupped
... between two bluffs
... in the dusk. Within
... could slip out—a swim-
... toward the Good-
... over. Upon the higher
... it, an old whitewashed
... the sky.
... Alleyn stood, that was
... seen, but somewhere
... camouflaged, long-range
... They were silent now.
... nostalgia came over him
... memory to fill in the
... at the base of the ridge
... the red-tiled cottages of
... half at most, nestling
... the dunes around the tiny
... are. Memory also threw in
... thoughts: the image
... anian beer pump in the
... om, photographs of



With competition a bit less keen, Lefty Grove, retired pitcher of the Boston Red Sox, could again be a twenty-game winner

Eddie Collins, one of the greatest second basemen of his day, in his 1918 U. S. Marine uniform

Among the first to enlist in World War I, Lefty Grove, "Old Goldenrod"—catcher of the Boston Red Sox, now coaching the Philadelphia Athletics

The Great Exhumation

By Fred Lieb

All over the land, baseball's old-timers are limbering up creaking soupbones and aching muscles as war and the draft open new roads to old glory, just as they did back in 1918

BASEBALL is starting this season just as it started the 1917 campaign—lots of patriotic fervor, fond hopes and a prayer. It will most certainly need the prayer if the experience of the last war means anything. The boys got through 1917 without too much misery, but in 1918 when General Crowder issued his "Work or Fight" edict, the bottom fell right out of the baseball business.

What followed was the greatest process of disinterment ever known. It was distinctly on the ghoulish side. Old players who had done nothing but wield a pool cue for ten years were suddenly resurrected and pushed out on the diamond. The St. Louis Cardinals had Bobbie Wallace, in his twenty-third year of big-league baseball, on second base. The Giants pumped new life into the fabulous Jay Kirke, who had been creating legends in the minors for several centuries. The Yankees brought back Ping Bodie, former White Sox outfielder, the celebrated wack who far antedated the Brooklyn Bums and, at that period, was only several years removed from desuetude.

Will it happen again? It most certainly will happen again and we forthwith predict it.

In his famous letter to Judge Landis, President Roosevelt urged that base-

ball keep going at its usual pace for the sake of morale. He suggested that night ball be extended for the sake of the defense workers who otherwise would be cut off from the sport. The pronouncement was greeted with hallelujahs by the magnates who have their millions invested and by the players who depend on the professional game for their groceries, but the old judge himself kept his battered hat firmly on his head.

"No one can tell," said the judge. "Baseball will go up and down—with the rest of the folks."

The draft has been in effect for over a year. Hank Greenberg, slugging first baseman-outfielder of Detroit, and Hugh Mulcahy, an All-Star pitcher with the lowly Phils, went early. Since then, a batch has been taken, including Bobby Feller, baseball's No. 1 pitcher; Cecil Travis, Washington's second American

League hitter in 1941; Bud Travis' hard-hitting teammate, Sam Chapman, Connie Mack's one-run clubbing outfielder; Harry Campbell, Brooklyn's third baseman; Carl Rowell, the Braves' promising second baseman; Pitcher Barnacle Bill Sewell, the same club; Johnny Beasley, Louis Browns' shortstop; Al Simmons, shortstop of the Athletics; young pitchers Mickey Vernon and Johnson of the Red Sox; and Hutchinson, Detroit's experienced investment.

Draft boards have toughed it out since Pearl Harbor. There was Benny McCoy, the young infielder, drafted by "Abe Lincoln" Larimer, whereupon Benny sold him to the Philadelphia Athletics for \$50,000. The Michigan draft board, considering elder McCoys could live for that nest egg, put Benny in the blue of the Navy. Benny appealed directly to Roosevelt and won deferment. When the Japs started the Wolverine State's board moved Benny back to the list. So he decided to avenge his father in the blue of the Navy. He hit .406 with Ted Williams. President's advisers overruled the board and put Ted on the list. The California Comet enlisted when the season is closed and he steered himself to take a Bronx cheers until then.

As this is written, the War Department has lost a champion Yankee have lost a champion. Sturm, .239-hitting first baseman; Silvestri, third-string catcher; third-string pitchers. How-

(Continued on page 23)

Prying Finger

Agatha Christie

EDITED BY MARIO COOPER

Sorry Thus Far:

advice of his doctor, Jerry Burton, a Londoner who has been injured in a crash, goes—with his sister, Joanna, to a small provincial town of Lymstock. He rents a house from an old maid: Emily Barton.

After his arrival, someone—some writer—sends him a foul anonymous letter. But, since others have received similar missives, he is not seriously concerned. Among those whom the Burton family knows are: Richard Symmington, a lawyer; Owen Griffith, a physician, and Aimée; the vicar—the Rev. Dane and his wife; Mr. Pye, an eccentric; Megan Hunter, Symmington's daughter; Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' governess; and Miss Jane Marple, an elderly lady who is visiting the Burtons.

Symmington gets one of the letters; she is shocked and commits suicide. A short time later, the Symmingtons' maid—Agnes Woddell—is found dead! Whereupon, Superintendent Inspector Graves, who is looking for a writer, redoubles their efforts.

The letters are composed of printed matter and pasted on a sheet of paper. Jerry Burton is much excited when he finds them in the library of the house he is occupying—from which a number of papers have been neatly removed.

Inspector Nash finds the typewriter which the letters are addressed; the man in the office of the Woman's Institute.

Weeks go by, Burton observes with surprise that Joanna is falling in love with Griffith. He observes with even more surprise that he is falling in love with Megan (as a matter of fact, he asks the girl to marry him; but Megan—a curious person—understand—turns him down). . . . Inspector Nash telephones Burton, and tells him he has found the author of the letters. A few minutes later, the two men go to the home of the Griffiths, where they arrest—Aimée Griffith!

Inspector Nash protests her innocence. And Owen is shocked; his sister is not guilty. Nevertheless, he is dreadfully shocked; and when Burton tells him that Joanna (who has come in, a bit later) is the man she loves and kneels before him in a chair.

Conclusion

Now tell you coherently the events of the next twenty-four hours. Various incidents stand out, unrelated to the main incidents.

Remember Joanna coming home, her white dress drawn, and of how I tried to cheer her up, saying:

"How's being a ministering angel?"

How she smiled in a pitiful way and said, "He says he loves me, Jerry. He's very, very kind and stiff!"

I said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

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She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

She said, "My girl won't have me!"

found everybody's tongue wagging nineteen to the dozen. Emily Barton was saying that she had never really trusted Aimée Griffith. The grocer's wife was saying with gusto that she'd always thought Miss Griffith had a queer look in her eye—

THEY had completed the case against Aimée, so I learned from Nash. A search of the house had brought to light the cut pages of Emily Barton's book—in the cupboard under the stairs, of all places, wrapped up in an old roll of wallpaper.

"And a jolly good place too," said Nash appreciatively. "You never know when a prying servant won't tamper with a desk or a locked drawer—but those junk cupboards full of last year's tennis balls and old wallpaper are never opened except to shove something more in."

"The lady would seem to have had a penchant for that particular hiding place," I said.

"Yes. The criminal mind seldom has much variety. By the way, talking of the dead girl, we've got one fact to go upon: There's a large heavy pestle missing from the doctor's dispensary. I'll bet anything you like that's what she was stunned with."

"Rather an awkward thing to carry about," I objected.

"Not for Miss Griffith. She was going to the Guides that afternoon, but she was going to leave flowers and vegetables at the Red Cross stall on the way, so she'd got a whopping great basket with her."

"You haven't found the skewer?"

"No, and I shan't. The poor devil may be mad, but she wasn't mad enough to keep a bloodstained skewer just to make it easy for us, when all she'd got to do was to wash it and return it to a kitchen drawer."

"I suppose," I conceded, "that you can't have everything."

The Vicarage had been one of the last places to hear the news. Old Miss Marple was very much distressed by it. She spoke to me very earnestly on the subject:

"It isn't true, Mr. Burton. I'm sure it isn't true."

"It's true enough, I'm afraid. They were lying in wait, you know. They actually saw her type that letter."

"Yes, yes—perhaps they did. Yes, I can understand that."

"And the printed pages from which the letters were cut were found where she'd hidden them in her house."

Miss Marple stared at me. Then she said, in a very low voice, "But that is horrible—really wicked."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop came up with a rush and joined us and said, "What's the matter, Jane?"

Miss Marple was murmuring helplessly, "Oh, dear, oh, dear, what can one do?"

"What's upset you, Jane?"

(Continued on page 68)

And waiting there, with my heart thudding, I saw Symmington come out with Megan in his arms and carry her downstairs, with Nash and myself a discreet distance behind





Magic Mud

By J. D. Ratcliff

Set good bacteria to catch bad bacteria—that's the story back of gramicidin. It takes up where the sulfa drugs leave off and already there are several miracles to its credit

THIS is the story of weapons against death that take up where the sulfa drugs leave off.

The story begins with an idea that kept hammering at the head of a research man. It was one of those plaguing ideas that refuse to let one alone. It ran something like this: soil is the great creator. It is also the great destroyer. Bury a leaf of lettuce, a canary or a pork chop and they are soon consumed. By what? The bacteria that teem in the soil. One investigator estimated that each pea-sized clump of earth contained a population of 50,000 bacteria!

Now we get to the part of the idea that was keeping our researcher awake at night. What were the bacteria that struck men down with disease? Organic matter—living stuff like other members

of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. And here was the nub of the whole thing: if there were soil bacteria to destroy all other organic matter, wasn't it reasonable to suppose that there were soil bacteria to prey on the microbes that kill men?

The young Frenchman who had these teasing thoughts was Rene J. Dubos. He was born in a suburb of Paris, studied agriculture in France and Italy and finally came to the United States in 1924. After taking his Ph.D. at Rutgers, he joined the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1927. Dubos, tall, fuzzy-haired, mild, makes no claims to the originality of his thinking. The great Pasteur had the same idea and so had hundreds of other investigators. But with a big difference.

All these others played with the interesting thought and put it aside. Dubos let it worry and plague him. He let it hound him while he was busy on other jobs. It kept elbowing its way into his thinking. *Somewhere there were good microbes which would attack bad microbes.*

Medical research men have assigned jobs to do just as do bricklayers, lawyers and astronomers. But while he was busy on this routine work, Dubos started an epochal piece of side-line re-

search. Once and for all he would chase down this soil-microbe business. If good ones were to be found, he would find them.

The procedure was simple enough—perfectly straightaway job. Dubos made his start one afternoon when he took three kitchen tumblers to the greenhouses at the rear of the institute buildings in New York. He filled his tumblers with soil, carried them back to his lab and put them on an out-of-the-way shelf. Each day from then on he dampened the soil of Kitchen Tumbler No. 1 with a milky soup made up of that ugly brute of a microbe that causes pneumonia. No. 2 got a daily dampening with a culture of streptococci—causer of sore throats, childhood fever, erysipelas and a host of other diseases. No. 3 was treated with staphylococci—microbes responsible for such pus infections as boils and carbuncles, as well as a highly fatal type of blood poisoning.

The idea behind this daily exercise was obvious enough. If the soil did contain something to destroy man-killing microbes, that something would thrive if fed a daily diet of its favorite fodder. The beneficent cannibals would grow lusty and produce large families. Soon they would be available in such quan-

Doctor Charles H. F. treating a leg ulcer of twenty years' standing. Complete healing was effected in three weeks by the use of gramicidin.

tity that they could be set to work on other soil bacteria. This continued for months before I at an epochal day in the spring of 1939.

For purposes of the test I set up eight test tubes and filled them with cultures of the pneumonia microbe. He would see what happened. A soil he had been nursing went into each tube: soil Kitchen Tumbler No. 1. A little preliminary flourish Dubos went out to lunch.

When he got back a jar was waiting. The first tubes in water-clear and the others rapidly! The pneumonia microbe was being destroyed with incredible speed—perhaps something of the same implications—he But Dubos didn't know what

(Continued on page 54)



HOT FROM THE "LINES" AT WILLYS-OVERLAND..

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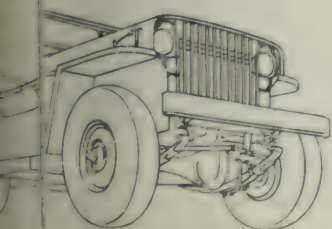
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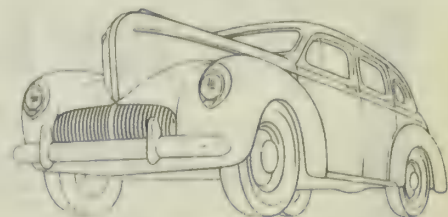
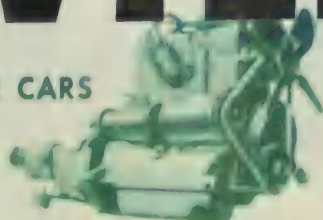


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Canada

Escapade in Martinique

Continued from page 16

young man named Blaise Lorrain, came aboard with a scuffed leather traveling case and was conducted to his cabin.

His name meant nothing to anyone—Blaise Lorrain. He had told the captain that he was from the low country north of Rouen. He was unwell—haggard and unwell, his eyes deep-sunk. And on the third day at sea—the weather was extravagantly bleak—he died suddenly of an acute intestinal disorder that baffled all the rude chirurgical experience of Captain Arouet François Bec-Prudhomme.

"Too bad," the captain said blankly, tugging his wispy beard. The bleeding seemed to have been a mistake. In any event, it had done no good. The captain's interest was entirely academic.

Of course, there was no one to mourn Blaise Lorrain. The practical thing was done: he was consigned to the sea at five o'clock, slipped over the side in a sailcloth sack.

LATER, in the half-hour before dinner, the captain sent word that he should be pleased if M. de Goncourt would drink a glass of brandy with him. In the captain's cabin, if messire would be so good. So Nicolas, damoiseau de Goncourt, who was related to Mme. la Vicomtesse de Lisle, went to the captain's cabin. He drank several small glasses of the captain's excellent cognac. Conversationally the captain said, "The young Lorrain died today."

"Ah?"

"The other passenger," the captain explained. He shook his head. "Naturally you would not have noticed him. He was a clerk or something of that stripe from the neighborhood of Rouen—"

The captain paused. "We buried him in the sea at five o'clock." And the captain saw, then, that M. de Goncourt was sunk in private thought.

It was not often that the brig Renne was favored by a passenger like Nicolas de Goncourt. He wore exquisite blue cloth laced with silver, and rich knee boots of black leather. His eyes were like gray stones in clear cold water. Yellow hair fell below his shoulders. Good breeding sat upon him like a well-tailored cloak. He was, as has been said, related to Mme. la Vicomtesse de Lisle.

More, he was the nephew of M. de Pouancey, governor of Martinique for the French West India Company. It was, where the banks of the Seine were cobbled, common gossip that he fenced superbly and had duelled often. He had long been accustomed to the pleasant diversion of spending money.

He was, in that season, in the boisterous middle decade of the seventeenth century, three-and-twenty years old; and it should be observed that he was leaving the sweet comforts of Paris for the precise reason that he had spent rather more money than legally belonged to him. Not that he was dishonest; decidedly not. He was merely careless. He had often and rightly said that he did not understand money—money was a bore. Certain relatives, including the reluctant vicomtesse, had settled his debts for him and strongly recommended that he taste life in the colonies for a period.

In a distant colony, the conclave of aunts and uncles agreed.

Martinique, for instance; there was the ship Renne scheduled to sail so conveniently soon from Le Havre—

Now he sat deep in his chair in the captain's cabin with his eyes half closed and an expression of intense preoccupa-

tion on his strong brown captain said, to end seemed to him awkward brandy, messire?"

The young man waved me about this Lorrain."

The captain shrugged. impress me. He was q nobody."

Nicolas de Goncourt space. He watched the ing lamp above the capt listened to the low whir the ship's timbers. Th patiently; and after a w man said, "Hark to n homme—" earnestly, elt "I am going to offer you a and it is my intention favor—"

"Messire."

"This: Nicolas de Go day on your ship and to into the sea. It shall be—that was the name, Bl who lands on the wharf in Martinique."

"Messire—" The wor tion.

"Because I prefer it t The reason should not you, captain; you who ar world." Here Nicolas paused; here the captai ously. "You are aware th who governs Martinique, brother. I should be unc surveillance; in effect, hi Revolting thought. It rather, to go ashore as I In that name, for a whil freedom."

"But will not M. de F you?"

"He has not seen m years."

"Your family, though. sist upon an inquiry."

"Aunts, uncles, cousin trouble themselves too me."

The captain tugged at frowncd. "I hesitate to s yet this might involve n difficulty—"

"I spoke of a sum of m. Again, but slowly, C Bec-Prudhomme smiled faintly unpleasant smile moment had passed he ship, wind-buffed, crea sea."

HE WAS—this M. Ed father of the girl—el wide and blunt, built like pushed across the sunny Royal until he stood squ Nicolas de Goncourt and would be Blaise Lorrain did not wait for an an ceeded swiftly to introdu an air of conscious forme

"I am Edouard Vaube daughter Caroline. But have already met."

The girl said, "I saw the boat coming ashore So I spoke to him."

"Of course." The old ther, touched Nicolas arm, smiling. "Your luy the ship? No matter. N attend to it. Come; my the Savane. You'll wa perhaps an hour's rest b—though I must say you

"Oh, yes; quite fit, th "Your uncle wrote me seriously unwell."

"Did he, now?" Nicol

ted his hands in a minimiz-
"Uncle exaggerated."

M. Vauban said by way of
"I've often felt your uncle
much."

Nicolas de Goncourt said,
the girl.

le the jetty and walked to the
ve with its noble stand of
r; and they entered the car-
ouard Vauban and rapidly
city, mounting to the low
h was, Nicolas de Goncourt
a theatrical situation; and
at all sure that he liked it.
est, but it might easily be

ou won't expect me to
I love you," the girl had
had there been between the
Blaise Lorrain and this girl
Indian colony? That she
Blaise Lorrain by sight
rse, obvious; and it was
ous that there was some-
Blaise Lorrain that she dis-
bitterly disliked.

hen had she turned up her
ssed?

Goncourt brushed his fore-
with his hand. The prob-
to much for him. And the girl
ply unfriendly that there
live profit in pursuing the
W not, he asked himself, turn
to, square Edouard Vauban
is he deception? Surely the
ul see that there had been
intentional in it; no intent to
this is to say—

aua broke into the young
ored thoughts. "There is my
nounced, indicating with a
Th house was long, low, porti-
h deep windows of the trop-
strial place, white in the sun.
arriage stopped abruptly. Old
ended. He said, over his
"I assumed that you'll stay
E. The inns of Fort Royal
ou take my word for it." He
ext vaguely but briefly.

ounman thought: I shall tell
d he will offer me his car-
the return to the jetty and the
l finished. This is the time
im—

But the instant's opportunity passed.
The old man interrupted the silence. He
said, "The wedding will be at your con-
venience. Shall we say in about two
weeks' time? You will want to discuss
it with my daughter."

The wedding! thought Nicolas de
Goncourt. So—

The situation held a curiously static
quality: the old man, this Edouard
Vauban, standing beside the carriage,
his eyes on Nicolas de Goncourt; and
still in the carriage, not having moved,
poised for descending, Nicolas de Gon-
court and the girl Caroline Vauban.
Thus they remained, as if in tableau, for
a long moment; and then the old man
turned away and walked toward the
broad steps of the house, and Caroline
Vauban said, low but audibly, with an
almost fierce accent of misery in her
voice, "The wedding will be at your con-
venience, naturally—it is for you to say,
M. Lorrain!"

Nicolas de Goncourt looked toward
her quickly. He saw the constriction of
her throat and the uncontrolled quiver-
ing of her lips. Then, suddenly, she was
crying—crying openly and angrily, and
her hands were lifted and so tightly
clenched that he thought for an instant
she was about to strike him.

But she dropped her hands and
turned from him; she jumped from the
carriage and ran toward the house.

THEY drank small cups of black island
coffee on the veranda of M. Vauban's
house after dinner, and at nine o'clock
Vauban arose heavily from his chair.
He would, he said, retire now; he was
weary; but if they wished to sit for a
while, to watch the night sky—

"Yes," Nicolas de Goncourt said; "for
a while." He looked at the girl; she
kept her eyes cast down in rigid silence.
After a minute old Vauban murmured
good night and went into the house.

Low night sounds flowed up from the
town, accenting the quiet. Nicolas de
Goncourt leaned toward the girl. "Why
do you hate me?" he said softly.

She raised her eyes, then. "I don't
suppose I do."

"But you do. You very plainly do."
"You misunderstand."

He shook his head. "I misunderstand

By Larry Reynolds



"Whyn't ya hide in a bar? Y'know th' cops'll
search every soda fountain and goody shop"

Modernizing Aunt Martha



THE MORE YOU get to know my Aunt Martha, the more you love her. But, believe me, what she knows, she *knows*! "Annabelle," she says to me one morning, "mind what I tell you: there's nothing does a body as much good as a real, stiff, old-fashioned *purge*."



BUT I TOOK HER INTO CAMP that morning. "Auntie," I said, all determined-like, "that little idea went out with the bustle! What you should do is find and correct the *cause* of your trouble. And maybe I'm the little girl who can help you. Come on down to breakfast."

"HMPFF!" AUNTIE SNIFFED. "What's this 'modern marvel' you're talking about?" "Why, it's nothing more than this grand breakfast cereal," I told her. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble's the common kind, due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN is just the thing to get at the cause of it. Eat it every day and drink plenty of water."



"GLORY BE!" says Auntie right after her first crunchy spoonful, "This is delicious! And if ALL-BRAN will do what you say it will, young lady— well, I always intended you to have that diamond ring, anyway!"

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran
NOW IMPROVED—GOLDEN SOFT—DOUBLY DELICIOUS

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

nothing. You hate me. Because I have come here to marry you."

She said, almost whispering, "I hate the thought that you have been brought here to marry me." She shrugged, motion full of intensity, as if an unspeakable burden lay upon her shoulders. "But I must be fair to you," she went on. "I hate the *thing*—not you. I hate what you represent."

"What do I represent?"

"The contract between my father and your uncle."

"I begin to understand," he said.

"I wonder you don't hate me too," Caroline Vauban said.

He watched the sweet, strong curve of her chin, the mobile loveliness of her mouth. "No," he said. "No; it hasn't occurred to me to hate you."

"Because you see it differently. For you this is an adventure. You're not being sold—"

"Ugly word."

"—as I am being sold. To please my father's whim and vanity, to keep a promise made without any thought of what I might feel. And for your money—for your uncle's wealth, which will be yours. Father would like that in the family!"

He said, "You put it very baldly. Surely you give it quite the worst interpretation."

She lifted her hands impetuously. "There is no other way to say it." She sat with her back straight, staring at him. "My father was prepared to marry me to you—no matter what you might be. He did not know you; he has not seen you since you were a child. It mattered nothing to him what you might have grown to be."

His voice was mild: "Have I grown up so badly?"

"It's the intention," she cried. "The contract!"

Nicolas de Goncourt bent forward in his chair. "You're a rebellious spirit. Unfortunately there aren't many like you. Certainly not in France. I feel the most pressing temptation to kiss you again."

She drew away quickly.

"Of course," he said. "You're consistent. You would be."

But he stood up and took a step and was beside her chair; and he bent suddenly and kissed her on the lips. Then, as she avoided his eyes, he walked into the house where candles glowed softly. He went up the stairs and to bed.

HE SLEPT badly. He woke in the night to a consciousness that she was in his mind, and he said her name: "Caroline." In the darkness he pictured her face, saw again the unhappiness in her eyes; and he knew that he was profoundly moved. It came to him sharply that he had never felt quite this way before. The emotion was something that did not go easily—perhaps would not go at all—into words. He said to himself, almost aloud, in the black room, "Am I in love with Caroline Vauban? Is that it?"

He fell into a heavy sleep in the hour before dawn. It was M. Vauban knocking on the door that awakened him. "Come," M. Vauban called heartily. "Dress. Have breakfast. And we'll go down into the town together. I must introduce you about, you know."

The girl was not at breakfast. The two men sat together at the long table and M. Vauban spoke briskly about the society of Fort Royal, the commerce. "And for the love of heaven," he said, waving a coffee spoon under the nose of Nicolas de Goncourt, "don't talk politics in the town. There's a deal of bitterness here against the monarchy—"

"So?" said Nicolas de Goncourt.

"Opposition of interests between the crown on one side, the landlords and merchants on the other. I'll confess that

in this island we're less than content with the policies of Louis and his precious minister Mazarin—"

"Ah," said Nicolas de Goncourt amiably. "Then I am warned neither to arouse the Royalists nor enchain the *commerçants*."

"Precisely."

"You may rest easily. I have no interest in these colonial quarrels." Nicolas de Goncourt sipped his coffee, watching the older man's face. And a vivid sense of the difficulties of his situation flooded him. Why, he wondered, did he not speak now? It was patently ridiculous to go into the town with old Vauban, to be introduced hither and yon as Blaise Lorrain—Blaise Lorrain of the neighborhood of Rouen, nephew of some moneybags bourgeois man of business—fiancé of Caroline Vauban. It was ridiculous and in very bad taste and its result could only be a greater confusion.

But he knew that he must speak with Caroline Vauban before he revealed himself to her father. He must; it was simply, clearly that; he ceased to dispute it. He had a lively notion of what

France. One does not apply to one's king these gutter epithets."

Poussin glared. His lips twitched. A fire-eater, this fellow, Nicolas de Goncourt thought, vaguely amused. Poussin said, coldly, "You are recently from France, monsieur. France is an odd place these days, since the civil war was fought and lost. Am I to understand that you are a Royalist bootlicker?"

HE WAS tall; he had massive shoulders. The breed of the bully, Nicolas de Goncourt observed, smiling. Doubtless he'd had some success with the small sword among the gentry of this remote and uncultured island. Ah, well! thought Nicolas de Goncourt. And he raised his eyes to meet the glower of Jules Poussin.

"Your manners are churlish, monsieur," he said. He ignored the agitated hand of old Vauban, plucking at his sleeve. "To say the truth, unwholesome. I am ready to accept your apology."

"Bootlicker," Poussin said, and would have continued—

But Nicolas de Goncourt reached

"While you have been high counter in your He knows that. He knows what you are, where y He can—and will—kill y

Her voice was almost de Goncourt glanced a likely. "Is he really that?" he asked, smiling eyes. "To take advantage myself, scarcely better th house clerk?"

But the girl was gone agitated step; and the si ness of evening gathered When a minute had pas Goncourt said, "M. Vaul your carriage tomorrow meeting is set for six o'

"Let me go with you."

"I'd rather not."

"But—"

"I should prefer to go

HE DESCENDED the on his sword, feeling his gloves; the veranda but the morning sun higher hills. It was, he l five o'clock.

Then he saw Caroline railing of the veranda; a catch of his breath that in the pearl-colored light ing. Slender and cool a ing; only her eyes spok She looked at him gravel ment he walked to her.

"I shall go with you the d ground," she said.

He shook his head. "I

"It is useless to speak. shall go you."

"You forget," he said ickly. " forget that you hate me contract. Don't you see vides a solution for you: he hesitated—"removes—"

The words seemed fo hang in the air, like bits ing to be plucked, sort igher. Caroline Vaubar eyes wide and a mask er face. The tension b ruptly, and her shoulde bling violently; and i Nicolas de Goncourt t arms and her face was kissed her.

They stood so, for time, and Nicolas de aware of the audible t her breathing. He could line of her cheek, the w shoulders. He pressed h she touched his chin an return.

Her mouth quivered. in a voice that was s murmur, "You shall not

"You needn't be alar Her hand fell into his gently. She said, "I love not go without me."

Then the carriage whe drive and Nicolas de G and said "Come," and They slipped down the the city toward the plain the bay; in time the c age stop es, and th were several other carria than there should have b "The g ernor's carriage!" Caroli Vauban— "The carriage of M. de as de court commanded. "W here in

THE formal words to ng upon sanctity of the field honor w spoken; then Jules P sin, smil haughtily, said, "I do n force you fight, monsieur. You s have opp tunity to offer apology. did not

But Nicolas de Gonc



the old man's reaction was going to be—

They sat at a round table and drank coffee: Nicolas de Goncourt, two merchants of the town, old Vauban, and Jules Poussin, a young man, not twenty-five, son of a planter of sugar and tobacco. The conversation moved, as inevitably it must in that day and in that place, to the colonial taxes of the crown. Nicolas de Goncourt listened without much attention to the heated condemnation of the policies of Paris. It was young Poussin—red of face now, excited—who thumped the table and declared in a voice altogether unguarded that Louis, King of France, was unprincipled, a tyrant, and, in his private life, brutal and salacious.

NICOLAS DE GONCOURT was, in fact, much more offended by Poussin's manner than by anything he said. He found this excellently dressed colonial a bore and he disliked the size of his mouth. He took it upon himself to say, mildly, "I sympathize with your disapproval of Louis' taxes, monsieur; I should be prepared to defend your right to disapprove. But Louis is King of

across the table and struck Jules Poussin hard on the cheek with the flat of his hand.

"You were mad!" Caroline Vauban said. "Mad!" She drew in her breath with the exasperation of a woman faced anew by the evidence of man's eternal blundering. "And Father warned you—"

"I warned him," M. Vauban said, shrugging helplessly. "I told him that here, in the island, one must be extraordinarily cautious—"

"You did indeed," Nicolas de Goncourt said, looking from M. Vauban to his daughter. "However, I have long held the opinion that caution can be carried to excess. I do not like your M. Poussin. He is a boor, a blusterer, full of vapor. I am perhaps illogically appalled by his lack of humor. And I shall be happy if we refrain from discussing him further."

"But he will kill you!" Caroline Vauban cried.

"I think not."

"He has fought often with the sword—"

"Indeed?"

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.
Sir Ferdie Fox,
Who hounded hares,
Lacked nothing but
A wife and heirs.



2.
On Home, Sweet Home,
Prue had a crush;
She'd sit and knit,
Or comb her brush.



3. One day they met—
Prue's eyes grew starry;
"Egad!" breathed Ferd,
"The perfect quarry!"

Ferd found, with Prue,
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A Happy Blend!

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To bring your taste supreme delight,
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swer. A controlled rage occupied him. He felt the balance of his sword. By conscious effort he relaxed his muscles until a kind of fluid strength moved warmly through his body.

"On guard!" Jules Poussin cried. The blades met, clicked; Jules Poussin flung himself violently into attack. But the guard of Nicolas de Goncourt was like a wall of stone. He stepped with the nimbleness of a panther—or of a dancing master. His eyes did not leave the right hand of Jules Poussin. For the length of a minute his tactics were entirely defensive. Then he said, "You fence like a trained bear, M. Poussin. You have no grace." And, a moment later, "I'll concede you strength, my friend—the strength of a bear, a bull. But you should confine yourself to fighting with a club—"

He sidestepped with the speed of light and brought up the tip of his blade to slit—from shoulder to elbow—the loose sleeve of M. Poussin's silk jacket. He did not touch the flesh. The sleeve fell open.

"Do you really take yourself seriously, M. Poussin?" Nicolas de Goncourt cried. And, for the first time, he laughed. But not pleasantly. Deftly he explored Poussin's guard and pinked a button of his jacket. "The time of my breakfast approaches," he said. "I grow short of patience. Let us have done with this buffoonery!"

The steel sang with the blow of forte on foible; Nicolas de Goncourt's wrist was iron; he twisted with wrist and arm and shoulder. Then Jules Poussin stood disarmed, hands lifted as if to shield his face—and his face gray and distorted.

NICOLAS DE GONCOURT wheeled and stepped quickly across the field toward the carriage. He saw, from the corner of his eye, that one man broke from the ranks of the witnesses and followed him. He knew the man instantly—de Pouancey, governor of the colony. He had not forgotten, through the years, the gamecock bearing of his uncle, the almost comical jauntiness of his shoulders. Nor had he forgotten that beneath the flamboyant exterior, de Pouancey was as hard and as sharp as the point of a diamond. At the step of the carriage Nicolas de Goncourt paused.

Caroline Vauban was at the open door. Her hand gripped Nicolas de Goncourt's sleeve.

"Mademoiselle—" de smiling and bowing. An- standing to his full height, expressionless, "Nicolas de aunts have said it, your it, and I say it. You a "How," Nicolas de sponded evenly, "did name?" He felt Carolin upon him; and he was was frowning. He caught it tightly.

THEN de Pouancey we in any case have known yellow hair, which was ther's hair—and the u father, if I may say so, of the court were concei twitched faintly. "But I am here because Cap homme of the ship F many bottles in the Cal evening. He had a stor fidence—and the story me. A story touching a Goncourt and one Blai ceased—"

Caroline Vauban's "Who are you then?" sh

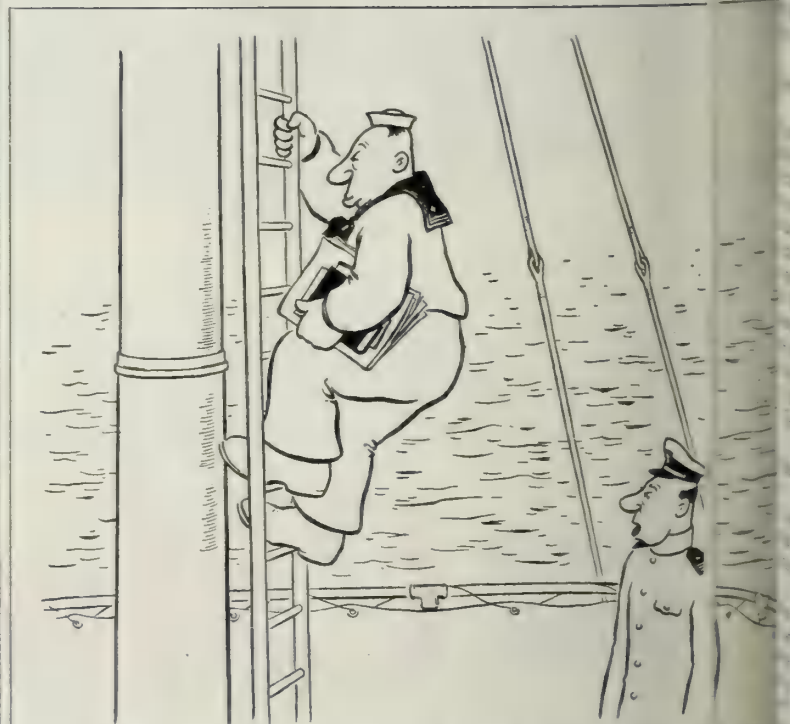
It was de Pouancey's nephew," he said grim have remarked, a scou me, mademoiselle: He my just supervision. It to show him the error of you both take breakfast administrative mansion "But, messire—" sa Nicolas Goncourt.

"Call me uncle," the g With a weight of unce ing him, Nicolas de G into the puzzled eyes o ban. "You must hear n low. "You must allow Will you come to have us?"

"Did you think I w d do wise?" she made answer ing, "strangely; but he f of her hand and his hear he sensed that though questions, they would h portance.

The girl stepped int he carni "After you, dear uncl Nicolas Goncourt said. The gov him sternly and, after a prisingly, grinned.

THE EN



"If I'm not being too curious, Alfred, what will you need w and magazines while you're on lookout duty in the cro books nest?"

Channel Man

Continued from page 21

the dangers and exactly
to meet the tide shifts.
trained by Old Marcel
Alleyne remembered
but they came back each
by his daughter, Laura.
as jealously of the
the Channel. She had
a pretty thing—petite,
not at all Parisian. Her
of her dark eyes, was
than most and Marcel
the whimsical candor that
as the kind men are

moved cautiously up the
bluff rimming the small
city odor of the Chan-
nel. The sea had turned
inset slowly thickened
was then that he saw

na stood there motionless,
turned against the sky's
boxers were hunched piti-
somed to be staring bit-
rd England. It flashed
eyr mind—the memory of
ce ad exploded with burn-
af noon his daughter had
ryin, an unsuccessful Chan-
r. Marcel had drunk every
Cal, dry in three days,
to he glasses in the Café
own Boulogne, and had
wod never forgive nor
ight and the man again,
d tapered down to a bitter-
he d man had hardened

ew cause it was to Alleyne
ha said, simply. "I love
perhaps, he'll under-

ly, e loosened the auto-
s soulder holster and ran
nin low. To his right, and
wt thatched roof of Mar-
wn k the beach. Near it the
la like a gasping fish. He
cli head and dropped to
awly, and using what cover
ush ave. He knew that the
ch the lighthouse, might

ehib the old man, grasping
he spoke in an even, terse

ard Marcel. Be careful.

mar leg trembled uncon-
siffened abruptly. Al-
s gr and added, "Sit down.
ok at the sea as if I weren't
atur, understand?"

me moment of tenseness
on, moment he hated, but
d task. Then Marcel sat
wea erbeaten face and lips
"All n—" he repeated the
oug a thousand days of
nge and bitterness found
in. Then, explosively:

inge tightened on the gun
jack.

Marcel he said.
heavy silence hung between
the d man asked, "Where

a Foestone, across there."
yo to here?" Marcel de-
th ueserved suspicion.
he ng you Frenchmen."
o you want?"

at," lleyne replied bluntly.
tarecat the younger man
bitter ss. "There's a guard
in, he military, and he
boa"

"Why haven't they confiscated it?" Alleyne asked cautiously.

"They let me fish," the old man explained. "Each evening the guard goes into 'The Sleeve' with me. We fish for the officers at the lighthouse. I'm going fishing now." He spoke calmly, as if he had thought it over and made a decision. He stared straight at Alleyne without seeming to see him.

Alleyne stood and gripped the old man's arm. "You're not fishing, Marcel," he said evenly. "Listen. We're going to make the Channel again. You and I. You want to see Laura, don't you? She's waiting."

Marcel jerked his arm free. Bluntly and with an expressionless face, he said:

"I can wait, too. The war will end. Wars always do and the Germans will go. You took my daughter and now you want my boat. No. I'll keep it. Maybe Laura will come back if she's alone. . . . When the Germans go, the swimmers will return too. Then I'll show them the way across the water. . . ." He paused, then added slowly, "But not you."

Alleyne stared in silence. The old man's voice rambled on, and yet there was something more behind that incoherent speech than just talk about the Channel as it used to be. There was a thread of vengefulness. Alleyne quickly realized the old man wouldn't expose him to the enemy. He would merely ignore him and leave him stranded like an unarmed man left on an island of tigers.

"You stay here as I do until the war ends," said Marcel. "It's very lonely. You will know how I felt when you took Laura." He walked away.

Alleyne felt his nerves run cold as he stood there, his huge body now made invisible to those at the lighthouse by the darkness. As the old man shuffled off, he wheeled quickly and ran to the sheer sandy bluff flanking the dark sea. He moved fast, sliding to the beach below. Reaching it, he cut back toward the shack, advancing silently.

The boat's shape was softened in the gray mist and gloom. Alleyne passed it as he crept on toward the hut itself. He came around from behind. Above his own muffled breathing he heard the sound of Marcel's sabots plodding down the trail. Then, directly ahead, his eyes centered on the Nazi sentry, a motionless figure in the thickening mists.

The man had a carbine slung over his shoulder. He was listening for Marcel and he carried his head forward as he scanned the darkness.

ALLEYNE advanced with the padded silence of a jungle animal until he crouched less than a yard behind the man. Here he paused, his body growing taut.

Suddenly he spoke challengingly: "Look out, man!" It was not meant as a warning, but to throw the guard off balance during one keyed instant. He saw the man's arms rise gently—then stop.

Realization must have stabbed through the man with sickening force. Alleyne hardly saw his face when he whirled, the carbine sliding into his hands with a dry sound. That was how he stood when the heavy blow of brown-stained knuckles against flesh and jawbone caught him.

The crack was like thunder. It was followed by a groan as the sentry rocked in the sand, his body rigid for a moment. Alleyne hit again. The man's knees buckled and he dropped senseless on

"Your Ma's a CRAB!"



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the beach. Alleyn caught the carbine just as Old Marcel emerged from the mists.

Marcel stopped, astonished. His eyes and head swung toward the bluff he had just left, and back. Alleyn jerked the carbine toward the boat. He said bluntly, "Push it out, Marcel."

THE mist was thick and full of chill. The motor throbbed unevenly, muffled by the oppressive invisibility. A cloying odor of gasoline hung with the boat.

Alleyn handled the tiller familiarly and experienced the terrible aloneness of the small boat out here. . . . Darkness crept all about, as if the black of the North Sea and the Atlantic had now engulfed an entire continent and an island. It was as if there were no more Channel—only sea.

Old Marcel was forward, nursing the wheezing engine along with resentful silence. Alleyn eyed him carefully, aware of his increased bitterness. The old man was utterly cut from France now. The discovery of the German sentry, tied up in a fishnet, gagged with a wad of waste, would make that final. Still, Marcel refused to accept the fact that there was no returning.

The boat rolled slightly with the drive of the screw and nosed into the darkness. Back toward Gris-Nez, the German coastal watch was probably listening, waiting for the sound of the boat to stop, for Marcel to set out his nets and return.

SUDDENLY the engine coughed, then stopped. Alleyn quickly picked up the carbine. "What's wrong?" he demanded. "Mines?"

He watched Marcel poke his head and shoulders from beneath the canvas whaleback. There was a look of patient triumph on the old man's face as he watched the prow lose its head and drift idly with the sleek tidal current.

"*Pas d'essence*," he said. "No gasoline. There is only enough to reach mid-channel or return. I stopped the engine."

"That's a lie," Alleyn snapped. He slid the bolt on the carbine; its smooth oily click was ominous, as it could only sound on the unbroken sea. "Remember, Marcel," he added coldly, "I could have left you at Gris-Nez. You wouldn't live long after they found the guard. You understand? I brought you because I like you, because you're Laura's father."

Marcel stared back, his eyes heavy with an old man's bitter opposition.

"No petrol," he insisted. He ignored the gun. His mustache drooped like some soggy plant hung too long in a chilling fog. He slowly prepared to put out his nets. "I fish now," he said at length. "You swim from here. Then I go back."

Alleyn frowned and tried to think it out. "They'll kill you, if you go back," he said. "Why didn't you tell me there was no petrol?"

Marcel shrugged indifferently. "You think I'm an old fool," he said. "If the Germans found me with the guard, they would kill me. But not if I am fishing and then go back alone. I can say I didn't see the guard. That is why I did not tell you the petrol was low. Now you can swim to England and let me alone. You thought you were once a swimmer. It is up to you."

"Swim?" Alleyn gave a harsh laugh. "You know I can't make it from here, even if there were lights and a small boat."

"If you stay in the boat and we don't go back, a patrol will search for us," Marcel grunted. "They listen at the lighthouse."

The choice had been thrown at him, and yet there was no choice. Alleyn lit his storm lighter and glanced at his

watch. "Seven five," he said. "How long has the tide been going out?"

"Twenty minutes."

"We'll drift with it."

After making his decision, Alleyn fell silent. His shoulders rocked with the idle drift of the boat and he glared dully at the old man without actually finding him with his eyes. At the same time he was keenly aware of the boat's motion and its incapability of holding the intensity of hostility flowing out of it. That hostility would have to be changed or they would both sink with it.

He said: "You're a fool, Marcel. There's a war on. It'll have to be won before you can have the Channel the way you want it. Forget Laura went with me. Forget you hate me. The job is to win and we can't do it each alone. You've got to give up a lot of things to win."

"You aren't good enough for her," Marcel replied abruptly. He crawled out from beneath the whaleback and sat on the gunwale bench looking at the sea

"He went home, to Egypt."

Alleyn shook his head. "Helmy wrote to Laura. He's with the British. Fighting on the desert."

The boat drifted past mid-channel, still carried as though the tide were some powerful, unseen hand reaching up from the sea, grasping the keel and guiding it. Now and then the mist lifted in patches revealing clear spots through which the stars thrust down, giving them their position. Once, an ugly wart-skinned mine drifted by.

A SLIGHT chop creased the surface of the sea and wavelets slapped noisily beneath the curve of the bow. A few hours before sunrise the chop increased and the mist drifted over the Channel in long, moist, gauzelike streamers. Neither man had slept. Each had listened above the tongues of the sea for the sound of patrol boats and in the extended silence and night chill each had regarded the other: Alleyn with

almost as if there were danger. As the flood tumbled to the edge of the German short slack set in, lous about Helmy.

Alleyn finally hushed but a few miles from bound English coast a citement welled within the engine started.

"You see," he said, only for swimmers, old we can use what petrol Dover. We're going to

Marcel stooped backward. The news hardly him and the brooding scarcely changed. Then as the flywheel spun, then its uneven throb the small boat like a pulse. The boat took clambered back, taking Alleyn.

"You're heading for asked. He held the carbine

The old man remained glistened a little as the mist beads. His eyes Alleyn's, giving his first He said, "I'm an old man til now I was too old make me take sides. I thought on Laura's side and Helmy. He was silent for a moment added, ". . . and on yours."

Alleyn let the carbine forth, gripping the handle warmly. There was a strong emotion between them, but it was deeper, stronger for its suddenness.

SUDDENLY Marcel's body An instant later, the starboard stern, Alleyn's drumming of a patrol boat within the fog like a gaseous rumble, over the throb of the tiny insubstantial a cold blade of expectancy Alleyn's spine.

He wheeled toward the engine when it opened in the drifting fog a shape shot across it, swept past the small boat into the swirling mist.

"Nazis!" Alleyn's in a thin echo.

He turned toward the old man closely, he would stick, or turn

"They've seen us. I tor." Marcel's voice hoarse. The drumming

patrol boat circled, bat darkness. The old French then leaned hard against the

"We'll run the Sands. The enemy boat now hind them blindly. A gun bullets sprayed in a searchlight reached. The little boat's gun it plowed forward in waters over the Sands craft couldn't follow draft.

"The engine," Marcel

Alleyn cut it. Some he heard the patrol's reduced speed, groping pockets of fog. He p the sky. The fog was slowly. A gray, lum showed through the patches. Suddenly his lift as he caught sight coast, the chalk shore Foreland's cliffs rising nel. They seemed so moment, so impossibly

He glanced back, fumbling with a box u bench. The old man rocket pistol and a p



"Doggone it—who can that be?"

as though he were measuring its motion and velocity. "If a wind rises, it will push us into the North Sea," he murmured absently.

Alleyn glanced at the sea also. He overlooked the old man's stubborn opinion for the moment and considered the tide. "A swimmer's tide, isn't it?" he said thoughtfully. "It should carry us toward England. Remember, it was almost this smooth and misty the time I started my swim. A storm broke it up near the Goodwin Sands and you pulled me out."

AT THE mention of the Sands, Marcel became alert. He nodded slightly while his eyes patiently scanned the dark curtain pressing in on all sides. There were no longer lights to take bearings on, but he seemed to have the feeling of where they were and where they were going.

Some of his outward bitterness dropped away. "I had this fog when I took Helmy across," he murmured reminiscently. "Laura came with us."

Alleyn put the carbine aside. He leaned forward, saying, "You know where Helmy is?"

alert caution; Marcel, with uncertain animosity.

Something was changing in the old Frenchman. It was either leveling off his bitterness or deepening it. Alleyn wasn't sure. The old man seemed to be struggling to understand Alleyn's decision to try reaching England without petrol, thus risking both their lives.

Alleyn tried to explain: "Our lives are already risked," he said. "That happened when France surrendered. If we went back it would be certain death. It would be death even if you went back alone. This way, we have a chance."

Marcel asked again about his swimmers. "They'll be killed. They shouldn't be fighting," he murmured as he stared at Alleyn with the bitterness rekindling in his eyes.

"They're fighting for you and the Channel as it used to be," Alleyn replied. "You ought to be, too, Marcel."

"But I'm a trainer, not a soldier."

For a long while, the old man silently brooded over this. Then he asked more questions. There came more silence; then, from time to time, he spoke as if he were carrying an imaginary swimmer across the Channel on this night. It was

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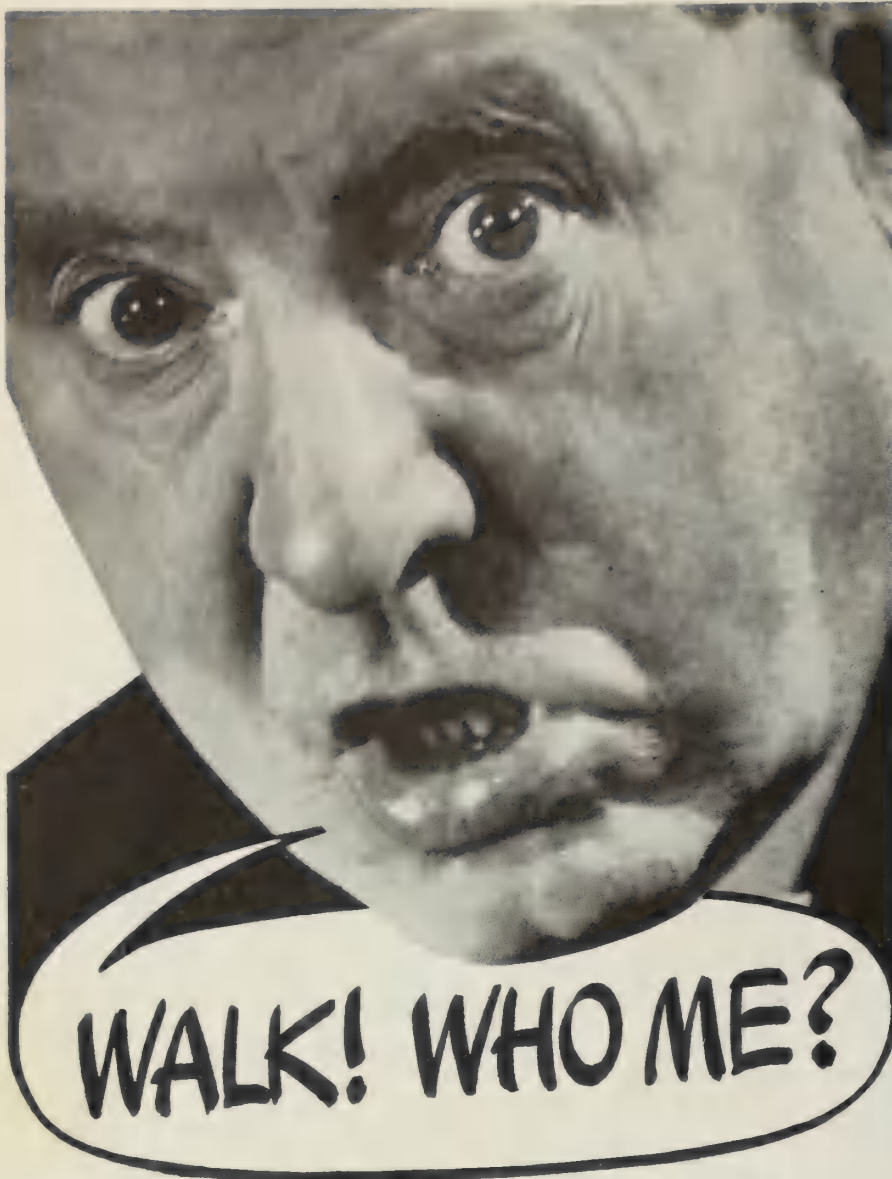
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flares. "The fog is going," he explained. "The German boat has a small cannon and when they see us . . ."

"Put it away," Alleyn said wearily. "With the first flare they'd have our range, fog or no fog."

Marcel put the flares aside reluctantly. "But if we get into the water with belts before . . ." He listened tensely to the enemy boat, nearer now. "They're feeling for a channel across the Sands."

Alleyn raised the carbine. It made a futile gesture seem even more foolish and he lowered the gun again. What chance did a carbine have against a cannon? Then he saw Marcel staring skeptically toward the dim shore and the Channel surface. The old man looked as if he were reading it. "The slack and ebb tides are short this season," Alleyn heard him say. "The ebb is already running. It goes down the coast. You might make it. You're not a good swimmer, but you're young. I'm too old. The ebb runs only another hour, then it turns back toward France."

"Nonsense. We'll make it together," said Alleyn. "I'll show you."

Marcel started to say something, then he flinched as the air quaked with the explosion of a small cannon. His weatherbeaten face grew pale as he saw a geyser of water spout up a hundred yards beyond. The patrol boat was still feeling for them.

Alleyn yanked a cork lifebelt from beneath the bench and tossed it at the old man. "Here, put it on," he ordered. "Get clear of the boat, quickly, Marcel. Get out there in the water and stay as wide of the boat as you can. The Nazis may think we went down with it when they sink it. I'll try for the coast and bring back a crash boat to look for you."

He began stripping off his own heavy black uniform. The whistle of a shell and a second explosion sounded nearer. The sea churned twenty yards off the port bow. Alleyn saw Marcel go pale again and struggle to control himself. He also felt time tightening about them, running out thin. The fog was lifting fast and the patrol boat's motor throbbed near by. His own nerves drew taut as he quickly opened a drum of thick, crude oil and began greasing himself with it.

"It should be lanolin," he heard Marcel muttering with old-man fussiness. "Only lanolin keeps out the sea's cold. . . . Remember, you must swim hard. It's very cold. You should make toward Foreland. Perhaps you can beach at Shakespeare Point. But remember, swim hard."

"All right, old man," Alleyn gripped Marcel's rough hands warmly. "Keep clear of the boat and be off before they blow it. Pray we make it, and stay afloat." He turned to the rail.

THE water was heavy, dark and full of the nauseating tang of brine. Its first numbing shock slid over him, held out by the oil, as he came to the surface and sighted the coast ahead. He struck out toward it without looking back.

At times the sea rolled him. He now thought of swimming, and nothing else: the length of his stroke, his breathing. One had to think only of these things because being in the Channel was not like riding it. The sea looked angrier, larger and far lonelier, and a careless man could succumb to terror in it. It was only after he had gone a few hundred feet that he sensed the current drawing him back. That awareness grew until he realized that something was wrong.

"Swim hard," Marcel had said. That was it. He could fight the current to a standstill, staying in the same place, never reaching the coast.

He quickly realized what had happened. He had been tricked by an old man's treachery. Marcel never made

mistakes on his tides. The old man had known that had run out and this was which threw swimmers English shore. That was had refused to swim. It let Alleyn take to the sea the old man still hoped the mercy of the Nazis.

A sharp, cold anger blazed in his own danger and he turned, straddling the fog had lifted, letting the solid, bleak morning hang broken sea. To his right, long, rakish deck of the ures crowded the foredeck, swinging a cannon toward

Alleyn made out Marcel hunched in the small old man were frozen to the gunfire ripped the car from the bow and the life like a cork. Air cupped whaleback's canvas and surface, drifting away. Then Alleyn gasped, se up along the boat's bow

THE petrol tank had exploded bitterly. And hadn't learned. He had by his own stubbornness lead peppered the small boat and cut at the

"In the water, Marcel shouted furiously. "D slapped icily across his the emotions that welled

The old man hadn't heard not to want to hear. In the boat, a finger of blue light ward, blossoming bright in a shower of wavering. The patrol cannon boomed against the sea explode direct small boat's prow as it lifted and rocked, badly crippled.

Again the finger of heavenward. . . . Rescue followed the rocket's flash sense of trembling in his realization of mingled joy

He held back his emotion that his shouting from nothing to the old man in the tiny boat, calmly pistol over and over. Marcel turned toward England bitterness. He was fighting the Channel as it used sick, roiled ache through swam alone in the sea.

The enemy cannon fired suddenly the tiny boat opened in the sun. A vivid exploding sheet of flame hit—a direct hit. A moment was nothing but shatter floating idly where the

For an instant, Alleyn cold. The Nazi patrol cannon toward the half-whaleback that drifted. Then, as though frightened suddenly curved off and France without having toward England, Alleyn—a low, trim crash boat through the distant fog

He swam to the torn clung there, feeling beneath of the tide on his legs. The same current held him who had known his tide that someone had to rockets to beat them. N across the broken sea, the cue boat draw near and melting glow of the tr across the English cliff felt the cold of the Channel

His heart warmed at Laura. Of being able Marcel had finally understood that some day he would.

THE END

South of the Moon

Continued from page 11

"have you?" Sam said. "But she wasn't posing. Honest, I don't." "What a cigar and exhaled a faint blue smoke. 'What have you and this Cameron beginning to end? If you

and but she wasn't letting here isn't much to tell. I good dancer. At least. I but whether or not. I had New York. I could do things did. We teamed up and We went pretty well— from stuff. Like the Hart- erent. They're out of It our act was sound and ce bookings. I thought al a go of it but I was asappy but Eddie wasn't." patiently but finally he per: "Go ahead."

meant everything to an marriage. More than as good; I'll hand him that. as he thought he was. It seemed as though named me because of the because he needed that I stood it as long as I he I walked out."

didn't let on. Anyway, adusted up for me. I was h ow business. I hated thought I hated him."

Even after the divorce he I felt about him. I'm ow. He's not a heel. It's e is more wrapped up in h was in me. I didn't want

UALLY drifted down to I took this job for a fill-in en h a busted romance I occasional meal was a good a lot to like it here—the are you know . . . like a and stuck."

on cicing. First one part- en other. He gets pretty ut h doesn't hit the top. He ize that it spells."

me, could have gone places," she "it'd stuck; if he'd been thi that's why he's never part he needs. Sure, he's

breaking in a new act. He's always breaking in new acts. He always will be. He thinks he belongs way up there and maybe he does. But not with just anybody."

Sam was studying her, his shrewd eyes missing none of the tenseness, none of the eagerness. He asked, "Does he know you're working here?"

"No. We've been out of touch with each other since before I came."

"If you're still in love with him . . ."

"I didn't say that. I didn't say I wasn't, either. But when a man has been your husband . . . when you know that he needs you . . ."

"I'm putting it in your lap," said Sam steadily. "You give me the answer."

For no reason at all, there were tears in her eyes. "Gee, Sam—what a dope you are! Whether they call themselves Joe & Julie or what, you know you're getting a bargain. But you'll pass it up for a cigarette girl . . ."

"I'd pass it up for you, Dale." He chewed hard on the cigar and looked down at the floor. "I wouldn't hurt any of my regulars—you know that."

Yes, she knew it all right. She knew what sort of man Sam really was—sneaking around, doing nice things for everybody, like he was afraid he'd be found out.

She said, "This won't hurt, Sam. Maybe it's just what the doctor ordered."

And so Eddie Cameron and his new partner were booked in for two weeks, with a two weeks' option, under the name of Joe & Julie. When they rehearsed with the orchestra Wednesday, Dale wasn't there. She wanted to catch the first show at ten-thirty that night, to see Eddie then for the first time.

The opening show was nice. The chorus got mixed up in some of their new routines but the audience didn't realize it. The M.C. was a holdover—and good. There was a trick xylophone player and a pretty redheaded singer who wowed them with swing and then laid 'em in the aisles when she did "Jim" for an encore. Then the emcee announced Joe & Julie.

Dale stood against the wall. There was a catch in her throat when she saw Eddie. Same Eddie—tall and blond and easy and graceful. He still had an infectious grin and a loose, lean-hipped body. Julie was a nice foil, tiny and vivid and dark. Otherwise, Dale might have been watching the old act, Cameron & Clark. Same musical arrangements, same routines—straight ballroomology



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A man had to bear
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Regular, year-round shirts in June
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"Why can't you be cool like Ferd?" Ross's spouse demands.
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Before long the affections of those who
were hitched
Were temporarily switched!

Well, a little bird
Told Ross and Ferd
(For the sake of rhyme, we'll say it was a
sparrow)
About Summer Shirts by Arrow:
About the Arrow Collars that couldn't be
crisper,
About the fabrics weighing less than a
whisper.
A couple of other sparrows joined the chorus
And sang, "They're also oh so porous
And cooler than
An electric fan."



FERDINAND.

On the other hand.
Decided comfort outweighed propriety
And stepped out in summer society
Undisconcerted,
Nonchalant, and polo-shirted.



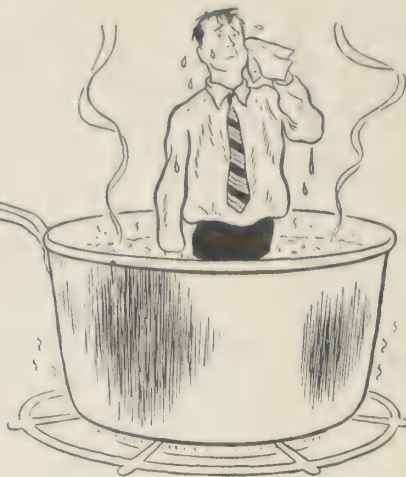
Ferd bought three or four
And Ross a trio more.
And when Ferd's wife saw Ferd she
gave Ross
The toss.
And when Ross's wife saw Ross, she
gave Ferd
The bird.
Ross and Ferd went back to their
respective marital blisses
With their respective marital Mrs.
And lived cool as mountain laughter
Ever after.

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spiced with subtle comedy touches. The nostalgic tap-tango, the trick lifts, the comedy breaks. They hit Dale harder—harder than she had expected.

She didn't know that Sam was standing beside her until she heard him. He said, "Good act. Darn good!" His lean, sensitive face was alight with appreciation. "Your old routines?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You must have been good."

Funny how he said it. As though it were a question. As though he were asking her whether she had been as good as this Julie Martin. As though it had never occurred to him that she had been—or could have been anything other than a cigarette girl.

THE show closed with a patriotic number, and a few minutes later Eddie came out of the dressing room. Dale was standing there, her cigarette tray suspended about her neck with a strap. She wore her almost nothing costume and looked very young and very pretty. Eddie said, "Well, I'll be . . ." and Dale smiled and said, "Me, too."

He took her hand and turned her around and eyed her approvingly. "Same old Dale and twice as luscious."

She could have said, "Same old Eddie," but the words stuck. She felt hot and she felt cold; definitely her knees were shaky. It was odd, meeting this way for the first time after the divorce.

He seated her at a table and started to ask questions. He carried it off beautifully, as though there had never been anything between them—no partnership, no marriage, no ecstasy, no quarrel, no divorce—just two old friends who had chanced to meet again. Then Julie came out and Eddie introduced her. The girls were shaking hands and saying nice things while Eddie was explaining, "This is Dale Clark, Julie. You've heard me speak of her," and Julie said yes, she had, and she gave Dale an appraising—though not unfriendly—scrutiny, and then she said she wanted to talk to Sam. In spite of herself Dale liked the girl.

Eddie asked dozens of questions but didn't wait for the answers. He mostly talked about himself: what he'd been doing, what his chances were. He asked Dale what she thought of the act, and when she said she thought it was great, he beamed.

Later on, after he had gone into a huddle with Julie and the orchestra leader about the music, Dale was waylaid by a little blond chorus cutie called Honey. Honey was eighteen years old, pretty as a picture and devotedly married to the head bartender for two years. She adored Dale and knew her like a book and she'd been keeping her sharp blue eyes wide open.

She demanded to know what was cooking, and Dale told her. Honey was goggle-eyed. This was something right out of a confession magazine and she saw fresh romance brewing.

"You think you're still crazy about him, don't you, Dale?"

"Why do you say it that way?"

"Oh, I don't know." Honey shrugged. "Skip it. Anyway, I'm rooting for you to get what's best for you." And she refused to elaborate.

That was the beginning of something. Julie was there, of course, but as the days went by, she sort of blanked out. No matter what else figured personally in Eddie's life it was a cinch bet that Julie didn't. And as for that young gentleman, he was his same charming, egotistical, ambitious self. There had been a few moments when Dale had thought this business of breaking in a new act was just a gag. She had figured that perhaps Eddie was on the skids, that he was playing a spot like Sam's because

it was the best he could the new tag—that Joe &—was merely a shield for

But she knew now that level. Eddie had fitted himself to find a partner, grimly determined one with whom he could. Maybe Julie was the answer she wasn't, and Dale knew meant. She'd either come to her, or Eddie would. Sentiment had no place in his professional plans.

Two weeks passed swiftly. Julie were held over. She headed swing singer. Samphonist go and brought in wacky comics.

Dale was both happy and Eddie was taking her in stride. He treated her as an old friend and infrequent references to jocular. She didn't know what was covering up but the thing about his casual situation which rankled, because she'd built it up in her mind, maybe because of nature of unfinished business because there was a sub something in the atmosphere these nights.

It sort of focused on Honey. They seemed bent upon it. They were both unusually considerate, usually inattentive. She didn't mind it didn't understand it.

On Wednesday morning of the week something happened. Honey burst into Dale's tiny room before noon, which was prearranged for her. She said, "Sam's a mile. Julie has wrenched her ankle. She can't dance."

Dale sat on the edge of the bed, pinning her feet into a pair of mules which were decorated with little pompons. She shrugged and lay back on the velvet lounge, sleep out of her eyes. She thought.

Julie hurt. Her ankle twisted in an odd break, somewhat of a side. Dale put coffee in and got dressed while Honey watched her and said but Honey knew what she

THEY walked to the door. They found Eddie and a debate. Eddie was arguing that he could dance alone and make of it, and Sam was shaking his head. "I gotta book in another act," he was saying. "I gotta book act—if I can find one."

Dale hoped nobody would notice the elation she felt or the fact that she had been born all over again. The two men and said, "Let me help. Eddie and I use together. If he sticks to the maybe I can fill out until gets better."

Eddie wasn't having a keed," he said. "But no layoff like this . . . well, start dancing again."

Dale didn't tell him that she'd stopped rehearsing by herself. She told him that she'd kept up her stretching and bering and stretching, didn't tell him that she'd believed their separation. She said, "Why not What can you lose?"

Eddie looked at Sam. "You," he said. "Dale's a but about stepping into the know."

Sam said, "Might be. V you're willing, Eddie." Ar said yes, Sam sent out an orchestra.

From that moment Dale into a tailspin. It was on

she'd ever known. Scared, though she'd never danced properly, Eddie was patient. The girls were excited. They—and the singer—worked all day on the stage while she was rehearsing the infinitesimal stage, fixing this, that, taking it in here and there.

At ten-thirty. It wasn't much except for the two comics, new—because they were all excited about Dale. Sam hung in the door of the dressing room, a cigar that he never remembered. Then the emcee made an announcement. Julie had met with the audience in for a surprise. Maybe they didn't know their little cigarette girl used to be the partner of Joe, of Joe & Julie. And she was filling in... Dale heard and felt Eddie's hand on his chin. Chin up, keed. You can

step into a fog. There was applause, there was applause, the strained, eager faces of the girls rooting silently for the actress. It was a new and when it was over, a half dozen bows, and she went into the dressing room. They brought her a drink and they all said she'd be a star. Dale wanted to cry because she hadn't been wonderful.

She was professional to now. She had danced as she had; so that wasn't the trouble. It was that Eddie was better—infinitely better—than he'd ever been when he was a partner. He was going places, high places. She was able to see it when she was the girl. But she saw it now. He was all too kind to her... back to front. She had been wonderful for a fill-in; for a cigarette girl. She put it that way, but she knew Eddie was kind, too. He was a partner, Eddie wasn't. But she was the restoration of the old act. Clark was out. A finished

surprising thing was that her heart, rather than her head, had added up to Goodbye, Eddie. She thought that would cut deep but it didn't. Eddie was a man with an overwhelmingly ambitious heart. He didn't register with the love affair had really ended the day they divorced. Dale hadn't realized it until this morning. She'd been clinging to an illusion.

She didn't want to continue for the long, heartbreaking week of rubbing salt in the wound. She was going through the routine of her show, knowing that it meant nothing. Julie's ankle wasn't too bad. The deal could be cut down to a few days. And so, partly because she talked it over with Julie, partly because she couldn't stand the pity and false sympathy of the place, she slipped a change in her costume, took a taxi and the address of Julie's hotel.

She was a simple, unpretentious, inexperienced hotel girl on Flagler Street. She got into Julie's room and went up. She started to rap on the door and a maid answered. She was happening inside that she heard rhythmic, clicking, tap-tap-tapety-tap. Even, firm, Dale put her hand on the knob and opened to her touch. She

Julie was there. She was scantily clad but that wasn't what Dale noticed. What she did notice was that Julie wore dancing shoes and that she was practicing a new routine—practicing on two good, strong ankles.

Dale said, "What gives?" and Julie made no pretense of misunderstanding. She dropped into a chair and said, "I'm sorry, Dale. Who tipped you off?"

"Nobody." Dale shook her head. "Your ankle's okay?"

"Sure, it's okay."

"Then why...?"

"It was a frame-up," Julie explained. "I was paid to play sick."

"Eddie...?"

"No. Eddie doesn't know anything about it. It was Sam."

That was a tough one. Dale repeated, "Sam?" like someone in a fog and then asked, "Why?"

"I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. But he offered me something nice and I couldn't figure where it'd do any harm." The girl's eyes were kindly. "How'd you make out?"

"Terrible. I used to be better than Eddie. Now I'm not in his class." Her voice pleaded: "Can you be back in the act tomorrow night?"

"Sure, I can. If that's what you want."

It was what Dale wanted. But she wasn't thinking about that as she took another taxi back to Sam's. There was an answer somewhere but she couldn't get it. Eddie? She might have understood it if he'd pulled the frame. But Sam? Where did Sam fit in? What right did he have butting into her business? What was the big idea behind it?

She got back to the place five minutes before the second show. Eddie was in a ferment. He'd seen her go out and didn't know what was what. Afraid she might not get back in time.

Dale danced grimly through that second show. No fire; no pep; going through the routines mechanically. And with each beat of the music, with each tap and twist and twirl, she found herself getting more confused and more angry.

It was Sam. She couldn't figure him in this thing, no matter how she looked at it. She couldn't even understand her resentment but there it was. She had seen him right after the first show, wandering around with an odd look on his lean, kindly face which said, plainly as words, "I can't lie to you and I don't want to tell you the truth." Right now he was sitting at the bar, watching the act.

THE show ended. Dale waited until the orchestra started to give out with dance music and then she went trailing down to where Sam was sitting. He started to get up as she swept down on him but she said, "Just a minute, Sam. We've got things to talk about."

She talked fast. Perhaps there was the faintest hint of hysteria in her voice. Things had been happening fast; surprises had hit hard... like finding out, for instance, that Julie's ankle was not injured. She told Sam about that. She told him she knew the Eddie affair was ended, finished, through, done with. She told him Julie would be back the next night and she told him that she knew he'd engineered the whole wacky deal. "But why, Sam?" she finished. "What was the idea? What does it all add up to?"

Sam looked very unhappy. He mopped his forehead and twisted on the bar stool. He told her to skip it but she refused to skip it. She wanted an answer. She made him talk.

"So I stepped out of line," he said awkwardly. "I thought maybe it would work out."

"What would?"

"You and Eddie. You used to be married to him. Ever since you left him you



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CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT—These four-engined LIBERATOR bombers, like the equally famous CATALINA and CORONADO flying boats, have long been in production at one of Consolidated's great factories. They are now rolling out in volume from a mechanized assembly line.



DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT—Designed as bombers, the Douglas airplanes shown above are highly versatile and have seen action as pursuits and night fighters as well. Hundreds of other Douglas planes, from dive bombers to giant transports, are streaming out from Douglas plants.



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY AIRCRAFT—KINGFISHER Observation Scouts were recently cited for their successful attacks on enemy submarines. Hundreds of them have been delivered to the Navy, and soon will be joined by quantities of the powerful Vought CORSAIR shipboard fighter.



REPUBLIC AVIATION—The Republic THUNDERBOLT with its 2,000-h.p. Pratt & Whitney engine, is being hailed as the Army's champion pursuit plane. Speed, range, altitude and blistering fire-power make the THUNDERBOLT one of the world's most formidable airplanes.

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★ The scenes pictured on these two pages show only a part of the rising output of the American aircraft industry.



VULTEE AIRCRAFT—The basic trainers shown above are being assembled on Vultee's pioneering mechanized line, and are being rushed to completion for widespread use by the Allies.

FFENSE

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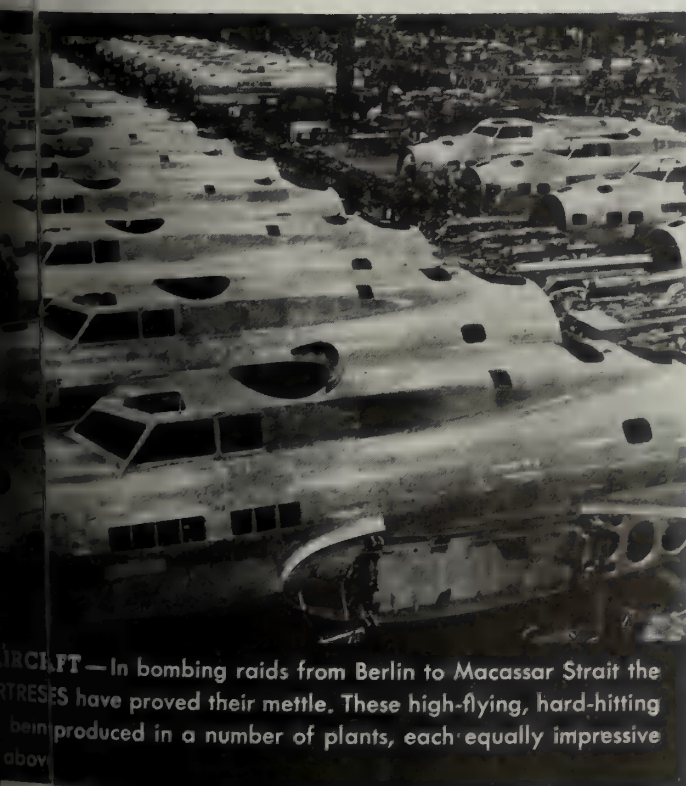


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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

were't sure whether you were still carrying the torch. And so long as you weren't sure . . . well, there wasn't another guy in the world. There was only one way to straighten things out, and that was to fix it so you'd get back into the act. No matter how it worked, you'd know where you stood with yourself."

Dale felt kind of funny—sort of hot one minute and cold the next.

"You mean, Sam, you were thinking about me when you did this?"

"Maybe."

"You wanted me to click . . . and to find out all over again that I was in love with Eddie?"

"Yes. If that's how it was."

Her eyes met his steadily. "Well, it wasn't. I found that out for sure. I don't belong with the act or with Eddie either. So . . . where am I?"

"You're here," said Sam. "You're still working here."

"Yes." Dale stared around the room, full of the odor of stale drinks and tobacco smoke. She looked hard at Sam. Things were beginning to hit hard—like coming out of a dream, slipping back into a world of reality. She said, "You got to keep talking, Sam."

His voice wasn't quite steady. He said, "You got to ask yourself questions, Dale . . . and answer 'em yourself, too. For instance: What kept you here this long? You didn't have to hold onto a job like this."

He stood up. There was a certain dignity about him—a quality she'd never seen before.

He said, "Think it over, Dale. Think it over all the angles."

He left her there. And ing—thinking hard.

Sam was right. Something to keep this job. That had kept her from when she realized that for Eddie had died of c

The bits of the jigsaw to slip into place, a piece there. She didn't conversation at the bar of the band was dispensing. that the picture was getting clearer . . . and then the

SAM was sitting alone a the room. It was a were seeing him for the walked toward him and happy—very sure of her no illusion; this was some definite and permanent.

She stood beside him at each other.

"I've thought it over quietly. "And so I'm a question, Sam."

She paused then and lips. But she went through "I was wondering," si you'd like the idea of a cigarette girl?"

Sam didn't say anything have to. Just by the way the words he didn't say—he'd like it very, very much THE END

Panama Patrol

Continued from page 20

—in a manner of speaking. From the Zone, no lights stab up at you but there's a sultry glow upon the ground from hooded lamps, and millions of stars mock the futile gloom. Ancon, Balboa, and Quarry Heights, whereon sits the quiet, hewn-faced commander of the Canal Defense, Lieutenant General Frank Andrews, are shadowy but wholly visible. Gilky and the rest of us, streaking across the star-spangled skies, could blast Ancon, Balboa and Quarry Heights to blood and dust (and die happy) if we were the enemy.

We could smash the Pedro Miguel Locks if we could get this far. However, this is no secret. The Japs know it. The Nazis know it. For years we've been giving away thousands of maps and cross-section charts, photographs and engineers' tables, until the Canal itself hasn't a ghost of a secret left. All the enemy would have to do is get this far in and this far down. That's all. That's the enemy's problem.

The Canal Zone Holds Surprises

But even if he gets by Gilky and the interceptors, his troubles will have just begun. We can go no further along this line. Use your imagination and don't boggle at improbabilities. The Canal Zone is tropically rich and riotous with defense surprises. We've heard the Albrook organ play its *Danse Macabre*. Have you seen and heard Walt Disney's *Fantasia*? That gives you a thin hint, as the Old Mill Stream gives you a hint of Niagara Falls. Gilky built the Albrook organ. You should hear him play it. We've climbed the mountains where former bellhops, divinity students, milkmen, soda jerkers, college sophomores and ticket scalpers have become jungle troops, antiaircraft artillerymen, bomb and bolo fighters swinging from tree to tree, screaming back at howler monkeys. The temptation is strong to tell you more of what we've seen be-

low there, from Mexico to America—and beyond. I the speedy Jap to find out dict no joy for him when These lads, shackled to take the offensive, are a fight.

This is the place to be, upon the scramble of peo tered communities, the cl mile gash of free and imp that is the all-important below there, afoot or in taxis driven by brown m the chauffeurs of prewar F scary old ladies, you're confused. The only thing is that those Panamanians ought to be in the tank of their brothers who drive t public busses. Incidental on the left side of the s British. We asked one of said that there'd be too r if he drove on the right, good a reason as anyone for anything down there.

From up here, flying with young Lieutenant Colonel aide to General Andrews, tenant Red Woolsey, a t kid from Oklahoma, the and tongue, position and and glory unlaces itself. quick look and write it d. We have a night of hope for us. We shall cover r sea and sky before we ge

We see the shine of t sweep of Albrook Field. roads of Balboa Heig broad, smug, termite-gn ment houses. Yonder, simi down but not blacked out: States Naval Reservatio dor, Ancon and Sosa Heights and Corozal; and new locks. These districts at six when the hot daylig suddenly it's night. There



"ok, darling, I've cut off all the lapels, and pocket patches, and trouser cuffs for you, so you'll be right in style!"

GARDNER REA

lig. Suddenly it's night. But at-ghts out—doesn't happen lev, and you wonder why they me until midnight. You won't see it from the skies. Accouan't blackout the Canal any the Londoners could blackout ckong, guiding Thames, any hat New York can blackout the nd Hudson rivers.

her four plane roaring defiance, ou land bearings and sort out was garble below. In the skies in understand why the Canal errors make such a complex m of defense, why the Canal's de-neat diplomacy as well as guns ts. he skein unravels, the jigsaw son itself out. Yonder, where ty of Panama ends in a crooked in the sea, is the American Em-

The is Ambassador Wilson, ■ gereman, knowing his Latin anshugely respected by them. th delicate post because he is thine. He is the skillful balance n to Panamanian government e United States Army, a man of e tact and patience. The big fel- n Quarry Heights, General An- (Any to his men) is lucky to Wils here. The State Depart- thing and acting often timor- in tins of the Good Neighbor is frequently more appeasive ggressive, and Andrews, a soldier lastber, must think of every- Butn Wilson's deft hands, the Depament side is never a block-

up Central Avenue on the flank hedr Plaza is the Presidencia— na's white House. Therein sits Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia, na's president. De la Guardia be- present as the result of last Oc- coul'état which sent the Huey sh Adolfo Arias into exile. In ngton eyes, Arias was tricky if eachous, a little too prone to induly to the cause of our es. Perhaps however he was y a crowd politician eager to

drive ■ harder, more profitable bargain with the Canal's owner, the United States.

We haven't time to go into that but he surely got the works when the time came; and de la Guardia, a less spectacular statesman whose heart is in Panama not Havana, has taken over, co-operating completely with Wash- ington. If we had time, we'd tell you how it happened—a grand tale of how to get rid of ■ political boss. Too bad the United States hasn't studied the Latin-American procedure. She could use it occasionally and be the better for it.

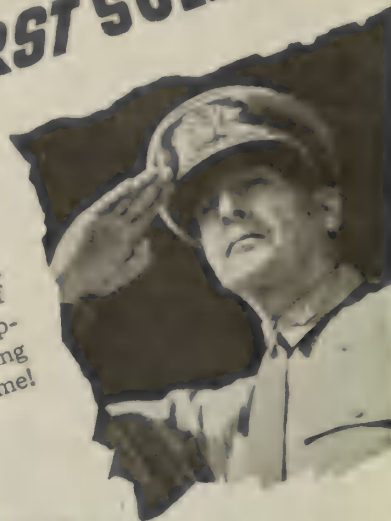
Looking down through the clear, dark blue we can see the Canal Administra- tion Building, the seat of the civil gov- ernment of the Canal Zone. From that headquarters, Major General Glen E. Edgerton, governor, and Colonel Joe Mehaffey, engineer of maintenance, rule the affairs of seventy-five thousand civil employees among whom the caste sys- tem is more than somewhat prevalent. It is just as impossible for the low-paid worker (the silver set) to break into the social circles of the upper brackets (the gold crowd) as it would be for the guy who mows your lawn to ride Mrs. Astor's plush horse. But neither Edger- ton nor Mehaffey, both tough-minded United States Army engineers, are much concerned with anything but running the Canal.

One last look before we strike out above the jungle, over the Pacific, to the far-flung airfields, the battered mountaintops. High above all these groups on Quarry Heights is the com- mander—General Andrews. Andy's a flier too. He's pushing toward sixty, was built for offensive warfare. He's an old cavalryman, turned airman. We didn't fly with him but saw him bring in his huge Army transport plane as neatly as you'd wheel a pram the length of ■ suburban block. He gives you a feeling of deep security. He smiles in- frequently. Even ■ professional grinner would find little to smile about in Andy's job.

At last we're off to see what lies be-

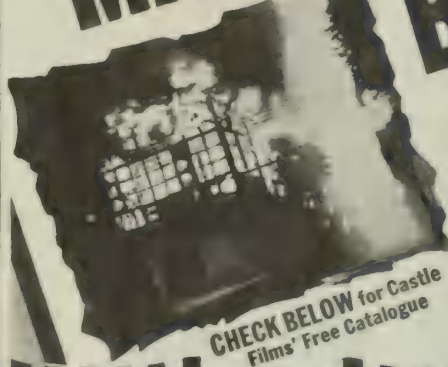
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THE **American**
MAGAZINE

OVER 5 FEATURES
TO ENJOY IN THE
JUNE ISSUE

man-made jungle of politics, ation, government and rumor. le that nature grew, with its apes, snakes and birds, rotting and infested swamp—that ace. We swarm over the for- ds in Panama Bay. The huge ch in their pits, great clumsy dy to rear and hurl tons of ond the horizon. Somehow t impress us.

we remember what so many o many new-school soldiers about them—that they are the enemy is fool enough to their brief lateral sweep. But the way the game is played ne new order tells you that more use melted down and o five-inch anti-aircraft guns. they are, as everybody from okyo knows, monsters of the yesterday! However, we'd adly to try bombing them into hey're stoutly protected from n the air. We wouldn't tell ven if we hadn't been warned n the subject by Major Bob d his boss, Colonel Robert G. G-2.

to the east, down the Darien yward Colombia. Presently glim birds pass us, turn, circle us. They dive at us, turning almost inside out. They w we are but they take no ese days and nights over a. They verify us and go back rnting, showing us what P-39 40 ghters splitting the clouds at ds of miles an hour could do ober. They circle us, deftly veig us into a new airfield cut the aw jungle on the Pacific side.

of the Palms—the Hidden Bases

ows all about it of course, s field is one of the cunningly ved and hidden bases of his Inter- Command. All we saw when we ed suddenly into the clearing was . In out of the palms, the thick ns vines, came the kids who fly hte. We saw no planes until we hin those curtains. All of them off the ground in much less than nins. They can be back in their befe the roar of their descent and here is no order or rote to ove. There is no solid-phalanx about the disposition of Gilky's —athere was at Pearl Harbor. ble th this story is that we al- have to pipe down the moment t waned up.)

had beer at the Stork Club. If bee there you could have read g of the barracks door for your- The ack near by was 10 Down- tree. Next to that was 1,600 ylva Avenue. Next, The Brown y, Twenty-one, The Mark Hopkins e Ol Bucket of Bloode.

e of the lads told us that all avia- have be more or less crazy. He tudy, medicine when he got into rmy 4 Force, said he was going in urger but had changed his mind. e ventually he's going to make it iatry. He thinks it would be a sin o, aft being in a laboratory like ir Foe. He has the various psy- s steps catalogued but admits hang may have to be made. For ple, if you have a persecution com- you'll be best in a scout plane, ving, e says that the heavy bomb- the ling fortresses—are ideal for tunicidal maniacs.

's like musicians and artists," he "If they're any good at all they're y. The's one guy here who dn't hae a mattress. When he goes ed he kes everything off but his s. Wra a blanket around his head. man.

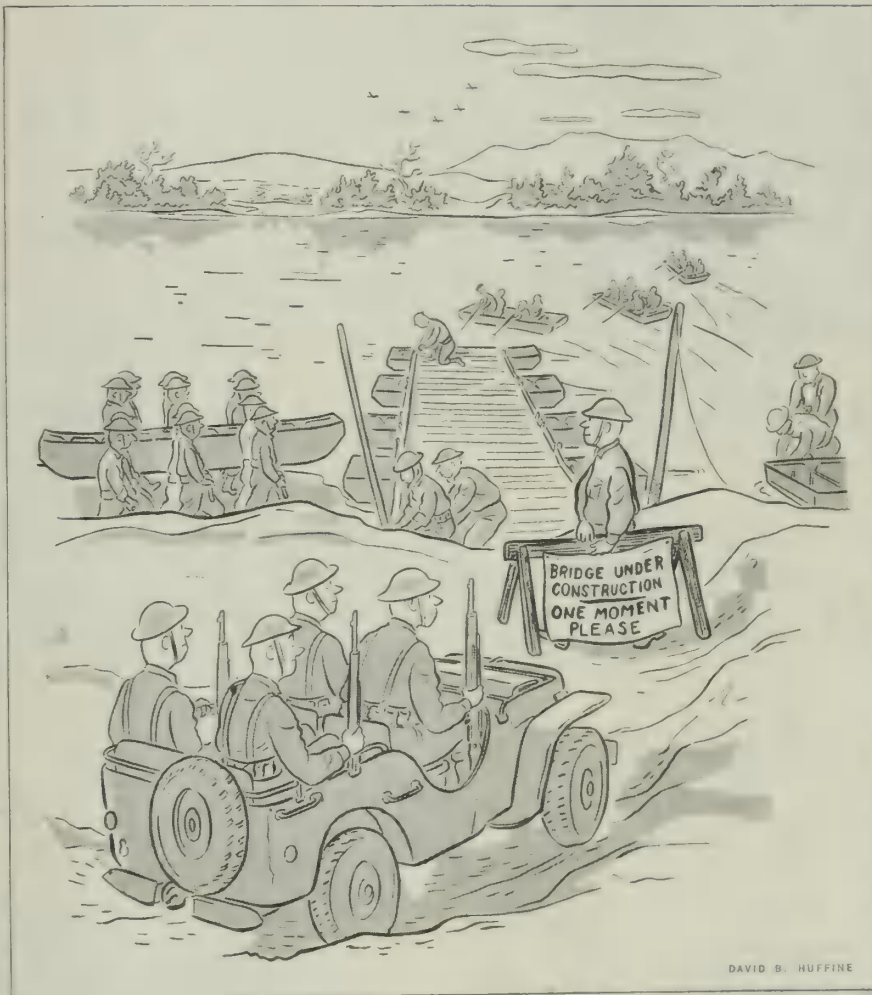
They are a talented mob. You could dig up a small professional dance band. In Ye Olde Bucket of Bloode we were about to be entertained by a magician when the alert sounded, and just as mysteriously as they had appeared, the airmen vanished. Seconds later the jungle roared as ship after ship took off. So did we. Gilky swinging east again. He's a veteran but if he lives to be a hundred he'll never be an old-timer. Not old-timer stuff. They say he could fly a rocking-chair if you gave him a couple of palm-leaf fans. Back in the first World War he flew Martin biplanes which made sixty miles an hour and inspired the old Army brass hats to predict that they had no place in combat because they were too fast and would overshoot their target. Some of these men are still in the Army, still shaking their heads.

Gilky was getting bored. No Japs. The best we could do was a buzzard. It made a three-inch dent in one of our wings.

him on a rubber raft, he had sunk to his shoulders. And that wasn't all. The tide was coming in, bringing sharks with it. The rescue gang, taking two hours to make a quarter of a mile, shot three of the sharks. Bill was right glad to see us.

He introduced us to a kid flier whose hobby is gun collecting. He has everything from beautifully inlaid Spanish matchlocks to cunning little killers made in what was Czechoslovakia. Somebody has told him that the Japs have a .25-caliber automatic that nobody in the Western Hemisphere has seen yet. Very solemnly, unmindful of the kidding of his fellow airmen, he tells us that he's going to be careful about bagging his first Jap. He hopes to force his Jap far earthward before blasting him. He doesn't want the Charlie plane to burn before he has a look for one of those .25s.

Throughout the whole Interceptor Command, half the men make model



but the buzzard was all through in a lovely explosion of feathers. Buzzards fly by the hundreds over the Isthmus. They got used to the slower planes, diving out of their way. But the new fast fighters have caught them unprepared for real speed. The pilots don't go for them intentionally because they're oversize buzzards and can do a lot of damage if they smack you square. Anyway we had to be content with a large buzzard before landing in our next jungle hideaway.

Rescue from Quick Mud

Lieutenant Jack Burr, who used to be swimming coach at Miami University, and Lieutenant Jim Johnston, a pitcher who belongs to the Boston Red Sox, gave us something to eat, and Lieutenant Bill Buxton of Memphis, Tennessee, told us why he was very glad to see us. Bill's plane caught fire as he was coming in. He bailed out but landed in the quick mud near the coast.

He fought hard and his life preserver helped but he was three hours in that mud, and before the rescue party got to

airplanes. They don't follow conventional lines, constructing stereotyped plans of ships already in existence but build their own ideas, their dream ships. Gilky says that the lads breed some swell ideas, practical too. And why not? When they're not doing that, they study the schoolbooks they abandoned or they go in for archery. They compose music. They paint. We saw three novels in the making. We caught two poets at their trade.

They'll hike miles on their nights off—when they get them—to the native villages and dance the *tamborita* or more primitive dances with the San Blas, the Cuna and the Chocoi Indians, learning things about the tom-tom that Gene Krupa never dreamed of. In exchange they break out into American swing for the Indians, who are politely appreciative but make it clear that they think it somewhat unnecessary. Until they got to know better they joined the San Blas Indians in a few bowls of *chicha*, compared with which our American popskull corn likker is a standard temperance drink. It takes only two slugs of *chicha* to teach the white man

that you have to be born to it. The Indians have taught them *balseria*, a swift, lethal game wherein you throw mahogany spears at one another and laugh yourself sick if you get a guy in the belly. But it's all in the spirit of good fun, and even the victims try to appreciate good throwing.

The night grows darker as we approach the dawn. Gilky knows what he's doing. He's been flying these skies for two years. But we're somewhat confused in our directions. When you're in the Canal Zone you're confounded at first to see the sun rising out of the Pacific. But that's as it should be; the Pacific end of the Canal is twenty-seven miles east of the Atlantic end. However, as you fly toward South America, soar over Colombia and on toward Ecuador, things become normal again.

Throughout the night, our radio tells us lots of things we may not repeat here. But the suspicion grows that the Japs have a base or two in western South America. It is still a suspicion, but one that won't die. We know the spots where they are most likely to be. The South Americans are helping us scout them. When there is any certainty, we'll blast them. We're tired of watchful waiting, of appeasing. But that's what the Canal's defenders are watching closest. Two, three or four enemy planes, hastily assembled, bent on a suicidal raid, might make the attack. An attack from a source like that is more likely than from a carrier five or six hundred miles offshore. Wait and watch! It's grueling work, tough on the nerves, much more punishing than aggressive warfare.

What are We Waiting For?

One of General Andrews' jobs is to keep his troops calm, but every time there's a fresh outbreak of Nazi submarine attacks back yonder in the Caribbean, the same old growl is heard:

"Why don't we get going? What are we waiting for? Let's take those Vichy islands—Martinique and Guadeloupe! That's where the Nazis are refueling, taking on ammunition. Let's clean the devils out!"

In the predawn blackness we talk to headquarters back at Albrook Field. We hear the night's reports from South America, from Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico and other countries. We know that great convoys bearing American troops, planes, guns, food, ammunition are hurrying darkly down the Pacific, bound for Australia and MacArthur.

We hear that our jungle troops, kept informed by the intelligence sections, have rounded up a half dozen strangers forty miles or so west of the Canal. The prisoners were caught with their mules. The mules were very important. They carried short-wave transmitters on their backs—small affairs easily concealed by a blanket. There's a pretty good road from Panama City to David up near the Costa Rican border. But what wouldn't we give for that Inter-American Highway now! The transmitters might have operated from cars on this road. But with a mule you can get into the jungle where the white man can't follow. Fortunately, loyal natives can, and they can report to Captain McIntire or the Army Intelligence—which they do and did. We're forbidden to repeat rumors. We don't think we are doing so when we say that quite a number of men trek into those jungles who never come out. It's all nice and mysterious—and tough.

But they'll probably send the captives to the internment camp in the Canal Zone, and very lucky the prisoners will be. That internment camp is quite a commentary on the camaraderie existing between Central America's Germans, Japs and Italians. The

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also have the privilege of taking the Aviation examination. Applicants who fail to qualify in this test will be ordered to active duty as Apprentice Seamen.

2. *Those who qualify in the classification test and do not volunteer for Aviation will be selected for training to be Deck or Engineering Officers.* In that case, you will continue your college program until you receive your bachelor's degree, provided you maintain the established university standards.

Those whose grades are not high enough to qualify them for Deck or Engineering Officer training will be permitted to finish their second calendar year of college. After this, they will be ordered to duty as Apprentice Seamen, but because of their college training they will have a better chance for rapid advancement. At any time, if a student should fail in his college courses, he may be ordered to active duty as an Apprentice Seaman.

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Military Police have discovered—by the blood, sweat and tears route—that the punishment most dreaded by refractory Jap prisoners is to move the little yellow rule-breaker over to the German sector for a couple of days. The Nazis reduce the Nipponese ego quite perceptibly, and the Jap begs to be returned to his own people, pledging good future behavior. And all the M.P.s have to do is threaten the troublesome German with a day or so in the Jap cage. He wilts at the mere suggestion.

If an Italian gets balky they exile him to either the German or the Jap quarters. He is loved by neither and, being more emotional than either of his Axis partners, he begins to scream repentance the moment the guards come for him. At his approach, both the Japs and the Nazis go into their burlesques of Mussolini, wringing their hands, hiding behind one another, beating their chests, weeping convulsively. There used to be nearly a thousand Axis-lovers in the bull pen. Gradually they are being moved up to the States where, in an emergency (an attack), they'll be safer or at least not so dangerous.

Confinement Breeds Contempt

It's interesting to walk through the compound, watching characteristics. The Italians are almost servile, pleading for a smile, a kind word. The Nazis stand rigid. They'll salute you if they think that you are authority. Most of the Japs are hissingly ingratiating, replying to questions with many deep bows, lynx-eyed. We used to think them cute. In the internment camp they're much cleaner than the Nazis and the Italians. The Italians just can't seem to manage cleanliness all by themselves. The Japs and the Germans complain to the M. P.s that their Latin friends stink.

No one pretends to believe that all the subversives, all the Axis agents and all the possible saboteurs in the Canal country have been rounded up. Most of the military and the astonishing Captain Leo McIntire believe that attempts at sabotage are the ever-present danger, and that attempts upon the locks may be made as a prelude to an attack in force from the air. They are watching. We advise no one valuing his life to meander into the immediate vicinity of the Canal after dark.

Watchful waiting isn't the best for nerves. There are times when the Army in Panama would give anything for a fight. But thus we write, actual warfare has been nearer to the Canal than the sin many tankers and supply ships Caribbean and the racing attackler's U-boats on the naked little oil-refining island of Aruba. When in Aruba during the attack. Here in Panama they laugh at that attack we say they're jealous. Of course wasn't much of a battle but it's the one we've had to date. A couple of shells crashed through the barracks were sleeping in. Maybe they were but they didn't do our roof any good the garage nor the car in it. Move we got out of that barracks just as if we'd been missed by high-sive stuff. (Note to the kid soldier from Indianapolis who jammed rifle muzzle into our ribs: Honedier, we were just running to the to have a look at that submarine we weren't reaching for a gun dawn's early light. We were just on our pants. Honest!)

All right, Gilky, laugh at the of Aruba! Show us a better war abouts! Say those shells were Boy whizzbangs! If you had been you'd have loved it, spoiling for—even a little action—as you a

We're back in the Canal Zone bookful of notes about kids who are flying Army planes, who have made of boa constrictors which they've after Hollywood's most provocative oomph girls, and of howler monkeys which they've named after members of Congress and of Mr. Roosevelt's innet.

"Good morning, Senator. Turn for a good windy day, I see. How about a nice pension this morning? Are you this morning, Mr. Congress? Have a seat! Don't worry about snakes. You're probably used to Have a nice iguana sandwich. It's terrible but it's reeking with six vitamins, one for each letter of the alphabet. Smells like Washington healthy, sir, healthy!"

Otherwise, flying the Isthmus, the Pacific, with Gilky has been a miserable flop.

No Japs!

THE END



"Well, it's finally happened—th' colonel tripped over a broomstick while makin' an inspection!"

New War Horses

Continued from page 19

In 1941 when the Army Remount Service, scouting from Vermont's farm-forever countryside to the lonely back of Puget Sound, bought horses. This was more than had been purchased all during the previous war. While the attention and effort of the nation were concentrated on the increased production of mechanical juggernauts, keen-eyed Army horsemen were searching ranches, stockyards and back-roads for war's oldest transportation, the transportation that can ford the most surmount mountain ranges and the toughest forests and jungles. These horses are searching still. Few back-country farms or remote cowpunchers' ranches can escape their careful scrutiny. Wherever horses work or forage, officers of the Remount Service invariably show up to feel muscles, examine hoofs and judge gait and height. No branch of the War Department roams so far into the hinterland.

The Number Still Increasing

In 1940, the Army bought only 2,323 horses, but once actual conflict seemed America's threshold, the quota was multiplied more than ten times. The exact number which will be purchased in 1942 is a military secret, but it is sufficient to say that if you own a horse between the ages of four and eight, the Remount Service wants your animal's services. To date this year, the Army's purchases are far ahead of even the 1941 figures for the same period. If wishes were horses, the Remount Service would have many more frisky steeds available. Tanks and trucks can be built as speedily as mechanical ingenuity can master blueprints and machinery, but it takes five years to breed a horse fit for military campaigns, and no power on earth can speed the time.

Besides all this, the war has shown that horses can trek across terrain where the most advanced mechanical creations cannot. When the Army was holding extensive maneuvers along the Sabine River in Texas and Louisiana, a steady rain lashed the region for three days. The roads turned into quagmires, and the military highways were left behind, tanks bogged down until their treads disappeared. Not without some pride and reluctance, Colonel Hardy, present as an observer, was able to report, "Not a single motorized or mechanized unit could move forward to take up its initial position off a paved road even to start the war." The cavalry and the horse soldiers were the only ones which could move, and they did move and they were there at the locations at the assigned time. So the horse is an integral part of the American Army once more, and county agricultural agents in all forty-eight states have been instructed to collect intelligence information on every horse in their areas. Animals not required for minor essential travel may soon be required to, provided all tests are met. What are some of those tests? What kind of speed does the Army want in this time of crisis, when our cavalry and artillery may be on battle fronts in both hemispheres, on five continents and all the way from Alaska to the tropics? Watch, then, as Ranger is inspected, regarded for and bought at Harold Rabines' wilderness ranch, deep in the oak-wooded basin of the John Day River, eighty-four miles from the nearest railroad.

Ranger was the first prospect of the morning as the Remount detachment trudged down the road in the sunrise

after an Oregon breakfast of beefsteak, biscuits and hashed browns. Cy Rood led Ranger into the yard back of the big red barn, while Colonel Koester, a chunky, bronzed man who used to ride for American Olympic teams, watched with practiced eye. Ranger stopped and the colonel walked up to him, telescoped a measuring stick out of his ivory-headed cane and leveled it on Ranger's withers. "Fifteen hands," he called.

"Fifteen hands," repeated Captain Cecil Edwards, scribbling the information in a little black notebook. Ranger had satisfied the first requirement. Only horses fifteen or sixteen hands high are eligible for the United States Army.

Next, the veterinarian of the troop, Lieutenant Colonel William H. Dean, jaunty in breeches and a camel's-hair vest, slipped a gloved hand into Ranger's mouth over skittish protests and peered at the teeth. "Four years old," he announced. The oval-shaped markings on a horse's incisors tell his age to within a few months, so Ranger had passed another test. Army mounts must be between four and eight years.

Colonel Dean circled around Ranger, then looked at his head again. "Chestnut gelding with a star, a broad race and a snip." This described the white blaze on Ranger's face. Noting the white leg markings, the veterinarian added, "Three-quarters stocking, both hinds."

All this was scrawled in the black notebook by Captain Edwards. The Army will not consider horses which might be readily visible to an enemy observing from airplane or hilltop. "I want a column that matches the terrain," growled General Oliver Howard in 1877, as he led the 1st United States Cavalry across the Oregon uplands in pursuit of Nez Percé hostiles. This is still good Army doctrine, particularly since the great expansion in military aviation.

Brown or Black Preferred

Major General John K. Herr, our present chief of cavalry, believes that horses are becoming increasingly important in the Army because they, unlike mechanized vehicles, can leave the roads and scatter across country when attacked from the air. So grays, appaloosas, pintos and other light colored horses are out. Browns and blacks in the various shades are preferred, and their white markings must not be too splurgy.

"Color okay," said Colonel Koester, eyeing Ranger. He picked up one of Ranger's forelegs and examined the hoof. "Shoed properly, foot strong, sole intact," he declared.

The cowpuncher clucked softly and pulled on the rope, and as Ranger jogged around the yard, the two colonels watched closely. A splay-footed horse cannot carry a cavalryman or drag a fieldpiece; and at headquarters, a horse unfit for action is a black mark against the Remount unit that purchased him. Colonel Dean turned to his fellow officer and nodded approvingly.

"All right, saddle him up!" ordered Colonel Koester.

Cy pulled Ranger to the fence, bridled him and cinched on a Western saddle with its big horn. Ranger stiffened once nervously as Cy swung onto his back, leather chaps rustling. Colonel Koester scrutinized the proceedings carefully. "Are you sure he's gentle, Cy?" he inquired.

"Plumb sure," drawled Cy from the saddle. "He's just sorta fidgety this morning. He don't know what to make



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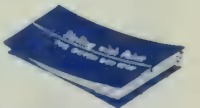
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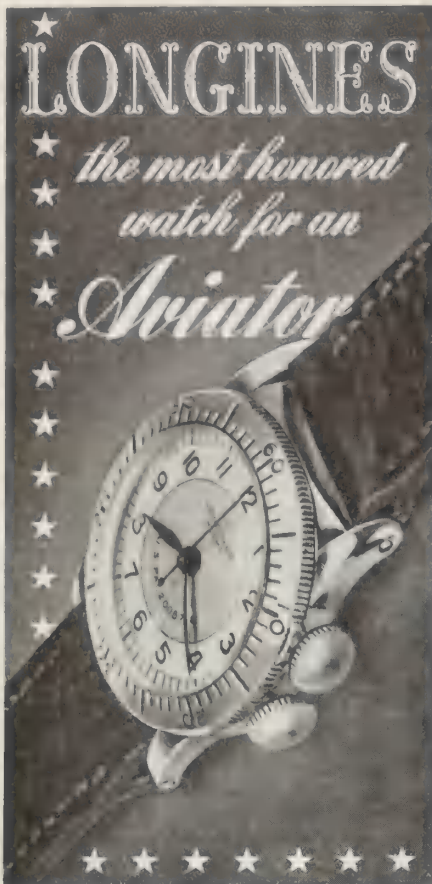
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Illustrated: Longines Trinidad (top left) \$93.50; World's Fair LA (top right) \$67.50; World's Fair strap (center) \$67.50; Hall of Fame man's bracelet \$82.50.

of all the fuss, but he's gentle all right. He won't throw anybody."

"We haven't got time any more to break in horses," Colonel Koester explained.

"He won't give you any trouble," reiterated Cy reassuringly, as he wheeled Ranger into the pasture that sprawled off toward the thick forests.

The Remount officers followed on foot. "Trot him," commanded Colonel Koester.

Cy made a wry face. The trot is the standard gait of the cavalry, but cow-punchers and wranglers eschew it. To them, posting is an evil chore. Their choice is to loaf along at a walk or bang away at a gallop. But orders are orders, and Cy brought Ranger into a trot.

This was an important test. Horses that pace or single-foot but will not trot are worthless to the Army. As part of the accelerated rate of modern warfare, the daily journey expected of an American cavalry troop has been increased from 40 miles to 65 miles. A brisk trot is the means by which this extended mobility is to be attained. So Ranger has to be able to trot and he has to have enough wind and endurance to trot a long way.

Sound of Wind and Limb

After the two colonels had ratified Ranger's gait with a nodded "Okay" to Captain Edwards for the notebook, Colonel Koester told Cy to let him go at a gallop. Twice the wrangler, bandanna streaming in the breeze, took Ranger around the big pasture in the direction of the snowy ramparts of Strawberry Mountain. As Ranger came in, he was panting hard. Colonel Dean grabbed the reins and bent over to listen to his breathing.

If a rasp came from his lungs, Ranger would be returned to his backwoods grazing on the edge of the Malheur National Forest. A winded horse is of no value to cavalry or artillery on the march, especially inasmuch as the mounted units of the American Army must surmount rugged, slanted country which renders mechanized equipment useless. If Ranger's respiration was clear he would become part of that Army, and where he would go, only the fortunes of war could tell.

Colonel Dean straightened up. "Wind sound," he said.

Colonel Koester, cane under arm, Captain Edwards' notebook open in his hand, led Ranger over to where Harold Grabner leaned against the high fence of lodgepole pine. The rancher pushed his flat five-gallon hat back on his forehead and fell into step with the Army officer. They moseyed across the barnyard while the topic of their conversation followed at as discreet a distance as the reins would permit.

"Your horse, Harold?"

"Yep, Fred."

"H'mm. Let's see what the notebook says about him." They walked a minute in silence. Colonel Koester spoke again: "Not bad, but he might carry a little more flesh."

"He's a good horse, Fred. He was sired by Point Blank. That counts for a lot. Point Blank's been one of the best stallions in Oregon."

Cy joined them, and Colonel Koester stopped and pointed at Ranger with his pencil. "Hope this horse of yours can stand up under tough going."

"He's only four years old. The Army'll get a lot of service out of him."

"I think a hundred and seventy dollars is a fair price, don't you, Harold?"

"I do, Fred."

"All right then, Harold?"

"Yep, Fred."

On a folding shelf attached to one of the dusty automobiles of the Remount Service, a bill of sale setting forth Ranger's specifications all the way from gait to markings had been drawn up by Captain Edwards. The back read: "I hereby swear that I am the owner of the horse described on the reverse side and have this day sold same to the United States Government." Harold Grabner signed, and Ranger was the property of his Uncle Sam.

In the past year this has become a familiar transaction in every rural area in the United States. Thousands of horses like Ranger have been sold to the Army. Thousands more will be sold in the months to come. Remount detachments are constantly on the move. In 1941, Colonel Koester and his troop traveled 100,000 miles and bought 3,224 horses. To get this number, they looked at 14,000 hopefuls. Only one in four passed muster. The qualifications are severe and all Remount officers scrupulously careful.

There are seven Remount divisions—Western, Southwestern, Northwestern, South Central, North Central, East Central and Eastern. They include all forty-eight states. From various Army posts in these areas, Remount officers journey to farming communities and the gaunt open range in search of horses. Generally they announce fixed schedules in advance. Thus ranchers in Texas know, for example, that on a certain morning the Southwestern Remount detachment will be at the O'Keefe place near Sierra Blanca. From hundreds of miles around, cowboys and ranchers and professional horse breeders bring in animals.

Informality rules these occasions, and many of the ranchers call the Remount officers by their first names. Before the present emergency, in the years when the Army was buying only 2,000 horses annually, the Remount units were nevertheless familiar to most of

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Flashing Light

CROCKETT JOHNSON

ry's important agricultural This was because of their n of the Army's horse-breeder. The plan was set up twenty to meet just such a de- orses as exists today. It con- acing at strategically located ranches throughout America ed stallions which could sire t to carry the colors of the tes to war.

23 Army stallions stand at nation. Skip It is typical of ons. Once he was a race von \$5,000 at the tracks. Now old, he is the sire of Army he John Day River basin of le is the property of the tes Army, which has placed old Grabner's ranch on the ation of the Remount Serv- ach mare on Skip It's book, r authorized to charge the of the mare \$10. Skip It has a out forty mares a season and ys for his feed and care. The of the mares, in turn, are finding arket for the young horses e Army. Skip It's predecessor ble sired Ranger.

pl of breeding was approved in 1921. It was a national- asure for, after the first W, the number of top-notch in America dwindled so rapidly e cavalry faced the necessity of e merry-go-round animals. my stallion system was adopted ead of providing ranchers and er with better horses in times of nd enlarging military units dur- ergies.

ye Remount stallions sired col. Seventy-five per cent of esing purchased by the Army ent the progeny of these stal- wh stand at stud in forty-two as well as Hawaii and Puerto The anchor or farmer in charge s known in the locality as a agt, and he is responsible to mnt Service for the horse's d dition. Some of the stal- st e Army as much as \$7,500. arets of Man o' War and Sun. The are 105 Remount stallions as, twenty each in Oregon and ten in Louisiana, three in Ha- vo in Connecticut, one in Massa- s as so on almost everywhere erican flag flies.

Old Dobbin Isn't Through

use is is the most mechanized hisry, the American people verlooked the fact that it is still n with the horse is an important Me individuals thought the omen of the armored division the ad of Old Dobbin at the Yet there are 200,000 horses in asian cavalry, and 800,000 horses les e packing Soviet supplies. erma have a cavalry of 50,000 in addition to 900,000 horses and carrying equipment. Even the se here 50,000 cavalry horses 5,000 animals to haul artillery gons.

American Army has had a far nuer of horses in use than these other nations. A year ago General Herr said the Nazis had hors, dragging artillery and ces, to United States 11,000. As as the Polish campaign, Hitler's cher obachter reported, "It is exaggeration to say that without the aid advance of our armies have been impossible."

animo being bought by the Re- Serv are shipped to one of Remount depots—Fort Robinson, ska; Fort Reno, Oklahoma, or Royal, Virginia. After a training onditioning period most of the

horses go to the 1st Cavalry Division at Fort Bliss, Texas, or to the 2d Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas. The average price paid is \$165. Checks are sent on delivery of the animals at the nearest railroad shipping point.

The shortage of rubber may add to the difficulty of getting plenty of first-class mounts. In agricultural districts, where the Army buys the bulk of its steeds, tire-rationing has restored the essential usefulness of the horse on countless farms and ranches. No longer have rural residents so many horses to spare. On the high plateau of central Oregon, where the Remount Service purchased hundreds of animals in 1941, cattle will be driven down to the railheads this year for the first time in a decade. Cowboys on horseback will replace the huge trucks and trailers which transport companies are now afraid to risk on tire-chewing mountain roads.

Even the Lowly Mule is Wanted

Mules, too, are needed as the American Army realizes that hoofs must supplement treads and wheels. In 1940, the Remount Service bought only 290 pack mules, but last year the number soared to 4,096. The long-eared brayer with neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity is still in military demand. His sinews are worth ten trucks when roads dwindle into forest trails. Artillery stuck in the Russian snows, tanks snared by the Malayan jungle have taught a lesson which may be applicable to Alaska and Latin America: that in the wilderness, whether it be arctic or tropical, animal flesh is the most reliable all-weather transportation.

There is a sentimental side to this recruiting in farm, barnyard and polo field. A little nine-year-old girl brought her pony to a Remount inspection near Seattle. Her father hovering in the background made it evident that the desire to sell the animal stemmed principally from him.

"He's a nice little horse," Colonel Koester said to the girl. "Do you ride him?"

The little girl nodded and burst into tears.

The colonel stepped back and cocked an eye at the pony. "However," he added hurriedly, "I'm very much afraid that he's a trifle too small for us. He's not exactly what we're looking for. We can't use him."

The little girl walked away clutching the halter with an expression of ineffable joy.

In a town in southern California the Remount Service bought two fine thoroughbreds from a handsome, dignified woman who needed money to send her tubercular husband to a sanatorium. A high-school girl on a farm in the Rocky Mountains sold her horse to the Army so that she could finance a semester at her state university. A lean, gimlet-eyed cowpuncher parted with his bay gelding at a hamlet in the Sierra Nevadas. He was so crushed and broken up that he could hardly speak. The Remount officers never asked him what his story was.

Once Colonel Koester had to reject a lumbering draft horse that a gray-haired farmer with handle-bar mustaches brought in from the hills. The man was indignant. "He's a good horse," he shouted at the colonel. "I'll bet he's as good as any horse in your whole Army!"

"That's the stuff," the Remount officer shouted back. "We like to hear a man stand up for his horse that way. We don't think much of a man who won't stand up for his horse. You bet he's a good horse but every horse can't be in the Army. You let him do his part to win this war in front of a plow!"

THE END



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the judges rode off a way and dismounted. The gallery dismounted too, and stood around talking, speculating, lighting cigarettes. The horses stood quietly, in contrast to the first day; the foolishness had been ridden out in nine hard days—you could have crawled between the legs of the meanest horse there. Now the judges called R. H. Scott, the club secretary. He joined them, and listened to what they had to say. The judges came back and mounted their horses and rode away, while Scott said:

"The judges request the handlers of Hotfoot and Ambling Sam to have their dogs on the morning course at eight forty-five A.M. tomorrow."

Some of the handlers had their dogs loaded, and some of the followers had made business appointments for the next day; but hardly a man left town that night. The old hand-crank phone in the drugstore was kept busy until after ten o'clock.

The morning was a good one, with only a slight mist hanging over the still muddy grounds. Several amateur photographers and two newspaper photographers floundered in the mud, squatting, squinting, clicking, adjusting diaphragms, changing shutter speeds, winding films, flipping out burnt, clouded flashbulbs. In sepulchral silence sat the judges. Hotfoot walked on his hind legs, in McGinnis' grasp, and whined and jumped about, the quintessence of eagerness.

Ambling Sam stood quietly, not moving; nobody held him, or touched him. Amos Hawthorne had told him to stand, and had mounted his horse, and Sam stood. There was gray about Sam's muzzle, a suggestion of fat on his shoulders, and his eyes did not have the bulging brightness they had had when the stud booklet to prospective breeders was written.

But of course the stud booklet was written six years ago . . . with superb breeding, individuality, brains, and remarkable field quality, this dog stands at the top as a stud animal. His conformation is ideal, tall and racy, yet has plenty of strength; he has the setter shoulder that we all try to breed; his running gear is perfect—long, free and easy stride that takes him over the ground at a tremendous rate, yet light as a fox on his feet. Ambling Sam has a clean-cut head of the bench-show type, with a neck that is long and clean and never will become throaty. He stands straight on his tiptoes, legs straight and well under him, and has the best of feet; with an arch back of great strength and endurance; his tail is straight and tapering, set on at the right place. As to his field-trial quality, all dog men know what he has accomplished. . . . That was six years before, and now the "setter shoulder that we all try to breed" had a suggestion of fat about it, and the long and clean neck that "never will become throaty" had become somewhat throaty.

DR. KING looked at his watch. Time: 8:51. Sky clear, slight wind out of the northeast. "Gentlemen, are you ready?"

Teague McGinnis, wrestling with Hotfoot, said, yes, he was ready, and the gallery chuckled nervously. Amos nodded.

"All right, let 'em go."

Amos said, "Git, Sam!" and Sam shot away as Teague McGinnis released Hotfoot. The dogs ran shoulder to shoulder in the customary race for a few seconds. But Sam had run in too many trials to be diverted from the main object. He turned off, and even as he ran you could see him sizing up the country. Ahead were open fields, and a dog that wanted to do some line running could bust the fields wide open. To the right were the woods, and a dog that wanted to find birds might skirt

them. Sam headed for the woods, turned his horse out toward the course. At 8:55 Sam was in fast flight, and took five minutes without any drawing or suddenly there he stood up and his head high, and looking thing about him was his discolored old teeth and waited.

"Point!" called Duff, and Sam pointed.

AMOS HAWTHORNE dismounted, and drew the saddle boot. He wall of Sam, far ahead in case running, and began qu with his whip, then c There was an explosive birds burst from the se Amos turned toward Sa eye, and fired the gun in

Sam lifted his head and watched the flight of the edly but he did not mov until Amos lifted him by thrust him away. Now again, sweeping away i that snar shortcoupled puppy-do stride skirted the field edges, t plum ets, the locust groves, the He stayed ahead, not ce back ing or road-running. A n who en bird country could stan and say, there ought to l a covey der, and yonder, and y der those were the places f a went he found birds. . . .

But that was no surpr to eno They knew Sam could ad bira nobody doubted his chol bore no his near-human brain th and ten of bird hunting to refe o. The prise was that he could w still away the swift miles, and nash the swamps and leap th red-cla lies. . . .

"I'll swear, I believe d Amos rung in a young dog on That pl ball yonder can't be no years of

"I wouldn't put it pas ld Amos cept I don't believe he old tum young dog that's got as uch se that gentleman topping hill yon

"Boys, you listen to other. "I've bred bitch to that bling Sam for six years d I'm got keep breeding to him a long as he got him at stud. You thi I don't every mark and tick or hat old hide? I've sat and watc his pup I've said 'That'n's got n's tail and that'n's got the sam pot over ribs.' Some day, if I k at it, an my money holds out, I going to one that's just like him in very way I'm going to have me a ambling born all over again," h aid. "Ta Sam out yonder, boys. You take word for it."

"Well, if that dog is n years about thirty minutes t that and running is all you'll see t of him.

. . . The dog is old mbling S grizzled veteran of more an ten showing the telltale gray out hum zle, the flabby fat of e about shoulders and quarters, e fading of passing time—but un that ext there still beats a great art wou carried him through ma a battle the prairies of Saskat swan to plains of Texas. The fir remains of youth h was in spark of genius just a expected S to go out and do more an a run two, and perhaps even A as Hawth felt that same way whe led turn before that vast audien

But Ambling Sam's brave bu beat true and mayhap i as more instinct that led him to the dead did; but whatever it w reason or stinct, or unquenchabl ourage, S ran a race like in the days. T

did not go as fast as his fiery
onent, but he went as wide
arched out the birdy places
ature intelligence born of the
ence that he has had. He did
nywhere that was not invit-
dled perfectly and he always
ahead. But Sam made two
morning, one heroic, one

made errors, too, that morn-
e were errors born of exuber-
dness rather than bad nose
raining. Twice he smashed
knowing they were there and
em like a falcon, but stop-
olit second too late, to see
e confusion around him spill-
rprised droppings upon the
grass. But Hotfoot stood
ail half up and his ears re-
appointment, and waited for
o shoot and send him on.
the time Hotfoot was jump-
e hill to the next.

rode nervously, watching;
y distant moving spot of white
he and he would say, "Yon he
! Then another disappearance,
Cnis getting nervous again,
he flash of white that was
ak from a far-away locust
Y he is, Judge!" And finally,
white stopped, and McGin-
ode out holding his hat up
point, and when they ar-
stood Hotfoot, rammed up
nt: to knock you out of your

th gallery got past the out-jut
is the right, they saw Duff
ut so, and his hat was up, and
sto, Sam, and he had birds too.
w. Ain't but an hour gone
another hour that old Sam dog
tuting behind Hawthorne's
or ad."

ecol hour wore on. Some said
t as ahead, some said Sam.
ere bout even on birds, any-
e of it was conjecture. Hot-
d a inner fire that seemed to
im ke a demon, and when he
yo had to swallow the lump,
that to see such cocky per-
he med to be posing, trying
his ad higher than his tail, a
thin turned to cold granite;
e pnted he was no longer a
we a statue that no mortal
cod have chiseled.
st once he seemed truly im-
for never allowed himself to

pant, mouth open, or to tremble. But
if you watched closely you could see his
upper lip shake with the exhalations,
and you could see the hide stretch tight
over his flaring ribs as he breathed, see
the slow movement of his eyes as he
looked slightly back to see if McGinnis
was coming. . . . Ambling Sam made
up in handling and bird wisdom what
he lacked in youthful fire. When Haw-
thorne wanted Sam to turn, he squalled
and lifted his whip; and Sam, a half
mile away, turned as if he had a string
tied to him and the old handler had
pulled it. As Duff rode the fringes of
the course, he was not seeing Sam, but
his dog Judas. *If I could ever get that
old fool of mine to handle like that I'd
have the best dog in the world.*

The judges had expected to reach a
decision within an hour and a half. But
at that time the only way to have
chosen between the dogs would have
been with a coin. Toward the end of
the second hour, Ambling Sam began
to slow a bit; his casts were shorter and
more often he turned back in to see
Amos, and in the gallery the wise ones
smiled knowingly and some shook their
heads a bit sadly. . . .

Then old Amos stood in his stirrups
and sent a mighty whistle blast across
the hills, and old Sam heard it and
jumped as if stung with birdshot. And
he kept jumping. Every now and then
—not too often—Amos would hit him
with that whistle and Sam would drive.

After his next covey, Sam went even
wider. He was running with animation,
as if with the quail scent he had in-
haled youth.

He ran like a derby dog. They couldn't
believe he was an old dog; and even
Sam forgot it. For when he came to
one of those Tennessee gulleys, he
thought he had the power to clear it.
Sam jumped, trying to clear a twenty-
foot chasm. He was five feet short,
slamming into the side of the red bank
and rolling to the bottom of the gulley.
. . . Duff saw it, and spurred his horse.
But Amos Hawthorne was the first one
to reach the brink of the gulley and see
at the bottom the still dog. Amos was
on the ground before his horse fully
stopped. He started down the steep
red-clay side, only to lose his balance
and go tumbling head over heels to the
bottom.

Afterward, most of them said that
Amos Hawthorne never got over that
fall. Others said it was the sight of his
dog Ambling Sam lying like dead at
the bottom of that deep gulley that

The talk of the town



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we're becoming quite a
topic of conversation."

Whitey: "Which proves, Blackie, that
people like to talk about
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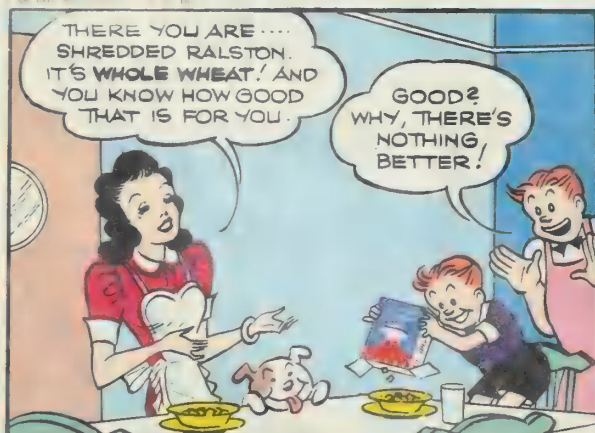
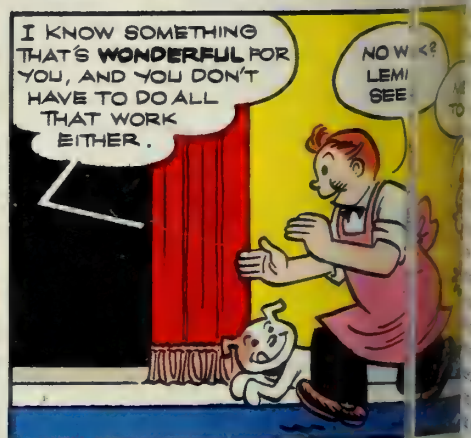
"Wanta race?"

LOUIS JAHME

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DUMB DORA ~ SHE'S NOT SO DUMB!



ever got over—even though only the wind knocked out the next minute got up, sucked with hard as if he were choked up the steep red side of the and headed for the distant ches.

was Sam's second error of that they never forgot. The 18. Sky overcast, tempera-ig, increasing northeasterly foot had just found his sixth quail—two less than those Ambling Sam. Sam had not ted for four minutes, and ster could occasionally be the outward woods, search-ly Amos turned his horse d began looking for his dog. body up ahead saw Sam on eral people called to Amos, ty wind blew their calls away. ckingham said to one of the n, "Handle Sam, please."

aler, Bill McCrory, rode up dog and dismounted. While ing for his gun, Amos Haw-urned, having finally been ar. But now, before either ached, Sam stirred, then y and left his point, streak- a new cast.

the way that old dog cor-mebody asked. "A dog's im every now and then, but n't let his'n fool him long."

would have been the end of it, cr it to Sam, but Duff, having d to come on in, and seeing er move forward, cut in sharply p. Duff came galloping ass the place where Ambling d pnted, and when he got there, ms covey of birds got up at y spot where Sam had been spot that Sam had left. body saw the birds. There was an e tuned hush; horses were al men looked at one another

suently broke his stand and tel went off to the left. Judges ers followed along the roadway, Sam credit for a correction. But natly, Hawthorne's scout, Duff r, who has won for himself con-le pise for his astute and seem-erent dog-finding ability, came g to rejoin the gallery and the ot where Sam had pointed. o th amazement of all, he rode vy quail. Much can and will abo this occurrence. Up until am as perhaps the National ion; it after this incident even kst voice knew that the hon-San had cut his own throat. g—living a valid point—is the onat crime of bird-dogdom.

edges, unfortunately, must go by hey s, not what they know. Judge know that a ten-year-old n't suddenly turn into a blinker; robad suspect that the rising ook away from Sam the vagrant d th he had, rather than show ion, lived on. It is also unfor-that Webster, who had not seen ginal point, happened to ride h the act terrain, and therefore direct contributing factor to the race Ambling Sam. But in the appointment of Ambling uns, h foot proved himself one best eds of the decade, and no any all to be ashamed of the ational Champion. . .

and nos drove back to Grand on slow, the tires crunching on et grill. Lucie, at the wheel, o keeper head slightly turned grand other would not see the ears at ran down her solemn But Alos was not looking; he

slumped forward, his jaw slack and his eyes staring at the instrument panel.

"I never thought I'd ever see that head hanging," Lucie said finally.

Amos shifted, and said, "Where's that Webster, that rode up them birds right in front of everybody?"

"Squire, listen. He didn't see that point."

"Yes, he did. He rode up them birds on purpose."

"Oh, you're crazy!"

"Where's he at?"

"He's riding in with the horse truck."

"You pay him off and tell him he's fired. And if he ever puts a foot on my place again, he'll wish he hadn't."

Lucie turned the car onto the pavement. "Don't talk like that. Sam ran a good race. Nobody's going to hold that point against Sam."

Amos rubbed his hand against the instrument panel absently as if feeling the smoothness of it. "Aye," he said,

"I'll allow him to feed my dogs, and to ride my horses a spell longer," Amos said, almost whispering in his fierceness. "but child, if you ever allow him to make up to you, I'll have to kill him."

THAT night they sat in the car by the bank of the river again, and it was late. Lucie had told Duff what Amos had said, and Duff had heard her in morose silence.

Now she rested quiet in Duff's arms and listened to the faint sound of a car rumbling across the bridge around the bend of the river, perhaps returning from the big dance at Zurich. This was the same place they had come the first time, and there was again a light in the farmer's house across the river.

"Duff?"

"Yes."

"You see that light? You remember that first night, weeks ago, when we came here? I heard today that there

"I'm a reason, Duff; stay for me."

Duff waited a moment. "If I could get a job somewhere else, maybe they'd let me work on Judas in my spare time. He ought to be worked hard," he said. "Old Amos hates me and the dog both. It's hard to get out and labor for a man that hates your guts. It's all right for a while—you can hate back. But before long it begins to weigh you down. Anyway I don't like to keep a job a woman holds for me."

"Oh, you're just plain crazy. Look, we need you. Wesley can't break all those dogs, and I'm really not much help."

"They're the old man's kennels, and he's the one wants to be shut of me."

"Can't you understand anything, for crying out loud? I'm the one who's got to make the kennel pay."

"I'm not going to leave you in the lurch. We'll get another trainer maybe."

"Well then," she said presently, "what about us?"

"I'm coming back for you."

"Listen, Duff. You can't say it that way. I'm in love with you, don't you know that?"

"Sure."

She mused, "Tell me this: don't you really wish I didn't love you, so you wouldn't feel—well, a sort of responsibility."

He shifted, suddenly uncomfortable.

"Don't you?" she insisted.

"No," he lied.

"If you feel that way it'll spoil everything."

"Why will it?" he asked.

"It just will. You'll think I'm tied onto you."

HE STARED at the dark river and the light beyond it. He said nothing.

"Duff, your chivalry's fine, and I like it. You remember that night I said I'd figured out what was behind your cast-iron front? Well, I saw some of that chivalry stuff, and a few other things. All okay, too. But you save the chivalry for another time; I'm twenty-one and then some, and if necessary I'll flash a birth certificate to prove it."

He laughed abruptly.

"Hey," she said, pleased. "That's okay. I never heard a real laugh come out of you before. Is there another one inside somewhere?"

"You're a crazy girl."

"Didn't I tell you? See, every time you get to worrying about something and get all mulligrubbed, I'll say something snappy and bing! It's gone," she said. "Now, look. I'll do something for you." She kissed him. It was a good kiss, the kind that leaves shortness of breath, but not exhaustion. She turned to look at him. "Listen to me, Duff. You don't have to marry me. Can't you understand that?"

"Honey, listen: I want to marry you."

"But you'd marry me whether you wanted to or not."

"I reckon so."

"Oh," she sighed. "Why did I have to fall for a guy like this? You can't tell where his love ends and his conscience begins. Look, I want to be married on my merits—and don't ask me what they are, either, because you know I'll tell you."

As they crossed the bridge, they saw the headlights of a car coming out the little road that led from the farmer's house. The car waited at the highway to let them pass, and the lights flashed in their faces. Duff turned on the radio. Distantly overhead came the drone of the airliner on its way to Birmingham, and presently its wing lights were visible, a red speck and a green speck hurrying across the tarpaper sky.

Next day Amos complained of pains, and Lucie got Dr. Phillips on the phone. Amos lay almost as if in a coma, his



"Why don't you call up sometime and say you're not coming home for dinner, the way other men do?"

presently, "they said we couldn't go three hours. Well, we shore went it."

"Yes."

"Next year . . ." he muttered. "Just wait till next year. We'll shore win that championship."

WHEN they got back to Tafton, it was apparent that after seventy-odd years of youth, age had suddenly overtaken Amos. His hand, only last week stone-steady, had become trembling and uncertain. His step was no longer strong and light-footed, his mind at times turned childish, and his sight was plainly failing. "He can see just a mite better than a mole," Dr. Phillips said. "He's through riding. Maybe he's through walking. You keep him in a half-dark room for a couple of weeks, and if he makes out to get better, we'll let him up."

Lucie had persuaded Amos to let Duff stay on a few weeks longer—"Until you're able to be up," she had said, knowing that time wouldn't come.

"Lucie," Amos said shrewdly, "you don't want him here fer no reason beside dog training?"

"No. That's silly," she said uneasily.

is a sick child there. They're afraid it's polio."

"That's too bad," he said heavily.

She sat up. "What's the matter, Duff? You're so moody tonight. You got the mulligrubs again?"

"Lucie," he said finally, "I'm leaving."

"What?"

"I'm quitting the job."

"But why? What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong. I keep thinking about riding up those quail that Sam blinked, and causing him to lose the championship. That old dog had run his heart out, and then I had to come along and show the judges the only mistake he made. I can hear those birds flying up around me now. Sometimes I think I've got a sort of reverse Midas touch—everything I touch goes sour."

"You got to worry about something that couldn't be helped, for conscience sake?"

"Well it could have mighty easily not happened," he said desolately.

"That's no cause to leave."

"There's not much reason to stay."

SORE MUSCLES

put you
"in the Dog House"?



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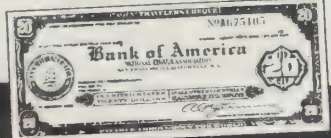
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brown leathery face gaunt and sunken, when the doctor came. Delia Phillips, in the nurse's white uniform she wore when helping her father, came with him: she began efficiently and quietly taking Amos' pulse and temperature, and checking the medicines on the night table beside the bed.

Finally Dr. Phillips leaned back and lit his pipe and said thoughtfully, "Don't believe it was nothing but a temporary setback. Lucie. He'll be all right."

Amos looked from one of them to the other, trying to identify the blurs. "Main thing is, I'm hungry," he complained.

"Your dinner's coming," Lucie said.

Delia was shutting her father's pill case. She turned to Lucie. "How was the dance at Zurich last night?"

"I haven't heard," Lucie said.

Delia turned and looked at her. "Didn't you go?"

"No," Lucie said. "I didn't."

"Why, Dad was out visiting the polio case about three this morning, and he said on the way back he saw you and Duff Webster coming from the dance at Zurich!"

THEY caught the sudden frightened look on Lucie's face, heard Amos rise on his elbow in the bed. Dr. Phillips coughed uneasily and said, "Now, Delia, I said I reckoned they'd been to the dance—I mean—I said, looked like it was them. But of course it wasn't, since she said . . ."

"Lucie," Amos said ominously, "you been out at three o'clock with that Webster?"

"My heavens!" Delia whispered, "what have I done?"

"Plenty," Lucie snapped.

"You answer me!" Amos demanded.

"We'll talk about it presently, Squire,"

Lucie said angrily, "when our friends have gone."

On the front porch, Delia said, "Lucie, I'm so sorry."

Lucie said, "It'll come out all right." Sure, it'll come out all right—I think not, she mused, watching them get into the car. It'll come out fine—thanks to friend Delia . . . I wish I knew whether that break was accidental. I just wish I could be sure.

Holding the wall for support, Amos groped his way around the room to the closet, and opened the door. His trembling old hand slipped familiarly around the balance of the double-barreled shotgun that leaned against the wall. He explored the shelves blindly until he found a paper box, on which was a picture of a bright red deer leaping over a bush. On the side of the box was printed: 12 ga. 3½ drams. O Buck—12 Pellets.

Amos slipped two shells in the gun, closed the breech, and found his way back to the bed. He slipped the gun under the cover, and felt it lying cold against his leg. For a few seconds he lay there panting. Then he called, "Lucie!"

She came in, very pale. "Yes, Squire?"

Amos said, "When Webster gits in this evening, tell him to come here. I want to see him."

"What about?"

"About the dogs; what you reckon?" he said.

"Oh," she said, relieved. "All right."

"You be sure and tell him," Amos said. "I want to see him."

DUFF read the note Lucie had sent out to him at the kennels:

"Duff:

"I won't be out today as the Squire's not feeling good. He wants to see you when you come in. So do I. Hell's to pay.

"LUCIE."

While he was puzzling over the note, a colored boy came out of Wesley's house and walked toward him. It was

Paul, Wesley's son, returned from the North.

"Mister Duff," he said, "I'd like a word with you."

"When did you get back?" Duff demanded.

"Today."

"How come you left up North? I thought you had got ambitious."

"Well, I decided to come back. That's been my trouble, I guess. I've been too ambitious." He spoke with resignation and hopelessness.

"It's all right with me about the job, if it's okay with Miss Sullivan. You can go out with me this afternoon."

They ran a harum-scarum puppy that had an overflowing love of hunting, boundless energy, and a head as hard as a lightwood knot. Amos Hawthorne often said, "You take one of them hard-headed dogs that just grins at you when you rip a streak of hide off him with a whip, and then turns around and does the same thing again, you got a dog you can make something out of. He'll near drive you daft till you break him, but when you git him like you want him you can name your price fer him. Them kind that crawls around and whines and cries, they're twice the trouble and half the dog."

They were working some cutover pine land when the puppy pointed. Paul saw him first and waved his hat. Duff spurred his horse as fast as he dared over the pine tops and junk butts.

"Whoa, boy," he cautioned as he dismounted.

Then the dog broke, his first leap landing him spang in the middle of the covey. The birds came up in a thunder, one or two going off back over Duff's head, the remainder reforming and heading for the thicket at the drain of the two hills. And the puppy, although he knew better, was right in behind them.

"Whoa!" squalled Duff, but the puppy didn't heed. Out of the corner of his eye, Duff saw Paul's horse cut around sharply and then sprint after the dog, leaping over logs and swerving around the dead brush of sawed pine trees. Before they got to the bottom, the Negro had cut the dog off, and still going at a dead run, he turned the dog back with a shout above the thudding hoofs. Then the horse swerved sharply to avoid a hole, and struck a log with his flying feet and went down.

By the time Duff got th had risen, and held his rig ground. Paul lay in the one elbow, his face a cont Duff quickly kneeled be ran his hand along the chest where the trouble s A lump stood out near h "You've busted your Duff said.

"Is that horse's leg b said between his teeth, s down the brown skin of hi

Duff made a quick exam I guess not. But he's st while, all right." He stood ment, considering their They were at least five n kennels, and they had on horse that refused to car "Get up on that stum "and I can ease you over dle."

"Mister Duff," Paul sai "it's five miles to the ker six. That's a long way fo to walk."

"You remember abou time," Duff said, "when yo ing you're Wild Bill Hick "Yes, sir."

Duff got him into the sac ing the dog and the i started the long walk bac

LATER, as he lay in bec strapped against his ch to Duff, who had come to "Mister Duff, a lot of peo made a nigger walk in fr "Maybe it's what I shou Duff said.

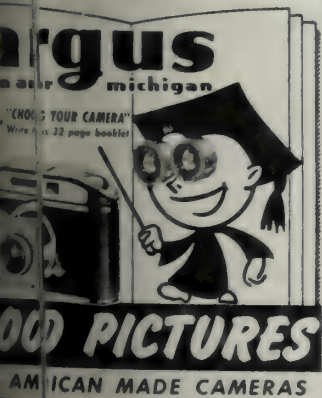
"Yes, sir, I guess tha When we come near ar wishing you had. It did you walking and me ridi uncomfortably. "The tre I guess I better tell you, scious of being a black r man's world. That's why because I thought things A colored man can ride man on a streetcar, and he wants at a picture s hesitancy about voting— you to vote.

"What they do up yor cede the colored man a l and a little more there, b forget he's a colored ma remind him, by a look o

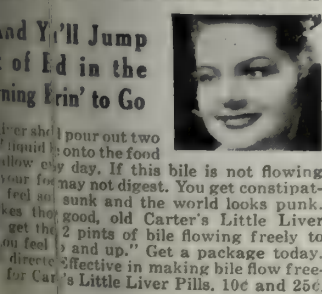


"There's a fellow outside who wants a job as gua Shall we put him on in place of the guard he got k

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day. You can make money, but it costs you more to live, and anyway I got to wanting to see some bird-dog running, so when it all added up I just came on home."

"You got your mind on the wrong kind of things," Duff said.

"It ain't that I want what they call social equality. It's just that I couldn't get away from the feeling that I was unclean, untouchable, or something. That's what I've been running from all my life, the feeling that I'm a filthy animal of some kind. That's why I worked so hard at school, and tried to read and learn, so I'd feel superior, but it didn't do any good."

"Maybe you don't know it, but when you put your hand on my shoulder, feeling for the place, you did something a lot of people wouldn't do, even if I had been dying. When we were going home my shoulder was hurting, and I was embarrassed to be riding while you walked, and my thoughts kept running around in circles, and I remembered how I used to think about that verse they read in church, something about 'as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it also to me,' and I used to wonder if they read that in the white folks' church. But I just want to be sure I'm human. I appreciate what you did today, Mister Duff."

"Next time I better let you walk, if it's going to put all that in your head."

"No, sir, I don't believe you'd let me walk. And it helped get a lot of stuff out of my head is what it did."

"Well, hurry up and get well then. We've got dogs to break."

Duff went on to town and Amos Hawthorne's house, in response to Lucie's note. The house was quiet, and he guessed that Lucie had gone out for the moment. It was after dark, and the light in the hall was on. Duff went in, wishing that he could see Lucie and find out what the note meant.

"Lucie?" called old Amos from his bedroom.

"It's me," Duff said. "I heard you wanted me."

"Come in here."

Duff stepped into the sickroom. Amos had hunched himself up to a semisitting position, his head thrust forward as he tried to see.

"Lock the door, Webster," Amos ordered.

"What for?" Duff asked curiously.

"I want to talk to you," Amos said. "Private."

DUFF turned the key in the door. Behind him, he heard the old man say, softly, "I see you now. I can make you out. Look around here, slow. Don't make no quick move."

Duff turned and looked into the gaping muzzle of the double-barreled gun Amos Hawthorne held dead on him. "Look out with that thing!" Duff said, alarmed. "What you think you're doing?"

"Don't move, Webster. Just don't move. I can make you out plain enough to blow you in two."

Duff stood frozen, his back pressed against the door he had locked. "What's got into you?" he demanded.

"You was out with her last night. Late. Three o'clock," said Amos, with cold anger.

"No," Duff said.

"Dr. Phillips seen you. And Lucie done admitted as much."

Now, suddenly, Duff remembered the automobile headlights that flashed in their faces as they crossed the bridge. So that had been Dr. Phillips, returning from attending the poliomyelitis case. With his left hand behind him, Duff felt for the key, saying, "No, there's something wrong."

"Ain't nothing wrong," Amos snapped.

"You better git away from that door. Take two steps to your left. Not but two. This gun's loaded with buckshot."

And you intend to use them, too, Duff thought, moving two steps from the locked door.

Amos said, "I know what you and her was doing, out till three o'clock!" Now his voice had a bitter, vengeful note.

"You're crazy!"

"I ain't crazy. That's what you thought—thought I was crazy, and you could git away with what-all you been doing! But now you see you didn't quite git away with it!"

"Wait a minute. Put that gun up," Duff said, sweating. "Let's straighten this out some."

"Too late fer talking, Webster! I warned you and you never listened. It's just too late fer talking!" Amos said, his breath whistling fiercely. "Now it's time to—"

DUFF dived to the floor, near the foot of the bed, just before the gun roared. A splintered, fist-sized hole appeared on the wall where he had stood. A glass fell from the mantel and broke. The thin maze of gun smoke hung suspended, and the sweetish smell of it reached Duff on the floor where he lay trying to hold the sound of his breath from Amos' listening ears.

The bed stirred. "I see you, Webster," said Amos. "And I got another barrel."

Duff lay motionlessly, waiting for someone to come and investigate the noise. Nobody came. He dared not move, for he knew the hypersensitive ears of the old man would catch the faintest rustle of clothes or creak of a floor board. And that Amos would shoot at the first sound.

"I see you," Amos repeated. "Lying there on the floor. You might as well git up."

If you saw me, Duff thought, you'd be shooting that other barrel, not talking.

Two courses seemed open to him. The first was to crawl to the door, and try to unlock it and get out before Amos shot. Next to impossible, that course. The other was to crawl around to Amos' side, and touch off the second trigger of the gun. The trouble was, if one board creaked he would be as good as dead.

This thought induced another one. With excruciating slowness, Duff drew his right leg up and painstakingly untied his shoelace. He took off the shoe. Then, taking a deep, hopeful breath, he tossed the shoe to the other side of the room.

"Hah!" Amos exclaimed triumphantly, swiftly swinging the gun toward the sound. The gun roared, and Duff's shoe jumped. Duff sprang up and unlocked the door.

He was opening the front gate when Lucie drove up and got out, her arms full of groceries.

"Hello," she said brightly. "How long—why, Duff, what's wrong? What's happened?"

"Look," Duff said, holding her wrist. "Paul broke his collarbone this afternoon. When he gets well enough to ride again, I'll really have to be leaving. There will be trouble if I stay longer."

When he told her what had happened in the house, Lucie began crying, and finally she said, "Yes, I guess maybe you had better go. I guess it's the only thing to do." She looked into Duff's eyes. "Please try to forgive him. He's stubborn and unreasonable and all. But he loves me, Duff, and that's why he did it."

NEXT day, Amos revived somewhat from the relapse the incident with Duff had left him in. He lay still, his harness-leather face and mud-gray hair

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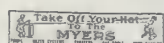
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and dark glasses raised on two white pillows.

"How's things at the kennels?" he asked.

"Fine enough," said Lucie. She was pale. "Wesley's been trying to find us a Negro boy to help out until Paul can ride."

"Webster gone?" Amos said.

"Yes," she lied.

"Didn't skip out with nothing wasn't his, did he?" Amos asked sharply.

"No, Squire."

"It's a wonder." Presently he said, "How's Sam?"

"Fine."

"You ain't letting him git fat?"

"Not a bit of it."

"They seeing to his feet?"

"Look," Lucie said suddenly, "why don't you let me bring Sam in tomorrow? He'll be company. Okay?"

AMOS snorted. "I don't want no dog in this house. It's plenty enough to work all your life trainin' 'em and feedin' 'em and runnin' 'em, without bringin' 'em into your bedroom like one of them little dish-faced Pekingeses."

But Lucie brought Sam into town anyway, and led him into the old trainer's bedroom. Amos heard the dog's toenails clicking on the floor, and he demanded:

"Lucie, have you brung a dog into this house?"

"Just Sam," she said.

"Aye dammit," he began, "it's gittin' to where . . ." his long skeletal fingers went over the dog's head and slid down his shoulder. Sam's fine-cut head was slightly raised as he scented the medicinal taint on the old familiar hand. The dog relaxed, grinned, and stood there while Amos' fingers inspected him. "Gittin' to where . . . Lucie, he's got fat on these ribs."

"Just a touch. Tomorrow I'll have Wesley put him in harness and road him a while," she said.

Then she added, "If you're through with him I'll take him on out."

"Wait a minute," Amos said, "I want to see . . ." He kept sliding his hand over the dog's back and neck, as if looking for some sign of improper conditioning. Lucie went out quietly and shut the door.

Next day she forgot to bring Ambling Sam into town.

"Where's Sam at?" Amos asked.

"Out at the kennel," she answered.

"What's the matter with him?" he demanded. "Why don't you want me to see him? He been on one of his fighting sprees?"

"Why he's fine. Nothing wrong with Sam."

"Yes, there is. You cain't fool me."

"No, Squire. He's okay. I'll bring him tonight and show you, huh?"

Amos relaxed, muttering. "Well, all right. But you be sure he comes in. I ain't goan let a valuable dog like that go down without my knowing it."

After that, Ambling Sam spent part of every day in Amos Hawthorne's room, and a ritual developed: On being brought in, Sam would trot with restrained pleasure to the bedside, and Amos then went into his act of pretending to feel the dog's shoulders and legs and even the pads of his feet; and when it was over and he was through surreptitiously petting Sam, the pointer went to a corner and went to sleep.

ON THE same day that Wesley's new handler showed up for work at the kennels, Ambling Sam got in one of his fighting moods. Sam's usual disposition was fairly peace-loving, but occasionally he became irritable and took offense if any other dog brushed against him or even walked too close to him. On this day a puppy in the same pen tried to play with him, and jumped up on him, and Sam turned on him with

lightning savagery, throwing the younger dog against the kennel wire and biting him from one end to the other. Lucie and Wesley came running, shouting at the dogs without effect. Wesley grabbed the water bucket and drenched the snarling dogs, and that ended the fight.

"For an old grandpa like you," Wesley panted angrily at Sam, "you sho does act puppified sometimes!"

"Alf," said Lucie to the new colored boy who stood outside staring, "take this old fool and put him in that empty pen and let him cool off for a few days."

The new boy, Alf, led Sam down toward the end of the kennel yard, in the direction of the empty pen Lucie had pointed out to him.

"Ain't you shame yourself, a-fighting and a-fussing like that?" he asked the now quietly panting bird dog.

There were two pens in which no dogs were in sight. Alf hesitated momentarily, then chose the end pen because it seemed to have more warm sunlight. He opened the gate and Sam walked slowly in.

For a while Sam stood at the fence and watched the preparations for the morning hunt. Now the horses were saddled and the hunting wagon was being loaded with the dogs that would be worked. Finally the caravan pulled out, Lucie and Wesley going in one direction, Duff taking the new boy with him to the north.

With only a faint interest, Sam inspected the punishment pen into which he had been thrust, sniffing one post after another and following the usual ritual. Finally he entered the kennel house; instantly his manner became one of challenge, for the dog Judas lay asleep in one corner. Judas stirred and raised his head, then was on his feet instantly, and there was no father-and-son love between the two dogs.

Sam advanced stiff-legged, tail and hackles up. Judas came to meet him. No preliminary argument took place; one moment later they were whirling in battle. Half locked, they rolled out the door into the yard. They now fought silently, not growling. Blood spread its red stain upon them and upon the ground. In silence the to-the-death combat went on. Sam's teeth closed on Judas' upper jaw, some of them stabbing the roof of his mouth. Judas

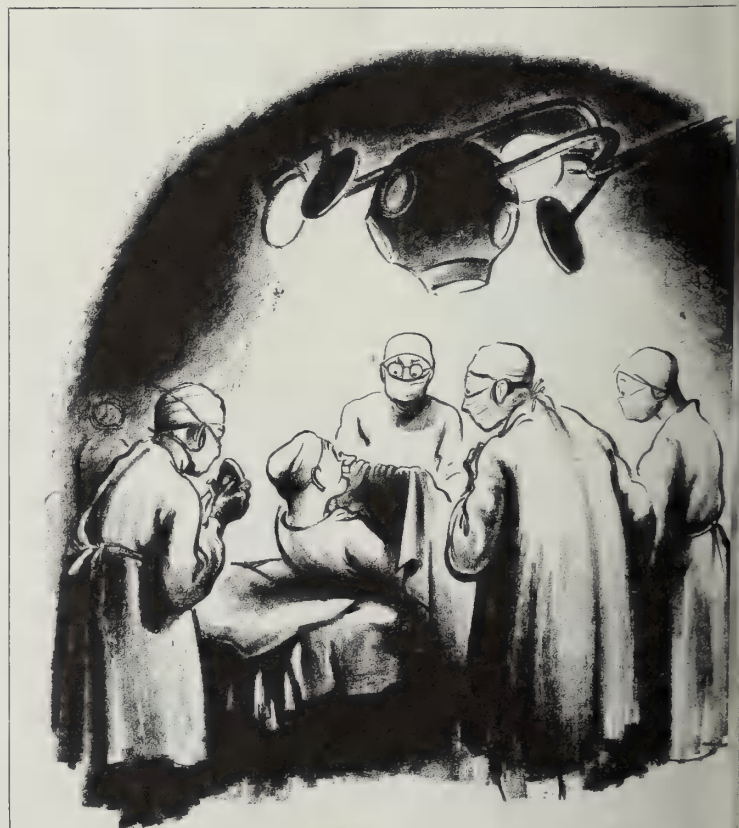
whirled, flung the older dog struck quickly at the back neck.

From that moment on Amos was dying, but he kept fighting. He could not rise. Even as he lay out of him he was trying to get onto Judas' foot. Then he relaxed, and his hemorrhage slid out of his mouth onto the pink earth, sand partly to it; and his glassy eyes slowly closed. A few blowflies with their stinks found him and were around him almost before he was breathing. For a few moments he stood at the scene of his pat he limped to the kennel house and licking his wounds.

He was still engaged in work when the tragedy was over. When Lucie came she gave a deeply painful gasp, and she thought of the innocent cause of it all.

THEY buried Sam down in the woods pasture, where he had been laid under without ceremony. Afterward Lucie quietly retied the vase of blue flowers. Before the place she heard a voice that Wesley had come back to her. She saw him there and not satisfied to bury Sam with a sort of funeral speech. Wesley said:

. . . and he was jest a do such a dog as ain't never yeah green earth. 'Scuse me please recollect he was a C kind of a bird dog, didn't habits 'cept a little tough den, didn't suck eggs, didn't body, didn't bark at white never loaf on de job w workin'. Well, here he com no common field hand like what kind of 'rangements yonder, and maybe dey ai ance made for dogs and s time I heard bird-dog folk a thousand miles long a wide, and dey ain't no brie snakes, and it ain't never never ground-froze, and golden birds with sapphire don't run and dey don't fl ain't no night to spoil de



"Mind if I watch? I'm taking a course in first aid"

de dogs in; an dat's where
o when dey die. . .
if you got de huntin'
a place as dat, now you
d bird dog to turn loose
'scuse me for tryin' to
it old Jingo and Crazy
e and Sioux and John
ch as them is up there,
nobody to tell you what
is. . . But Lawd, some
git fed up wid lookin'
seein' de world wranglin'
r-ruckusin', take old Sam
i against de best you got
ee if he don't have you
. . . I thanks you, Lawd

on, Amos said to Lucie,
n at?"
e running him this af-
e said unhappily.
e day Amos was nervous
d nothing pleased him.
ay Lucie had to think
lie, and she told him
een taken to the veteri-

ortentously to a sitting
W t ails him?"
Lucie said. "He's just be-
or, sort of."
Lucie and Duff and Wes-
ference.

dy got to think of some-
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y without seeing him, he
t live with. Not that he

os as practically blind, the
s try substituting another
d Ambling Sam. After
e sly, they selected a five-
g named Piggot's Red Devil.
it is an outright sacrilege
substitute for old Sam, for
afte gopher-digging, brain-
his size and conforma-
et the same as Sam's
we more important than
lity

following morning Wesley
d in town, and handed the
ie. He patted the dog nerv-
ed in into the house. Out-
roo she hesitated, changing
ome hand to the other.

Take 'er Down!

Continued from page 13

considerably when, sud-
eard noise that sounded as
eboy was rapping on the
nins. Mates Rosacher and
re plying cards in the con-
with woman Pasanettie and
ol. Rosacher said the enemy
ly pked us up and some
book on. Any minute we
omely to open the hatch
ome out boys, the jig's up.
n ho: later I called a con-
all th officers. I also called
Pet Officer, a man named
e dealed that we'd make
et aw come moonset. The
ed u some warm canned
anne fruit and made very
k cofe. We allowed some
esca into the boat. We
be alt and ready for any-

uch owing, pumping and
e got nder way for an an-
whi we acquired, after a
eat fdness. Finally when
t eno h, we surfaced. En-
Forbe said we certainly gave
hour of hell and everybody
d the nsion relaxed."
adventure was not yet over.

Red stood indifferently, his tail wagging slightly.

"Gee," Lucie whispered to Wesley, "I wish it were only a couple of leopards or something in there."

She took a breath, then turned the knob of the door. A chemical sickroom smell drifted out; the shades were down, the winter sunlight breaking through one or two holes in them, to be caught in the dotted-Swiss curtain Lucie had made. Amos was dozing as the table radio reported farm prices from Montgomery.

"Hah?" Amos said, stirring.

"Squire," Lucie said, wetting her lips, "here he is."

"Who?"

"Here's your dog."

Red now moved forward, sniffing the sheets and the table of medicine bottles. Amos' groping hand found the dog and slid over his shoulders slowly, caressingly. Lucie watched in agony, thinking: *The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.* After a seemingly interminable time, Amos said, "He ain't got as much fat."

"Better, huh? We've been roading him, like I said."

Amos grunted, and there was nothing in his face to indicate whether or not he was suspicious. After a while, he grumbled, "A house ain't no place for no bird dog."

"Want me to take him out?" she asked hopefully.

Amos' brown hand tightened against the dog. "Might as well let him stay, since you brung him," he said.

When released, Red made a tour of the room, sniffing at every strange object. "What's the matter with you, Sam?" Amos asked, listening. "You act like you ain't never been in this room before, walking around sniffing and acting curious. Ain't nothing changed since last week."

"He's just looking around to be doing something," Lucie said.

Amos said absently, "Yeah . . . yeah. Well, go on about your business."

Outside, Wesley waited for the report, tricklets of sweat on his neck. "Did we git by wid it?"

Lucie tilted her head. "Like a breeze," she said.

(To be continued next week)



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rapidly down, out of sight. We hung about for seven minutes and dived in case enemy warships might be hiding in the gloom about us. The torpedoed ship was out of sight before we dived. Later we surfaced again. We went toward the spot to seek survivors or wreckage. We found none . . .

"I have a case of buck fever . . . carefully searched for other ships. Then we headed westward."

The men had received word calmly that hostilities had begun with Japan. Their first orders stated merely that war had started and to govern themselves accordingly. Then came word that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. At first nobody believed it and when the news was confirmed the opinion aboard ship was that the Japs were crazy to have tackled Uncle Samuel.

"It turned out," commented Chapple in a letter which I received from him supplementing the hasty notes I had made of his diary, "that they weren't so crazy. . . ."

The only change in the routine aboard was that the men seemed more alert, more eager. The torpedomen caressed their weapons with greater care. They spat on every one for luck. Once they came upon a merchantman and were about to fire when they discovered it was a friendly target. They sighted numerous British, Dutch, American and Filipino cargo carriers.

On December 10th came word of the bombing of Manila and most of the crew had friends there and wondered worriedly how their friends had fared in the attacks. The Filipino mess boys particularly were worried. The succession of ships the submarine encountered only increased the eagerness to "get" an enemy.

The Crew Elated

When they finally shot their first ship on the 12th, the men's spirits rose to that restrained excitement that is the high point of emotions aboard a submarine. In the pigboats excitement is something you feel but never express. In these ships, a maximum of deadly machinery in a minimum of space, the innards of a bull compressed into the dimensions of a greyhound, drama reaches a climax in an incident such as this:

"The men were as elated as I was," writes Chapple, "about shooting our first vessel. We were all keen to get any other ship that might be coming to join this one. Everyone wanted details concerning the ship which I wasn't able to supply."

"Seaman Reynolds, always very punctilious about addressing me, who always said 'Good evenin', Captain' or 'Good mornin', Captain,' greeted me this evening with 'Nice shot, Captain.' Signalman Coleman remarked: 'As the man who was about to be hanged said, that'll be a lesson to that bird, for coming into our area . . . ' which didn't mean very much but which was indicative of the efforts at self-control which the men exercised."

Came days of routine surfacing and diving and exploratory work and then, finally, the orders that sent Chapple on his mission. From the position of the Japanese invading fleet supplied to Chapple, he saw at once that he could not possibly intercept the main body of the invading force before it entered the protective shallows and reefs of the invasion bay. He so wrote in his log:

"I believe from the position of the enemy given us we will be unable to intercept him before he enters gulf."

It turned out his calculations were accurate.

The dawn-to-moonset game of hide and seek with the enemy cost the submarine a bent propeller. Scraping about on the uneven bottom and that upward slide on what must have been a sharply

angled mudbank when it seemed the boat was determined to come to the surface amidst a score of Jap destroyers, damaged the ship. Result was the propeller turned off-center and made a terrific racket, increasing many times the chances of being picked up by the vigilant enemy's sound detectors.

For two hours Chapple threaded his way through dangerous coral reefs before he dared come to the surface. The following day, after several hours spent in charging batteries on the surface, the lookout sighted an enemy patrol.

"Take 'er Down Again"

"Take her down," Chapple shouted, and she sank where she lay, without forward movement. All that day they lay on the bottom, resting, sleeping and keeping very quiet indeed. After sunset the submarine rose again to charge batteries and give the men fresh air. The ship, crippled but still game, had not yet completed her mission. Chapple wrote:

"On Wednesday, at 5:12 A. M. we made a stationary dive and started touring the area southward. I had planned to locate enemy transports and make an attack just before sunset. At 11:27 A. M. through the periscope, I sighted six enemy transports under way and headed south. But the ships were too far away. We bobbed up during the morning for a quick look."

"Off the south coast, in the bay, there was a large red flag on a buoy. This buoy was a little on our quarter when the following events occurred: There was one destroyer in the distance, no patrol boats. We were in about 23 fathoms of water. At 11:52 A. M. a bomb or shallow mine exploded. This shock put the control room depth gauges temporarily out of commission. We got readings from the fathometer aft, however, and relayed these by word of mouth, the length of the ship to the control room and bridge. We dropped down."

"We had planned, my second in command, Lieutenant Melhop and I, to lay low until the transports anchored and then wade in amongst them after dark. But it wasn't to be. That Jap destroyer came and started working over us. They'd undoubtedly picked up the sounds of the terrific explosion I mentioned earlier, the one that crippled our main depth gauges."

"We headed north. We stopped all machinery except the bow planes that guided the ship's depth. We used evasion tactics (secret). At 12:05 P. M. we received three depth charges to port, at 12:08 five to starboard. By 12:09 we were in deeper water lying on the bottom. At 12:23 we received four charges to starboard, one charge to starboard at 12:26. At 12:30 drove full speed ahead on all motors."

Chapple, with his noisy propeller, was taking a desperate chance to try to get away. Those depth charges were coming closer at every moment. The submarine rang like a boiler filled with compressed air and struck by a steel maul at regular and successively louder intervals.

"At 12:45 four depth charges exploded to starboard."

Chapple signaled for a dead stop and the submarine halted, settled to the bottom. The Japs were tossing batteries of ash cans. There were some at 12:47, a few more 12 minutes later and again at 1:01 P. M. Twenty-eight depth charges burst in the vicinity of the hunted pigboat in the space of 43 minutes, each sending vibrations through the craft that shook it like a hooked marlin and that sounded like thunderclaps as you'd heard thunderclaps deep in the sea.

The men were taut. "Well," one said, "there's another present. They're getting close." And then one said, "Merry

Christmas, boys," and men's throats relaxed.

At approximately 5:00 P. M. the propeller noises and sounds the cans—Navy make as they slice through the water—had died down. By about 5 o'clock man McNeal, in the control room, said: "All clear all around."

At that precise moment somebody snapped back: "Get that all-clear stuff."

McNeal looked puzzled, looking very apologetic. The Japs were pushing sailboats. And maybe

Throughout that day, the blowers stopped and the heat beyond human endurance.

"We surfaced at 10:00 A. M. danger from enemy craft. The submarine had been about 18 hours. I ordered, from battery room. I also gave the order for a dive."

At that moment an explosion in the after battery compartment. I return again to Chapple for simple understatement of heroism, cannot be surmised.

"I went below," Chapple wrote, "and into the battery compartment. There were no small fires elsewhere as if canvas. The compartment covered the top of the compartment was in great confusion. I blew out some of the Electrician's. Howard L. Buck and I went in and rubber boots to E. C. Harbin, Chief Mechanic, who was injured."

"Buck and I went in and then Machinist's Mate Ross lifted Harbin into the engine room. Two others went in. Buck conducted an extraordinary coolness. An entry has been made in his record. Same entry for Ross."

In the Navy's books the same entry and the same for one Moon Chapple Billings, Montana.

Aground Und Water

That night found Chapple exhausted and crippled. He was moving at less than half speed on the engine. The other engine Chapple remained on his second looked after administered morphine men. Because of her being generally crippled Chapple wanted to try to leave surface, using his Diesel attempt the risky run through the reefs. Or quit the Jap-filled gulf."

"At about 2:15 A. M. Japanese destroyers, "about two miles off," let them pass and he went to get clear—enemy was too far away power of our submarine. We were unable to propeller gave off a tractor falling down a nyon."

"At 3:46 we sighted a destroyer. We turned to At 3:48 we were obliged enemy was approaching At 3:50 three depth charges close aboard."

"The destroyer began to follow. He didn't use pinger close. We tried what could with low battery peller which was very

ch where I hoped to find could rest on the bottom. night long.

the following morning and a very steep bank actually a seventy-degree apted to rest there, but marine slid off the hill to use the motors occa- climb. For three hours stood on end. I had to although this gave us enemy. I had to avoid a depth as would burst After three hours of at- nb the bank, we leveled urway and headed south-

round again that after- 1:40 and for some inex- we couldn't take her off. e loose and started sink- urle to check the subma-

dangerous waters, sur-

rounded by reefs and uncharted subsea promontories, Chapple took a desperate chance, the only means he could employ to save the lives of his crew and his boat. He surfaced in daylight at 2 P. M., when he expected there would be swarms of enemy craft on the sea. His diary says:

"We found ourselves on a reef. Nothing was in sight. We picked up what we thought might be two destroyers on the other side of the reef, ten or twelve miles distant. We tried to dive to hide from the enemy. It was too shallow and we hit bottom with a heavy thump. We tried to go ahead but ran aground again. We surfaced and went ahead at normal speed on all engines. The two destroyers turned out to be auxiliary craft which we started to outrun, but which, apparently, never sighted us. At 4:23 P. M. we dived and headed for Manila. We arrived the next day, operation concluded.

THE END

Chapple Writes About Himself

Billings, Montana, in 1935 my boy was born in Billings, but unfortunately I was not present at the launching. I received a telegram from my father on my son's birth: "Six pounds, eleven ounces and all man." He later wrote that the boy looked like me but not to worry about it, that he might outgrow it.

From the sub I went to the Naval Academy, for 3 months, as assistant B squad coach in football. I enjoyed very much working with the midshipmen. Lieutenant T. J. Hamilton was then head coach at the Naval Academy. From there I went to the U.S.S. Pike which was then commanded by Lieutenant Commander H. H. McLean, as Assistant Engineering Officer, and later Engineering Officer, with collateral duties of reading over all orders written by Captain McLean, who claimed that if I could understand the order anybody could.

Leaving the Pike I went to the Naval Academy for two years, where I took an engineering course for Operating Engineers. While there I tried to help Spike Webb with the boxers and coached an intramural football team. During the time off that I had, my wife, child and I spent our leaves with my family in Montana. After leaving Annapolis I went aboard the U.S.S. Perch (since lost), a submarine somewhat similar to the Pike and under the command of Lieutenant D. A. Hurt. The 14th Submarine Division made the cruise from Pearl Harbor to Manila and established some sort of a record for submarines cruising in formation at high speed, under the command of Captain John Wilkes, now Commander Submarines Asiatic Fleet. We left, shortly after I joined the ship, for the Asiatic Station. One of the chief pleasures I had on this vessel was telling stories about the way it used to be on the Asiatic Station. Of course when we arrived we found everything had changed. From the Perch I went to the U.S.S. Tarpon for six months, under Lieutenant Commander W. W. Weeden. On the Perch I was Engineering Officer and on the Tarpon, Executive Officer and Navigator. At last, on the Tarpon, I was determined to lose the blisters on my hands. On November, 1940, I took command of my first submarine.

My wife Grace, and my boy Michell Wreford Chapple, I have not seen in about a year and 3 months. At the age of four my boy climbed up and down ladders on the Perch and was rapidly being inducted into submarine life by the men on the submarines on which I served. He never had the chance to go aboard his daddy's first command.

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The Great Exhumation

Continued from page 22

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taste



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Henrich has been moved into Class 1-A and will go soon. Brooklyn's Bums have lost Lavagetto and Corbitt, promising shortstop recruit, and Don Padgett, bought last winter from St. Louis, has been taken, and the management is keeping its fingers crossed on "Pete" Reiser, National League batting champion; and Peewee Reese, flashy young shortstop. The clubs hardest hit are those who can least afford it, the seventh-place Washingtons and the tail-end Athletics of 1941.

But one must look at 1918 instead of 1917 to get a proper picture of wartime conditions. By the time the abbreviated 1918 season was over, the entire baseball structure was rocking. Everything was knocked topsy-turvy. The White Sox, champions in 1917, crashed to sixth. The Cubs, fifth in 1917, won the National League pennant even without the services of Grover Cleveland Alexander, who was in the Army. The minor-league field was reduced to nine circuits, with only the International League limping along with the majors to a Labor Day closing.

It was in the training season of 1918 that the players realized it was no longer to be baseball as usual. In March, the Germans released their last great offensive which took their forces almost to the gates of Paris. Many ballhawks suddenly developed a desire to exchange their bats for rifles and to fasten their lean throwing fingers around the late Kaiser's neck, for the average baseball player is just as patriotic and liberty-loving as any other red-blooded American. General Crowder's "Work or Fight" order hastened some into the services, but others went without any prodding.

A strong detachment of Boston Red Sox, Manager Jack Barry, pitchers Ernie Shore and Herb Pennock, third baseman Mike McNally and outfielders Duffy Lewis, Jimmy Walsh and Chick Shorten, had enlisted in the Navy the winter before. Shore, a graduate of Wake Forest College in North Carolina, was the only player to win an officer's commission in the Navy, while Dick Hoblitzel, the Red Sox first baseman, won a commission in the Army.

Grover Alexander, Bob Shawkey, Rabbit Maranville, Leon Cadore, Urban Shocker and Ray Fisher put on Uncle Sam's khaki or blue early in the season of 1918, but the great influx of players into the armed forces came shortly after July 4th, when Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, George Sisler, Eppa Rixey, Wally Pipp, Rube Marquard, Dutch Leonard and lesser lights joined the colors.

Baseball's Gold Star Men

At the time of the Armistice, the American League listed 144 men in the services, 83 in the Army, 41 in the Navy and 20 in the Marines and Aviation. The National League broke up its 103 service men as 42 drafted by the Army, 22 Army volunteers, 32 Navy volunteers, and seven Aviation volunteers. In addition to losing Captain Eddie Grant, a former Red, Philly and Giant player, in the fighting in the Argonne Forest, the old league hung out another gold star for Private Marcus Milligan, a rookie Pirate pitcher, killed in an aviation accident. Pitcher Elmer Ponder, of the same club, a war aviator, won the French Service Cross for valor.

Branch Rickey and Percy Haughton, presidents of the Cardinals and Braves respectively, in 1918, were commissioned majors in the Gas and Flame

Division. Christy Mathewson, manager of the Reds, and Ty Cobb also won captain's shoulder straps in the Chemical Warfare Service. Eddie Collins, Speaker and Pipp went into the Marines. John McGraw, manager of the Giants; Hughie Jennings, head man of the Tigers; and Johnny Evers, formerly of the Cubs and Braves, went in as Knights of Columbus workers, Jennings getting overseas. The present Tiger manager, Del Baker, was a young gob in 1918.

The real hero of the war in baseball circles was Hank Gowdy, who joined up almost as soon as war started. He came out as a color sergeant and the athletic field at Camp Benning, Ga., is named Hank Gowdy Field in his honor. Gabby Street, Walter Johnson's battery mate and later manager of the Cardinals and Browns, was only a few jumps behind Hank and enlisted in the regulars. Like Gowdy, he saw plenty of action and didn't win his present nickname, the "Old Sarge," doing kitchen police. "Moose" McCormick, on the Giants' retired list, won an early captain's commission at Plattsburg, was among the first to reach France in 1917, and smacked some telling pinch hits against the Kaiser.

As the big leaguers went to war or to the shipyards, an odd lot of old-timers, misfits and odds and ends were brought in to fill their places. The names of players long washed up reappeared in the major-league box scores. The fact that the Pacific Coast League shut down on July 14th, and the American Association a week later also gave the big leagues a chance to employ experienced players for the closing weeks of their respective races. The Giants closed the war season with old Jay Kirke on first base, and the Yankees employed two discarded National League pinch hitters and utility men, Ham Hyatt and John Hummel, in the outfield. Lefty Hank Robinson, another Pirate and Cardinal discard, became a pitcher for the Yanks.

Unless you know how long these men had been out of big-time baseball, it

will be difficult to judge what happened to the sport when the Browns unfurled their flag, the former Pirates as much as if Art Nehls were called by the Giants, or as Combs were to be the fielder again.

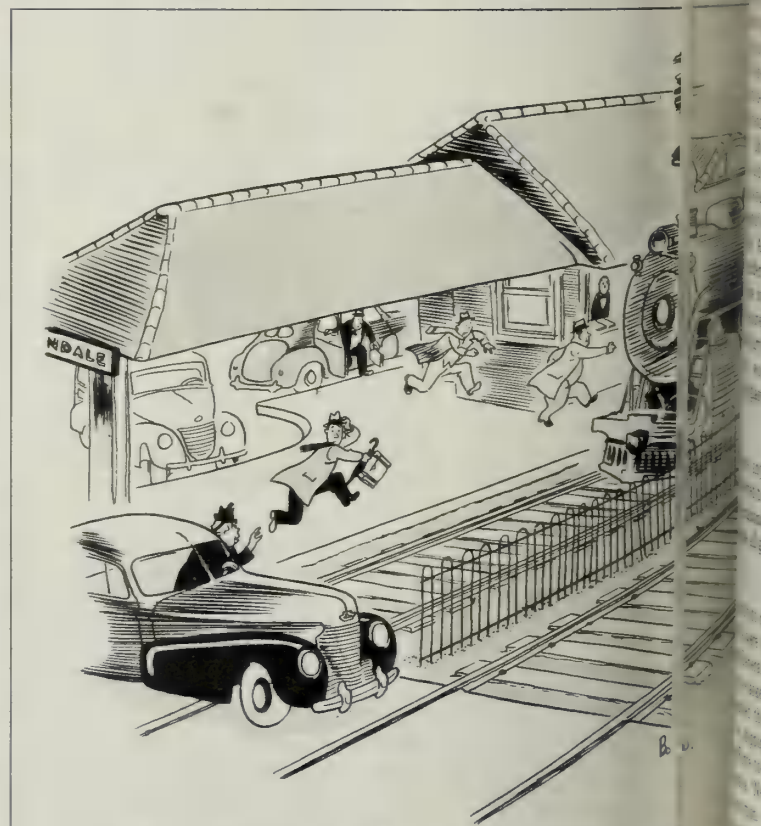
Cleveland exhumed old Washington right fielder, erstwhile Cincinnati Reds catcher. Both had been in the majors. On the same basis, no one was surprised by the recall of Los Angeles, or Paul Hanks, a former catcher for Brooklyn, to active duty as a player.

The Boston Red Sox now graduate manager of Fordham, at third base, find was old George Burns, who had failed with the Yankees. He had been with the White Sox in the World Series. He finished for all the Red Sox spectacular catches of the year was back in the minor leagues following year.

Old Guys Who Came Back

The sight of Hammondsport pinch hitter, a former Brooklyn utility player, lining the garden for something that men had never seen. Between them, they averaged approximately eight feet of other clubs were equally hard.

The most engaging concern Jack Quinn, a man of extreme maturity. After years in the Federal Reserve, he was in the minor leagues by the White Sox after the Pacific League closed, and he was not only a good enough to win the old men's competition, winning five out of six kept going after the season ended with Brooklyn.



"Don't worry, dear—I won't let them move until you are on!"

ld Jack was over fifty when his last major-league game. used Joe Wood, the former tching ace, in ninety-five ht field. Washington came nk Schulte, old "Wildfire" us Cubs. Jimmy Archer, catcher of the same club, with both the Reds and The Browns even had Leon Ames, McGraw's old hard-Detroit dug up Art Griggs after he had been out of years, and the Cubs found e old Philly roly-poly sec- Otto Knabe.

other old-timers were d into harness and urged air aching bones over the Take our word for it that t war lasts, the familiar ng in old haunts will sur- he chances that Frankie mmy Dykes will wearily ges again in the infield are air. Leo Durocher may oudest but he will be out is his shrill and insulting epeats what happened in Pearl Harbor, Joe Cronin, of the Red Sox, talked of re- ting his shortstop job over Pesky. Before the fight- may be bringing in Eddie om the front office to play se of speculation, let us as- are Connie Mack and t just trooped off to war. ge, they are all gone, and tnd a new team. Where t for it? Well, you might as me that old Bob Grove re games in his system, agnst the new competition g pace. If you looked down

into the minor leagues you might be interested in such pitchers as George Blaeholder and "Feets" Marcum, who have been starring in the American Association for many years. In the Pacific Coast League you would find Sam Gibson and Win Ballou at San Francisco, Barrett at Seattle and Herbert at San Diego. They are no longer young, but they do well in their respective circuits and will be plenty fast enough for the major-league pace they're going to see.

Even Dizzy Might Oblige

The prospect of seeing the Big Bambino, Babe Ruth, back in harness would almost be enough to make the war worth-while, but his health prevents that. However, we would see the other Great Babe, the one and inimitable Babe Herman, who is still bashing fences for Hollywood in the Coast League and fielding almost like a wizard, all canards to the contrary.

Charley Gehringer may think he is through, and history may tell him otherwise. Don't be too sure you won't see Dolph Luque surrendering his coaching job with the Giants and coming in late in the game to throw that old curve at the gentry. And last but not least, does anybody think Dizzy Dean is going to be so unpatriotic as to pack that famous soupbone in cotton and refuse to unfurl it for the acclaim of the multitude?

It may not be the best baseball we're going to see, but it will be sentimentally sound. The show will go on and our hearts will be in it as strongly as ever. —But don't let anybody tell you things are going on as they are. There will be some changes, my hearties!

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

rafts into the United States he been assigned to non- t dir. To save embarrass- oth the Irish and the Japanese y something of their children, ed it to disclose their names. he woman wept consider- n friend the Japanese as then off to the concentra- and old Mrs. de Zuche that om her best friend was a dis- tence indeed. "She was a fine he then," said the Irish- Mrs. de Zuche assures us that bably significant of something. n't think of what. All it means at the whole incident adds but ord two to the overwhelm- ce that this is a screwy world, to a murderous fury by a de- politician who would look ly atome in a glass jar in a ouse.

even you have any doubt, an v just referred to is Hit- ve been told occasionally not h but's time we all got a bit

E would patiently to name a t of own. We were talking ter of the Army General Staff. eep things going we asked him ould be announced that the States could be shipping an Expeditionary Force to Eng- ca, Astor Australia. "Never," e with great conviction. But ded him that several news re- ve revealed the presence of an army: two in foreign coun- We shall never again send an

A.E.F.," he repeated. "From now on such contingents will be officially known as Task Forces." And that's our grievance. Task Forces! We don't know who invented that watery substitute for Expeditionary Force but we suspect that he wears pulse warmers, sleeps with the window shut and drinks cambric tea. We have a great many other thoughts on the subject. For example, why not call our overseas forces Protest Groups or something equally spirited. We got to discussing it with Mr. Charles Colebaugh, the managing editor of this magazine. "Ah," said Mr. Colebaugh, "but think of the theme song—A Tisket, A Tasket; My Little Luncheon Basket."

AND if it weren't for ethics or something we'd publish here the name of a private in the United States Army Air Corps who advises us that Hurd Barrett, author of *Rush Job*, a short story we recently published, doesn't know what he's writing about. The tale had it that the test pilot "suddenly cut his switches, twenty feet from the ground, at eighty-five miles an hour, and the big three-bladed propellers ceased to turn." Our private contends that this can't be done, that the propellers would not cease to turn and that he and other student fliers want to know the answer, hating "to call Mr. Barrett a liar." All we know about the matter is that Mr. Barrett is Captain William Hurd Barrett of the United States Army Air Force and a pretty famous aeronautical engineer. But then, we knew more than our captain, too.

AND proved it—once. . . .

W. D.

"STILL SMOKING

THOSE OLD-FASHIONED
CIGARETTES, COLONEL?

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REGENT!*



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**COSTS NO MORE
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*The only modern cigarette
with ALL the modern features!*

Hillbilly Judy

Continued from page 17



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and wears pigtales is a yokel. By the same reasoning only a clown could sing Pagliacci.

When the propaganda first spread in New York to the effect that Judy was great as a hillbilly because she was merely playing herself, she said, "Brother, you are making history with them true and beautiful remarks. We walked up here from Florida in our bare feet, subsisting on betel nuts and the bark of trees along the way. It took two traffic cops, a bouncer and a plain-clothes dick to hold me down while they got shoes on me."

In short, Judy is a hillbilly from Jacksonville, Florida, and we will find a summons for libel in our mail box in the morning from the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce. The Unadilla residence came when she was an infant in arms and is remembered only because Judy is no fool. You don't toss a name like that away when you're entertaining a radio audience of seven billion Unadillalike yeomen.

An agent in Hollywood was discussing the Canova phenomenon. The bright gentlemen at Warner's and Paramount had used her in such pictures as Artists and Models and Broadway Gondolier and had been depressed by the lack of response. Paramount had finally booted her unceremoniously out into Melrose Avenue.

The Hollywood Gold Rush

Republic took her very gingerly with a pair of tongs and dropped her into Scatterbrain, a production that cost approximately as much as a trailer. Slipping this little orphan out under cover of darkness the studio barricaded the doors and prepared to deny the whole thing at the first sound of protest. The first sound they heard was a faint tinkling that turned into a roar. What followed was a flood that almost washed away the studio. Upon analysis this turned out to be pure gold. An idea of the profits on Scatterbrain can be gleaned by the fact that Judy's second picture, Sis Hopkins, was made at a cost of \$750,000, which is more than is spent on a dozen Autry masterpieces.

"If you don't think Canova is a genius," said the agent bitterly, "just go out and find me somebody like her. I'll tell you what she is: She's somebody Thurman Arnold should be investigating. She's a monopoly."

Judy's real name is Juliette. Her father was Joe Canova, an architect and cotton broker and a descendant of Antonio Canova, 18th century sculptor noted for his Graces and Venuses. Her mother, who still lives with her, is a musician and a descendant of Commodore Perry.

"Class," says Judy. "Class all over the joint."

Her sister Anne and her brother Zeke were the ambitious Canovas. They were always plucking at guitars and practicing dance steps and tooting on horns. Judy was to be an opera singer and was eternally piping her way through the Bell Song from Lakmé. On the side, however, she kept an eye on Anne and Zeke who were filled with more vulgar and mundane yearnings. They were aiming at vaudeville. Inspired by this, Judy developed a boisterous mimetic talent that could turn the Bell Song into a shambles at the slightest excuse, to wit, the absence of Maw.

"You start boop-boop-a-doopin'," says Judy, "and where do you end up? Broadway!"

Anne and Zeke had the Broadway

idea, and Judy horned in on it. Zeke didn't want her; Anne wanted her; Judy went along. They were a singing trio and upon arrival in New York they visited agents. They sang sweet, they sang sour, they sang loud, they crooned. They got no work.

At this juncture Judy, walking around town to still her hunger pains, came upon the Village Barn in Greenwich Village. She came loping back to their rookery to report.

"Dear brother, dear sister," she caroled. "I have found it, I have located our destiny. We will take those corny roundelays you have been murdering, dear Annie, and we will hurl them in their teeth. We will floor them; we will lay their bodies out in a neat line. I will even yodel."

"But you can't yodel," said Anne.

"I will now proceed to yodel," howled Judy and let forth with a barrage of sound that did nothing but bring the landlord on the run. This was a mistake as they were in arrears but the usual promises were given and the matter was adjusted.

The Village Barn was an ideal place for Judy to develop her particular form of madness—the pixilated yokel. The Barn knew no restraints; the clients disapproved of restraints.

"A fine, neighborly institution," reports Judy. "If you sat down you soon found one of the customers on your lap."

There was never any doubt about the Canova future after a few weeks down there. They stayed seven months, quitting only to take a vaudeville contract that lasted seventy weeks. That was followed by a series of top-flight radio shows and Judy's first legitimate venture, the musical comedy Calling All Stars. It was in this production that she found herself in a life-and-death struggle.

"I am kicked, I am wounded, I learn about life," says Judy sadly.

It seems that actors were afflicted with something known as professional jealousy. If Judy had a song she found at second rehearsal that it had been given to somebody else. No star advanced to the footlights for his number without keeping a wary eye to the rear for fear of being booted into the orchestra pit by another star. Judy cowered in corners, whimpered and lost her num-

bers one by one—until she was given more to

On the basis of this, she went out to Hollywood and made a series of films membered with awe in Judy explains them one to the gas mask is a

Three-Way Success Story

Back on Broadway the Ziegfeld Follies with their radio work money roll in. The bringing \$1,700 a week was good, and they had the California gold field been tapping the till \$4,300 every Saturday well in the Follies and in Yodel Boy. That again and a break-up Zeke, who continued in circuit while Judy muffed six grand every week. "I would have done eighteen bucks a week," says Judy.

But the parts were dropped her contract have looked at the future hadn't been for a \$1,000 which had been built up the years. Money had her early, as from a because she never knew and was notorious on soft touch.

"I'm Annie the apple, verse," says Judy. "Two I'm plucked."

The generous side of as prominent now as of a character that is stood. Although she about it she is hurt because her as an actress and able freak. She has deep understanding but in private she is introspective. Perhaps fortunate publicity wa



Hawaii to Corporal James y had met before and they olulu by accident. The ro-the island did the rest.

over the head by a moon," ing to pass it off but it was g with her. The marriage ulled but she still faces the ridicule of people who as a bumpkin who would y get involved in a silly

not a martyr and will be even this mention. The eing her is at her home in Valley. The visitor is not y the hired man, acting as are no conch shells on the imacassars on the chairs. no discussion of the new but perhaps a bit of gos-able males of Hollywood. ews on life.

y," she'll say, "but no

She Shapes Up

revolt in the hoe-down t Judy's rumbaing they'll e. She is a fool about the sn't do it badly. Nobody ed her of being beauti- s an interesting face and es who would give their for a figure as good as

ch a table tennis ball with s pot of cooking and if the wit the Japanese gardeners s as she will end up as a gularly attracted in this Alough she treats her sing- s secretly occupied with something with her voice. ha old Bell Song clanging ubance," she says, clucking with satisfaction.

rea a high E above high C s e lui from Traviata in ing it straight and sti- nics of patrons who had tord to yodeling and high- m her previously.

a sh is no fashion plate she to y something new every weat a few times and give e g sharp glances from her riefs by running back to ery dance she gets. She be- e Second Advent Christian

Church, a church with a small member- ship, and sings in the choir when she is in Florida. Her favorite hymn is The Old Rugged Cross. She plays the piano and guitar, both badly, and still has three huge packing cases unopened from a trip to London.

"I know the things I got in there," she says cagily. "If I hold them long enough, they'll eventually be back in style."

She speaks a little French and Span- ish, was an honor student in English at school and is known for such elegant phrases as "I sot up all night" and "Wait here a minute and I'll make a b'iler of coffee." She believes in fortunetellers and also writes poetry, a bit pathetic. Some of her music has been published and she has minor ambitions along that line, with little expectation of doing anything about it.

An indication of how well things are going for her at Republic may be had from the fact that she recently turned down a deal at M-G-M.

If she is inwardly yearning to be a great figure in the cinematic world her pictures give her little chance for it. In these she is invariably the butt of a humor which is rough, hilarious and strenuous. Even the titles of her pictures are a form of insult: Scatterbrain, Puddin' Head, Sleepytime Gal and Lazybones. In Sleepytime Gal she took a beating, being frozen in a refrigerator system and falling off a fire escape. She emerged uninjured but chastened.

"The maul-and-lacerate school of acting," she says sourly.

But that will probably be the sort of thing she will keep doing till the end. Being typed in Hollywood is like a life term at Alcatraz; you only cease being that particular character when you cease. Ginger Rogers can stop dancing and be an actress but Jimmy Durante will always be Durante; Chaplin will be Chaplin, the little tramp; Harold Lloyd, to his dying day, will be remembered as the man who wore glasses. Canova has reluctantly come to the conclusion that she is stuck—stuck with a fortune, of course; but stuck. When the studio asked her recently to answer a questionnaire she hesitated a moment over "character" and then wrote:

"Moody and generally unhappy. I'm a comedienne."

THE END



"I'm getting kinda worried. Ma joined the women's auxiliary, and I haven't heard from her for two weeks"

ERNIE GARZA

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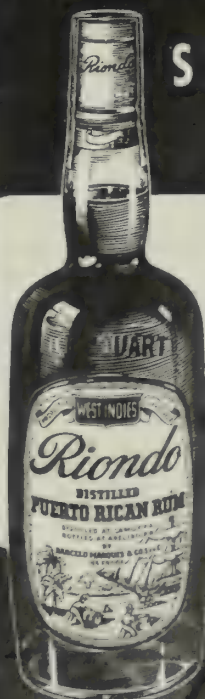
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Magic Mud

Continued from page 24



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Buy Defense Bonds

He rushed headlong to find what was the nature of this silent, unseen death struggle going on in the tubes. Quickly he fished a fleck of solution out of a tube that was still cloudy. He dropped it on a glass slide, stained it and slipped it under his microscope. There before his eyes was the fundamental drama of all time: the struggle between good and evil.

The round, berrylike microbe of pneumonia stood out in purple outline—the color coming from the dye. Attached to it was a newcomer—a minute rodlike organism. As Dubos watched, the pneumonia bug began to shrivel! Smaller and smaller—then it disappeared! It had been utterly and completely destroyed by that magic wand of a microbe, the newcomer! Since the unknown microbe hadn't eaten the other there was but one conclusion. It had secreted some substance, some magic juice that had destroyed the microbe of pneumonia.

Dubos went along to his other tumblers—the ones he had been watering with streps and staphs. To test the mud which he hoped could have strep-killing qualities he prepared another eight tubes. In them were violent strep cultures, obtained from a man who had died of erysipelas. Again he witnessed magnificent destruction of the evildoers.

More and more tests followed. His magic wand microbe would kill any gram-positive bacteria—those that are stained by the method of dyeing devised by the Danish bacteriologist, Hans Christian Joachim Gram. Included in the group are the great microbe killers: the ones that cause diphtheria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, tetanus, anthrax, childbed fever.

Tedium followed the high drama of this preliminary work. First, Dubos had to identify his magnificent microbe. Next, he had to find what juice, what chemical, it secreted. We'll short-cut across this routine lab work. The microbe turned out to be *Bacillus brevis*—one widely distributed in nature and found in soils, cheeses and elsewhere. The killing chemical it manufactured was tyrothricin. Subsequent work disclosed that tyrothricin was a mixture of two things: tyrocidine and gramicidin. It was gramicidin which did the bulk of the microbe killing. Mark that word well. You are going to be hearing a great deal of it in the months to come. It's pronounced gram-i-sigh-din.

Working—in Life

Up to this point, remember, all work had been done *in vitro*—in glass. Dubos was now ready for work *in vivo*—in life. First subjects were two mice. Into their bellies, their abdominal cavities, he shot enough pneumonia microbes to kill them 10,000 times over. He followed this with shots of crude gramicidin. His microbe poison would work in the soil. And it worked in test tubes. Dubos sat back to wait; to see whether it would work in living creatures. Minutes slipped into hours, and hours into days. The mice continued to scamper in their cages. They were all right. They were alive when they should have been dead ten thousand times over! Weight for weight and volume for volume this new stuff was from a thousand to a hundred thousand times more potent than the sulfa compounds!

Up to this point, everything looked beautifully clear-cut. Here was an incredibly potent weapon against the microbes which cause most human woe. As little as one part of this chemical to a billion would stop the growth of pneu-

monia bacteria. Then fearful hitches began to appear.

The stuff wasn't soluble in water. When shot into the blood stream it destroyed red blood cells instead of fighting microbes! It actually killed mice in a matter of seconds when shot into their veins. Rabbits took a little longer to die, but at autopsy they gave a horrid record of what had happened. Organs were hemorrhagic, and blood was thinned to water.

This was heartbreak stuff. Was gramicidin another of those medical will-o'-the-wisps that tease researchers to great heights, then slam them down on the hard ground? It looked as if this might be the case. Then shrewd clinical men got on the job. Just because something couldn't be injected into the blood, they noted, that didn't necessarily mean that it was valueless.

Several groups asked Dubos for cultures of his trained soil microbe. Already they had begun to call it Dubos' bacillus—a supreme honor for any bacteriologist. They wanted to grow these bugs and harvest the chemical they threw off. They had ideas of their own about treating human patients. There were many body cavities where horrible infections could take root—in the chest, the abdomen, the bladder and elsewhere. This blood-destroying trick of gramicidin wouldn't matter in such places.

Tubes of culture went to the University of Chicago, the Mayo Clinic and to Evans Memorial Hospital in Boston. This is a small place—it has only 32 beds. It is devoted entirely to clinical research; treating patients with unusual ailments and, to a large extent, using curative weapons that are new to the medical armament.

Gramicidin was made to measure. It was handed over to a two-man team: Dr. Charles H. Rammelkamp and Dr. Chester Keefer. There were three lab assistants to grow the microbes and handle the animal work.

These men went over to Rammelkamp couldn't be blood stream. But it could open wounds; and ulcers, buncles. And in body cavity it be useful in treating a massive infection of the that is so frequently a trait of pneumonia? And might to chase microbes from in and perhaps to treat inflammation of the mastoid bone?

There seemed to be a for this microbe destruction it couldn't be injected. Its type was desperately beautiful performers though they were, they wouldn't touch of that kind.

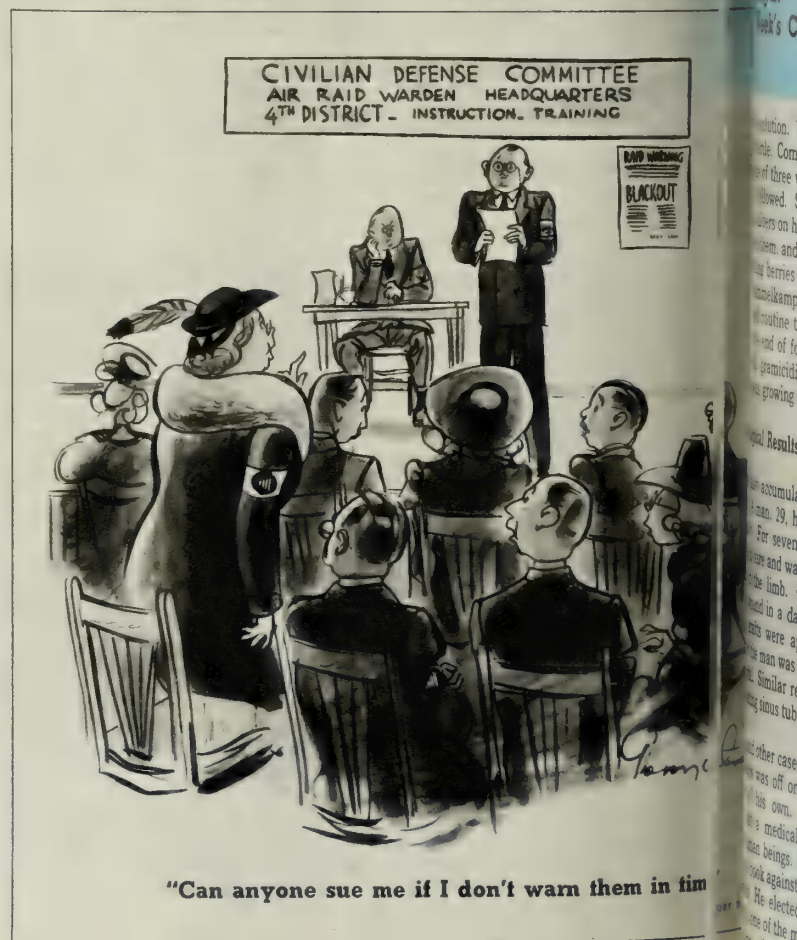
Experiment on En

After going through this soning Rammelkamp, 30, medico from Jacksonville, work. He would try gran bit empyema. When you cocci into chest cavities die 100 per cent of the t few hours fluid starts ac the cavity and as a rule over within 48 hours.

Using routine procedure kamp shot 4-cubic-centim strep cultures into his ra few hours he followed th doses of gramicidin. The sterile almost immediate dying, the rabbits were veniented by their exper

Uniformly good results rally to human patients. 16-year-old boy. For o had suffered from empy undergone five operat drainage channels open t had grown steadily wea emaciated. Would gram battle royal with the stre rabbits?

Since this magic stuff



"Can anyone sue me if I don't warn them in tim

nelkamp decided to use a mi-
—4 milligrams. This is hardly
be visible to the naked eye.
ven rabbits doses twenty times
As an added precaution, he
similar dose under the skin
arm—without any untoward
ust in case anything went
ad yet another hedge. If any
on were noted he could wash
ut of the chest in a few min-

h everything in readiness,
imp shot the gramicidin into
chest, via a drainage tube.
l hours he watched his pa-
ything went smoothly. Col-
ts of discharge from the
be, he examined it under the
e. This was his check on what
ning in the sick boy's body.
r hours the chest was sterile!
es were dead. We might as
this story. Two weeks later
as dismissed from the hos-

tients followed and in each
ts were equally dramatic.
h, Rammelkamp had been
series of other ailments. A
n in with a horrid red ulcer
hich had persisted for four-
It was sprayed with grami-

TIGHT THE SUN

James
ridge

lliant and moving
v of the R.A.F. by the
exciting new writer
most Hemingway

eginning in
lex Week's Collier's

n alcohol solution. Within a day
er is sterile. Complete healing
laced side of three weeks. A lit-
girl followed. She had two
ical ulcers on her leg—"dew
she lled them, and said she got
rom picking berries too early in
rmin. Rammelkamp used grami-
on of, and routine treatment on
er. t the end of four days the
eats with gramicidin was well,
e ot r was growing larger.

Magical Results

s we also accumulating at the
Clin. A man, 29, had a large,
leg cer. For seven months it
reasi in size and was threaten-
e los of the limb. Gramicidin
ed t wound in a day! On the
h d grafts were applied and
eks ter the man was discharged
he hospital. Similar results were
d in eating sinus tubes infected

reps.
he the and other cases were be-
ated ubos was off on an inter-
profit of his own. Being a
ologi, not a medical man, he
t tre human beings. But there
rule, the book against his work-
th animals. He elected to work
w matis, one of the most costly
ms tit face the dairy farmer.

Microbes at work in cow udders make
milk unfit for use, and frequently ne-
cessitate destruction of the animal.

Dubos hit on a procedure. Why not
inject gramicidin into the udder in the
morning; then milk it out in the eve-
ning? That would give this magic stuff
a day in which to do its work. As else-
where, results were striking. In most
cases the disease was promptly eradicated.
This is the most promising
weapon yet found against the disease
which each year costs the dairy farmer
uncounted millions of dollars.

So far gramicidin has been used on a
host of human ailments. It has cleared
up infections of sinus tubes. It has been
used as a precautionary measure in
mastoid operations—the surgeon simply
swabbing out the cavity with grami-
cidin solution. This step seems to
eliminate many of the complications
that follow surgery. It has been used
with remarkable results in treating bed-
sores and boils; and will probably be
used to treat infections of the bladder
and in preparing fields for skin grafts.

Still, one point must be appreciated.
To date, doctors have used gramicidin
on relatively safe things. They have ex-
ercised the natural caution that must
attend work with any new drug.

Gramicidin holds out tremendous
hope in treatment of war wounds. There
is every reason to believe that it will
act swiftly in wounds that once would
have meant amputation. Its miraculous
ability to kill microbes should make a
tremendous step forward in wartime
surgery. In this connection note one
fact: the sulfa drugs are splendid aids
in this type of work if they are used
early enough—if they are used before
wide-scale infection takes place. But
once microbes have gained ascendancy
in a wound the sulfa drugs are almost
powerless. Not so with gramicidin. So
far as this drug is concerned, the more
microbes the merrier.

A number of large pharmaceutical
manufacturers are already at work mak-
ing gramicidin. Dubos' bacilli are intro-
duced into trays of culture, medium
—microbe food—and are allowed to
grow. Gramicidin which they throw off
is collected. Approximately three gal-
lons of culture is required to produce a
fleck the size of a pencil eraser. If it
weren't for the incredible potency of
this new stuff, costs would be prohibi-
tive. But the bit of gramicidin we speak
of, the 1-gram bit, would be enough to
treat 250 cases like the 16-year-old boy
with empyema.

Gramicidin being produced today is
being sold for treatment of cows—but
not men. It isn't likely that it will be
released to the medical profession for
at least a year—until all loose ends of
the research are tied up. Meanwhile, the
men gathering this necessary informa-
tion beg people not to write asking for
gramicidin, or asking for treatment.

Very little—not more than a few
grams—of absolutely pure gramicidin
has been produced to date. Such clinical
successes as have been reported
have been achieved with a crude ex-
tract. The pure stuff that has been ob-
tained has gone into the hands of
chemists. They are trying to piece to-
gether the molecular structure in hope
that they can make the material artifi-
cially. But they have an even greater
hope. They have tinkered with the sul-
fanilamide molecule, chipping off un-
desirable qualities. Some of the new sulfa
drugs have radically different properties
from the mother stuff. Chemists hope
that they may do as much with grami-
cidin. Possibly they can get rid of the
blood-splitting characteristic; and
maybe they can find why it is insoluble
in water. If they can do these things
they may have produced the microbe
killer supreme.

THE END

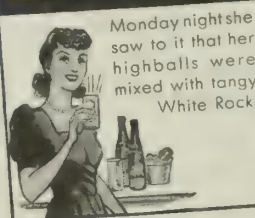
WENT PARTYING MONDAY NIGHT

Sparkling as a
diamond next day!



NATALIE BODANYA,
Metropolitan Opera
Star, uses White Rock
to help keep fit.

WHAT NATALIE BODANYA DID:



Monday night she
saw to it that her
highballs were
mixed with tangy
White Rock.



Before going to
bed and again in
the morning, she
had a glass of
plain sparkling
White Rock.

Beneficial, natural
mineral salts in White
Rock combat acidity.
Help protect you
against over-acidity.
Make you feel better
next day. Improve
your highball.

ALWAYS MIX
WITH



ON THE
ALKALINE
SIDE

FEELING FINE THANKS TO

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SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

Other White Rock products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)

*"May a friend never be main
than a caber's throw away!"*

A toast to the pleasure friends find in each other's
company . . . and in their sharing of Teacher's . . .

*A huge beam or log used in
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called "Tossing the Caber."

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TEACHER'S
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Our Fighting Men



GULF COAST AIR CORPS TRAINING CENTER, San Antonio, Texas. Today's No. 1 assignment for Air Corps public relations men is to play up the jobs of the navigator and bombardier. So far, the pilot has been the glamor boy—hero of miles of movies, popular fiction, and head man in Air Corps releases. Given a greater opportunity to turn in a spectacular one-man job, he has to date grabbed a large hunk of page-one space, with the result that most of the lads turning up at U. S. flying schools are all set mentally to become pilots. So few have been interested in the course-charting or bomb-dropping chores that cadets have had to be lifted from the ranks of would-be aces.

The Army needs more bombardiers and navigators and wants Air Corps recruits to realize these key jobs require just as much skill as piloting. Some of the Air Corps publicists currently are polishing off their best adjectives, coining nicknames for the men who may some day drop a few eggs on Hirohito's house. Stories from the Kelly Field Navigation School point out that the navigator is the "brains behind the bomber"—he picks the course that gets the ship to its destination and home again, while the pilot simply flies as per instructions. Cadets learning the art of bomb-dropping deep in the heart of West Texas, where the Midland Army Flying School is scheduled to become the largest bombardier college in the world, are referred to officially as Hell from Heaven Men, Lords of the Bomb-sight, and The Most Dangerous Men in the World. "He," says a message from Midland about a bombardier, "will deliver the long punches, the hard punches, the haymakers, when Allied air offense opens full blast."

MIDLAND statisticians have, in the way of statisticians, ferreted out the average bombardier cadet: Twenty-three-year-old John V. Hogan, who weighs 160 pounds and measures five-foot-ten from the bottom of his G.I. shoes to the top of his G.I. haircut. This makes him a good two inches taller and some 16 pounds heavier than the Army's average man, whose dimensions were calculated last winter by the Quartermaster Corps. The latter office, by the way, maintains not only that Texans and men from the West Coast are two inches taller than the rest of the Army, but that soldiers from the Yankee section are two to three inches larger around the middle, and Southerners have the biggest feet. Kindly address to the Quartermaster Corps any letters of complaint about these findings.

CAMP WALLACE, Hitchcock. The incident which brought Pvt. George Bosela into considerable disfavor occurred in the mess hall. Seeing what he believed to be the hand of another chow hound reaching over his shoulder, Pvt. Bosela took a hefty jab at it with his fork, then turned around to gloat. The gloat never came off. The victim was a colonel on an inspection tour.



CAMP BULLIS, San Antonio. Newest wrinkle in Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger's Army is a school to train intelligence specialists in the art of quizzing prisoners of war. About 100 officers and men, hand-picked from the linguists of Third Army units from Mississippi to Arizona, have just finished six weeks of eight-

hours-a-day scratching on note pads and burrowing into books, getting a line on what the Army officially describes as "the technique of asking questions to secure information a prisoner does not mean to disclose."

The pupil-picking was handled by two teams of language experts who put prospects through personal interviews; primary entrance requirement was a fluent conversational knowledge of at least one foreign lingo. Classroom menu featured a brief review of principles of combat intelligence (maps, messages, etc.) in English, followed by the application of the assorted foreign tongues to these principles. School data was dug out of foreign textbooks and miscellaneous tomes in near-by libraries, and solicited from missionaries, first-generation Americans and Army officers who had served abroad. Fourth Army Corps experts dished out the dope, which we'd pass on to you were it not for the fact that Hitler would like some of the details himself.

CAMP BOWIE, Brownwood. The decent interval of one year having elapsed since we last reported a soldier's clash with strange Mexican food, let us now consider the case of the infantryman who spied enchiladas (tortillas, chili, cheese and onions) on a Texas café menu. Evidently under the impression that the concoction was a seafood, the guy ordered some, gingerly poked it with a fork, then summoned the waiter. "Look, bud," he said, "why didn't you tell me these were soft-shelled enchiladas?"

RANDOLPH FIELD, San Antonio. Men who pilot our bombers over enemy territory will have to be able to do it when the world below them is dark as the inside of a coal mine mule's stomach, so extra hours under the hood and behind the instrument panel of the Link trainer are being added to the course here and at other basic flying schools. Until last December, Randolph housed only three of the ground-anchored, blind-flying, mechanical instructors, which were used solely by officers who were brushing up on their instrument technique. Cadets didn't get Link instruction until they reached advance school. Now, however, there are 37 Links at Randolph, and six hours of terra firma blind flying have been worked into the basic course.

Navigation cadets at Kelly Field are experimenting with a navi-trainer, which, looking something like a cousin twice removed of the Link, features a rolling map on which the student tries to follow a course while keeping tab on a batch of instruments in front of him. The gadget is being tested at schools in all three of the country's Air Corps training centers and may be adopted nationally.

SHEPPARD FIELD. A young lady in South Dakota sent a box of cookies to Pvt. Edward E. Babcock, in one of the squadrons here, but before the package arrived Pvt. Babcock was shipped off to California. Now the young lady wants to know what lug ate the cookies. The empty box was sent back to her under Babcock's name—with a request for a refill.



FORT ROSECRANS, San Diego, Cal. It cost Pvt. William Mellessey exactly \$7.45 to hear the voice of his bride at his wedding, performed by long distance



ENGINEER TRAINING. Fort Belvoir, Alexandria, Va., teach an engineer has to know. Soldiers above are wearing the camouflage suits, resembling overalls colored to blend with



Scale models help the engineers work out effective artillery installations. Also one of the duties of the Corps is the plotting and developing of new maps daily for use

phone. The Axis shattered furlough plans of the half Chippewa Indian, half French coast artilleryman, and the wedding problem was outlined to Chaplain D. V. Ellsworth, who got the necessary documents, arranged a three-way, 2,000-mile hook up, solemnly intoned the full church service and pronounced Mellessey and Miss Ruth Graving, of Minneapolis, man and wife. "Now," said the nervous groom, unable to kiss the bride, "we've just got to win this war, and the sooner the better!"

FORT LEWIS, Seattle, Wash. Note to goldbrickers: Master Sgt. W. R. Barnett, of a Ninth Corps signal company, has been in the Army for more than thirty years and has never answered sick call.

GOWEN FIELD, Boise, Idaho. Non-coms who earned their stripes over a period of peacetime years and the new top kicks who got theirs pronto in a rapidly expanding Army, are at it tooth and nail. The new tops think it's up to them to show they rate the stripes and the old hands aren't going to let a bunch of "upstarts" steal the show, so the competition is fierce. There are no fights, though; the strippers are all working toward the same goal.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. We don't want to imply that all volunteer officer candidates are fugitives from 1-A, jumping at a chance to get bars, but there are reports that some 3-A citizens decided their dependents weren't so helpless after all. Couple of hours after one such candidate turned up at the Reception Center, a sergeant called on his C.O. and asked about the status of this new man. Seems he'd been acting as though the fort was a summer resort and that the sergeant was a bellhop. "His status is that of any other private," said the captain. "That's all I want to know, sir," said the sergeant. Last we heard, the new man was ordering mops around and being executive to a bushel of spuds.

CAMP WILLIAMS, Lehi, Utah. Negro soldiers being trained into M.P. battalions at this new camp have plenty on the ball when it comes to police and guard duty—when they buckle down to it. Two Army trucks were sent to a Salt Lake depot to pick up a new bunch and found them sitting in a heated sightseeing bus wondering when it would take off for camp. An officer in one of the trucks got them out of the bus and a Negro corporal counted 16 of the boys into the Army vehicles. Only 15 of them piled out at camp. The other, having caught sight of a cutie on a corner, showed up two days later, which is why Army trucks no longer pass through Salt Lake's Harlem.

FORT HUACHUCA, Arizona. This old, mile-high, border cavalry post, which was given a \$7,000,000 workover during the past year, is being expanded again. It's to be the home of the reactivated 93d Negro Infantry Division, first of two such units recently authorized by Secretary Stimson. Commanding the 93d will be Brig. Gen. C. P. Hall, who is white, but there will be a number of Negro line officers in the division. Assignment to this post was once enough to lay any officer low; now it's one of the choice spots, modernization having made it into something of a glorified dude ranch. Back of the post are the rugged, wooded Huachuca (*Whah-choo-ka*) mountains; sweeping desert valleys sprawl out in the other three directions. Negro soldiers like the nearby border towns of Naco and Nogales, scenes of many battles during the hectic days of Mexican revolutions.

(Continued on page 73)

... engineering trainees build a trap (above) designed to roll a tank over. It takes 25 men to construct a tank trap that really works. Fort Belvoir is one of two engineer replacement centers. The other is at Fort Leonard Wood, near Newburg, Mo. These forts train all Army engineers



... to string out the light footbridge shown here. This type of bridge is made of anything... in this case, the pontoons are empty oil drums. Floats are pushed from shore and attached

WISHING

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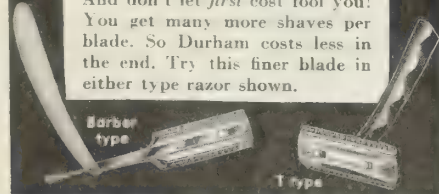
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Miss Marple said, "There must be something. But I am so old and so ignorant and, I am afraid, so foolish."

I felt rather embarrassed and was glad when Mrs. Dane Calthrop took her friend away.

I was to see Miss Marple again that afternoon, however. Much later, when I was on my way home.

She was standing near the little bridge at the end of the village, near Mrs. Cleat's cottage, and talking to Megan, of all people.

I wanted to see Megan. I had been wanting to see her all day. I quickened my pace. But as I came up to them, Megan turned on her heel and went off in the other direction.

It made me angry and I would have followed her, but Miss Marple blocked my way.

"I wanted to speak to you," she said. "No, don't go after Megan now. It wouldn't be wise."

I was just going to make a sharp rejoinder when she disarmed me by saying, "That girl has great courage—a very high order of courage."

I still wanted to go after Megan, but Miss Marple said, "Don't try and see her now. I do know what I am talking about. She must keep her courage intact."

There was something about the old lady's assertion that chilled me. It was as though she knew something that I didn't.

I was afraid and didn't know why I was afraid.

I didn't go home. I went back into the High Street and walked up and down aimlessly. I don't know what I was waiting for, nor what I was thinking about. . . .

I got caught by that awful old bore Colonel Appleby. He asked after my pretty sister as usual and then went on:

"What's all this about Griffith's sister being mad as a hatter? They say she's been at the bottom of this anonymous-letter business that's been such a confounded nuisance to everybody. Couldn't believe it at first, but they say it's quite true."

I said it was true enough.

"WELL, well—I must say our police force is pretty good on the whole. Give 'em time, that's all, give 'em time. Funny business this anonymous-letter stunt—these desiccated old women are always the ones who go in for it—though the Griffith woman wasn't bad looking even if she was a bit long in the tooth. But there aren't any decent-looking girls in this part of the world—except that governess girl of the Symingtons. She's worth looking at. Pleasant girl, too. Grateful if one does any little thing for her."

"Came across her having a picnic or something with those kids not long ago. They were romping about in the heather and she had been knitting—ever so vexed she'd run out of wool. 'Well,' I said, 'like me to run you into Lymstock? I've got to call for a rod of mine there. I shan't be more than ten minutes getting it, then I'll run you back again.' She was a bit doubtful about leaving the boys. 'They'll be all right,' I said. 'Who's to harm them?' Wasn't going to have the boys along, no fear! So I ran her in, dropped her at the wool shop, picked her up again later and that was that. Thanked me very prettily. Grateful and all that. Nice girl."

I managed to get away from him.

It was after that, that I caught sight of Miss Marple for the third time. She was coming out of the police station.

Where do one's fears come from? Where do they shape themselves? Where do they hide before coming out into the open?

Just one short phrase. Heard and noted and never quite put aside:

"Take me away—It's so awful being here—feeling so wicked. . . ."

Why had Megan said that? What had she to feel wicked about?

There could be nothing in Mrs. Symington's death to make Megan feel wicked.

Why had the child felt wicked? Why? Why?

Could it be because she felt responsible in any way?

Megan? Impossible! Megan couldn't have had anything to do with those letters—those foul obscene letters.

Oh, my Megan, my little child. Not that! Anything but that. And that old Tabby is after you; she suspects. She says you have courage. Courage to do what?

IT WAS only a brainstorm. It passed. But I wanted to see Megan—I wanted to see her badly.

At half past nine that night I left the house and went down to the town and along to the Symingtons'.

I passed through the Symingtons' gate and up to the house. It was a dark overcast night. A little rain was beginning to fall. The visibility was very bad.

I saw a line of light from one of the windows. The little morning room?

I hesitated a moment or two, then instead of going up to the front door, I swerved and crept very quietly up to the window, skirting a big bush and keeping low.

The light came from a chink in the curtains, which were not quite drawn. It was easy to look through and see.

It was a strangely peaceful and domestic scene. Symington in a big armchair, and Elsie Holland, her head bent, busily patching a boy's torn shirt.

Quiet domestic talk—quiet domestic

scene—and a golden head of needlework.

Then the door opened and came in.

She stood very straight way, and I was aware of something tense and strung up. The skin of her face was tight and her eyes bright and there was no diffidence about her no childishness.

She said, addressing Symington giving him no title (and I reflected that I never had him anything. Did she address father or as Dick or what?)

"I would like to speak to you alone."

Symington looked surprised, not very pleased, but Megan carried her determination unusual in her.

She turned to Elsie Holland. "Do you mind, Elsie?"

"Oh, of course," Elsie jumped up. She looked startled.

She went to the door and farther in so that Elsie could see her.

Just for a minute Elsie's attentionless in the doorway her shoulder.

Her lips were closed, still, one hand stretched clasping her needlework.

I caught my breath, suddenly by her beauty.

When I think of her I think of her like that—in

tion, with that matchless perfection that belonged to a

Then she went out shutting the door. Symington said

"Well, Megan, what is it? What want?"

Megan had come right to the door. She stood there looking at Symington. I was struck by her resolute determination

by something else—a haughty me.

Then she opened her



"You needn't do too much. He's just a corporal"

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Color Publishing Company
New York, N. Y.

extra money?

something that startled me to the core.

"I want some money," she said.

The request didn't improve Symmington's temper. He said sharply, "Couldn't you have waited until tomorrow morning? What's the matter, do you think your allowance is inadequate?"

A fair man, I thought even then, open to reason, though not to emotional appeal.

Megan said, "I want a good deal of money."

Symmington sat up straight in his chair. He said coldly:

"You will come of age in a few months' time. Then the money left you by your grandmother will be turned over to you by the Public Trustee."

Megan said:

"You don't understand. I want money from you." She went on, speaking faster: "Nobody's ever talked much to me about my father. They've not wanted me to know about him. But I do know that he went to prison and I know why. It was for blackmail!"

She paused.

"Well, I'm his daughter. And perhaps I take after him. Anyway, I'm asking you to give me money because—if you don't—" She stopped and then went on very slowly and evenly—"if you don't—I shall say what I saw you doing to the cachet that day in my mother's room."

There was a pause. Then Symmington said in a completely emotionless voice, "I don't know what you mean."

Megan said, "I think you do."

And she smiled. It was not a nice smile.

Symmington got up. He went over to the writing desk. He took a check-book from his pocket and wrote out a check. He blotted it carefully and then came back. He held it out to Megan.

"You're grown up now," he said. "I can understand that you may feel you want to buy something rather special in the way of clothes and all that. I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't pay attention. But here's a check."

Megan looked at it, then she said, "Thank you. That will do to go on with."

SHE turned and went out of the room. Symmington stared after her and at the closed door, then he turned around and as I saw his face I made a quick uncontrolled movement forward.

It was checked in the most extraordinary fashion. The big bush that I had noticed by the wall stopped being a bush. Superintendent Nash's arms went around me and Superintendent Nash's voice just breathed in my ear:

"Quiet, Burton. For God's sake."

Then, with infinite caution he beat a retreat, his arm impelling me to accompany him. Around the side of the house he straightened himself and wiped his forehead.

"Of course," he said. "You would have to butt in!"

"That girl isn't safe," I said urgently. "You saw his face? We've got to get her out of here."

Nash took a firm grip of my arm.

"Now, look here, Mr. Burton, you've got to listen."

Well, I listened.

I didn't like it—but I gave in.

But I insisted on being on the spot and I swore to obey orders implicitly.

So that is how I came with Nash and Parkins into the house by the back door, which was already unlocked.

And I waited with Nash on the upstairs landing behind the velvet curtain masking the window alcove until the clocks in the house struck two, and Symmington's door opened and he went across the landing and into Megan's room.

I did not stir or make a move for I knew that Sergeant Parkins was inside masked by the opening door, and I knew that Parkins was a good man and knew his job, and I knew that I couldn't have trusted myself to keep quiet and not break out.

And waiting there, with my heart thudding, I saw Symmington come out with Megan in his arms and carry her downstairs, with Nash and myself a discreet distance behind him.

He carried her through to the kitchen and he had just arranged her comfortably with her head in the gas oven and had turned on the gas when Nash and I came through the kitchen door and switched on the light.

And that was the end of Richard Symmington. He collapsed. Even while I was hauling Megan out and turning off the gas I saw the collapse. He didn't even try to fight. He knew he'd played and lost.

UPSTAIRS I sat by Megan's bed waiting for her to come around and occasionally cursing Nash.

"How do you know she's all right? It was too big a risk."

Nash was very soothing.

"Just a soporific in the milk she always had by her bed. Nothing more. It stands to reason he couldn't risk her being poisoned. As far as he's concerned, the whole business is closed with Miss Griffith's arrest. He can't afford to have any mysterious death. No violence, no poison. But if a rather unhappy type of girl broods over her mother's suicide, and finally goes and puts her head in the gas oven—well, people just say that she was never quite normal and the shock of her mother's death finished her."

I said, watching Megan, "She's a long time coming around."

"You heard what Dr. Griffith said? Heart and pulse quite all right—she'll just sleep and wake naturally. Stuff he gives a lot of his patients, he says."

Megan stirred. She murmured something.

Superintendent Nash unobtrusively left the room.

Presently Megan opened her eyes.

"Jerry."

"Hullo, sweet."

"Did I do it well?"

"You might have been blackmailing ever since your cradle!"

Megan closed her eyes again. Then she murmured:

"Last night—I was writing to you—in case anything went—went wrong. But I was too sleepy to finish. It's over there."

I went across to the writing table. In a shabby little blotter I found Megan's unfinished letter.

"My dear Jerry," it began primly:

"I was reading my school Shakespeare and the sonnet that begins:

"So are you to my thoughts as food to life,

Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground"

and I see that I am in love with you after all, because that is what I feel."

"SO YOU see," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "I was quite right to call in an expert."

I stared at her. We were all at the Vicarage. The rain was pouring down outside and there was a pleasant log fire, and Mrs. Dane Calthrop had just wandered around the room, beat up a sofa cushion and put it for some reason of her own on the top of the grand piano.

"But did you?" I said, surprised.

"Who was it? What did he do?"

"It wasn't he," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

With a sweeping gesture she indicated Miss Marple. Miss Marple had



"Two more, they say . . .
pretty soon even **ENO**
won't help them!"

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finished the fleecy knitting and was now engaged with a crochet hook and a ball of cotton.

"That's my expert," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "Jane Marple. Look at her well. I tell you, that woman knows more about the different kinds of human wickedness than anyone I've ever known."

"I don't think you should put it quite like that, dear," murmured Miss Marple.

"But you do."

"One sees a good deal of human nature living in a village all the year around," said Miss Marple placidly.

Then, seeming to feel it was expected of her, she laid down her crochet, and delivered a gentle old-maidish dissertation on murder.

"The great thing in these cases is to keep an absolutely open mind. Most crimes, you see, are so absurdly simple. This one was. Quite sane and straightforward—and quite understandable—in an unpleasant way, of course."

"Very unpleasant!"

"THE truth was really so very obvious. You saw it, you know, Mr. Burton."

"Indeed I did not."

"But you did. You indicated the whole thing to me. You saw perfectly the relationship of one thing to the other, but you just hadn't enough self-confidence to see what those feelings of yours meant. To begin with, that tiresome phrase 'No smoke without fire.' It irritated you, but you proceeded quite correctly to label it for what it was—a smoke screen. Misdirection, you see—everybody looking at the wrong thing: the anonymous letters—but the whole point was that there weren't any anonymous letters!"

"But my dear Miss Marple, I can assure you that there were. I had one."

"Oh, yes, but they weren't real at all. Dear Maud here tumbled to that. Even in peaceful Lymstock there are plenty of scandals, and I can assure you any woman living in the place would have known about them and used them. But a man, you see, isn't interested in gossip in the same way—especially a detached logical man like Mr. Symmington. But a genuine woman writer of those letters would have made her letters much more to the point."

"So you see that if you disregard the smoke and come to the fire you know where you are. You just come down to the actual facts of what happened. And putting aside the letters, just one thing happened—Mrs. Symmington died."

"So then, naturally, one thinks of

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"He knew all the tr
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Furze probably quite
when he was waiting
room one day. People
of sermons much!"

"And finally, havin



"I'm too tired to go into my dance.
Here's a prescription for sulfanilamide"

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well established, he staged—on a fine afternoon when the boys and his would be out, and the regular day out. He saw that the little maid quarrel with her boy friend to the house."

"But what did she see?"

"I can only guess. My that she didn't see any-

all a mare's-nest?"

"dear, I mean that she entry window all the afternoon for the young man to it up and that—quite nothing. That is, no house at all, not the anybody else."

"I suppose, no, no, the fact interested me for quite another reason. It was really, you see, Mr. Symmington's one weakness. He couldn't bring himself to write a foul letter to the girl he loved. It's a very interesting sidelight on human nature—and a credit to him, in a way—but it's where he gave himself away."

"I received one?" I asked,

"se not! As I say, this ple. Her husband just in the top cachet of the the afternoon when her after lunch. All Symmington, do was to get home at the same time as Elsie wife, get no answer, go drop a spot of cyanide glass of water she had used th cachet, toss the crumby letter into the grate, he and the scrap of paper t g on' written on it."

"I returned to me. e te right about that, too, scrap of paper was all ple on't leave suicide notes e aps of paper. They use r—and very often an es, the scrap of paper and u knew it."

"I rang me too high," I said.

"I d you really did, Mr. herse why were you im- pressed by the message left scribbled on the tele-

"I say that I can't y—see! 'I can't go on!'"

Miss Marple beamed on me.

"Exactly. Mr. Symmington came across such a message and saw its possibilities. He tore off the words he wanted for when the time came—a message genuinely in his wife's handwriting."

"Was there any further brilliance on my part?" I asked.

Miss Marple twinkled at me.

"You put me on the track, you know. You assembled those facts together for me—in sequence—and on top of it you told me the most important thing of all—that Elsie Holland had never received any anonymous letters."

"Do you know," I said, "last night I thought that she was the letter writer and that that was why there had been no letters written to her."

"Oh, dear me, no. . . . The person who writes anonymous letters practically always sends one to herself as well. That's part of the—well, the excitement, I suppose. No, no, the fact interested me for quite another reason. It was really, you see, Mr. Symmington's one weakness. He couldn't bring himself to write a foul letter to the girl he loved. It's a very interesting sidelight on human nature—and a credit to him, in a way—but it's where he gave himself away."

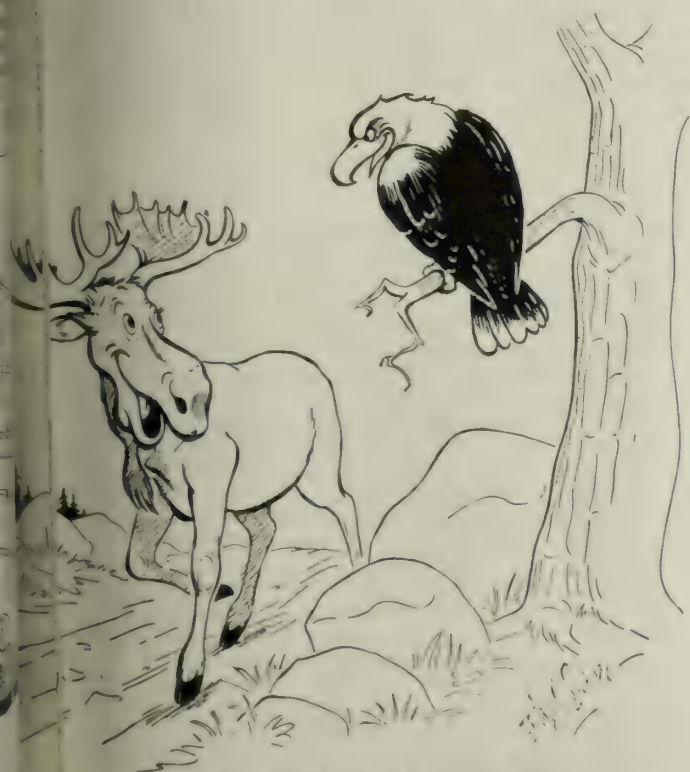
Joanna said, "And he killed Agnes? But surely that was quite unnecessary!"

"Perhaps it was, but what you don't realize, my dear—never having killed anyone—is that your judgment is distorted afterward and everything seems exaggerated. No doubt he heard the girl telephoning to Partridge, saying she'd been worried ever since Mrs. Symmington's death, that there was something she didn't understand. He couldn't take any chances—perhaps this stupid, foolish girl had seen something, knew something."

"Yet apparently he was at his office all that afternoon."

"I should imagine he killed her before he went. Miss Holland was in the dining room and kitchen. He just went out into the hall, opened and shut the front door as though he was going out, then slipped into the little cloakroom."

"When only Agnes was left in the house, he probably rang the front-door bell, slipped back into the cloakroom, came out behind her and hit her on the



"Hello, Eaglebeak!"
"Hi-yah, Mooseface!"

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 67

LD, Denver, Colo. Driv-
ny truck through Denver
er day, a Lowry Field sol-
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twich. "Go ahead," the
"and hit it—you paid

JARD WOOD, Missouri.
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GENERAL

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end the year our armed
ill comprise more than 4,
n, which means the work of
Service Organization will be

at least double that of last year. They'll
need \$32,000,000 to operate their 450
clubhouses and 250 smaller units, and
the money has to come from civilian
pocketbooks. The new campaign starts
next Monday. When United Service
Organization workers call on you—
give!

THE Information-Recreation Center
for enlisted personnel, at 99 Park
Avenue, New York, is operating briskly.
So is the Officers' Club, opened three
weeks ago in the Sherry Netherlands
Hotel. Both enterprises are very much
needed in a town the size of New York,
and the latter project especially de-
serves consideration by hotel manage-
ments all over the country. New York's
new army club is operated by officers
solely for officers; the hotel's grillroom
has been fully equipped and staffed at
the hotel's expense, but there are no
dues and an officer has merely to show
his credentials to eat and drink at prices
he's used to paying at officers' clubs in
camp.

"THIS," writes Pvt. Walter C. Kip-
linger, of Fort Jackson, S. C., "is
merely a thank-you note for giving me
the idea I could get back into the Army
(I'm a veteran of World War I). The
item that caught my eye ran in your
column of February 28th and described
a 50-Year-Old Club at Camp Roberts in
one of the camps, composed largely of
former officers and noncoms of 1917
vintage. I thought if those old has-
beens could get back in, so could I.
They waived about everything except
the Grand Old Flag in my case, and I
finally made it. You stated in your story
that present officers were a bit reluc-
tant to give orders to the old-timers.
My observation so far has been that
these young officers are so far ahead of
us 90-day wonders that there's no com-
parison, even though most of us made
good in those days."

NOT all of this department's sugges-
tions go down without a trace. Last
Sept. 6th we ventured somewhat ve-
hemently to ask why the summer uni-
form couldn't be patterned after the
British idea of comfort, and now it be-
gins to look as though the Quarter-
master Corps will soon introduce a new
outfit for hot climes. Field tests with
half shoes, khaki shorts and knit socks
indicate that these items will constitute
part of the forthcoming summer outfit
for our fighting men.

IDEA is to keep cool while making it
hot for the Axis. G. W.



"We got to make allowances for him,
sir. He was All-America end in 1939"

CARL ROSE



SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA a boy is
moving along the road that leads to
school, to adolescence, to manhood, to
a world that is bound to be different
from any world we know today. And
as he trudges along that road, that
seems so long to him but is so short,
he dreams.

We hope that his dreams come true.
They always have, in America.

Not all the dreams of all young
people, of course. It takes more than
just dreaming to make dreams come true. But for young
men and women who have gone on to plan and work and
fight, a surprising number of their dreams have come true.
So many that America has become the land of opportunity.
So many that the United States has become the nation,
among all nations of the world, that combines national
greatness with individual liberty.

But what about *this* time?

Throughout America factories are running twenty-four
hours a day, men are working overtime, lights are burning
in offices and laboratories far into the night. What are these
men and women of American industry working for? To
produce more goods? For war?

Yes—and more. General Electric has been a part of
American industry for more than 60 years. It has shared
its problems and been a part of its progress. We think that
the workmen and scientists and engineers of General
Electric are working today for that young man—working
that the tomorrow of which he dreams will come, and that
it will be better than today. *General Electric Company,
Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high
and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot
tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the
story of industry's developments during the war years will
make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of
industrial progress.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
952-314M4-211

Make This Test!

WRITE for our free booklet for girls and women
called "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents." You'll
find, if you join us, that the Pin Money Club is a sure
cure for penny-pinching. It can help you pay unpaid
bills or buy new clothes—pay taxes—so many things.
Write to me today!

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club
Department 170, Collier's Weekly,
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.





Don't Hate the Wrong People

JOB No. 1 for the American people, as for the peoples of the other Allied Nations, is to win this war. Yet some of us are falling for a patent medicine which, if enough of us take it in large enough doses, can almost be guaranteed to lose the war for us.

The defeat medicine referred to is Hate. Hate of one section of the people for another section. Hate of one creed for another creed. Hate of one racial group for another. Hate of one economic class for another. The kind of hate, we mean, that translates into a tendency to blame the hated person or group for all the miseries of this war, or even for the fact that we are in the war at all.

Of all these brands of hate, anti-Semitism has had the most publicity of late, for a variety of reasons.

We're hearing from more and more people that the Jews somehow got us into this war, or are keeping us in it, or are winning us more enemies all the time. As a matter of fact, the Japs blasted us into the war, and the indications increase that they had been planning to do so whenever they thought the time most opportune.

The blame-the-Jews thinkers, however, detour this and other facts in the case, and dish out more and louder propaganda for eventual pogroms as the job of beating the Axis looms larger.

Another contingent of hate peddlers works on the Negro question. Japanese propa-

gandists are known to be trying to sell our colored people on the proposition that Japan is fighting to "liberate" all the non-whites in the world. An estimated 99.99% of our colored people have sense enough to know that Japan hopes eventually to enslave the entire world outside Japan. But too many of our white people go on discriminating against the colored people in the old, hate-motivated way. Thus, they encourage any doubts any of our colored citizens may have.

As loudly as we know how, we would like to urge Americans to repudiate these and other hate mongers. Discourage them. Ignore them.

Let's suppose that, by some strange mischance, Father Coughlin, John L. Lewis, William Dudley Pelley, Senators Pepper and Wheeler, Sol Bloom, and the Ku-Klux Klan's No. 1 Nightshirt were to find themselves shipwrecked and adrift in one lifeboat on the open sea. Here would be assembled about as fancy a collection of one-track minds as could well crowd aboard one small lifeboat. Yet it is a 100-to-1 bet that all these gentlemen would button all their prejudices in their hip pockets for the duration of their particular emergency.

Well, fellow Americans, that is precisely the fix in which we find ourselves at this time. We're all in one boat together, and the "wave of the future" is threatening to engulf us all in a tide that is drawing toward a New Order of slavery for all humanity except a picked handful of Germans and a picked handful of Japs.

China Relief

WE CAN either conquer Japan or be defeated by the Japanese. Unfortunately, the Japanese have won the important means to win the war.

There is only one way to defeat Japan: by attack. The real attack for industry and our Army and Navy preparing will have to be aimed at the judgment of our war leaders.

The easiest way to attack Japan is China. Consequently, we need an active ally and as a belligerent in this war. If China were to be utterly conquered by the Japanese, our difficulties would be immensely increased. If the Chinese were to ally at peace with Japan, it might be possible for us to regain mastery of the Pacific. Certainly the cost of bringing the terms would be tremendously multiplied. Expenditures in human life and in resources would necessarily be prodigious.

This is the rock foundation that underlies the present effort to bring substantial aid to the Chinese. Our government is not providing military supplies to Chiang Kai-shek's government. Private good will can provide supplies and other essential goods urgently by the Chinese people.

Chiang Kai-shek is the leader of all opposition to the Japanese. Chiang Kai-shek and no other general can lead an unwilling people to continue to fight a no less war. The Chinese must have hope. America and Americans can give them hope.

If the Chinese have faith in American friendship, their belief in their chances of survival as an independent nation will be strengthened. No other people has the power or the inclination to help the Chinese.

So our self-interest reinforces the aid being made for aid to the Chinese. We must keep them in the war so that we can fight our enemy, who also is their enemy, more effectively.

Our self-interest is not, of course, our only reason for giving practical proof of our friendship. The sufferings, the sacrifice, the valor of the Chinese have been beyond belief. The Chinese have had nothing except courage, a stubborn determination to be independent, and inadequate arms with which to defend themselves. Losses in lives and in material have been beyond understanding by other nations. The nation has made greater sacrifices for independence. No people have suffered heavier punishment or offered greater sacrifices.

If any people ever earned the gratitude of Americans, the Chinese have. We should consider the appeals being made by groups asking for contributions for them. They are fighting, and valiantly. They have sacrificed, as history has ever been called for. They have survived four ages of devastating punishment. We must answer their call and at the same time defend ourselves. Surely good will seldom offers a better opportunity for effective expression.

Collier's

3, 1942

TEN CENTS



DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

THE FIRST GREAT NOVEL
OF THE R.A.F.

Flight to the Sun

BY JAMES

20443
PUBLIC LIBR
BURLINGAME
CALIF
623451
1/38

He looks beyond the Skyline,
His Eyes see Far Horizons!

Don't you share his Dreams,
His hopes and plans for the Future?



We see him a Man, Strong and Reliant
and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much
to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

ALL DREAMER of today may be tomorrow's destiny. His hopes may grow to shape of things that are to come.

a thought to warm a parent's heart? make you grateful to the teachers of to help to shape your child's character him forth into the future with high and smiling!

ing! or even his smile has the best of in classrooms* all over the land, are being taught a lesson many parents

the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana toothpaste, teaching helps and other material for hygiene classes in American schools.

have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

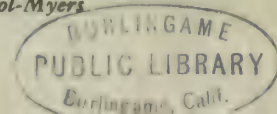
Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but,

with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers





Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK AMERICANS RELY MORE AND MORE ON RCA RADIO TUBES

UNITING a nation of 130 million people in the flash of a split second is no easy job. Radio does it—thanks to hundreds of millions of radio tubes in receivers, studios, broadcasting stations and what-have-you.

NOW that radio means more than ever, you may wonder about the tube situation. Can you get tubes? If you can't—then what? Here's the story:



RADIO TUBES AT WAR

RCA pioneered the all-metal radio tube. Today, we're turning out more of them than ever before—yet it's just possible you may not immediately be able to buy one. Why? You already guessed! Millions of metal tubes are going into the military radio equipment of the United Nations. And while we're making more and more, the general public is getting less and less.

IN many cases, you can substitute shielded glass tubes for satisfactory performance. There's one man who can tell you all about that. Which leads us into another subject—



THE CARE AND FEEDING OF RADIO RECEIVERS

WHEN tubes begin to weaken, radio performance suffers...but so gradually you don't notice the difference from day to day. Also, most radios require readjustment every year or two, as time, dust and dampness take their toll of its precision. The answer is—call your radio serviceman! Put all your troubles into his competent hands. If he can't get the right metal tubes, he can probably obtain suitable glass substitutes.

TWO SWELL NEW VICTOR RECORDS!

"OUR WALTZ" and "HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS" by David Rose and his orchestra. An up-and-comer, versatile David Rose (whose grand band is on the radio three times a week) wrote, arranged and conducted these two selections. No. 27853.

TOMMY DORSEY sends two swell tunes your way on his newest Victor release No. 27849 "Last Call for Love" and "Poor You," both from Tommy's M-G-M super-hit... "Ship Ahoy." What more need we say?

BUY
U.S. WAR
BONDS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON VICTOR RECORDS

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor

CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVASI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

ANY WEEK

AS THE war gets older, its novelty wearing thin, it is only natural that other problems should engage the minds of the populace. For example, a taxicab chauffeur unburdened himself to Mr. Charles Colebaugh of this magazine. Halted by a red light, the driver asked Mr. Colebaugh to consider the hats on a group of ladies crossing the street. "It used to be," said the driver, "that women dressed up to attract us men." There was a long pause, the taxicab driver contemplating the ladies morosely. Then the light changed. "I wonder," he said, getting started, "what they got on their minds now."



THE name of Colonel Quasmus Murphey has never before been in these columns. But without the ever-ready assistance of the colonel, we don't know what we'd have done in a number of arid periods. Until now, Colonel Murphey has insisted upon anonymity, saying that there are entirely too many names in the public prints and that "I live for the day when a strict censorship will be clamped down upon all names of public servants unless what they have to say or what they've done is worth reading." This censorship, the colonel adds in several thousand words, would save paper, reduce the public confusion, deflate phonies and probably knock many months off the length of the war by reducing the load upon the public mind. However, the colonel consents this once to be identified with a public statement of his own which, we think, is timely. From his home near Sandisfield, Massachusetts, the colonel offers to "swap two large scrapbooks of carefully selected rumors for one fireside chat of reliable information." He goes on to say that the rumors he has collected since Pearl Harbor are "entertaining, plausible, ingenious and pandering to every known prejudice." Some have accurate historical background, he adds, and others are in smart dialogue form—what Stalin said to Harry Hopkins and what Churchill said to the President stuff. "Some are good and sexy too," says the colonel. But what Colonel Murphey wants to know is: "If Washington don't beat the rumors to us with the facts, what are we going to talk about when somebody brings up the subject of the war? Can you imagine somebody remarking, 'I heard

something today that would curl Mohandas K. Gandhi's hair but until the authorities in Washington release a nice uninteresting communiqué on the subject I shall say nothing about it. But it sure is a darb—this one I heard today.' And" goes on the colonel, "I can just hear the other guy saying, 'You're right, don't tell me. I prefer to wait until the authorities give out their unromantic version in easily understood official clichés. So I won't tell what a friend of mine who has a son in the Army was telling me this morning about something that happened day before yesterday.'" The colonel's is a very long letter and we're giving you merely the gist of it. We leave him, quoting from his postscript, a scant two single-spaced pages: "I have a nice fresh mess of Pacific Ocean gossip to exchange for an equal amount of European theater stuff. Accuracy is not essential but the items supplied must be harrowing, as I have been invited to address a Rumors For Republicans meeting next Thursday evening."

WE GOT caught in a nice blackout in Washington. As far as we were able to see, we and a gentleman named Prewitt were the only persons on the street who were not wardens. There seemed to be at least one warden for everybody. Four or five of them stopped squabbling about who was who's superior long enough to crowd us into a doorway next to a large plate-glass



window. Mr. Prewitt protested that a bomb would shatter that window and that the window would ruin us. And that started another fight among the wardens, during which we departed seeking less dangerous shelter. Mr. Prewitt works for the government—something to do with inland waterways. He said that the wardens in his neighborhood were holding singing practice every Wednesday night and proposed to sing nursery rhymes during a blackout. But Mr. Prewitt hasn't found out why, unless it is to make an actual bombing less dreadful by comparison.

A SLIGHTLY bitter complaint from Mrs. Chris J. Miller of Point Pleasant, New York, has to do with vitamins and handkerchiefs, commodities which

(Continued on page 60)

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENEY
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
THOMAS H. BECK

THIS WEEK

MAY 2

SHORT STORIES

CARL D. LANE

Cub Pilot. He was
—but he couldn't
name.

PHILIP CLARK

Fireman's Daughter
even a 'teen-age girl
derful.

D. D. BEAUCHAMPEL

Come Home Again
those who can find
with courage.

THE SHORT STORIES

Wine with a Lady

SERIAL STORIES

JAMES ALDRIDGE

Flight to the Sun
parts.

VEREEN BELL

Trial by Marriage
parts.

ARTICLES

KYLE CRICHTON

No Glamor Gal.
believes that ability,
the actress.

GRANTLAND RICE

Ice Heart. Golf
Hogan shows you

M. THÉRÈSE BONNET

How France Eats.
conquered countries

FRANK DAUGHERTY

College on Horseback
plays polo for keep

HENRY L. JACKSON

Swing into Summer
dressed man will

OUR FIGHTING MEN

HANNAH LEES

Fighting Blood.
blood stream's in
army.

DUDLEY HADDO

Grade-A Bee. Ho
big scale.

PAUL SCHUBERT

Sky-Scow. Watch
blimp at work.

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the
WING TALK.

EDITORIALS

Let's Take the Military
How to Defeat D.

COVER E. FRANKLIN

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Curtiss P-40 (U. S.)
The British call it "The Tomahawk"
or "The Killhawk"

American Planes Cited as Superior

Congress Committee Gives Battle Records

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1:—(SPECIAL). Confirming the superiority of American-built fighting planes, the House Military Affairs Committee's sub-committee on aviation today cited the following outstanding performances of these planes on all fronts, from the Far East and Pearl Harbor to the Near East and England:

1. American volunteers defending the Burma Road in Tomahawks (Curtiss P-40's) have bagged ninety to one hundred Japanese airplanes since Dec. 7, with a loss ratio of about one to ten.
2. On Jan. 23 a total of twenty-three planes (mostly P-40's) of the American Volunteer Group "took on two large Japanese forces 130 miles from Rangoon and destroyed three Japanese bombers and nine fighters certainly and two more bombers and ten more fighters probably," with the loss of only three planes.
3. During the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, planes similar to the Tomahawks (P-40's) each shot down two Japanese planes, and engaged and shot down another pair "a short time later."
4. Four P-40's shot down and destroyed twenty out of a flight of thirty German JU-88's and ME-109's "only a few weeks ago." Two of the P-40's were lost.
5. In the Middle East, twelve Curtiss Tomahawks (P-40's) engaged a mixed German and Italian force of over sixty planes and destroyed thirty-six. Their extreme maneuverability and high diving speeds were credited by the pilots using them for the successful result.

North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British
designation

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

Power to win!

VICTORY after victory in the air is proving the fighting power of planes using Allison liquid-cooled engines.

pours in from all fighting fronts, it justifies the confidence of those aircraft designers and U. S. Army Air Corps engineers who built these great ships around Allison liquid-cooled engines.

engine which powers the Curtiss P-40's cited here—the engine makes possible the same sharp-nosed nose of other U. S.-built fighters. And the news of their triumphs

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

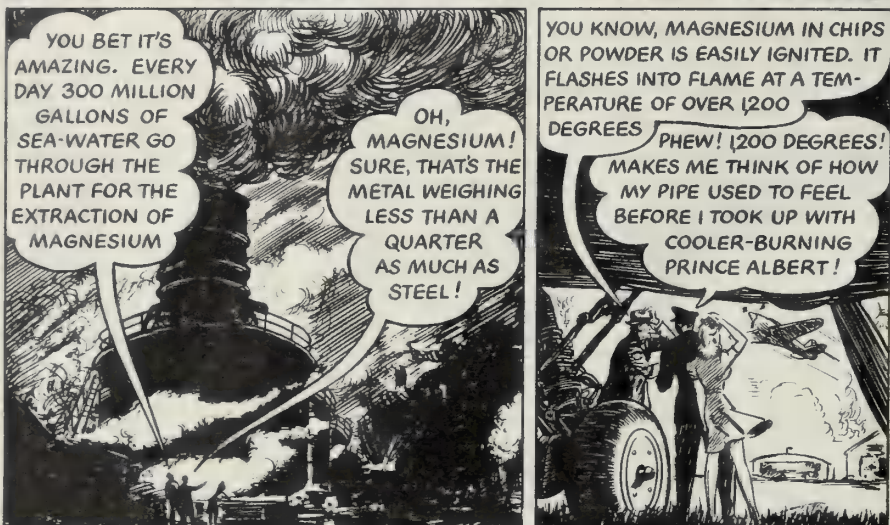
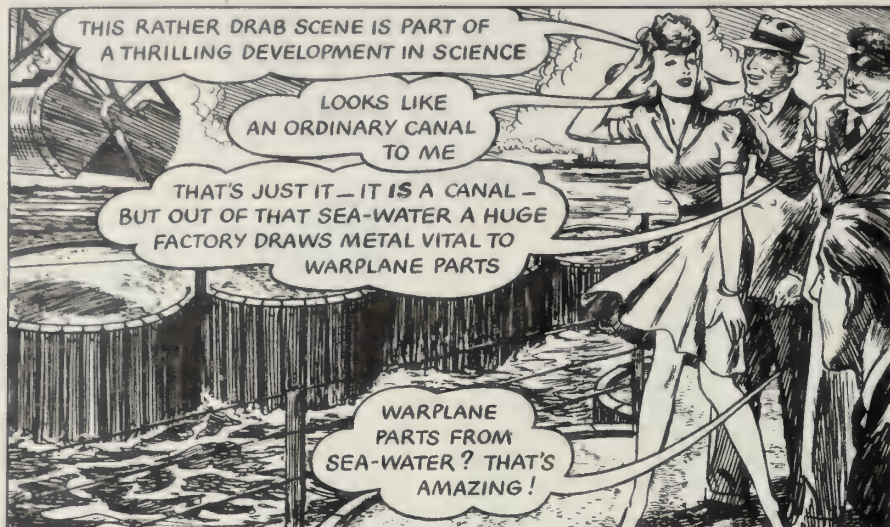
Allison

DIVISION OF



WONDERS OF AMERICA

Bombers from Brine!



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

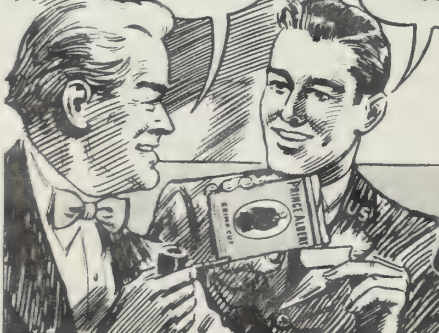
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

MAGNESIUM ALLOY PARTS CUT OVER 300 POUNDS OF WEIGHT FROM THIS BOMBER. IT'S LIGHTER YET STRONGER



THERE JUST ISN'T ANY TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT FOR COOL, MILD, TASTY SMOKING. BESIDES, P.A. PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER, TOO—IT'S SPECIALLY CRIMP CUT

THAT'S IMPORTANT IN ROLL-YOUR-OWN SMOKES, TOO. PRINCE ALBERT ALMOST ROLLS ITSELF—EASY, FAST, FIRM, AND EVEN. AND THAT NO-BITE PROCESS SURE DOES SAVE THE TONGUE!



50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The American Turtle was the first submarine that ever attempted to destroy an enemy vessel. In 1776, it came up under the British warship Eagle, anchored off New York, and members of its crew unsuccessfully tried to screw a gunpowder charge with time fuse to the bottom of the English ship.—By Russell Roop, Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania.

After being ejected from a per- several substance the subject in fr- teen seconds, al- travel to the he- lungs, and return- before it reaches- Dr. J. R. Erwin, Little, W- ton.

Some species of nonpoisonous mushrooms are rarely eaten because of their obnoxious odors, which in some resemble soap, garlic, bitter almonds, gas tar and chloride of lime.—By Mrs. Edward I. Comins, Worcester, Massachusetts.

A meteorology- seen in the Alps- light, somewhat- searchlight, which- directly from the- It is believed to- reflection of the s- crystals, in the sh- which remain sus- for a long time a- a very low tempe-

Several islands in the Aegean Sea have a large number of churches and chapels, erected by sea captains and shipowners in gratitude for reaching them safely during bad storms. On Mykonos, there are 360, or one for every twelve inhabitants, the majority of which are opened only once a year, on the patron saint's day.

A new lens for p- cameras takes p- focus from four- Electrically oper- or moves forward- seven times in on- ond, superimpos- unfocused images- so rapidly in each- is hardly any diffi-

The Madison Square Garden Corporation lost "about \$200,000" on the Tunney-Heeney prize fight at the Yankee Stadium in New York City on July 26, 1928, because the gate was very small and the principals together received a guaranteed sum of \$625,000. Consequently, all the Garden bouts since that time have been on a percentage basis.—By Frank G. Menke, New York, New York.

Alexandre Du- (186- was probably the- successful writer- produced more th- and earned over- dentally, this aut- tal The Three M- his career by writ- book.

On their periodical pilgrimages to the shrine of Melki Meran near Mosul, Iraq, the Yezidi women get together at a certain hour each day and, in time with the baton of their leader, wait for their dead in rhythmic harmony.—By Fred McCutcheon, Carnot, Pennsylvania.

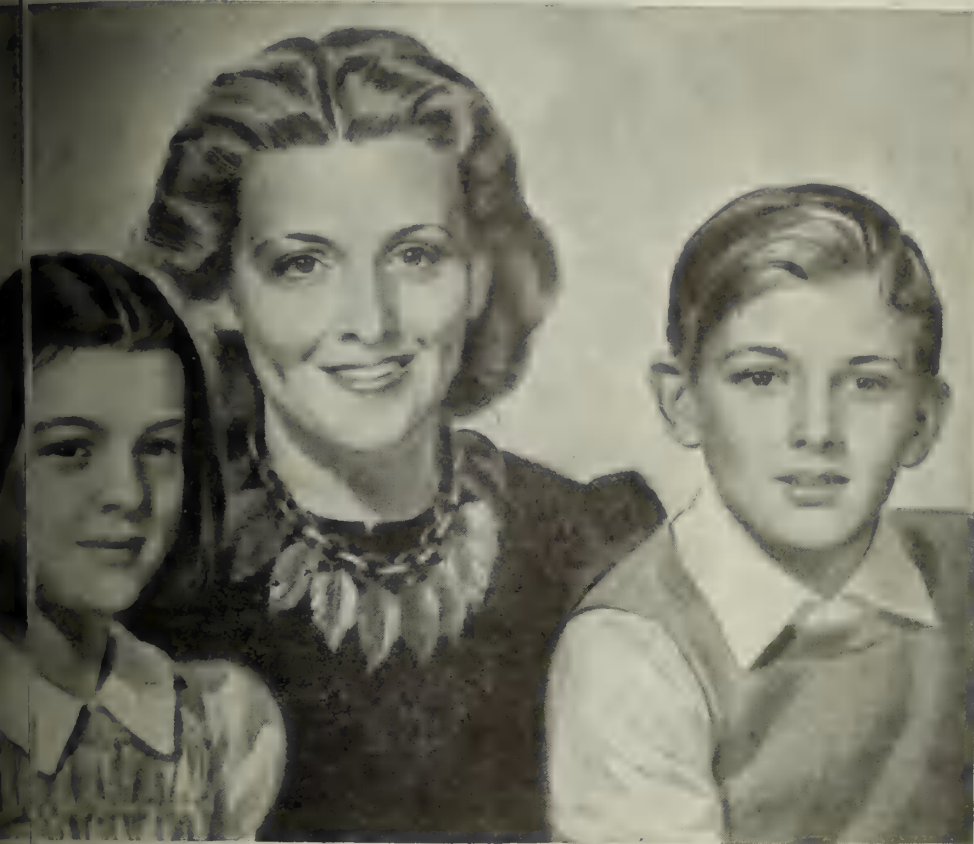
Many tribes in- believe that light- from a deity in he- they will not put- lightning or mou- by flashes, in the- tions might offen- their gods.—By- Lakewood, Ohio.

The auditory ossicles, the three tiny bones in the middle ear, are the only bones in the human body that are fully grown at birth.—By Dr. Warren F. Gorman, Miami, Florida.

Five dollars will be pa- or unusual fact accep- Contributions must be- factory proof. Addre- World, Collier's, 250 E- City. This column is c- The National Weekly. be reproduced without- the pu-

How to Leave Your Life Insurance Money

TO DO THE MOST FOR YOUR BENEFICIARY



Most Policies of \$1,000 or More Provide 4 Optional Payment Plans

Have you planned to leave your life insurance money so it will do exactly what you want it to do for your beneficiary? To make this possible, almost all larger policies give you four optional methods of settlement.

1. Your insurance money may, of course, be paid as a single lump sum, in cash.
2. If the amount is sufficient, it may be paid as a definite monthly income for your beneficiary's remaining lifetime.
3. An income of a definite amount may be paid for a limited length of time.
4. The insurance money may be left with the company at interest. This interest is paid to your beneficiary each year, and withdrawal of the principal may be arranged for as desired.

Here are 3 things to remember when you plan a method of settlement: (1) Arrange the plan you would want if you should die tomorrow, considering any Social Security benefits or other income. (2) Keep your plan in line with your changing circumstances by reviewing it periodically with your agent. (3) Leave enough insurance in cash to pay inevitable last expenses.



HOW 2 MEN
WORKED OUT
IDEAL PLANS
FOR THEIR
FAMILIES



CASE NO. 1—EDWARD COOKE . . . a young married man with \$10,000 of insurance. Until Mr. Cooke can afford more insurance, the important thing he wants his present policy to do if he should die is tide his wife over until she can find a job. Mr. Cooke has arranged his life insurance like this: \$500 would be paid to his wife right away to take care of final expenses. The remaining \$2,500 would be paid as an income of \$100 a month for 25 months, plus interest.

CASE NO. 2—ARTHUR KEENAN . . . married and the father of a ten-year-old boy. Mr. Keenan has \$40,000 of life insurance. From time to time, he discusses the beneficiary arrangements in his policies with his agent—to make sure they are up to date.

His latest arrangement is set up as follows: At his death his wife will receive \$2,000 in cash immediately to cover final expenses, un-

paid bills, and other incidentals. She will also receive \$150 every month until her son reaches the age of 18. For the next four years, she will get \$250 a month, the extra \$100 a month being for her son's college education. Then, the balance of Mr. Keenan's life insurance money will be paid to his wife as an income of approximately \$100 every month for the rest of her life.

ARE WE HELPING YOU?

This is another in our series of advertisements—"What Every Man Should Know About Life Insurance." This series is intended to give you the kind of *practical* information on life insurance that will be of real benefit to you and your family.

We hope these advertisements will help you understand life insurance better and give you a deeper appreciation of your agent's services. Your comments will be warmly welcomed.



The **PRUDENTIAL**

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



"Dirty old plugs
Corroded and worn
Make your car act
Weak and forlorn
They waste its gas
and steal its oil—
They're highway
robbers
New plugs will foil."



"Clean shiny plugs
With electrodes bright
Make any engine
Run just right,
They pay their way
By saving gas
What about your plugs,
—think they'll pass?"



*More Vital -
More Dependable
than ever!*



Big tanks, little tanks, half-tracks, and jeeps—these are the sinews of war. Thousands of the engines in these and all kinds and sizes of trucks, cars and motorcycles in mechanized warfare are equipped with dependable Champion

Spark Plugs for that vital spark that makes them alive. They depend on Champions for that same championship performance that has made them the preferred spark plugs of the motoring public.



TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

A pilot who took part in the Navy's attack on Japanese-held Gilbert and Marshall islands, with plane showing bomb damage



STILL fresh in the minds of many of us are the postwar stories of American, British and French pilots who would stay up all night consuming great amounts of champagne and brandy and shoot down hordes of German planes the next day by way of a pick-up. There is no doubt that a pilot at the front did have a short one occasionally, particularly after a day of hard fighting. Also, he took care of himself pretty much as he pleased. All he was expected to do was to beat the Germans out of the skies, and that he did—as the enemy well remembers.

Today the high commands of all warring nations place highest emphasis on the health of their airmen. This is due, first, to the knowledge gained in the past two decades about aviation medicine and, second, to the terrific performance of the modern combat plane which calls for sharp eyes and minds and tough, healthy bodies.

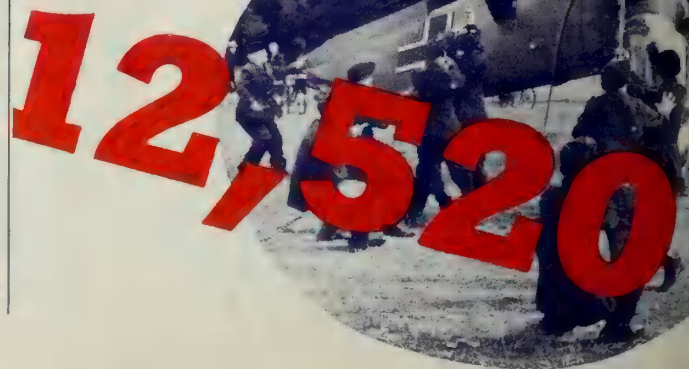
Perhaps the most efficient program for maintaining physical and mental perfection in active combat organizations is found in our Naval air units, particularly on aircraft carriers. The "in training" procedure so rigorously observed in amateur and professional athletics is easy of accomplishment under these cloistered conditions at sea, and

every provision from hospital to mess is made for both officer and crew. They are under constant supervision and regulation, are uniformly physically maintained. I was on a carrier when the war was just beginning and now let down to a routine program of rest and recreation, forced as vigorously as discipline.

You have to be strong of body to be a carrier-based pilot in this war. Off the deck, down and out over your land plane, be it bomber, torpedo or scout plane. Soon the carrier is out of sight, forced landing in the sea. That great confidence is placed in the pilot's ability to keep the plane afloat until help arrives. The Navy

(Continued on page 34)

Total loss of Axis and Allied planes to date: 12,520. Here's a Messerschmitt 109 that took a dive, missed and crashed—somewhere in England



Things are *Looking Up* in Wichita for Young Folks Nowadays"

"IN FACT," says Captain Records, "things are looking up for *all of us*. The speed with which they're producing war wings in Wichita spells plenty bad news for Hitler, Hirohito and Company. Those aircraft manufacturers are working 24 hours a day to help win this war. And they'll be working just as hard to win the peace that follows.

"As a result, those youngsters of ours are going to have advantages we've never even dreamed of. For one thing, they'll be travelling along traffic-controlled

skyways... flying their own Family Car of the Air as naturally as you drive an automobile today. I saw that plane myself at the Cessna Aircraft plant, in blueprints, ready to be produced when this war's over.

"Yes, I know I've been doubtful about the idea of *flying for everyone*, but not since I saw those Cessna blueprints. You'll be shopping a couple of hundred miles away in a morning if you want to, in your Cessna Family Car of the Air. And so will thousands of folks when this war's over."



RECORDS,
a Mile Pilot,
ahead for
records.

in the Army Now... 24 Hours a Day

and peace comes to Cessna is devoting all to production of Cessnas for the U. S. Army and the Royal Air Force. And these Cessnas and Cranes are

actually flying over a million miles a week in bomber-training service. Deliveries are ahead of schedule. And Cessna is pledged to keep them well ahead. That's why we'll all have to wait until this war is won for our Cessna Family Cars of the Air.



our Wings! Keep 'Em Flying!



stamps) to the address below and we'll send you a 10 cent Defense Stamp... and enclose your "Keep 'Em Flying" Wings free, postage paid.

CESSNA CO., DEPT. C, BOX 1616, WICHITA, KANSAS



Commencement of new careers will come with the Cessna Family Car of the Air

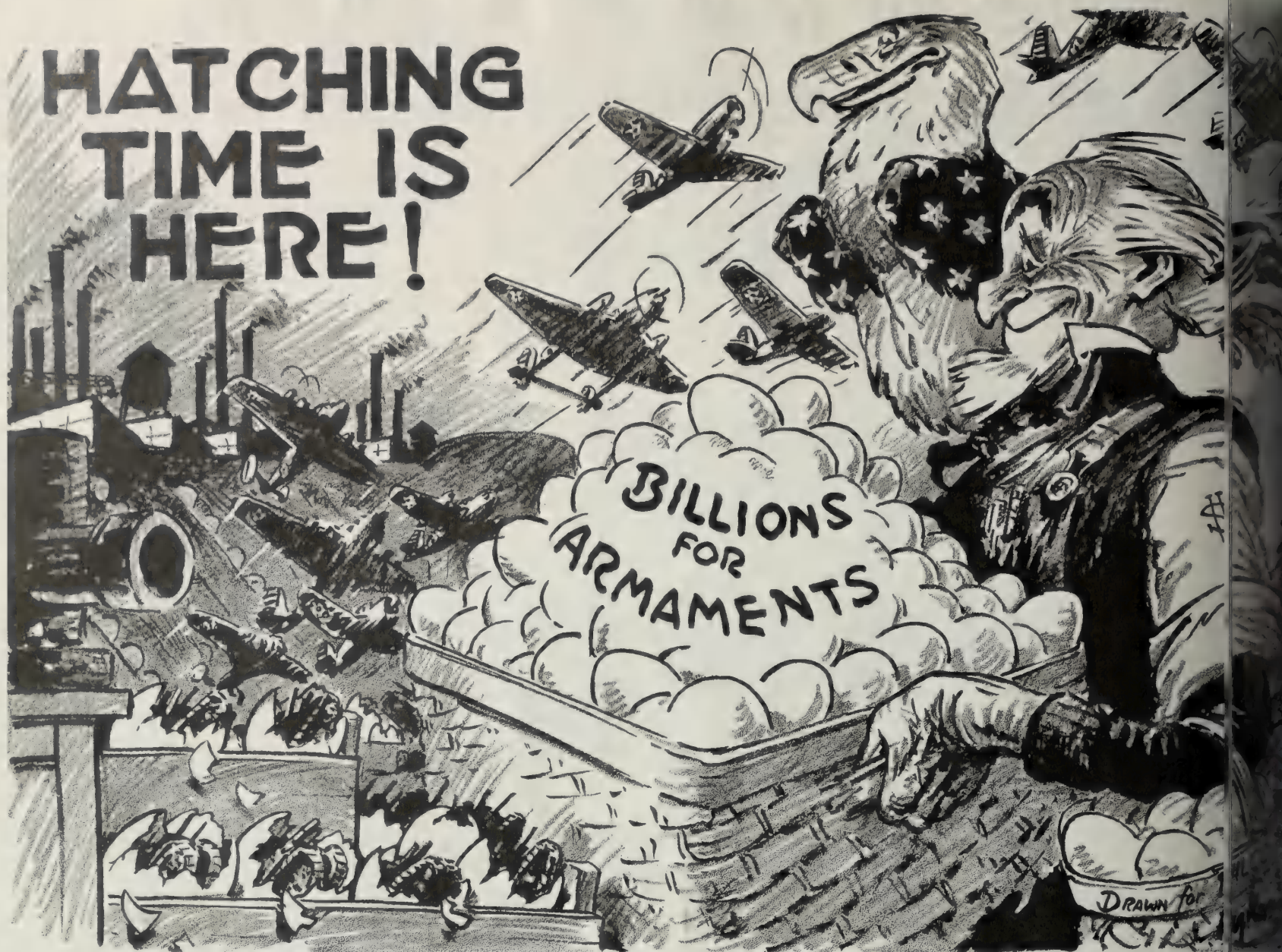
Yes, new careers, and a new and better way to travel, both for business and pleasure, will come with the Cessna Family Car of the Air. You'll learn to fly it as quickly as you learned to drive a car, only your Cessna will take you three times as far. You'll be cruising away on week-end vacation trips that are once-

a-year adventures now. These *wings-for-everyone* are the latest achievement in Cessna's 31 year history. Another was the famous Airmaster, three times judged the "World's Most Efficient Airplane." And, after all, it takes aviation experience like that to build the airplane that *everyone can buy and fly*.



COPY 1942 CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.

Cessna SYMBOL OF Aircraftmanship FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS



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"More! Better! Sooner!" is the war-cry of Philco's soldiers of production. In this cartoon, C. E. Sykes interprets the spirit that spurs them on. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, it is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists as an inspiration to the men and women who are helping to produce the weapons of victory.

★ ★ ★

WE HAVE a job to do . . . the biggest job that has ever faced the minds and muscles of American industry. This is the time for our workers to prove that we have earned our reputation as the world's masters of mass production! This is the time for the genius of our industrial scientists and engineers to preserve their gift to America, the world's highest standard of living! And preserve it they will, gloriously and decisively. Production, *in the American way*, is the key to victory!

And with that victory another triumph will come. Peace, yes! Freedom, yes! But a vastly greater enjoyment of both for us all. The new and deadlier swords that men fashion with fierce inspiration today will be beaten into plowshares of untold happiness for tomorrow.

Here at Philco, our engineers and scientists are devoting their toil and their genius to the weapons of war . . . communications equipment, airplane and tank radios, artillery fuzes and shells. Already in their laboratories

and assembly lines, the fruits of their efforts hold the undreamed-of promise for the future. American industry will deliver the implements of victory to our brave and valiant forces . . . and with them, new and abundant joys for the tranquil years of peace!

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**INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER
SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER**



Light to the Sun

by James Aldridge
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

ng brilliant novel
R.A.—the story of
ay and the Greek
ler Stangou, who
l is a few short
between battles,
of tenderness and
the average lifetime

oungman said, "Do we stay
d twelve thousand?"
ste around there." John
adder his head. "The Greeks
ey are at ten thousand. But
be sure." The two men
ross the green mud of grass
in the general direction of the
t the end of the field.

"Keep well behind young Gorell, Tap. Don't let him get wide."
"I won't," the young man said.
"And don't get wide yourself," John Quayle warned.
"I won't," Tap said again. "Do you think they've got escort?"
"Not from the report. And not this far down anyway."
"I don't know, John. The Italians were bringing in those new F-5s when we left Egypt." The boy named Tap zipped up his Irvin suit and started pulling on his thin gloves with their worn fingers and split seams.
"They're not long-range fighters," Quayle said. "But if there's any around, get young Gorell out of the way."
"I don't like this business of tailing the flight. You can have it on your own," the boy said.
"You'll get used to it. Just keep look-

ing behind. You'll be the first to see anything chasing us. And keep Gorell following me. He'll be all right if there's no escort."
"All right, but don't make your turns too tight," Tap said. "I can't keep height when I'm back there trying to keep up with you."
"Well, keep Gorell in tight then."
The two men separated. John Quayle walked toward a plane that was taxiing downwind to the perimeter of the field. He held up his hand with his helmet in it. The plane taxied toward him. The boy in the plane swung it around and throttled down.
"Say, keep in close to me, will you, Gorell?" John Quayle yelled.
"Sure."
"They're Savoias, I think. So if you get a bead on one, get it on that hump over the trailing edge of the wing."

Gorell pulled at his harness.
"Tap will be behind you." Quayle lifted his hand again and walked toward a plane that was being warmed up by two aircraftmen, two hundred yards away. He looked up as he walked and saw water blue in the sky and streaked chalk in the clouds. He was thinking they would be too high to hide in. Probably at fifteen thousand, and not much of them anyway. Maybe twelve thousand wasn't height enough for the fighters. The Greeks said the Savoias were around ten thousand feet. They might climb a little to get over the anti-aircraft, and the Greeks ought to keep their anti-aircraft quiet. John Quayle thought this while he walked across the field.
As he approached the squat khaki-camouflaged biplane, a man climbed out of the cockpit.
"All right, Sergeant?" John Quayle

"Take your cap off," she said to Quayle. "Why?" he asked.
"Because we have been told not to be with British soldiers"

Good, sound
instead of the
of publicity
her slow,
in Hollywood

No Glamor Gal

By Kyle Crichton

pattern of life in Hol-
has had little effect on
Wright. Her stockings
ally wrinkled around
les and she lives over
e. But she takes act-
a serious business

R Teresa Wright had appeared
Detroit with the touring ver-
of our Town she received
from a bellhop at one of the ho-
said merely, "Please don't be
what I'm about to write. Your
appearance is swell except for
You hose about the ankles
wrinkled."
as a client warning and it has
ated by other Wright enthu-
it he had no effect. Friends
gone to the trouble of supply-

ing gifts of garters, supporters and special girdles. The result: nothing. The socks still wrinkle. It must be the contour of the Wright limb.

In view of this, Miss Wright's present employment with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn is in the nature of a national phenomenon. Mr. Goldwyn has previously been a high priest in attendance at the altar of glamor.

Goldwyn once spent a million dollars publicizing the charms of Miss Anna Sten, with the result that (a) the public was not charmed, and (b) Miss Sten, a good actress with a great Continental reputation, was a failure. A later experiment with Miss Merle Oberon rewarded Mr. Goldwyn's patience and confidence in a more substantial fashion, and the financial rewards were excellent until that moment when Mr. Alexander Korda removed Miss Oberon from the Goldwyn clutches by the simple device of marrying her.

The only apparent excuse Miss Wright has for being on the Goldwyn

pay roll is that she is an actress. She was playing in *Life With Father* on Broadway when Goldwyn hired her for the part of the child in the screen version of *The Little Foxes*. She is now Mrs. Lou Gehrig in *The Pride of the Yankees*, a picture in which Mr. Gary Cooper, the gentleman gaucho, has been instructed as painstakingly in our national pastime as an infant is taught to walk. The thing becomes more involved by reason of the fact that although Miss Wright is twenty-two years of age, she has always played children.

Home is Where You Find It

Miss Wright's competence as a performer was established almost immediately by her nomination for the best assisting artist of 1941 for her work in *The Little Foxes*. Even this failed to glamorize her and there is little chance that anything ever will. She lives on the wrong side of the tracks in Beverly Hills and can be reached only by explorers of

great fortitude. It will be found that Miss Wright lives somewhere down a driveway. Furthermore, she lives over a garage.

However, the apartment is extremely attractive and it is at this point that the caller realizes that although Miss Wright may never be another Clara Bow she most certainly has her wits about her.

"Look, the swimming hole," she says, going to the window.

There is a swimming pool. The location is quiet; the rent is reasonable. Also, Miss Wright can act. While being interviewed, she sits on a divan with her feet tucked under her. Nothing shows, especially not a wrinkle.

If Miss Wright looks and conducts herself like Helen Hayes, it is because she wants to act like Helen Hayes. That started when Teresa saw Miss Hayes in *Victoria Regina* and made up her mind about acting. Far from discouraging her, the family urged her on. She was

(Continued on page 56)

DOOLITTLE-KEAN

ne with ady

E. Johns

BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

aurant du Midi, in Picca-
s crowded. Uniforms were
ous, some British, others
pied countries.

re are uniforms there will
omen, and in this respect
fairly favored. Prices be-
they usually are where
w, most of the fair clien-
ll escorted. Only one sat
rk, serious-faced girl in
form, who occupied a wall

had been served when the
er stulted up, to implore, with
pogetic shrugs, a favor. It
t the restaurant was full,
s a gentleman, an officer
dame mind? . . .

n you want to put him at
t's all right with me," she
hout enthusiasm.
aditer beamed, clapping his
ordinate attention. "Merci,
ci."

lumed her more engaging
n, it presently looked up to
th she was being regarded
epious approval by an offi-
t-utenant of the Royal Air

to ash in on you like this,"
ure with easy confidence.
ed, apologize," she answered

border, and reached for the
"You've let me share your
w a ut sharing my wine?"
mle faintly. "I warn you, I
amped palate."
uch better."

yourself when you look at the
umb 56. Château Lafitte, '24.
ve a few bottles left. When
ve ge, we may be gray before
ore."

ly tught." He beckoned the
ter d gave the order. "Been
ervice ng?" he went on.
enough to like it."
are you working on?"

rown disapproval. Her eyes
meaningly to the usual official
sign conspicuously displayed,
ndisced talk.

nced: it and shrugged. "That
applies to us, as long as we don't
oes it
not? There may be a dicta-
the all, with a Hun at the
d."

ade a appraising survey of the
You ay be right. This place
be a rtile field for spies."
waiter brought the wine and
a little to a glass. The officer
at it f a moment against the
pped reverently. "I under-
hy the isn't much left," he
ed."

the we the conversation be-
ore innate. He told her that
at Bober Command, and of
operats that so far had not
ide pub. "We did a special job
ht," he concluded.

ow," si returned calmly.
ised his eyebrows. "Then you're
ations:
-Personel. But we hear things."



"What can they find for a woman to do in Personnel?"

"I draft the orders."

"What sort of orders?"

She smiled with a deprecatory shrug. "Just the routine stuff—allowances, uniforms regulations, and so on."

He smiled. "So you're one of the people who tell us how to dress?"

"That's it. I've just been drafting a new uniform regulation. It will appear in Weekly Orders tomorrow."

"Socks to be an inch longer?"

"Not a bad guess. You'll know about it tomorrow."

"You might as well tell me now. Why not?"

She hesitated. "Very well. You'll see Orders, anyway, when you go back. The new regulation affects slacks. Turn-ups are to be worn again."

He stared incredulously. "No!" he breathed. Then he quivered with suppressed laughter. "But the thing's fantastic. What possible reason—"

"But there is a reason," she interrupted stiffly.

"Impossible!"

"I'll tell you what it is. As you know, several officers have had to bail out over the Channel. Some have dropped into the drink several times, and the salt water has caused their slacks to shrink. Turn-ups would allow them to be brought to regulation length. So, you see, behind the order lies a practical purpose."

He became serious. "Imagine it," he muttered bitterly. "This is how we fight total war. I'm sorry to be critical, but—"

She broke in: "Don't blame me. I don't make the orders—I only pass them on." She finished her wine. "Now I must be getting back."

"To think out a new shape for my collar?"

She smiled. "Possibly."

"How about lunch tomorrow?" He touched the empty bottle. "We must have another of these."

She hesitated. "I shall probably be along, anyway. All right, I'll come, but only on the understanding that I pay for the wine. Being independent is still a novelty."

"I don't like the idea, but if it's a

condition of your coming then I'll say no more."

"Good. Au revoir." She moved toward the door.

THE following day the Midi was well patronized for lunch; by noon every place had been booked, and the girl in Air Force blue found her escort already seated.

"I managed to get the same table," he boasted gracefully, as he rose to greet her. "I hope you won't mind, but I've ordered the wine—to make sure of getting it."

"Very wise. Sorry I'm a bit late, but I've had a hectic morning."

"What's the news today? Been working out a new method of lacing shoes?"

"More important things than that," she answered seriously. "Oh, and that reminds me—your persuasive curiosity yesterday may land you in trouble. That order about slacks was canceled at the last minute and I see you've had turn-ups put on. You should have waited until the order was promulgated."

"Is that so?" he said slowly, his eyes on her face.

She nodded. "Extraordinary how information leaks out, isn't it? This morning no fewer than five officers were arrested for being incorrectly dressed. Regardless of standing orders they were wearing turn-ups. That could hardly be coincidence. Somebody must have told them."

There was a brief silence.

"Who could it have been?" he questioned slowly.

She glanced up. "Only one person knew about the order apart from myself. That may give you an idea."

"Are you sure no one else knew?"

"Certain. I planned the scheme myself."

There was another pause. His eyes were still on her face. It seemed to fascinate him. "Who arrested these—incorrectly dressed officers?"

"The police. Not one could give an account of himself, which was only to be expected since they were not attached to any unit—at least, not to a British unit. It rather looks as though

She made a slight inclination with her head. "That's all." He rose slowly to his feet, clicked his heels and bowed

our Intelligence people are not so slow after all, doesn't it? Five spies in one cast of the net isn't bad."

There was another pause. The waiter poured the wine.

When the officer spoke again his voice was strained: "Excuse me a moment. I've just remembered something."

She didn't look up. "If you're thinking of going to your tailor's, I wouldn't bother. And there's no point in trying to hide your slacks. The two gentlemen behind you aren't impatient. I'm sure they'll give you time to drink your wine. As I said yesterday, it may be a long time before there is such another vintage."

His expression did not change. Only the color drained slowly out of his face, leaving it gray. With fingers that were white, but steady, he held his glass to the light, so that the rubies in it glowed blood-red.

"I'm all the more sorry that we shall never know each other better," he said softly, and after drinking deeply placed the empty glass, inverted, on the table.

She, too, lifted her glass, and touched the wine with her lips.

His eyes, now expressionless, came back to hers. "Is that all?"

She made a slight inclination with her head. "That's all."

He rose slowly to his feet clicked his heels and bowed stiffly from the waist. Then, without another word, he turned and walked toward the door, followed by the two gentlemen who were not impatient.

The waiter came forward, smiling. "Taking lunch, madame?"

"No. Just coffee—black."

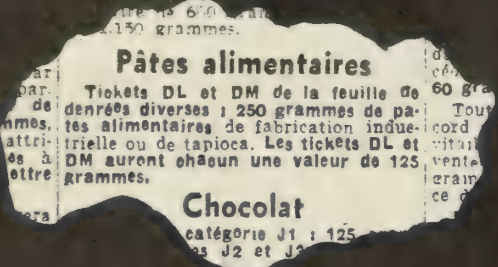
The waiter leaned forward to brush some crumbs from the table. "Everything go off all right?" he whispered.

"Yes. Keep the table reserved, though—we may need it again."

The waiter straightened his back. "Oui, madame," he said loudly.



The story of France's desperate food shortage is graphically illustrated by the unused potato and cheese coupons still remaining on this ration card at the end of the month: potatoes and cheese were not to be had even in the scanty amounts called for



Newspaper advertisements advise ration card holders that certain unused D tickets may be exchanged for noodles, macaroni and tapioca—an infrequent occurrence in stricken France

How France Eats

By Thérèse Bonney
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

AT THE end of last year, I drove 15,000 kilometers through Unoccupied France to see how the people lived. I dined with one of the great generals of the French army of pre-Armistice days. In the old days he had lived in style, with a cook who was the envy of all his friends. However, this time an omelette for two had to do for six. The rest of the meal consisted of lettuce without oil and a handful of strawberries.

The wife of a French academician told me that in their household they had had no potatoes in five months, no meat in two. Because of the scarcities, she was forced to spend four or five hours a day marketing. She considered herself fortunate if for eighty to a hundred francs (two to three dollars) she could get enough vegetables for two meals for her husband and herself.

Everything is rationed, and ration tickets are more precious than gold, literally. Without them it is possible to starve; even with them life is desperately hard. I had heard stories of guests giving their ration tickets to their hostess. My experience went even further. I was invited to lunch by an ambassador. On leaving I was asked to hand my ration tickets to my host.

The days of the gastronomically spoiled Frenchmen are gone. The famous chefs who labored over *canard à l'orange* or *truffes aux cendres* are gradually turning their attention to spruce steak, ersatz cutlets, poppy salads. I studied the question of food with those charged with its control and distribution. I visited the farms of almost two hundred peasants in widely separated regions. I motored hundreds of miles to visit factories, slaughterhouses, labora-

tories. I saw soap bones, ersatz pâté de nut flour, biscuits from grape residue.

After the fall of not only blitzed and established an army of two million men, who had to be supplied with the best in the country. The thousands of peasants resulted in neglect of the land, in heavy loss of harvest, a 25 per cent decrease in products, a 50 per cent potato crop, a 30 per cent meat supply.

In 1941 the harvest was seriously affected because of lack of fertilizer and seed. The fields were afflicted by a few thousands died. Two thousand horses were requisitioned by the Germans. T. was told that two French freight cars were among the prisoners, 1,200,000 prisoners, were held in Germany. All French imports in Madagascar, India and China were cut off.

Slaughterhouse figures from the leading cities tell their own story.

Before the war (per day)	
Beef—800 animals
Pork—1,418
Veal—380
Mutton—5,000
Horse—123



A customer watches carefully as a storekeeper snips her precious food coupons. Storekeepers must account to the government for every gram of food dispensed



The famous fish stalls of Marseilles—home of bouillabaisse—empty because there is no fuel to run the fishing boats

crease in the consumption of
at is more indicative of con-
an anything I might write. The
duction of meat in this city
is one hundred thousand kilos.
is less than fifteen thousand.
e war there were twenty-five
pigs slaughtered a week in
e week of November 1, 1941,
e two hundred and eighty-
ghtered. The figure has gone
as 150.

e time after the collapse, cer-
s of France noticed little dif-
food available. When I was
t was still possible to get a
d meal. Regions known as
ultural (one crop) sections,
imes and Montpellier, were
suffer. By midsummer of
v children starving in these
e eating nettles in the fields.
ere able to get along for a
apping. A friend might send
parcel post from Périgord or
m Burgundy in return for
rocts. But little by little, these
old no longer be tapped and,
win, the Frenchman was thrown
own resources. All products
ntry rationed but that never
y a family was going to be
ng.

ver forget the sad, apathetic
eyes of a friend's child, who
y meal a day, at school at
nent to bed supperless with
an, *je fais faim!*" (I am hungry) on
in ad of a prayer. Nor shall I
ge the frequent gesture of the
child to place one hand over the
stomach and looked up
ly me.

ing could be more serious than
a ration ticket. When I entered
I s given enough tickets for
ys. ot having a ration book, I
t e emely difficult to take care
a lit pieces of paper. My bread
flutered to the floor every time
ed n purse. I was soon to learn
Frehman had a special ration
for these life-or-death bits of

paper. Snipping the ticket is a rite and
one on which you keep an eagle eye.
Old women buying at a store watch the
shopkeeper every instant, knowing that
just one wrong move may leave them
mealless at the end of the month.

There is even a gruesome side to the
ration question. At the beginning, there
was some traffic in ration tickets. When
a man died, his cards were kept and
used for extra supplies by the family. To
stop that, the government decreed that
no burial could be made unless the ration
book was surrendered. In a few cases
where men have dropped dead in the
street and have been robbed, the situa-
tion has verged on tragedy for the family.

With fats and oils lacking, substitutes
such as walnuts, beech nuts, sunflower
seeds, peach and prune stones, pumpkin
seeds and *saffor* (a giant thistle) brought
a partial solution to the problem. Cook-
books to meet the new conditions have
been published. One called *Manger cet
Hiver* (Eating this Winter) guarantees
to turn your 950 calories rations into
2,250 calories. Another by the prince
of French cooking, Prosper Montagne, is
titled: *La Cuisine avec ou sans tickets*
(Cooking with or without tickets). Mon-
tagne no longer talks of hare à la roy-
ale or of Koulibacks of salmon or of
chicken *Vallée d'Orge*. Today he writes
of cauliflower marrow, poached nettles,
rutabaga à la Lyonnaise.

Another tiny cookbook furnishes a
hundred recipes for making dishes out
of bread crumbs. An ordinary house-
hold of five, it seems, wastes thirty
grams of bread crumbs a day, two hun-
dred and ten grams a week. That is
quite enough to make any number of
succulent desserts and other dishes.

I brought a few menus back with me
to show what a typical meal in France
is today. Here are a few:

A twenty-five francs fifty centimes
meal (more or less equivalent to a
\$1.25 meal here):

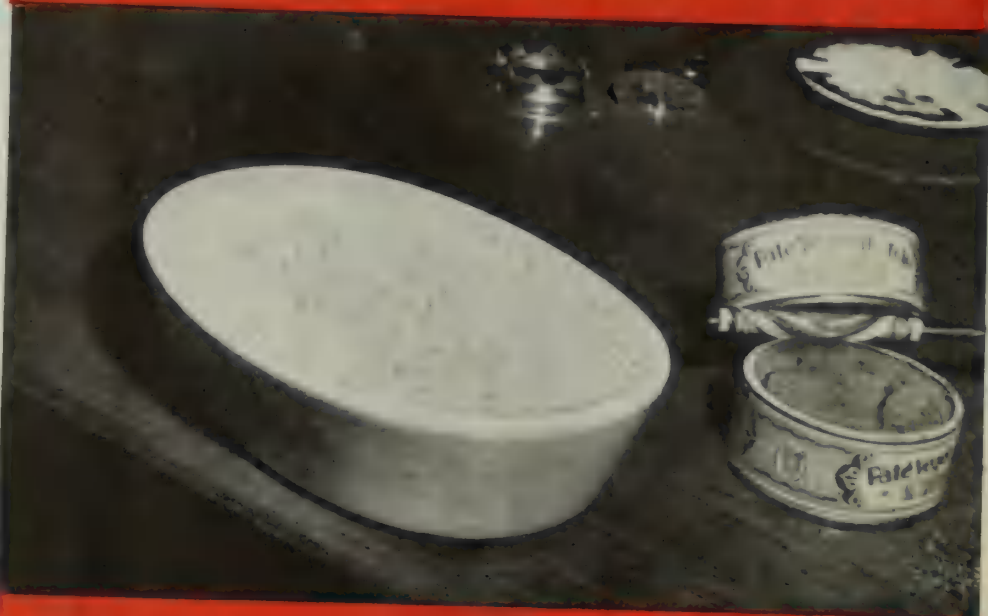
Authorized hors d'oeuvre.

A leaf of lettuce and a slice of to-
mato without oil.

A handful of beans, without any



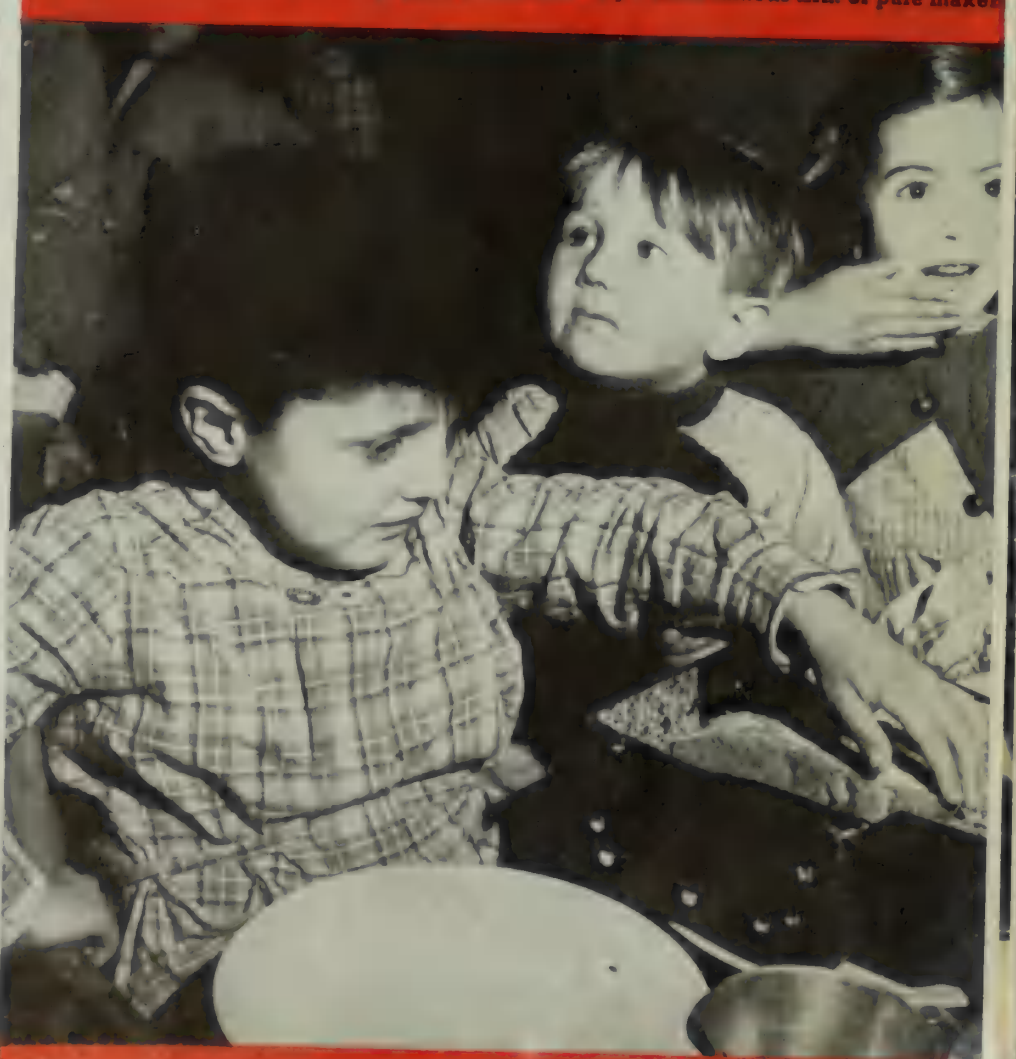
A French peasant family meal: bread, preserved pork and cheap wine. Peasants fare better than urbanites because they can keep some of the foods they raise.



Staple food is the canned vegetable pâté, unrationed—an unsavory combination of peanut flour (in dish) and vegetable mash, made by a once-famous firm of pâté makers.



A woman is leaving a store in which she has purchased her entire ration—an item which she can carry home without difficulty.



French schoolchildren bring bread to school to supplement the meal the state supplies them. Many French children must get along on this one meal a day.



The village baker comes back into his own. The present shortage of fuel, plus the fact that the peasant gets flour instead of bread, makes communal baking necessary.



A peasant woman makes cheese from milk produced by her own cow. Since cheese is now the principal protein staple of the peasant, a cow is a highly prized possession.



A storekeeper weighs out a meal for one person. Rice has now become so scarce it can be issued only for children—and to adults only on doctor's orders.



A French butcher shop in Vichy displays empty meat hooks and only a few processed meat products on its counter. Many ration tickets are unused because there is no meat to be had.

fat and half a boiled egg (this is called a "cassoulet"). Ten strawberries or one small apricot.

Another menu:

Tapicoa consommé.

Spinach with no butter but a touch of margarine.

A dozen snails, without butter or garlic (margarine).

A handful of cherries.

Another menu:

Potage Lyonnais.

Rutabaga boiled.

Macaroni (without cheese).

People in America ask me about the Black Market, and the answer, I suppose, is always be Black Markets. Sugar is sold at \$1.50 a pound; tea if found can cost from \$20 to \$25 a pound; butter is from \$2.50 to \$5 a pound. A chicken, if found, would run to \$20 or \$25; a chicken, commands from \$5 to \$10. A ham costs from \$10 to \$100.

In Unoccupied France, the Black Market is so active and vicious as in England because of the isolation of France is more social minded. The feeling and determination that must share privations.

However, there are food speakeasies. On my long motor trip over France I found there are generally four or five miles from the town and are frequented at night. Our news diplomats always know where they are. You can get a good meal without ration tickets. In Vichy itself, I ate a pâté, a real steak, a great dish of French fried potatoes and Camembert.

This meal per person, with wine, for a Frenchman, that would mean the equivalent of \$8—a prohibitive sum. These places are very severe measures are taken against them when they are located.

But such subterfuges have an infinite effect on the great problem of starving France. That is technically free, conditions are not worse. The authorities are keenly aware in Belgium, their closest neighbors, where diseases incidental to starvation is a frightening rate.

The French ration of 250 grams of meat at best, was down to 190 grams in 1941. Rice was reserved for children and for invalids requiring a doctor's prescription. Late was distributed only to children. The French are approaching that limit of human endurance which even the cleverest use of ersatz cannot save a nation.

THE END



The Calypso was firing with resin now. She crept into the wake of the General Hook and was gaining rapidly

CUB PILOT

By Carl D. Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

on the river that no-
enjoyed, least of all
ero of the occasion

D stalled all he could. His
other the kitchen shed of
the shanty house with growing
frequent nips from the
snail bite which he carried
in his carpetbag. Chid reck-
ould have to come quick,
d be ragged off forthwith as
er had promised.
t to ne up the woodshed door,"
id. "I only take a minute."
t both," Bull Hawley growled.
n't ne comin' back here. Let
wants come an' take the place."
took time finding the ax and
g straight some rusty spikes. Old

Friend, Chid's big hound dog, put his muzzle on the boy's neck with affection as Chid stooped before a flat rock. The October night was frosty, promising ice in the marshes along the river and in the alder swales by morning. He nailed the shed door tight, taking more blows than he needed, killing time. The General Hook was late coming up tonight.

"Chid," Bull called, "come along now or I'll take the whip to you. When a man has gold he don't have to wait for no one; for his brat, never."

"Yes, sir," Chid said and unhitched the chain from the dog's collar. Chid had woven the collar himself, making it out of what was cheap and handy like most everything else around the place. His father had left him when he was eleven, two years ago, going off to California for gold and abandoning him. Chid's mother had died when he was four. He would have liked to have gone to live with some of her kin as they'd

urged him to but living in exactly this place had been important to his dreams.

Suddenly, from the river, dark and unseen to the westward, came the far-off beat of a stern-wheeler, feeling her way up the black stream. Chid could picture Lag Jessup, the pilot, alert in his port window, using his river sense and that awareness not given to common mortals, guiding his steamer around hidden niggerheads and snags and gravel bars.

Chid knew and loved the river. His dream was to be a steamboat pilot. Until his father had conjured himself out of an almost forgotten past this morning he'd been on his way to making the dream come true.

A single bell, thin and wintry, sounded beyond the shore scrub and the paddle beat ceased. Lag was picking his way between the shore and the end of the Drowned Man, searching for the narrow channel. In a minute he'd need Chid.

"Chid," Bull Hawley bellowed, "what in nation's keepin' you? You tryin' to run away? Come here!"

Chid didn't answer, risking Bull's ready whip hand, whisky-quickenened tonight. Helping Lag and the General Hook was a solemn bounden duty. It paid him two dollars a month. But more important, it was leading him joyously near to the port window as Lag's cub.

On the river a whistle sounded, like a man calling a dog to heel. Old Friend's ears went up. The dog was alert and aquiver at once. "Go ahead, boy," Chid whispered. "It's the sign, boy."

Old Friend faced his muzzle toward the sound in the night, raising his head. Then he bayed—long and deep.

Chid patted him, feeling somehow closer to Old Friend than ever before. What was coming, doing his father's bidding, would be bearable only because

(Continued on page 50)



College on Horseback

By Frank Daugherty

Traditional sports come and go, but polo—and good polo, too—is a year-round fixture at the University of Arizona, where Uncle Sam's future cavalry officers ready themselves

A troop of junior cadets of the University of Arizona—the cavalry R.O.T.C. unit in the Uni-
(Right) Arizona coeds look on at
fice. The player hitting the ball is
His opponent is his teammate John L.

A GOOD many people have tried to make the University of Arizona resemble other state colleges, at least from a sports angle. Football, baseball, basketball and track come and go, but the kids at the school, some from Southwestern ranches, others from the East, just go on believing that polo and horse shows and rodeos are the important things in any sports curriculum.

Years ago the Army established at Tucson the largest R.O.T.C. in the country, and today riding is compulsory for over eight hundred boys. The girls, not to be outdone, go in for everything from friendly gymkhanas to the annual rodeo—which may be a ro-day-oh in California but is a ro-dee-oh in Arizona. Most important sport at the school, though, is polo. It starts soon after the school opens in the fall and runs through until Easter. Arizona doesn't spend much on it: Only \$3,000 in 1940, and that included an invasion of Oklahoma, Iowa State, Princeton and Harvard. The school itself gave \$1,200; the girls, \$600. The gate made up the rest.

Arizona polo teams play the best colleges in the country, and always give a healthy account of themselves. Their all-time record, exclusive of 1941, is 283 games won, 88 lost, 15 tied. Of the team's regularly scheduled Western games in 1940 it won 19, lost 3 and tied 2. On a 7,901-mile jaunt into Eastern polo it won 13 games, tied 1 and lost 4—the losses being to Princeton, Harvard, the Pegasus Club and the War Department. The school has consistently been Western champion since it inaugurated the game in the West in 1921.

This was the year Lieut. Col. Ralph M. Parker, then head of the school's R.O.T.C., took eight boys mounted on eight crowbait horses out onto the parade ground and handed them mallets and a couple of bamboo-root balls.

"Boys," he is reported to have said, "this is polo. You ride the ponies and hit the ball with the mallets. The idea is to put the ball between—" The rest of his instructions were never heard.

History doesn't say the colonel fell off his horse at what followed; but what he saw was perhaps the most unorthodox polo ever played. The eight boys wound long legs under the bellies of the eight crowbait horses, shouted a cross between an Apache war yell and "Yipee-i-ee! Git along, little dogies!" and ran the bamboo ball ragged.

They have been doing it ever since. Not the same boys. There have been some better and some worse ones since then. But in riding skill, in hard, fast polo, they have all had a family resemblance.

They're Easy to Spot

You can still tell Arizona poloists wherever you see them—and graduates were playing polo as far west as Manila and at Army posts over most of the continental United States and in Cuba and Mexico. You can tell them even out of their customary levis and Texas boots and done up in baggy-seated white britches, shin guards and pith helmets. They will be riding the necks of the horses. Their stirrups will be long. And there will be no daylight to speak of between the seats of their trousers and the saddles.

This, of course, is all wrong, as every polo player knows. The society boys who play in the East, and the Army people who play everywhere, never tire of telling you that the ideal poloist rides the iron and not the leather—meaning his stirrup is short and that he stands up in it. Still there are competent sports writers who say they have never seen better riding than the Arizona boys' brand.

The first Arizona team played in the East. It was beaten by Princeton, that year's intercollegiate champion.

The Western boys livened up their Eastern polo a bit by riding around the fields in cowboy regalia, ran nose on into some of the snubbing only polo coteries know how to dispense. But the team went east again in 1926 and dropped at Chester, Pa. No one else wanted to play the series, 3 games to 1, to Pennsylvania Military College.

In 1931-32 Arizona's new coach, Captain Germauer of the Army took what was perhaps the team Arizona ever turned out on a third Eastern foray. Mauger had seen Willie Drift, Lewis Brown, III, A. H. "Harry" Wilson and Leonard E. "V" Smith play for their prep school, the New Mexico Military Institute, and had gone after them the year before, as a college football coach goes after high school stars. He bagged all.

Will Rogers had called the New Mexico Institute "the incubator of coming international polo!" The institute didn't become the incubator of international polo, but it did become the incubator of Arizona polo, and the members of Mauger's team were only the first of many.

ical than prophetic, Rogers gave a
son for Mauger's team, raising \$2,300
like amount given by the school, en-
r players and the coach to pile into a
mobiles and head east.
at dubbed the "polo team on wheels,"
polo team" and "the cowboy team
and without horses." The stage was
the same sort of derisive welcome that
the teams of 1924 and 1926.

ing happened on the way that was to
ranch kids from the mesquite plains
cession New Mexico, Oklahoma,
ridge and West Point. Murmurs of
he earlier victories, but the West
nothing less than a wow.

s, arriving in their dust-covered
polite amusement of the society
who motored over for the killing,
's pride 14 to 2.

York and the Yale Club for
as now too good for the Wild-

cats. They were introduced to Louis E. Stoddard,
chairman of the United States Polo Association, to
Clarence Budington Kelland, to many a Yale man
who might have been put to it to tell exactly where
their state was located.

Arizona Was "Included Out"

Then, on some pretty flimsy reasoning, based on
mistaken reports, the intercollegiate polo heads voted
not to let Arizona enter the matches. Two Arizona
members, it was alleged, were ineligible for play.
These charges have since been disproved, but Arizona
has not been asked back for intercollegiate play. In
fact, every Eastern trip the team has made has been
on its own initiative.

Stoddard, who was in a position to judge, in spite
of the team's defeat by Yale, called the 1931 Arizona
team "the finest team combination in polo."
Arizona's coach for 1941, former crack Army polo-
ist Major Delmore S. Wood, has said that the 1940
Arizona team, which he did not coach, "could easily

have beaten any college team in the country if it had
been comparably mounted."

Arizona polo teams on Eastern trips have always
played on borrowed mounts because it is not possible
to transport polo ponies, as it is football teams, across
the country with time out for play every 500 miles.

In the West, it has become the custom for home
teams not only to furnish visitors with mounts, but
to share their own mounts with them for at least half
the game. This little gesture has never been followed
in the East and must be accounted the greatest handi-
cap the Western visitors have played under.

With a top enrollment last year of under 2,700 stu-
dents, Arizona is one of the smallest state colleges in
the country. But it has continually matched itself
with the biggest colleges of the East, and has man-
aged to maintain a brand of polo of which any school
could be proud. It has done this using borrowed nags
and considerably slowed down by soft Eastern fields
which contrast strikingly with the fast dobe-and-
devil-grass fields of the Southwest.

For his 1941 varsity, Wood (Continued on page 57)

on the University of Arizona campus is reflected in the
going to and from classes in the Engineering Building



Girl students ride, too. On this desert trail are Ada Lee Perner,
Elladean Hayes, Sazette Blair, Mary Hayward and Pat Moore

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLEGE'S BY CHARLES F. KRIEF



Fireman's Daughter

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

When a man feels ready and able to save the world, it's a bitter thing to have to put it off until he's eighteen

I DIDN'T have a thing on but this towel wrapped around my middle, and my feet were getting pretty tired from trying to stand with my heels a half inch off the floor so no one would notice. But there were only three other guys between me and the Navy doctor who was doing the examinations. And then this boatswain or quartermaster or whatever they call it with that kind of stripes came down the line checking up papers. He came to me and he said, "Where's your papers? For Pete's sake, don't you guys do *anything* like you're told to?"

I didn't say anything. Because he'd seen me plenty before, only not with all my clothes off. He was a big, red-necked, blimpy kind of guy, and he took a good look at me, and said, "Oh, gosh! You again!"

I still didn't say anything. Because what was the use? He just grabbed me by the back of the neck and marched me out of there. Fast, so it was very hard to hold the towel up, and a lot of big dopes in the line laughed. We went out of the examination room, and back to where I'd left my clothes. He stood over me while I got dressed, and he didn't say anything at all till I was tying my tie. Then he said, "Now look, bubber. Don't come in here again! Do you get it? Don't come here any more! Or shall I have it tattooed on you?"

I said, "All right. Only you don't have to get tough about it."

He said, "Maybe I don't have to, but I will. Now beat it. And stay beat!"

I said, very calm and sort of cold, "Thanks. Maybe I can do you a favor some time."

He didn't get it, of course. Because what I was thinking was that I was bound to get in sooner or later, and I'd probably get promoted a lot faster than him, the big dumbbell. I could just see him snapping out a salute and saying, "Boatswain Something-or-Other reporting for duty, sir." And then the expression on his face when he saw who it was.

Only instead he was slamming the door of the recruiting station in back of me, and I was walking down the customhouse steps. Arlene was waiting for me at the bottom of the steps, and I guess she could tell right away what had happened. Arlene is the only person in the world who understands me even a little bit, and even she doesn't really understand. Not entirely. I guess nobody ever understands that way.

We walked down the street to get the bus, and Arlene said, "Don't feel so bad about it, Tommy. You didn't really think you could—well—sneak into the Navy, did you?"

I said, "Oh, the heck with it. It was worth a try, wasn't it?"

Because, of course, she couldn't see

it the way I had. Just a line of guys waiting to And then the doctor thumps, and looking-amazed. And saying, you're in wonderful shape. If every recruit only can shape you're in—"

And then maybe he'd Father. Even if I did darned consent papers. (it before. Younger than But here we were waiting and I looked at Arlene, she wasn't really sorry. pretty with blue eyes a blond hair, and I know cause I'm in love with felt that way even back before I really fell for her was kind of mad at her, see she didn't really want Not any more than Father. Even if she had come down say goodbye, in case that right off. But it was too to fight about it.

THE bus came, and a couple of soldiers from got on, too. I could see that Arlene a good looking didn't get fresh or anything tell Arlene knew they were her. A girl always does. mad I couldn't think of all the way out to Albany we both live. We got walked up the street to It was awfully warm for year, and we sat on the street Arlene said, "Maybe wished school—maybe change his mind."

Only she didn't really was just humoring me. And the way I'm flunking sight, that's really something forward to."

Because how can you to study with all this going beginning to get kind of just sat there. That's about Arlene. She does time when you've got about. A car came up that was Arlene's father. I came up the steps, and evening, Mr. Bolton."

He said, "Uh—good Bobby."

Bobby! He thought I was rant! He hadn't even looked body ever really looks enough to see who you are, anyway. I was proud Mr. Bolton just marched he said, "Arlene, honey, y in. It's getting cold."

Just like that. Arlene: Father. I'll be right in."

But she stayed with minutes. I guess she made me feel if she just trotted right after him. front door closed, I heard talking to Arlene's mother "Well, Muriel, I've finished First duty tonight! I'm a

Only right then the doctor to Arlene, "Full-fledged "Fireman," she said, smiled. "Daddy's an auxiliary civilian defense. He's sl brass pole and everything (Continued on p

I was holding my feet out with my knees bent, trying to keep from spinning. And then I hit. Hard. It most knocked me cockeyed





ing into anner

ny L. Jackson
HED R COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Tommy Dorsey's band
what to do when the
er get hot. Swing to light-
weight clothing—meaning gab-
ardine, worsteds, synthetics,
seersucker and lightweight

wool is the summer-
material that looks most like
the business suits.

gabardine makes a good all-round
country. In natural
colors you have a free hand with color-
ing. You can wear the
with contrasting jacket, the
with odd checks.

synthetic yarns—rayon, vis-
cose—in a wide range of
fabrics. They are all light
weight, easily, and are made in
diverse business and sports pat-
terns, good-looking, inexpensive
to clean. Palm Beach suits are
the summer stand-by.

at week ends, pack a
light Shetland-type tweed jacket,
pair of flannel slacks. They'll fix
you in good shape for any country

club, picnic and general country doings.

Coollest suit material is cotton seersucker. So neatly tailored now that you needn't worry about being taken for a sleepwalker in pajamas.

If you're in the Army you'll get a special summer uniform—lightweight shirt, trousers and tie, in sun-tan color. Army men believe in keeping cool, too.

The lightweight idea runs through the clothing picture from head to foot. Shirts are made of paper-weight cotton, meshes and porous materials with lowered neckbands and convertible collars, to be worn without a tie for sports. Summer colors are creams, yellows, tans and blues.

Wash ties are a smart notion because they actually wash. There is still lightweight silk neckwear around in popular stripes and colorful designs.

Lightweight hose, in cotton or rayon, come in solid colors and patterns. The short ankle-length sock is a good choice.

Get into summer shoes early and wear them late. They'll save your business shoes for next fall. Big news in summer shoes is the two-tone shoe of brown and

tan smooth leather in a perforated model that lets in any stray breeze. These are all right for business wear. For weekend and resort wear, the coffee leather and cream buckskin combination is a good choice. There'll be brown and white shoes worn, too, and plenty of moccasin-type shoes.

Lightweight straw hats with colorful puggree bands will be popular; best color—natural. Good all-round country hat is the water-repellent, wind-proof bucket hat, worn originally by college boys, and a success in Florida last winter. It can stand plenty of abuse, and you'll like it for wear on the golf course.

Silver is not on the priority list, which means that you'll find plenty of silver tie clasps and cuff links in the shops. Western-motif leather is good in belts with silver buckles, wrist-watch straps, tie clasps and cuff links. Suspenders are holding up in bright colors in cottons—checks, plaids and solids—for summer dazzling.

Jacket lengths are the same as you've always worn them, but no wool suits

For warm weather outfits in Tommy Dorsey's band: Tommy wears a double-breasted tropical worsted suit without vest; Clark Yocum, guitar, has a seersucker suit, straw hat; Ziggy Elman, trumpet, natural color Palm Beach and sports straw; John Huddleston, single-breasted natural color gabardine suit and a fancy straw; Chuck Lowry, blue-gray synthetic fabric suit; Frank Sinatra, Shetland-type sports jacket and gray flannels. The girl is Jo Stafford

will carry trouser cuffs, and that includes your flannels, coverts, gabardines and tropical worsteds. Cotton and synthetic fabrics may be cuffed if you like. Best summer colors for suits are light tan for general wear, blue-gray for business.

There's no excuse for sweltering this summer. Pick yourself a lightweight suit. We'll tell you where. ★★★



Come Home Again

By D. D. Beauchamp
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

As Jill said, anything worth having is worth waiting for. That was what she had always known and the thing Ching had had to learn

THE letter was soiled and untidy from much reading, but when he stopped at an all-night diner for a sandwich and coffee he took it out of his pocket and read it again. It was brief and to the point, as though she were reminding him that she felt now exactly as she had felt four years ago. Just in case I might get any wrong ideas, he thought.

"Ching," the letter said, "I'm out at the ranch for a few days, and if it's at all possible I'd like to see you on a matter

of business. I realize you don't take vacations from the Army at your own convenience, but if you can make it I expect to be here until Thursday or Friday of next week."

It was signed, "Jill." Her handwriting was no better than it had ever been, and in spite of himself the sight of it could still give him a familiar and expectant feeling of excitement. It was lucky, he thought, that her letter had arrived just when he'd been granted a twenty-day furlough. Or perhaps it was just the opposite of lucky, because seeing her again would only complete what the letter had already started, the recollection of a number of things that were better forgotten. He was sticking his chin out and he knew it.

Outside the rain was beating against the windows. The weather was cockeyed like everything else. The counterman drew a cup of coffee from the urn and settled down companionably on a stool. "You picked some night for traveling, soldier. It'd have to be one of two things to get me out in a storm like this. Either money or a woman."

Ching Talbot said, "A combination of the two," and wondered exactly how much truth there was in that statement. He laid a half dollar on the counter and shouldered the door open against the push of the wind.

The pavement was slippery and the flat gusts of rain kept the windshield spattered in spite of the wiper. He loafed out of town doing a conservative thirty miles an hour, a part of his mind occupied with driving, a part of it oc-

cupied with a memory of Jill Garrison, and with piecing together the fragments of the past four years.

The ranch, of course, had always been the important thing. His father and Jill's father had owned it jointly, and afterward it had been left to the children. And that was what had caused the trouble. The land. Or rather their different ideas as to what should be done with it.

THEY had both been born and raised on that expanse of grass and mountains, but it had seen its best days as a business concern long before they were grown up. The memories Ching had of it were clear cut, but somehow impersonal, like forgotten snapshots in an old album. He hadn't lived there since his first year in mining school, and after Jill's father's death Mrs. Garrison had closed the main house, and had taken Jill to New York with her. It was what he had expected of her. She had a weak heart, and living in a high altitude hadn't helped it any. But her departure had left the ranch as just so much unused acreage. At least that was the way Ching felt about it. He had been twenty-four years old then. He was land poor, and money seemed a very important thing.

What he had done was logical enough. Gold was up to thirty-five dollars an ounce, and mining was his business. He borrowed what money he could, and drilled his tests down the floor of the valley along the creek, and it was wonderful. It was only eight feet to pay

Ching went on looking at the window. He said, "Look, I was born and raised on this and I like it the way it is"

dirt. He had all the water in the creek, and the sump up ran around seventy-five cents to the yard. Figure a dredge would handle five tons a day, and you were dealing in important money.

He wired Jill and met her in China. They had dinner in the billroom of one of the hotels, in a room with a red-and-white-checked carpet on the table. That was one detail he remembered. He remembered that the dinner cost him twelve dollars, which was borrowed, but he felt rich, and twelve dollars was chicken feed.

It was chicken feed, that's what he got to the coffee and bran stage. He brought out the papers that gave her the costs: equipment and production over a period of years, and the estimated profits; and he threw the whole works right back in his lap.

"I'm sorry, Ching," she said. "I'm a fool, but that's the only real home I've ever had, and I don't want to spoil it. You'll have to do your thing somewhere else."

HE HADN'T believed he'd first. He had known that a dredge would run the land, but that had never occurred to him as being a matter for a consideration. He considered her point of view so much sentimental tripe, but it hadn't done any good to argue.

She was nice about it, but she said her chin should have warned him that he was running his head into a stone wall. He was scared, though, and all he could see was a two-thousand-dollar note, and no visible means of meeting it.

"It's hard to explain," Jill said. "I don't want money that badly. I'd feel cheap and greedy."

"I suppose that makes sense," Ching said.

"I suppose it does," Jill said.

It had gone on from there. It progressed from personalities to three legal actions. He couldn't recall it in exact detail, but he remembered the bartender, the waiter, and customers all had ringside first-class brawl. What Ching finally was an engagement he had to hock for two months and room after he got home.

After four years he could be remembering that part of it. Looking at it, and in the light of everything that had happened since, the seemed as important as it then, but the bitterness of pride that had grown out of there, and they were real. Considering that, he wondered was driving all night in especially when her letter clear that whatever her reason was wanting to see him they were not personal.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when he got there, and in the low sprawling structure took shape through the rain in under the big fir tree in cut the motor, and in that knew definitely that it had taken to come.

That house, and Jill witnessed a part of his life that and it would have been better that way. There was no time from it now though. He stretched his legs, fished his back end, and started through the wet grass toward the house.

(Continued on page 24)

Prepare in for the sudsin' surprise of your life when you meet
Baby-gentle Swan"



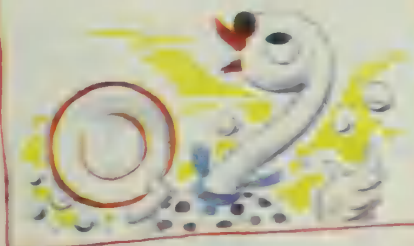
you say baby-gentle?"

Swan's mild as
 imported castiles. You
 t buy a purer soap! And
 n you see it suds—whee!
 "I'll j't beam!"

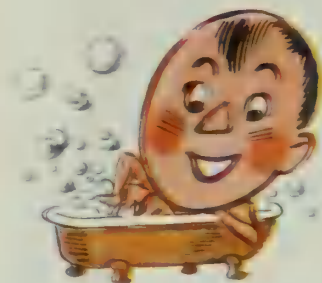
"SWAN-DERFUL BABY-GENTLE
 suds! No more strong soaps
 for me! I'll Swan the dishes
 and be good to my hands!"



"YEP, NO NEED for easy-to-
 waste package soaps once
 you get on to baby-gentle
 Swan—the sudsin' wonder!"



"MAN, WHAT A BATH! Never
 got lather like this with old-
 time floating soaps! Swan
 sure gives hard water the
 ha-ha!"



"AND LISTEN, mister: Swan
 gives you more real soap
 per penny than any leading
 toilet soap!"



Snap and you have 2 cakes!



Swan is twins! One soap for
 everything! So gentle, so
 sudsy — Swan's grand for
 dishes, silks, woolies. Get
 Swan today and be good to
 your hands, be good to your
 whole household!

TUNE IN:

GRACIE ALLEN • GEORGE BURNS
 PAUL WHITEMAN

See local paper for time and station



Large and Regular

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



Swan

THE BABY-GENTLE
 FLOATING SOAP
 THAT'S A SUDSIN' WHIZ!

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 12



*What kind of men
do West Coast
Women like?*

✓ An independent survey reveals they prefer men with: Dark complexions • Brown wavy hair • Blue eyes • Lean profiles • A definite leaning towards sports clothes,
THE KIND OF MEN WHO WEAR

ESSLEY Woman-Wise SHIRTS

When women stop talking about *their* clothes . . . they start talking about *yours*! Essley Shirts are *Woman-Wise*—that is, they have the smart style and careful tailoring that women admire. They are (a) tailored by famous Troy craftsmen and (b) styled by America's foremost men's fashion authority. \$1.85 to \$3.00.

Essley Sports Apparel

is cut for comfort, tailored for fit and styled in the newest patterns and shades.

too, with Hungarian girls. They were all over the Balkans.

"We'll probably get there in time to see the finish," Hersey had said.

John Quayle had been optimistic and replied, "They might surprise you."

"Who, the Greeks?" said Hersey. "As fighters they're good cooks."

They had left in groups of three the next day. Hickey had taken Gorell and Finn over. Hersey had brought over Vain and Stewart. Tap had brought over Constance and South, and Quayle himself had brought over Brewer and Richardson. The others had straggled over. It was a long flight and they had put down at Candia on Crete to refuel, then come on to Athens.

QUAYLE thought about the first time he had flown over this city. He couldn't find the Phaleron airdrome from which they were to operate. The cloud was low and uncertain. He had flown the limit on his gas supply, then taken a chance and come down under it . . . hedge-hopped the houses and followed a road along a coast which looked like the road marked on the map as leading to the airport. He had passed right over the airdrome.

Someone in the flight had shouted in his radio, "There it is down there . . . there's Gladiators on the field!" And he had seen it, turned close in from the hills and side-slipped in. It was Phaleron all right. Then they had driven into Athens.

There had been those surprising scenes. People calling to them as they speeded the two miles into town. The wagon was still desert camouflaged a dust color, and this made it distinctive as British and military. When the Greeks recognized it they shouted happily at them everywhere, and a crowd had suddenly gathered about them as they lifted their kit out of the wagon to carry it into the Athenai Hotel in which they were billeted. Quayle's bag had been taken out of his hand. He had been slapped and patted on the back and his head knocked. He had to fight his way with Hickey to get in at the door of the hotel.

It had been fine; he had heard them shouting, "*Inglisi, Inglisi, airopianos!*" It was very happy for everyone, and they all felt the Greeks were very fine people.

Every time they had walked down the street, people had followed them and talked happily to them in Greek. When there was an air-raid alarm on the first day and they had not taken cover, the police had tried to push him and Hickey into a shelter.

It had been mad and like a moving picture, but the next day and night had been as mad and fantastic, and it was still fantastic.

THE squadron had not left the airdrome because of the low cloud until today. This was their first flight. Hickey had gone to Larissa to see what its airdrome was like, with Hersey and Stewart. Maybe they had been up today also because it was so fine, but maybe it wasn't fine at Larissa. They all might move up there in a couple of days. Quayle would not be sorry; it didn't make much difference where you were, so long as you could enjoy warmth and cinemas.

He looked at the instrument board with full consciousness, without other thoughts, and realized suddenly he was very cold. He had kept some of his consciousness receiving his eyes' registration of the instrument panel as he had climbed. His eyes had not stopped

roaming around the skies the instrument panel and the flight.

The five planes had circled over the Athens area; they were a few miles from the city now, over low 14,000 feet.

"Say, I'm getting colder higher are we going?" I heard in the bulging ear.

"We'll stay here," John Quayle said into his microphone. "As they ought to be somewhere now."

There was no answer. John Quayle looked around. They were shining now blue background to high could see Gorell, Brewer and Tap below him. He was to seeing Gladiators with It made them stumpy and ous appearing; small and ing. And he never got us of biplanes like Gladiators this war.

It was more by good fortune that there had been of Gladiators in Egypt entered the war. It was good the fighter plane the Italia was a twin to the Gladiator. CR.42 was a biplane and like the Gladiator, with around 300, which was faster than the Gladiators. Hu too fast and not maneuver to shoot down CR.42s. An equivalent of the Hurricane was too fast and not enough to shoot down Gladiators.

GLADIATORS were good shooting down CR.42. dom could one Gladiator down a bomber unless he three attacks, which was rare or a flight of Gladiators because one by one they trated on a single bomber and get the pilot or an engine to be at close range. The Gladiators had short range yards—and a small cone CR.42 was the same. The for shooting down each other was about all. They were quickly, like the Fairey Battle of France.

The flight was at fifteen and it was very cold. looked around. The Savo along any minute. They were to see against the variable Greek hills. He pulled his switch and said, "What Tap?"

Tap came back immediately thought you'd seen them. them at about 170, around all right, and no escort."

Quayle looked at his compass. He pulled 170 and looked for the S. He saw them, slow wide line formation, caught background of a Greek two mountains.

"Keep in close, Go Quayle turned his head to was pulling in.

"We'll take them going said into his phone.

"Broadside on, John?" t Vain asked.

"Yes. Don't lose me. Ar attacks. Keep on the one Quayle knew he could t son. He was a steady f

and always kept a level fight. Quayle knew he had to watch Richardson, but he had to watch young Gorell. The newest member of the team. His face was very simple and Quayle could not picture the deliberate and complicated pattern of things that dogged him. It was the same old story just went in carelessly at anything that got in his way. Anything got on his tail, he was sure that came into his mind. The Australian was all right. He was headed, like Richardson. His face was always carefree, though his youth was not.

As seemed way below and a few miles away. Quayle kept their direction, keeping the plane a little off course so he could see all the time. They must be the Gladiators because they were climbing. They were still from Peiraeus, where they were for the Gladiators to catch them. They were leveling to do the

They neared the Savoias, which were climbing. They were right for Peiraeus, which was a few miles from the city. From the air, it looked all the same place.

Members came right over the top. Quayle had brought his position where he could look down onto them broadside. He took a quick look around and saw they were packed close behind him. He saw his wings as a signal, then he banked forward. The nose of the plane dipped, the flat drop of the dive had faded, and he was reaching like a spear, with his eye on the Savoias which were flying in a line.

Seventeen thousand went by on the left. Seventeen thousand, the speed was beyond three hundred, and, in a few seconds had been over the time, he saw the tail of the Savoia. He pushed his stick forward, slightly, so that the plane came in its steep dive, and the head of the Savoia came right. He pressed hard on the stick.

He pulled back on the stick and kept his finger on the Savoia, which was coming now, and held his finger on it until the whole of his field of vision was only a portion of the Savoia. He pulled back on the stick and his stomach rose, and the black Savoia underneath him and

white tracers from the Savoias' guns passing beside him.

He rose two thousand feet in flat climbing and looked around quickly to see the flight. It had broken up; it always did. He saw two Gladiators far to his right behind him. He banked to come back at the Savoias and suddenly saw the white smoke with black edges coming from a plane that was falling quickly. He couldn't see if it was a Gladiator, and the Savoias had got way ahead now and he could see their bombs bursting below. They were good. At least they went on with their bombing but they had split up, which was dangerous for them.

He saw one Savoia alone to his left, ahead of him and a thousand feet lower. He pushed the stick forward again and calculated his rudder and stick movements, so that he knew for sure he would come across the Savoia's blind spot at the tail.

He did not feel his way as most do; he calculated his stick and rudder movements like a series of chess moves and he came down flat behind the blind spot of the Savoia. He kept his speed and pushed the gun button. . . he had the port engine in his sights. The guns chattered. He took a look behind him to see if anything was on his tail; he pushed the gun button again and the four guns shuddered at his feet. He pulled up and banked tight just as a Savoia moved in from the starboard to pick him off. He saw the tracer bullets from its gun amidst streak up beside his tail.

As he climbed again he looked around for the flight. He could see one Gladiator moving down on the plane he had just attacked. From the way he was going at it Quayle thought it must be Gorell, because he was coming down too fast and steep. Quayle banked, watching the scene, way ahead of him now and out of reach. The Gladiator came down on the Savoia, and Quayle saw the tracers dragging past the Savoia, and the Savoia's bullets passing into the Gladiator, but the Gladiator pulled up and nosed over to the left. Smoke was coming from the port engine of the Savoia and it was losing height. He watched it turn and could see it was out of control. It fell faster and went into a flat spin. He half looped and banked so that he could see it lose height and head-crash into the sea.

He looked around for Savoias or Gladiators. The Savoias had got a good lead now and were out of sight. He could see one Gladiator far below him. He turned and realized he was about ten miles from Athens over the sea. He kept looking around for Gladiators, then

How to Tame a Brother



BILL'S THE SWELLEST brother a girl ever had. But sometimes he gets me so mad! Like the other morning for instance. He stands up there, his chest puffed out, a grim look on his face and says, "Listen, muffinhead, let me tell you something. When your innards are off the beam, there's only one thing sets 'em straight—a good, stiff, old-fashioned purge!"



"**LISTEN TO OUR WILLIE!**" I said. "Just full of bright little ideas that are about as up-to-date as a horse-car. I don't suppose it ever entered your head to find and correct the cause of your trouble. Oh, no! Well, you come along with me and learn something!"

"**THIS OUGHT TO BE GOOD!**" he says. "You bet it's going to be good. This swell, crunchy cereal's got just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet. It's KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It may be just what you need. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water."



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO BILL! He was a good sport. "Sis," says he, "you've really got something here. This ALL-BRAN is tops. If it will make me 'Join the Regulars,' you've got your bid to Spring Houseparties right now!"

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Have you ever stopped to think that if it wasn't for the Axis, we'd be out playing golf now?"

COLIN ALLER



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8. Let us make sure that gears are protected—we'll check every 1,000 miles.
9. Let us clean your spark plugs every 5,000 miles—help you save gasoline!
10. Let us check your oil filter every 2,000 miles—change your oil filter every 8,000 miles.

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his phone, "Make for home. if anyone hears me. Come phone."

Quayle! How many did we

you coming down on that all?"

got him. I kept following

Tap and the others? Did n?"

adding home. I think the right. I didn't see Richard-

lain. He got the first one.

bers is good!"

home," John Quayle said.

went back to Phaleron.

landed first. John Quayle

the Gladiators on the ground

own and rolled low over the

ways felt foolish doing a

the field but it would be

he didn't since they had

one bomber for sure. He

down and fish-tailed in.

a corner of the field and

Churchil, the fitter and

sliding cockpit top back

ed his microphone. As the

he pulled off his gloves,

cl hands together, eased

over the top of the cockpit

avily with cold feet jarring

back?" he said to Jock as

ndey." That was Tap.

any punctures?" John

alk around the plane.

can see any. Mr. Gorell did."

se him get it."

unhooked his parachute

ward the hangars. Young

Richardson and Vain and the

T-Eleven Squadron were

ow him.

ou e Tap?" he asked them.

did young Gorell said. "He

ang this way. It was Tap

st one. I thought it was

UAILE looked up to see if

and. There was no engine

he couldn't see anything.

ot of them. I watched the

ot. Young Gorell says you and

Richardson. He rubbed

hai and spoke very quietly:

see, hit the water, Gorell?"

Say, here's something now."

orell as excited but keeping it

ey re almost to the hangar

heal an engine. They looked

ut couldn't see a plane. Quayle

for moment, said: "It's a

at walked into the opera-

I heard Tap do a ground

can in, then throttle down as

as flap down to land.

had started to write out his

en T. walked in.

happened to you?" Quayle

out looking up.

to be sure I got him."

certainly kept young Gorell in

e stay in the flight and you

was a right. I could see this

reak when you got him. I

and go a wonderful burst into

went down straight away. I

ou an Gorell for a while but

too far away. Did you get that

ne I say you go after?"

ill got him. You can't keep clear-

like the Tap."

I could see Gorell was all

nothing do with young Gorell.

uld have looked fine if those

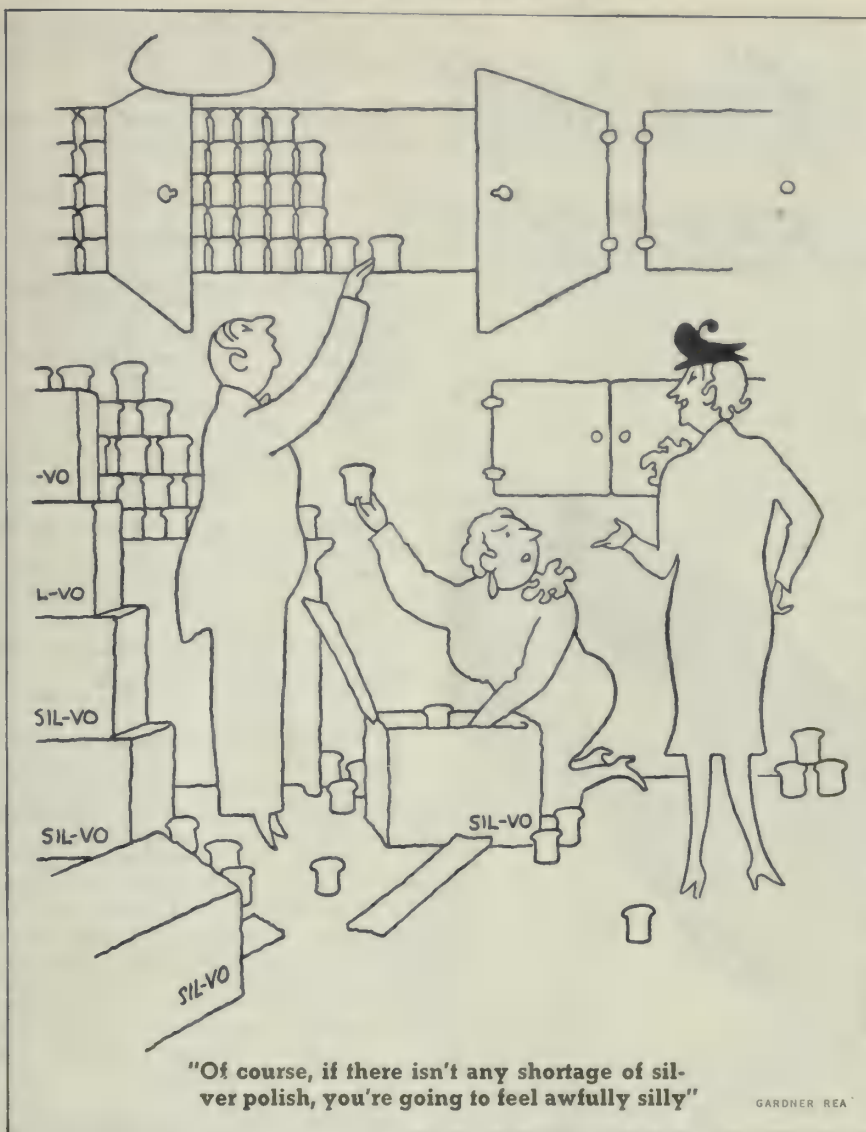
and come out of the blue."

uld have looked fine anyway...

on the of the flight."

le finished making out his re-

folded up and pushed it in



his coat pocket. The other four were already sitting in the squadron leader's station wagon. It had been recamouflaged a light green and brown earth color.

"We're going into the King George for a bath," Gorell said. "Do you want to come, John?"

Quayle asked young Gorell where he could bathe in the King George Hotel.

"You can pay fifty drachma and go to an empty room."

"That's a swanky place to have a bath," Quayle said. "All of headquarters lives there." Quayle spoke flatly and evenly and he raised his eyebrows when he spoke. His deep-set eyes were covered by the shadow beneath them.

"I know," young Gorell said. He was showing teeth too even and white to be real, but they were. "But it's the only place with hot water today."

So they went to the King George Hotel after Quayle had put in his report at H.Q. The King George was next to the Grande Bretagne, now the Greek headquarters. There were evzone guards in white skirts standing at the entrance, and two cars filled with thugs and machine guns. They were Metaxas' bodyguard. There were groups of people and young Fascist E.O.N. youths in their blue ski-looking suits with white gaiters, waiting for Metaxas or Papagos, the commander in chief, to come out. When they did, the people waved and shouted because they were paid to by the E.O.N., and if you wandered down Acropolis Street any morning you could see the people who needed the money being told where to go and cheer, by the young E.O.N. Fascists.

Sometimes Prince Paul and his Bavarian wife went in there, too, and there was little cheering and no shouts from the E.O.N. Once, when the first public hero from Albania was brought down to be made a spectacle of, there were many more people and much more cheering.

Around the door of the King George, there were always the groups of Metaxas secret police, who were not secret at all but just grim men in civilian clothes. It was easy for Quayle and the others to get into the hotel because they were in uniform, but they were watched, and the little porter with the black mustache and the white hands kept a notebook with the names and rank of all the passers-by and what they did.

THEY walked into the hotel, bumping the secret police as they went in. There were people sitting around in the long lobby, women in expensive clothes, British army liaison officers, and wealthy Greeks and French and Germans. The Germans were not at war with Greece, so they came into the King George lobby to watch the British coming and going and the general activity, and there was none to stop them because the secret police were German-trained and pro-German.

"We want a bath," Tap said to the porter with the white hands.

The man looked at the visitors for a moment, then said, "It is impossible. We have no rooms."

"You had them this morning," young Gorell said. "I rang up and asked you."

"We cannot give you a room," the porter insisted.

"Why?"

"The manager has said no. He said no."

"What's wrong? We pay you, don't we?" Tap said.

"The manager has said he must keep the rooms for other gentlemen."

"To hell with him!"

"It is impossible, impossible. He said no."

"Is Mr. Lawson in?"

"I do not know."

"Well, find out," Tap said.

"He is not in," the porter said immediately.

"Come on, Tap. Can't you see we're not wanted around here?"

"We'll go up to Lawson's room."

"Who's he?"

"He's a war correspondent."

They walked to the elevator, and the porter called something after them. He was telling them they couldn't go up but the elevator door closed.

Lawson was not in, so Tap went to get the maid to open the door. She came, was stout and pretty and wore a wedding ring, smiled when she opened the door and said, "Inglisi," then, "Monsieur Lawson est parti."

"Yes," Tap said. "But we want a bath. A bath..." Tap pointed to the bathroom.

"Oh... pour tout?" the maid said.

"Oui... sure. All of us."

She said something else in French. "What did she say?" Tap was pulling off his shoes.

"She's gone to get some towels," tall Richardson said.

"Fine." Tap had already turned on the water and was taking off his coat. "I'm going to the Argentina tonight. I'm going in here first," he said.

QUAYLE sat down on the low bed and looked around the room. On the mirror at one end was drawn a face in blue and green and black crayon. It had been drawn with soft pencil that will surface on glass. It was put on thickly to give depth, but the streaks where the mirror showed through gave the face more depth and shape, because the light reflected from it. There were large war-office maps of Greece and a picture map of Albania over a desk. There was a small typewriter on the desk, and numbers of folders. In the bookcase there were books in German, French and English. Quayle pulled out a book called *Exiles in the Aegean*.

The maid came in with an armful of towels, gave them to Tap with some soap and went out again.

"Who is this war correspondent?" Quayle asked Tap.

"He's an American," young Gorell said. "They're attached to the army."

"What's he like?"

"Oh... he's like you. He's all right, though. He talks like you."

Tap was already in the bath. Young Gorell and Vain were pulling out magazines from a cupboard. Richardson, the tall boy with fluffy hair and a steady manner, was trying to operate a small radio. As Tap was getting out of the bath, a tall blond man in khaki uniform stepped into the room. He looked around for a moment, then Tap said, "Hullo, Lawson. We were borrowing your bath."

"That's all right," Lawson said.

"This is John Quayle. He's our flight loot," Tap said.

"How're you?" Lawson said. He saw the slight, fairly square figure that stood carefully—as if careful of exactly the way he stood. He saw Quayle's rather dull face collectively, but individually split it into features—the keen nose, the regular shapeliness of his features. He could hardly see Quayle's eyes because they were so far back in his head under the two ridges above his nose. His top lip was thin and without expression, but the bottom one was full and shaded the curve leading to his chin. Finally, Lawson noted the brown, reactionary but silky hair that was dry but somehow regular and not very wild. He liked it all immediately and liked the slow smile that spread around Quayle's lips when he shook hands. Tap introduced the others, and Quayle sat down on the low chair.

"Are you an American?" Quayle asked Lawson.

"Sure. Say, you must have known Anstee."

Quayle thought quickly, not delib-

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YOUR FEET?



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erately. It was easy to remember Anstee. He was an American who had been in Eighty Squadron; he was wild and too reckless to fly Gladiators and had finished up with a score of twelve 42s and crashing head-on into a Savoia and never getting out.

"Yes. Did you know him?" Quayle said.

"I went to school with him," Lawson answered.

"Are you from the Middle West, too?"

"Yes."

"Anstee used to get mad when he heard them talking about it being Isolationist."

"So do I," Lawson said. "It's got a slab of Isolationists."

"Where are you going tonight, Lawson?" Tap asked him as he put his coat on.

"Nowhere. I'll probably have to do battle with censors."

"Why don't you come with us?" Tap suggested. "We're all going to Max-im's."

"I might drop around later," Lawson said.

"What about you, John?" Tap asked Quayle.

"I might drop around later, too. You fellows go on."

LAWSON sat down at the small desk and rolled some paper into a typewriter and started to type. Tall Richardson had got out of the bath and young Gorell went in there. Quayle read the book while the others had their baths and Lawson typed. When Vain, the young Australian, had finished bathing, Tap and the others, who had been sitting around reading magazines, got up. "Thanks for the use of your bath, Will," Tap said to Lawson.

"That's all right. Any time."

They all thanked him and went out. "See you later, John," they said to Quayle.

Quayle nodded and stood up. He asked Lawson if it was all right if he took a bath. Blond Lawson went on typing and laughed and said, "Go ahead." So Quayle took a bath and wiped himself on the only dry towel left and piled the wet ones into a basket and pulled on his clothes. Lawson had finished typing when he came out.

"Were you up today?" Lawson asked Quayle.

"Yes."

"Did you get any?"

Quayle hesitated.

"It's all right," Lawson said. "We'd never get it past the censors, anyway."

"We have to be careful," Quayle said. "We got a couple of Savoias."

Quayle liked this blond American, as quickly as Lawson had liked him.

"Do you have much trouble with the censors?" he asked Lawson.

"They're the curse of this war."

"Are they Greek or British?"

"Both. The Greeks are a little worse than the British."

Quayle was pulling his flying boots on. "How do you get on with the Greeks?" Lawson asked him.

"All right. Pretty good. We don't have much to do with them."

"They're funny people," Lawson said. He was folding the paper in his hand and pulling out the carbon paper between the slips. "They're about the toughest people I ever ran into. They're fighting a war with bare hands. But they've got no idea of system!"

Quayle smiled.

"They'll listen to Metaxas now," Lawson continued. "They have an idea that he's systematic. They love system when they can get it. Yet they hate Metaxas' guts, really."

"What about the British?" Quayle asked him.

"That's different." Then Lawson saw that Quayle was pin-pricking him. He

had not suspected it of Quayle and

laughed. "Will you walk down

said to Quayle.

"Sure. Where are you going?"

"The post office."

"What do you do? Just in?"

"That's all. Then the at it."

Quayle laughed.

"I get pretty good treat-

said. "I take them all

sometimes."

"You certainly have

taped."

"Don't get me wrong

Greeks. There's a wonder

ought to meet. He's pretty

average Greek. He's a no-

He was exiled by Metaxas

liberal paper in Salonika."

They had walked into the

were bumping their way

blackout.

"Do you know any Gr-

Lawson asked him.

"No."

"Would you like to m-

He's married, got a son an

was thinking of going ou

Do you want to come?"

Quayle was silent for

"Thanks, I will," he said.

"It's an interesting fan

man thinks that Metaxas i

present situation because

general. But the boy say

ceived. He says that M

want to fight when the It

this invasion. He says the

ing to sell out. It was jus

soldiers up there who had

fought, and the Metaxas c

to fight whether they wan

"Do you think that's ri

asked him.

"Sure. So does the da

that way, too."

They walked along in sil

felt the friendliness towa

without expressing it or ne

THEY were in a ramshac

ing out of town towa

They passed along the gr

the streetcar track in the

was heavy with traffic. T

of crumpled Greek unifor

was spread around eve

They were coming in from

barracks which spread al

roadway; a white wall p

and white eucalyptus hun

buildings within the ya

was shadowing the fields

the road as they went far

there was nothing to see

but quick-passing deep li

ing shadows of trees, fields

then fields and trees again

They passed through a

village with empty streets

along a dirt road to a tw

stone house.

Lawson paid the taxi d

went up the stone path.

opened by a dark girl in

with a peasant blouse. Q

the light skin that made

and bright.

"It is Will," she said in

"Hullo," Lawson said.

The girl was almost as

Quayle when he ste

Quayle's hair looked fair

"This is John Quayle.

lieutenant. This is Helen

They shook hands. H

took Quayle's cap and h

them both into a low-ce

She introduced a thin bo

as, "Astaries, my brother."

A woman with white

said, "Hullo, Will."

She smiled at Quayle ar

are very welcome here."

ayle to Mrs. Stangou. "I speak English very well. I can speak Greek," she said.

"I do not speak Greek," she said. "I am polite."

"I myself came in . . . on, with gray flecks in brown eyes above red, . . . over a dark com- with eyes and mouth as took Quayle's hand vig- very happy with Will is a man with happiness out strain that belied its action that caught its he was very warm, and mly toward him. His s quick. One moment about his appetite and ne two bombers he had ight down today.

"Well," Mrs. Stangou said. "We said to Quayle. 'We had. We saw a small on it.'"

"Probably Quayle here,"

"Young Gorell . . . it ple down."

"There?" Helen asked. "Italians have you shot said."

"Quayle said with cor- said."

"Italians aren't any good?"

"When they want to be."

"You shoot so many down, enthusiastic about it.

"In a good fight."

"I say the Italian planes said."

"They're just not right. They're all right in a good fight all right."

"I said with what was go- out keep watching the girl

"He looked at her she his eye. Her black hair

"Busted breasts—it had the

"It fitted in with her round

"His eyes. She wore a cut

"Under her face even more

"He smiled when she smiled.

"I liberate nonpolitical

"While they ate. They

"Quayle. They did not

"I treat a person in uniform

with, and you were never sure of the British. The British had this strange streak of cold patriotism that was really not cold but overdone. You could never be sure of them. So they kept off talking Metaxas and politics, though that was why Lawson had brought Quayle out here.

Quayle didn't mind, because of the girl. She was very important to Lawson, too; Quayle noticed that earlier. Her father and brother knew what was going on. The father was amused and Astaries was cynical about it. He said nothing all the time the empty conversations between Quayle and Helen went on. But he started an argument with his father in Greek which ended when Mrs. Stangou said something.

"You must forgive them. They argue all the time about the war," she said.

"It is good they argue," John Quayle said.

"Not always. They disagree too much, and they are still father and son."

"WHAT do you disagree about?"

Quayle asked. He was fed up with the complicated pattern of avoiding political discussion.

"It is impolite to discuss it before you," Astaries said.

Quayle said that was political cowardice and they were more scared of the effect than the injury.

"You cannot say that in this country," the girl said. She was angry.

"I apologize," Quayle said.

"We cannot take chances and don't intend to," Astaries said. He didn't look thin now, but vigorous, because he stood up for the first time and walked around.

"I agree," John Quayle said. He wanted them to see he was not antagonistic.

It stopped there because they did not acknowledge what Quayle said. The girl got up and went out. Quayle watched her slow slight swagger, the movement of her shoulders and the proportions of her figure. There was silence. Then Lawson asked Stangou what the Greek communiqué tonight would be.

"They are getting near Koritza," Stangou said. "We have captured a mountain which will give us the town in a day, or, just as they said yesterday . . ."

John Quayle looked up then and saw

"But I thought we'd PAID that!"



You know you didn't

Don't grouch and grumble all evening just because you've had a hard day. Evening's a time for fun and relaxation. Enjoy it by first climbing into your tub with a cake of New Ivory Soap.



Loaf a while in an IVORY BATH

It's more than just a bath! For you're chin-deep in he-man Ivory lather from that big white floating cake. Slather it on and briskly rub it into every muscle. Makes your skin feel like new. Ivory's so mild lots of men use it for shaving. And fast! Ivory lathers faster than any leading bath soap. In no time at all, you step out feeling grand!



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For a FRESH START...
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The system is to keep them guessing. He first showers with attention and then treats them with maddening indifference"

F. HUMFREVILLE

the girl coming down a stairway to the hall; she had a scarf around her head, or it was a peasant shawl, he did not know.

"I am going down to ring up," she said in English to her mother.

Quayle got up immediately and walked to her.

"I will walk down with you," he said, and got his cap.

"It doesn't matter. It is not far," she said. She was still angry and she was not scared of him.

"I will go," he insisted, ignoring the excuse.

She shrugged her shoulders and he could see the others looking at them as they went out.

"Take your cap off," she said to Quayle after he had pulled it on his head.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because we have been told not to be with British soldiers. Undo your coat, too."

He put his cap under his arm and undid his coat. "I know your father has been in exile," he said to her.

"Yes," she said.

"I'm just telling you that I know why you have no discussions."

"You are *Inglisi*. We have to be careful. We do not know whom you will tell things to."

"It's all right," he said.

"We are always watched. Astaries is always being arrested. They leave my father alone now. They don't put him in jail any more because he signed that he was for Metaxas, but Astaries won't."

"You shouldn't talk at all," Quayle said.

"If we do not we are cowards, as you said. But they shoot now there is a war. We are prudent."

THEY had walked down the stone path and through the gate. It was very dark now and no moon was above yet. He took her arm as they walked, ostensibly because the path was earth and without surface. She did not draw away but accepted it and he could feel the warmth and the firmness of her arm and her waist. They turned into a narrow tree-lined path with wind down its sides and no ceiling of sky because of the trees. At the end of it, there was a small kiosk, which marked a bus stop. The boy who sat there in it gave Helen a hand phone. She rang the number, spoke in Greek, then hung up.

"I was telling the post I will go there tomorrow," she said politely as they walked.

"You are a nurse?"

"No, I help in a first-aid post."

"What did you do before the war?" he asked her.

"I was at the university. I was a student."

"Have they ever touched you?" he asked. He tried to put even pressure on her arm.

"They cut off my hair because I was with Astaries once when he was caught."

He involuntarily looked at her hair in the dark and said, "When?"

"It was long ago. But I do not do anything like that any more because of my mother. With a family, it is two struggles. My mother turned her hair that color when my father was away. He signed for Metaxas because she was ill. I do not do anything any more because of this."

So they walked along quietly after that and deliberately slowly. It was difficult to do anything while he carried his cap, because it was in the way and he felt awkward. It was bad trying to be gracious. He had not any approach to this girl. He knew she did not object to the firm arm pressure but he knew she would resist and be repelled if he did anything more. He did not want to repel her or take the chance.

"Where do you work?" he asked her. "In Athens?"

"Yes."

"I will come and see you," he said. It was awkward conversation.

"I work in a small place behind the university. It has a red cross, so you cannot miss it. I will not be there long." She paused. Quayle didn't say anything. She went on: "I am going to Ioannina, which is near the front. But you will be fine for the girls there at the post. You must come. They talk about the blond *Inglisi*. But you are not blond like Lawson who makes the girls anxious about him."

"I will not make them anxious. When do you go?"

"Next week. I will be glad. It's bad to be here when there is a war. It is not the place to be because we do not feel anything, we do not know it."

"Don't be anxious to get in a war," Quayle said. "It is dirty, the dirtiest thing there is."

"I know it is," she said. "It is not color like rainbow to me. It is essential."

was there and they were surprised to see him. Hersey said he had come back by road from Larissa to look at the route for supplies. He said it was very bad country for flying; the worst mountains he had ever seen were those between Larissa and Albania. The roads were so bad, too, that it was going to be hard to get supplies up by anything but Bombay transports flying them up.

Then the wing commander, who was short and vigorous in his speech, said, "I thought you would all like to hear you're going up to Larissa. Gloomy Hersey has just come back. He and Hickey seem to think the drome there is all right. I looked at it myself yesterday. It's a bit wet but you'll be all right. There's only one thing: You'll have to rely on the Greek ground staff for a couple of days. It's going to be impossible to get large supplies over those mountain passes by road. We'll fly the skeleton ground crews up on the Bombay. We've got one for the squadron now."

Nobody asked any questions when

don't risk your neck getting there are fighters around. be outnumbered about the fighters because the Italia taking any chances. Ever that comes over has a sw along with it. And they G.50s, we think, but they checked yet. Hickey will thing when you get to I row. You can leave be will be better and quiete tell anyone anything at other squadron members. win or lose for the Greeks

"THIS is going to be fine they walked down the "Yes," Hersey was the was allowed to say that. picked off by the 42s as v bombers."

No one took much notice was a grouch.

They went out and w the King George Hotel. C to find Lawson so that he c Helen Stangou. There wa party going on at the Kir there was a new porter. L in and the porter did not k was. Tap and the other peared below to the bar. were leaving so early, Qu would have to get them o got going. He went down,

There were a half d squadroners there. They with Tap and the Australi Richardson was at one e drinking beer and eating Quayle pulled Tap by and said, "We'll be late. fore you get started here.

"Wait a minute, Johr "You know Davies of Tw

"Sure. Hulio, Davies."

"Hullo, Quayle."

"He's telling us abou CR.42s that get at Blenhe lona," Tap said.

Davies turned to th "Have a drink, Quayle?"

"No, thanks," Quayle sa "Are you working tomo

"No. I'm just not drink "Well, go on, Davies. these 42s?" Tap said.

"They just come down come low over the target ways got height. We us or two, but we lost Phil terday. They kept comi when he got behind ti When are you fellers com some escorting? What a down here anyway?"

"We don't know oursel survive until we get up t told him.

"I hope you find it as b Davies said and went back ing.

QUAYLE got Tap, Vain ardson out and they the Athenai Hotel, whi quarters. Hersey, who l with the wing commande they were going to bed in that was their dormitory.

"If you leave your bed the morning I'll take them the Bombay," Hersey said

"What sort of quarters l Richardson asked him.

"Lousy. Cement huts. airdrome to stand by."

"Any gals in Larissa?" ting on his bed, turning t book about insects.

"Sure. But they've got them."

"A detail . . . a detail," He was still reading when Quayle went to slee

(To be continued ne



They turned in the wide gate and up the stone path into the house.

"I will come to see you tomorrow. Is it all right?" he said to her as they waited at the door.

"Come at lunch hour. We do not work so hard then and we could eat something."

Mrs. Stangou opened the door and they went in.

JOHN QUAYLE did not see Helen Stangou the next day. He never knew when he could do anything for sure the next day ever, unless it rained. He was standing by all day at Phaleron in case there was a raid. Hickey was not back from Larissa, and Gorell's plane was not fixed; a cross-section support in one wing had been torn by a Savoia bullet. So Tap, tall Richardson, with Vain and Quayle were standing by from early morning until late at night.

That same night they were ordered to headquarters. The wing commander was waiting for them in the large white building that had been a school. Hersey

the wing commander paused, because there was more to come.

"The Greeks are getting badly knocked about at the front," he said.

"The Italians have up to thirty bomber and twenty-five fighter squadrons covering three sectors, so the Greeks get hot water. They're pushing the Italians back near Koritza, but along the coast it's more difficult. We think the Italians are going to concentrate on roads and railways leading to Larissa and along the coast. That's why you're going to Larissa. Later you will go up farther, I think. But you will go up to Larissa tomorrow and wait for the Italians to show up. You'll be patrolling the road and coast areas, but they're so far away you won't be over target areas long. We want the operation kept secret, so just move out quietly tomorrow. We want to surprise them one day without escort. We want bombers down."

"They're worrying the Greeks to desperation because they've lost most of their fighters. But we want this done quietly. Concentrate on bombers but

KEEP 'EM FIRING!



For Victory, Buy United States War Bonds!

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A VAST NON-STOP PRODUCTION
ATLAS ALREADY SPEEDED THOU-
SANDS OF CANNON AND MILLIONS OF SHELL
TO THE ARMED FORCES EVERYWHERE!

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The good news is now coming in that Oldsmobile "Fire-Power" is dealing powerful blows at the enemy. The cannon are shooting down enemy planes. The shell are devastating enemy lines. The work of Oldsmobile's "soldiers of production" is giving a great account of itself on battle-fronts everywhere.

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

days are on missions of war and when the targets have been disposed of, all they have to do is find their way to the carrier, maybe one or two hundred miles back, and get on deck—with the ship rolling and pitching or the visibility zero. For the carrier pilots at sea, there's no town to paint red at the end of a successful day of combat with the enemy.

A LOT of perplexing questions will have to remain unanswered until we've won the war, chief among these being the instances of American Army Air Forces generals going out on bombing raids in the Far East. Brigadier Generals Lewis H. Brereton and Ralph Royce—affectionately known to superiors and subordinates in the clannish Army Air Forces as Louie and Ralph—have frequently been criticized and praised by their friends back here for their exploits.

But you don't know Louie and Ralph and perhaps a thousand or more pilots of the Army and Navy, who all through the peace years plotted and planned and fought for recognition of air power. While they carried on this campaign before an indifferent public, the years crept up behind them; increased rank and responsibility became theirs, and one day they awoke to find themselves in the supervisory class, no longer potential war combat pilots. Their experience was worth more to the nation than their ability to score a hit or shoot down a plane. They should leave the actual air combat work to the younger airmen in the Army and Navy.

We know many of these pioneers in Army and Navy aviation. They are responsible for the planes and tactics we have today and they will come to the end of their careers bitterly disappointed because they will never be able to shoot at the enemy from a fighter or drop a bomb on a distant enemy target. But if there are repetitions of the feats of General Brereton and General Royce, someone's got to get tough, or all our high-ranking Army and Navy pilots will

be kicking the youngsters out of cockpits and taking off the enemy just to make sure that of two decades were correct.

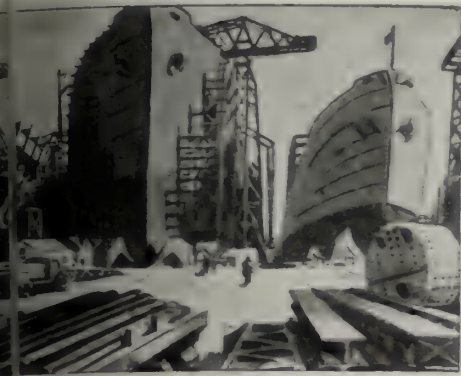
EACH belligerent knows planes it has lost since then but there has been no new man to compile the accurate figures, we have some figures for German, Italian and R.A.F. September, 1939, through September, 1941, which we pass on with analysis or comment. There is 12,520 for all three nations does not include German losses or aircraft shot down naval planes or British merchantmen. Neither do the losses in training for all or operational accidents which are plentiful in all countries to weather and inexperienced stepped up into high-performance aircraft. So we don't know have been written off ever in the theater of war, but number gives you something to start figuring.

THE three-striper had been a qualified pilot since the last war and he was about to embark on his greatest adventure to date—a flight in an airplane. He confided to his friends that he saw him off at Dallas that, when he got into pajamas and into a berth, he belonged to the era and he wouldn't shut an eye on the flight to Los Angeles. The thing he knew, the sun was shining in the window and the plane was on the ground. He looked out and saw "Big Bird" the airport building. Just from Dallas.

"You see," said the stewardess, "started out last night, rain weather and came back at night in the hangar at Dallas. We now again to start on our journey to California."



"Now he plans working on something to make the grass grow better."



Carelessness—in conversation
or in action—slows up war
work here...

and delays shipment
of vital supplies here.



It's time to clamp down on loose talk!

This Actual Case shows how Rumors delay Vital Work

From a dozen widely separated sources, we heard rumors about a certain plant (insured in the Hartford) which is doing vital war work. The story was: many workers were being killed—the number of injuries was frightful.

The facts were: not one worker had been killed. There had been some injuries—but no more than usual in this type of work. But baseless rumors—spreading like wildfire—were making it hard to hire needed men, were lowering morale, were slowing up production.

A saboteur, or just a careless remark, can start such a rumor—but it takes a lot of careless talkers to spread it! Careless conversation is as dangerous as carelessness on the job, at home or in driving our cars. Every accident, every fire causes loss of time, materials or manpower we can't afford to lose!

Join the Crusade against Carelessness. Be careful in everything you say and do. Impress on others the vital need for care. That's one way you can help speed Production for Victory.

Keep 'em Flying!

Get expert advice

A Hartford Agent, or your insurance broker, can obtain advice to help you prevent accidents and fires. He can also build a sound insur-

ance program to protect you or your business against serious financial loss. Ask Western Union or Canadian National Telegraphs for the name of the nearest Hartford Agent.

"MY FRIEND KNOWS
A MAN WHO SAYS..."

"DON'T PASS THIS
ALONG, BUT..."

"IT'S
RUMOR..."

"HE SAID HE KNEW
FOR A FACT THAT..."

"GOT THIS FROM A
GUY WHO KNOWS..."

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CREAM 'N COFFEE blends with your grays and blues and browns and tans, something no other combination can quite do. And since most of your spring and summer suits, coats and slacks are in those colors, it just makes good sense to have this new combination in shoes.

RIGHT? Then treat your feet to Cream'n Coffee Bostonians. Designed to look right—Walk-Fitted to Fit and Feel right, in action.

YOUR FIRST ORDER of Cream'n Coffee is Walk-Fitted Nyland, shown above. Wingtip oxford, bootmaker trim. And—above all—the famous Bostonian Tred-Flex construction that bends at the slightest hint from your foot.

Bostonians . . . Whitman, Mass.

SPORT—that's *Balance*, easy-going saddle oxford in Cream'n Coffee with thick rubber sole. Walk-Fitted.

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RELAXATION—that's what you get in Walk-Fitted Bostonians. *Breezeway* is a moccasin type in Cream'n Coffee.



Good to the Last "Step"

Cream 'n Coffee shoes, like all Bostonians, give you comfort from the first step to the last. They fit right, feel right because they're Walk-Fitted for action.

\$8.95 to \$12.00



Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*



"I don't know who he took me for, but he dragged me out in the garden and kept plying me with military secrets!"

cook reported that she had taken some orange juice in to Amos and found him asleep, and had not wakened him. Lucie went to the door and softly opened it. Amos lay on his side, face to the wall. She tiptoed across the room, and stood beside the bed, and then spoke to him. There was no movement. She turned the cover back and laid her hand upon his hand, and it was cold, and she knew then that he was dead.

Duff phoned Lucie when he heard about the death of Amos Hawthorne.

"I'm coming to see if I can help you," he said. He was at Delia Phillips' house but he didn't think he should mention that.

"No, don't come. Everything's working out."

"What will you do?"

"I'm closing the kennel. It's okay, Duff, honest. The squire had ten thousand dollars in insurance, I discover. He paid it up long ago, and hadn't borrowed a cent on it, bad as we needed money lately. I'm a rich gal, now, see?" she said. "You can do one thing for me. Find Paul and Wesley jobs."

"Of course. I'll give them work myself, and glad to have them."

HAVING Delia Phillips for his girl, Duff found, was not particularly peaceful. Their days together—and they were many—were tempestuous, often angry, but never dead. On week ends they sometimes went to Willow Lake, where Duff liked to fly-fish for bass. Delia had gone in the boat with him once or twice, but she had become tired, and got the twigs of an overhanging limb caught in her hair, and so now she preferred to stay at the swimming pier.

Two Sundays before Duff was to leave for Canada, he found the bass in a striking mood. As the boat moved slowly along the overhung shore line, he deftly dropped the squirrel-tail fly beside the cypress trees, and close to sunken logs; suddenly there was a powerful swirl of water, and a two-

pound fish whipped an air into the slender rod.

"He got you, boss!" the boy said in glee. "You ain't got him yet, you!"

But Duff finally maneuvered himself into the open, and there he landed himself down against the side of the rod, and landed him.

The boatman was putting the live box when, outside, a whined by in a white triangler. A man and a girl sat together in the front cockpit, and a yellow flared from the girl's head.

The waves drifted in, rocking the boat. "Now we got to wait a while," the boatman said, resentfully. "The water gits back ca'm again. You dem speedyboats could do do around some other place where we's fishing at, don't it?"

"Who was that?" Duff asked after the boat.

"Don't know who de gentleman the Negro said, 'but dat lady me like, was de one you most brings down here wid you, Duff!'"

"That's what I thought," Duff answered.

When he got in, he found Delia on her back on the pier, arms clinging green suit.

"Any luck?" she asked.

"You had some, I noticed," Duff said mildly. "Who was the hot shot in the speedboat?"

Delia said airily. "Oh, I don't catch his name."

"You mean you didn't even see him?" Duff asked in surprise.

Delia's eyes darkened. "Are you going to lecture me to-morrow? You don't expect me to go and do nothing all the time fishing, do you?"

"Maybe that's the reason you want to go fishing," Duff answered, beginning to get mad himself.

And so they had one of those arguments. It lasted for several minutes. It lasted for several

y they went off in angry si-
ir respective dressing rooms.
rk when Duff, now let-down
able, finished dressing and
s car. It seemed an inter-
ne until Delia came and got
side him. He fumbled with
ey, and turned on the lights.
in the car ahead were wait-
r children to catch the dog,
arting under the other cars
a game of it.

sed the starter button. The
ht then choked. Instead of
a button again, he reached
eat and found Delia's hand
er toward him. For an in-
sisted; then all of a sudden
it-pressed against him, and
was against his, and the
as over.

ve fight, Delia?" Duff asked
ing her close.
w what they say about the
e love," she replied.
on't think we can go on like
l. "Delia, let's get married.
e long I'll be going to Can-
y can go with me."
ean it, Duff?"
v it's what I want."
at you want, it's what I
e said softly.

h in the church, and Duff felt
t pping down his back as he
y side of Carl Wind, his best
on where behind the ferns and
he piano played. Out front was
the vague area of faces, and
ere if the faces had looked that
Del when she had sung in the
h had been one of them. Un-
e thought about the ring, then
ere the extra ones Alex had got
red the dime store, so that no
into which pocket Carl reached,
nd ring was there; and he
about the telegram from Raleigh
RELATIONS AND BEST
S, L CIE. Now the song of the
angel to a more dramatic note,
ia appeared at the archway on
of L Phillips in his white linen
d ein in his tremulous state
reat caught at the calm loveli-
ner.

Finally, after a seemingly intermi-
nable flow of words from the minister, it
was over.

NOW another month had passed and
Delia stood in the doorway of the
Saskatchewan farmhouse they called a
training camp, and impatiently looked
across the hot prairie for the returning
horses, for it was noon and dinner was
ready. The incessant wind, cold in the
morning and hot at noon, whined around
the eaves, and she felt the house shud-
der under its strength. Down on the
dry pond, white alkali dust whirls
danced across the bottom, and in the
distance she could see the rooftop of
Benoit's house, Benoit, who Armand
said was a beast and should be "troot-
fed." For the rest of the vista there
was rolling dry land of sage and wolf
willow and Russian thistle like tumble-
weed and yellow mustard, and a huge
rusting steam tractor, relic of the days
when there were rains enough to grow
wheat, and money was as plentiful as
saskatoon berries in the ravine.

Down at the kennel beyond the barn,
the dogs began to howl again, a la-
menting, eerie chorus that seemed to
portend tragedy and death. Delia
angrily shouted, "You hush! Be quiet!"
but her voice did not reach to the ken-
nels. Presently they hushed of their
own accord, and now the only sounds
were the squeaking of the gophers in the
yard, and the cry of a hawk that beat
back and forth over the meadow, and
the occasional wind thumps like a rolled
blanket being swung against the house.

Finally they came, Duff and Paul on
horseback, and the dog wagon, driven
by Wesley, far behind on a spear grass
flat.

Duff came in and dipped water from
the bucket into the washbowl, and
bathed the prairie dust from his face
and arms.

She said, as they ate, "Isn't there
some way to keep those dogs from howl-
ing?"

"No," he answered, "unless I take
them all out hunting at one time.
They're not as miserable as they sound."

"They make me miserable," Delia said.
"Sometimes I get to thinking your horse
has fallen and you're dead, and I'm left



"You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and
nothing but the truth, so help you?" . . . "No"

CHON DAY

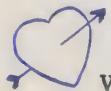
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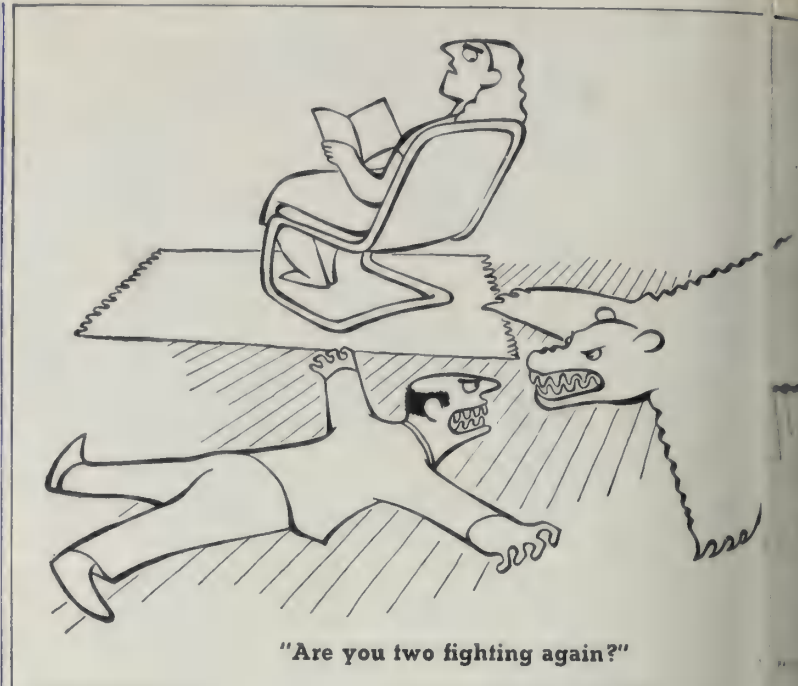
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TALL DRINKS'

S O S
(SAVE) (OUR) (SPARKLE!)

Sparkling CANADA DRY WATER

For better ginger ale highballs use
Canada Dry, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, Quinine Water, Spur



in this terrible country all by myself." He patted her hand, reassuringly.

"It seems like we've been here a year instead of a month," she said.

"This isn't bad. I think it's wonderful country."

"You ought to stay here by yourself all day."

"Maybe you think I wouldn't like to stay here in this cool house all day. What you ought to do is go out on the prairie with me," he said.

"I'm still sore from the last time I rode on that wagon. And you know I wouldn't get near one of those horses."

Duff thought about Lucie—as he often did now—and how she loved Canada. He rose. "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. You see those hills over there? They're the Moose Mountains. We'll ride over there Sunday and I'll show you some Indian graves, and old camps where they stayed when they followed the buffalo a hundred years ago and more. You can still see the rings of stones they put around their teepees to hold them down. Maybe we can find some ripe choke-cherries."

"I don't want to see any Indian graves."

"No," said Duff, "you just want to sit around and gripe. Can't you understand this is my job? It's the only thing I'm fit for."

"WELL I wouldn't admit it," she said. "This is no life for decent folk. We're hardly better than heathen gypsies, living out here on this desolate prairie. It bores me silly."

"Hearing you talk like that reminds me of my folks."

"What about your folks?"

"Well, my mother used to nag at Papa like that, fussing at him for being what he was, and he finally tried to change, and it didn't work. It just come to me that it's the same old story." He said evenly, "Listen, I'm doing what I was born to do, and it's hard honest work and nothing to be ashamed of. I'm as good as any doctor or college president that ever lived. You figured this was a life of excitement, or something, just because we travel around. You'll have to get used to your mistake. We have to run bird dogs where there're birds, and there aren't any birds in Times Square or the Loop—not the kind of birds a dog would be praised for pointing, anyway."

"How can you talk like that to me? How can you see me so miserable and lonesome, and not care at all how I feel? You don't give me as much attention as you give one of those dogs out there!"

He started to answer; then his shoul-

ders sagged, and he said, "It's my fault—I should have brought you up here. But come. Come go with us to the check-cord some-where. Then we'll run Judas about him."

"Well, after I run him tight I'll come in and we'll ride into the mail."

"What fun," she said.

DURING the hot part of the prairie chickens gathered into the shade of the dwarf poplar "bluffs" and became lazy stupid. Duff and the two three young dogs on long leashes. Soon one of the dogs p Wesley, who was holding "Whoa, now, boy. Whoa—a young dog's tail tip waved as he made a leap forward, stopped hard by the tautened The prairie chicken, an old squawking into the air, bang the slender poplar branches, a over the bushy trees, only to on the other side of the bluff yards away. "All right, no goes and gits her again, on recollect what happen to yo fleshed 'er jist den."

For an hour they flushed back and forth and finally they all got enough of it and flew away.

"Paul," said Duff, "you horse is ready for another Judas?"

Paul said, "Yes, sir, that the other day didn't seem to hardly at all next day. He toughened up fine."

"Okay, we'll see what the will have on his mind this afternoon."

They put Judas down. T was tied a forty-foot check Duff looked forward to the Judas would hold a point for him to catch up and grab that line. Lying on top of dog cage in a semicomatose Blackie, a coyote hound boy farmer, whose sole duty was Judas' trail when he got lost, him; Blackie knew his job w it capably. Now when he was Judas who was being sat up interestedly, as if quarry would get lost immed could have some fun.

Saddle girths were adjusted, and Judas' bridles straightened. Duff took loose. Within a few seconds er's swift effortless stride

far rise, and they saw him
to the left. Duff's voice
a-a-a-y, Jude!" But Judas

your bicycle, Paul," Duff

irie-bred horse raced in
sand-muffled dead run,
aping or swerving to miss a
but not once slowing or
Within a few minutes Paul
the dog, and when Judas
knew what they were com-
he swung back to the right.

ld to believe this was the
hat had last week chased
f his pen, for afield his dis-
almost merry, and when
k to the course it was with
ing a game at which Paul
easily triumphed. "Some-
ed like to me," Wesley had
before, "dat dog ain't
p hen he ain't hunting. Once
he loose, seemlike he just
a ybird in a cherry tree."

th noticed the way he swung
e horse, and Duff said, "I do
e earned something."

id was a half mile ahead and
gh with Paul cruising in the
ca he needed turning again.
ne of his own accord, though,
ty saw him change ends,
er quick nervous casts, then
ul's hat went up in signal
in and Duff spurred his horse
t over the sage and spear

Duff slid off the heaving horse,

Judas was still there, with his head and
his back straight, and his tail stiff as
a poker. In his eye was a glint of some-
thing like amusement as from the corner
of it he watched Duff ease toward him.
When the man was almost within reach
of him, he plainly intended to leap away
again, and send the birds a-scattering.
But today Judas played the game on too
close a margin.

Duff saw the grass-stained knot of the
check cord lying half-suspended over a
wolf-willow bush, and he made a head-
long dive. Just as his fist closed on the
cord, Judas broke. The few feet of
slack evaporated, three prairie chickens
burst from the cover, and Judas hit the
end of the check cord and went end
over end. The shock of the fall stunned
the dog, and he sat staring blankly with
his tongue hanging sideways out of his
mouth and one ear lying on top of his
head. At that moment another chicken
came out cackling, and Judas made a
frenzied leap at it, only to turn another
somersault, as Duff shouted, "Whoa!"

A FEW seconds passed, and Judas
waited, watchfully. Then, with his
nose lifted he turned and, half squatting,
froze into another point.

"Hand me my gun," Duff said sharply.
"There's still another bird here. To
make a kill over him now will be worth
a month's work."

"Mister Duff," Wesley said uneasily,
"one dem Mounties liable to be out
yonder somewhere and hear you killing
dat chicken out of season."

"You do what I say!"

(To be continued next week)



"Whps! She hit my number! You owe me \$100, Admiral!"

REAMER KELLER

JOEL MCCREA

says:

"IN EVERY MAN'S
LIFE, THERE IS A SECRET
WOMAN!"



Joel McCrea tells about his new
Paramount hit, "The Great Man's Lady,"
co-starring Barbara Stanwyck.

"In every great man's life, there is a woman whose flame
of love sets fire to a man's heart and drives him on
to great deeds.

"That's the theme of my new picture, 'The Great Man's Lady.'
I am Ethan Hoyt, Silver King of the Early West...
pioneer and empire-builder... a great man to the
world—but secretly in love with a woman who can
never be mine.

"Barbara Stanwyck plays that woman, and
I sincerely believe that the Academy
Award will be hers for her great per-
formance. Brian Donlevy as the swag-
gering, reckless ruler of the Barbary
Coast delivers a performance you'll
long remember.

"The critics are already calling 'THE
GREAT MAN'S LADY' 'a truly great pic-
ture.' I recommend it to you."



"Another 'must' for your movie list
... 'MY FAVORITE BLONDE,'
starring your favorite comedian,
Bob Hope, and everybody's favorite
blonde, Madeleine Carroll. It's
fast, it's funny, it's better than all
Bob's hits put together!

✓ "THIS GUN FOR HIRE," starring the romantic
threesome that will set the screen ablaze—
Veronica Lake, Robert Preston and that sensa-
tional new star discovery, Alan Ladd!

Paramount
Star Parade

Our Fighting Men

6

6TH ARMY
CORPS

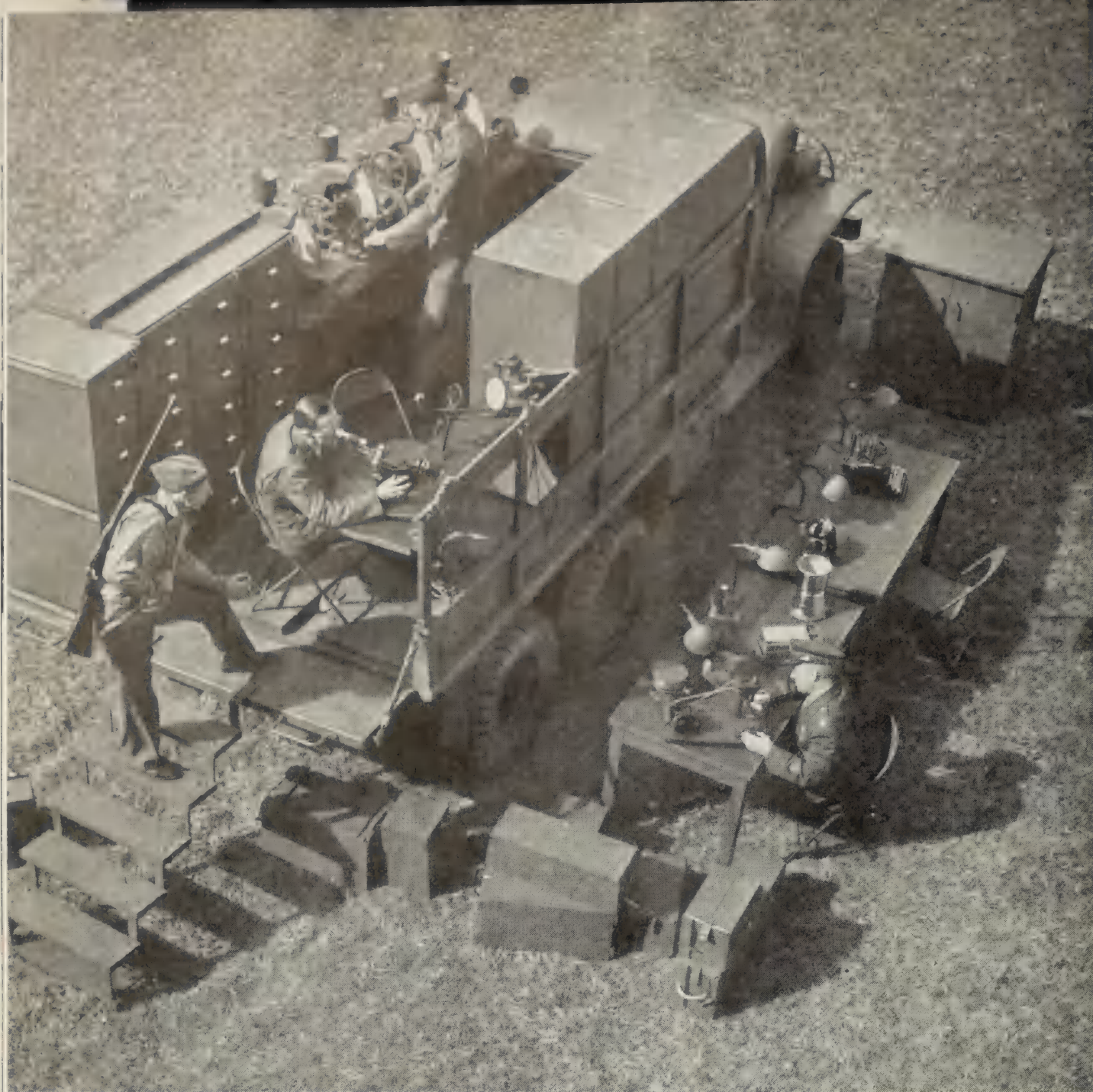
FORT DEVENS, "That means us, boys of New York alry when they n Department order complete mechanization Regular and seven Fed tional Guard horse-mechments. First reaction amor men, as they began to tur horses, 77 vans (portees) leather, was indignation thought it over. "Anyhow geant observed, "that take portee problem. Those thi as a house. You can't hide them, and if they start she bombing you, all you can out as far apart as possi they don't get too many v

Portees were a big ide ago. Theoretically, you co horses, men and equipm whip to the scene of action and rush your fresh and r into battle. Theoreticall could equal the road sp letely mechanized troops, gate swampy, sandy c tough-going terrain whe burner was more mobile on the eater. But six months ago, linas, Army bigwigs found besides being able to throw lead, can go just about any can, and a lot faster; so combustion engine began t horse—again.

Thus for Troops A (Ma C (Brooklyn) ended half horse transportation. For t whole the change was grac the regiment was half m October, 1940. Neverthe half of the outfit is now ha to water a radiator instea and several regimental sch whipping the bowlegged bo kriegers. Topkick Jack Sin lyn, has been with C Troop and the loss of the horse more than considerably; l he says he is going to miss ionship of his horse and th in which the animal used around, he's interested in new job. It turned out gene boys of the 101st were sold horsemen second, and after liminary grousing they agr mechanized idea was bett how, easier on the horse.

THIS is the way one Dev outfit got ready for com is known as a situation co soldier charged in—bang shooter sniped at him and Shickelgruber target for hir Next he ran into a bayonet den in some brush and an pinned him to the ground u locate the tree and polish o After he used grenades and on a machine-gun nest, l fronted with a couple more required to mop up a dug him next, following which he a six-foot fence wearing his few items involved investig picious-looking house on a

(Continued on page 6)



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY A. ERISS

OVERSEAS OPTICIANS. With an estimated 15% of our Army wearing glasses, mobile lens-replacement units will soon follow troops overseas. Built by the American Optical Co. and commanded by Capt. Joseph R. Harrison (at table, above right), his first unit is mounted on a 2½-ton truck. Extra equipment is carried in a one-ton trailer. Eight technicians man the truck

A Lensometer, used for recreating a prescription from a broken lens, is shown below. In the background is one of four edging machines. This unit can edge and mount 60 pairs of lenses a day, sufficient to supply the needs of a force of about 300,000 men

Final fitting is made by Capt. Harrison (below). Mobile opticians neither examine nor prescribe for eye defects, their sole job being to replace broken glasses



OUTPOSTS IN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE



PART and parcel of the war America now wages is the unremitting war each one of us must conduct against waste in all its forms • This involves not only avoiding needless use of our cars, but providing the thoughtful handling and care that insure long life and efficient operation • Your General Motors dealer plays his most serviceable role when you call on him to help *prevent* wear rather than merely make up for it • To save rubber, let him watch wheel alignment, brake adjustment, clutch action • To make best use of gasoline and oil, let him apply his experienced skill to keep engines efficiently in tune,

carburetors properly adjusted for available fuels, spark plugs cleaned and properly timed • Indeed, he can often give you helpful hints about driving that will help you adjust your car handling to the needs of wartime conservation • Your car is one unit in a national supply of automotive transportation which will have to see us through without replacement — so join hands with your dealer to conserve it, as you are now joining hands with other good citizens in the myriad activities aimed at hastening the day of final victory.

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GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET

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BUICK

CADILLAC

Cub Pilot

Continued from page 19



WITHOUT YOU—*what* *future* have THEY?

In a world of uncertainty, here is one question every father should face. "How can I give my children a fair start in life, come what may?"

For a father's labor and sacrifice one substitute exists . . . a mother's devotion sustained by a regular, dependable income to pay the bills. Let your Mutual Life representative show you our 4 new, budget-fitting policies — 4 reliable ways to safeguard your family's future without a large cash outlay.

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FIRST IN AMERICA

JENNIS W. DOUGLAS, PRESIDENT

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Old Friend would go along with him.

Chid heard the General Hook's slow bell; then the renewed beat of the stern wheel and at last the jubilant jingle of full ahead. The steamer had safely passed the Drowned Man once more, taking her bearing from Old Friend's faithful bark, and Lag Jessup, Chid's hero, had her legging it upriver to Hartford again. From now on Sammy Quoonock, the Mohegan boy, would hail Lag from the Prophet's Rock when Lag whistled, earning Chid's money. Chid was off the river.

He ran for the shanty in sudden fear. Bull was in a nasty mood. His bottle was empty and the fire had gone out. "When we get settled," he snarled at Chid, cuffing him, "I'll do you some learnin'. Fetch the nag around . . . an' you walk in front o' me. I ain't for havin' you scootin' off into the scrub; a-runnin' out on your own father. No, sirree, boy. . . . I need you down where we're goin'."

Chid obeyed, feeling the danger in Bull's manner and voice. Before he'd gone to California so quickly that day two years back, leaving Chid without as much as a bed cover, there'd been trouble from that same nasty mood.

Bull had come in from the oyster beds on the Sound, where it was said he'd rather steal a haul than honestly drag one, and gotten drunk in the taproom of the Wagon & Millers at East Haddam. About midnight there was a scuffle and a man lay dead on the floor with Bull's belt knife in his belly.

Sheriff Mott allowed that Bull had been drawn against first but that he'd provoked. "Get out," the sheriff had said, speaking over a gun. "We'd try you but never hang you . . . and we don't want your kind alive around this valley. I'm only saving taxpayers' money. Hawley . . . you be out of the region by sunup or I'll hunt you down like a sheep-killing dog!"

Bull hadn't said goodbye to Chid. He had taken the few things of Chid's mother's that he could turn into quick cash and silently left. . . .

Chid marched down the trail to the turnpike road. Bull's hired horse, used to roads, picked gingerly after him. Bull sat in the saddle, his lap crossed with a blacksnake whip, holding onto the horn and swaying, hiccupping every time the nag stumbled. Old Friend pressed close to Chid's legs, understanding that he and his master were arrayed against something fearful and evil.

"Hey!" Bull hollered, raising the lantern, "where you takin' that dog? He ain't goin' to New Haven with us, not by a long shot, he ain't!"

"Listen," Chid said, feeling sick. "You said I could take him. You said if I'd come peaceable Old Friend could come. I'd have run away otherwise."

"I know you would," Bull said, "an' maybe I just spoke too previous. Keep him out from under the horse . . . an' get 'long quicker, boy, this here travelin' is thirsty business an' you used up all my rum makin' me wait for you."

CHID'S father had gold all right. Chid hadn't believed it when he'd suddenly appeared out of the scrub this morning, claiming he'd struck it moderate rich on the Yuba. Now, in the bar of the Cliff House, Bull showed his money—a great wad of greenbacks. He threw one of them on the bar and gulped the drink it produced; then motioned Chid upstairs, and shoved him into a small bedroom.

"You stay here till packet time in the mornin'," Bull growled, taking the key.

"What are we going to do in New Haven?" Chid asked.

"Cute, ain't you?" he asked. "Tryin' to make out you what your paw's doing; heh? Since noon you about that Lag Jessup a cub pilot, an' beggin' the help a decent boy or I'm glad you took on so." "I still want to be a swerved. "The river is k Pa."

"Well, forget it," Bull said, opening the door. "I'm goin' to the best bar in New Haven to tend it, that's what. I'll be for thirteen an' high time to somebody."

CHID listened to the sounds; the drumming and farmers at the bar; Bull's voice, by right drinks, was the loudest. He felt so lonely in his life, sensing his mood, snuggled beside him.

From downriver came a big side-wheeler Calypso bound. Old Friend picked up the wind, leaping for the window told him, "that's not a side-paddler out to lick his General Hook. L down!"

Chid never heard the door. He fell into a weary sleep, thrown across Old Friend's back, unloaded her freight and northward growling in the General Hook had been the cream of the freighters from every landing.

Bull roused him out of his sleep at a table, ordering both. Sheriff Mott tipped back in his chair, looking at anything but Chid.

Chid ate, slipping with Old Friend. After a while he stood up and looked up the river over to the dining room. "Bull," he drawled, "he Hook down first . . . y her."

Bull said nothing, musing at the wharf. Old Friend nudged Chid, and Bull scowled. Chid knew a moment "Listen," he said, "Old ain't he?"

"You won't have no over a pet," Bull said, leaving him.

He took Chid by the hand and led him to the agent's wick kept Chid between him.

Out on the river, La his bells and the General ing her great single s blubbering spare steam ties, snuggled to the wharf. Only one gang they were skipping the aboard!" the chief clerk folks. "We're sailin' a Calypso's only the ne Hurry, please! Mister, way-bill for that dog."

"The dog ain't comin' snapped, "just the bo spendin' cash totin' a creation!"

"You promised," Chid said—

"Button your lip, boy. Your dog was useful to an' hold you overnight. boat before I whale you."

Chid couldn't help w

Bull and threw himself burying his face in the fur; hiding his quivering he let himself be led to k, not looking up. Old crouching on the wharf, Chid funned with him. d. "Down, sir . . . you

drew into middle river, e paddle thump of extra Friend raced frantically wharf piles, barking for It only sent Chid into a perate and wrathful. He bull's side whiskers, pull- own. Then Chid butted, owl; ramming his nose. et a grin break into a "kid!" he cheered.

s arm back, poised to and in real agony. But eard player who practice General Hook, man- lighted cigar in the way e blow. Lag took Chid him firmly by the neck seat. Bull roared and it held his place at an fin Sheriff Mott. Lag or to the steward.

e," Lag said, not trou- ow he felt about Bull, h to me in the wheel- ee him out of trouble."

my id alone," Bull scowled s line. I got money; an' e y. I'd like to see some n interferers take him me

the companion ladder, h distaste.

ley he said, trying to be dy taking Chid away . . . a y. I wish I could do bo it. I can't . . . save to k away from the bar."

mad the unfriendliness th shrugged gracelessly w muttering. But Mr. arm in Bull's and said Mr. Hawley, the pilot ed e language he uses to I ect a drink would be hey, on me, sir."

n't y anything back. Mr. a gentleman and a passen- wa mmaculate in mouse- clots and a new-steamed was hispered that he knew s of old-decking and strip- ere never been any com- cing and he was counted an dece- gambler. He stepped ard ow, turning into the ll.

shed cold water from the asin his face. When he the illey, taking the milk had set out for him, ome etter. But he didn't er.

resolutely forward, fearing k to East Haddam wharf. o, ne to watch the gently ler chins which led upward thous which Lag Jessup t was a dead dream now; ld F nd, to forget about.

In the wheelhouse, perched forward of the two tall thwartship stacks, Lag Jessup put the steamer into the Tylersville channel and growled to Horace Stone, his quartermaster. "That boy was happy on the river," Lag observed, feeling mad at his helplessness, "and more likely to come to good than he is now. He's got natural river sense, Horace; I was ready to take him on as cub. If I ever get my hands on Bull Hawley off duty, I'd as lief . . ."

"Pawl the capstan, Lag!" Horace warned. "You're like to be off duty for good. Look astern, Lag!"

Lag snapped his glass on the upriver reaches. The Calypso was just emerging from behind the bend at the River Salmon. Black smoke billowed from her stack and under her bobbing walking beam the paddles beat the water into a white fury. She remained in middle river, not veering into East Haddam and Lag knew what that meant.

"She's skipping her stop," Lag said. "Ed Latham's hooked up to beat us to Saybrook Point and that new freight train from New York. Horace, we lose that, the way profits are now, and Mr. Bowles will lay us up. Ring the engine pit, Horace. . . I want forty pounds and better!"

Horace chumped on his chew hard in approval but kept his eyes on the river astern. "Lag," he asked, squinting, "set your glass on that fuss in the river off the wharf."

Lag steadied his glass, then telescoped it with a curse. "That," he said quietly, "is Old Friend, swimming after Chid."

WHEN Chid came to the pilothouse they told him nothing about the dog, far astern now. Old Friend would get tired after a while and swim to shore. It was kinder to remain silent.

Word of the race had gone through the General Hook. She vibrated with a new and ominous tremble, bespeaking high boiler pressures, and her wheel flayed the river with the roar of an over-shot mill wheel. Passengers clustered at the rails, peering upriver. Mr. Bowles, the owner, circulated among them, assuring the timid that, fast as they were traveling, Mr. Jessup and the engineer were observing the safety precautions set by law.

"This ain't a pleasure race, sir," he assured a professor from the new university at Middletown, "but we got to get that business from that new train comin' up today. We do, and give service totin' to the landings, I'll sign a contract for regular freighting in a week. We don't . . . lettin' Ed Latham get it . . . I'll admit I ain't got the venture left to fight no more."

The mate shifted some heavy cargo, wagons and cattle and such, giving the General Hook her very best trim for high speed. Folks watched Lag with up-turned anxious faces, telling him how much they wanted him to win, to stay on the river. "Don't put any money on it," Lag advised, "we lost an all-fired lot of time at East Haddam."

"That Bull Hawley," said a woman, "he never spelt good for nobody. Right

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DEPARTMENT OF LOGISTICS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

This message appeared in every daily newspaper, both English and foreign language, in the United States and Canada, on March 30, 1942



Motor Trip

CROCKETT JOHNSON

now he's in the bar, drinking and card playing."

An engine came up the fiddley, moving the weights on the safety valves to the last notches, hanging a spanner on each for good measure.

Some of the excitement of it reached Chid, easing the pain of his troubles. He shared the part window with Lag. Lag hooked an arm about him, feeling the broadness of the shoulders which promised a rugged lad, able to handle the big pit wheel, come his full growth.

Chid had never so much wanted to be a pilot before, the grandness of that situation being plain to everybody during a race.

"Calypso's gainin' fearful," Horace observed. "Lag, you'll have to short cut."

"Not with the river in autumn low," Lag said. "Chid, do you remember the ranges ahead?"

"Yes, sir," Chid said, "you line the port chimney on Whalebone creek mouth and lam straight for Anastasia south tip."

"Good boy," Lag grinned. "I told you that only once, a full year back. Chid, I wish I had you for a cub."

"I took a current boat through here and the West Channel, clear to Saybrook Point last week," Chid said with pride. "I got me four dollars but Pe took it."

Chid could risk a look astern now. East Haddam was far in the folded hills of the upper river. He climbed to the settee, hanging out of the stern lay sash. The Calypso was firing with resin now. She had crept into the wake of the General Hook and was gaining rapidly. Lag made some calculations with his gold-nubbed toothpick on the sill varnish and looked anxious.

"How's she doin', boy?" Horace asked.

CHID didn't answer. He couldn't then. He stared fascinated at the foredeck of the oncoming paddler, not believing what he saw. Crouched at the very stern head, sniffing, separating the scents of this strange part of the river, was Old Friend.

The dog scrambled to his feet, standing motionless, almost in a partridge point. His muzzle quivered, sweeping the breezes made by the General Hook. Chid couldn't hear him; but he could see the pinching of Old Friend's belly under his wet coat and he knew he was whining, had gotten his own scent.

"You could," Horace was saying, "take the West Channel and short cut Brockways. It ain't deep enough for Ed Latham's paddles. You could jack up the wheel and skin over, Lag. . . it'd save a mile."

"I been figurin' on whether to risk it," Lag said soberly, "but there's an oak snag at the lower end; always has been there."

Chid heard. He'd been through the West Channel only six days ago. Lag was wrong about that snag. It had lain there, weaving in the current and tide like a puff adder's head, ready to strike death to the first hull to approach it. But now it was gone, moved to the channel edge by a favorable tide and an easterly gale. Chid, remembering the depths as he'd helped pole the current boat, reckoned that, with her paddle raised a mite, the General could get through.

"Lag. . ." Chid said.

"Quiet, youngster," Horace growled, not really angry. "Lag's rung up more steam. He doesn't short cut. Looks like a steam race down the East Channel and we haven't got a chance, boy."

Chid could see the mouth of the West Channel opening ahead. It was good-looking water on top and he alone knew it was good below as well. He wanted to tell Lag that before it was too late to veer for it.

But from the Calypso now he heard

the joyous barking of Old Friend. The dog knew Chid was on the boat ahead. He ran happily along the waterways, pawing at the rail in his eagerness. In minutes the two boats would be beam to beam and Old Friend only yards across a narrow path of water. Chid then had but to whistle and jump into the river. Old Friend would follow, swimming with him to shore. They could take to the woods, go east to other rivers where his father would never find them. With Old Friend his again, there was some reason to running away.

"They got the boy's dog," Horace said. "Dipped him up with a scoop net. I reckon."

L AG said nothing. Chid could see the defeat in his face, the disappointment of being licked. Chid slipped off his coat. Old Friend waited tensely, seeming to understand. Mr. Bowles came to the half door, dabbing at his forehead. "Mr. Jessup," he said, "you got to do better. You're shuttin' me and steam-boatin' down."

"There ain't another turn in her pad-

not telling him about that snag being gone. But Chid couldn't tell him. Lag would sheer off before the Calypso came alongside. He'd leg it for the West Channel mouth: separate him forever from Old Friend and escape.

The valley boomed with the echo of the two racers thumping their engines. Smoke poured from the stacks, darkening the churning wakes. Passengers cheered and catcalls shrilled between boats.

From the General's freight deck Bull Hawley argued drunkenly with someone, shouting he'd not only navigate the ladder to top deck but lick his brat proper once he got there.

Old Friend barked imperatively, urging Chid to action. West Channel mouth was almost abeam now and the Calypso coming up fast. Chid dropped to the deck, ready to run aft. "Goodby, Chid," Lag said at the door, putting out his hand.

But Chid couldn't take Lag's hand. His whole being was suddenly dead. His feet wouldn't move, inside he felt empty, as if something ununderstood

suddenly taken a different unseen road. To Chid it parting of the ways and the irrevocable choice of led to everything he hated. bark was stilled by dista threw himself on the set face in his arms. He v ately to cry but strange

THE valley spread her autumn finery to the rading it before the p Ahead, like a jewel c budded the white spire Point, sparkling in the th But to Chid they were buildings of New Have them was an unclear tavi could never be anythin good save remembering just done..

The emptiness was g That part of him whic vanished filled him aga it left him unafraid; in happy.

Far astern the Calyp safety valves, wasting st edging defeat. The Gener snag place, the paddle for the deep water main c railroad dock, piled high waiting freight, lay abe Haven train waited at th ready to take Chid down of the path.

"You don't know wha Chid," Lag said over hin some day you'll underst of it. Chid . . . nothing ca New Haven or anythin word's come that you an below."

"I can't go," said Chid. blubberin'!"

"I think folks'll und said. "Come along."

Chid followed Lag dow deck and into the bar. Sheriff Mott sat at a ro greenbacks piled before Fitch smoothed his sh puffed a new cigar with Chid to him.

"This here money" b ceremony, "is yours."

"Pa . . ." Chid stam "He ain't got nothin' t no more." the sheriff tol ing him keenly. "Mr. F him, reasonably fair an Fitch reckons it belongs your father is broke; clea . . . and that sort of n charge, seeing as he can't

"He'll make me go to Chid said.

"Oh, no, he won't!" I with conviction. "He's a ing under a hose. I gue a fitten father for a bo, matter we've all been izing. But, boy, you g guardian. I wish I was a I'd admire to qualify."

Chid felt Lag's hand se warmth and fellowship. It was a rough hand, use wheel on a bitter night sounding lead himself as will do. The hand sut sides, now, that dream work some day was no l

"Yes, sir," said Chid. a guardian, sir."

He watched the New H westward. Bull was in th a one-way ticket. Then river.

He couldn't see Old could bear his bark. He of the things a cub pilot learn was patience. But, minutes was an awful lon to wait for the Calypso

THE END

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Shall we take our coffee in the livin' room?"

die. You got every trick I know," Lag said, keeping his eyes on things far away. "You can fire me now . . . there's nothin' more to do."

Chid tugged at his shirt buttons. The river would be cold. But not as cold as living in a strange noisome city. The shirt buttons stuck, making Chid mad; making him count ten for calmness.

But curiously, in that ten count, he didn't see Old Friend or the plunging Calypso drawing steadily abeam to where the hound could see him and hear his command to jump. He saw Lag Jessup buying him a basket of staples and giving him a warm coat, saying it would do until he rated a pilot's reefer. He saw Lag pointing out his secret ranges, sharing his river knowledge with him and he saw him, too, without a job, kind of disgraced on the river.

"Jump from the stern, Chid," Lag said quietly, "clear of the wheel. And good luck. If I ever get on the river again, I'll be wishing for you, Chid."

"Go aft, boy!" Chid yelled to Old Friend. "Back, boy!"

Chid couldn't look at Lag. He was do-

ing an awful thing to a man he loved

was floating away, leaving him only a shell. It wasn't too late; not to do what Chid knew he had to do.

"Lag . . ."

"Go on, boy," Lag said, "you'll make it, Chid."

"No," Chid cried, "it ain't that. Lag, the West Channel is open. The snag's gone. Swing her, Lag, swing her!"

There was a mist over his eyes, come unbidden and not going away. Old Friend whined, begging his best. "It's the word of a boy," Horace said, not chumping.

"It's true," Chid sobbed. "I took five feet through six days ago."

L AG'S answer was softly spoken. "This boy's word is all right by me," he said. "Swing her for the West Channel, Horace. Hard down now . . . steady . . . and line her for center water." Lag tooted the whistle, calling the mate. "Get the paddle jacked up, Mr. Mate. Chid, ring up more turns if the engineer's got 'em. . . I guess you know the bells as good as I do."

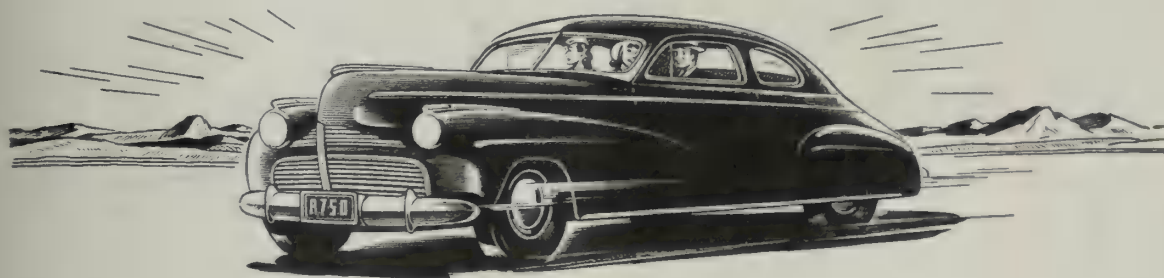
The compliment didn't brighten Chid now. The water lane between the two racing boats widened, as if each had

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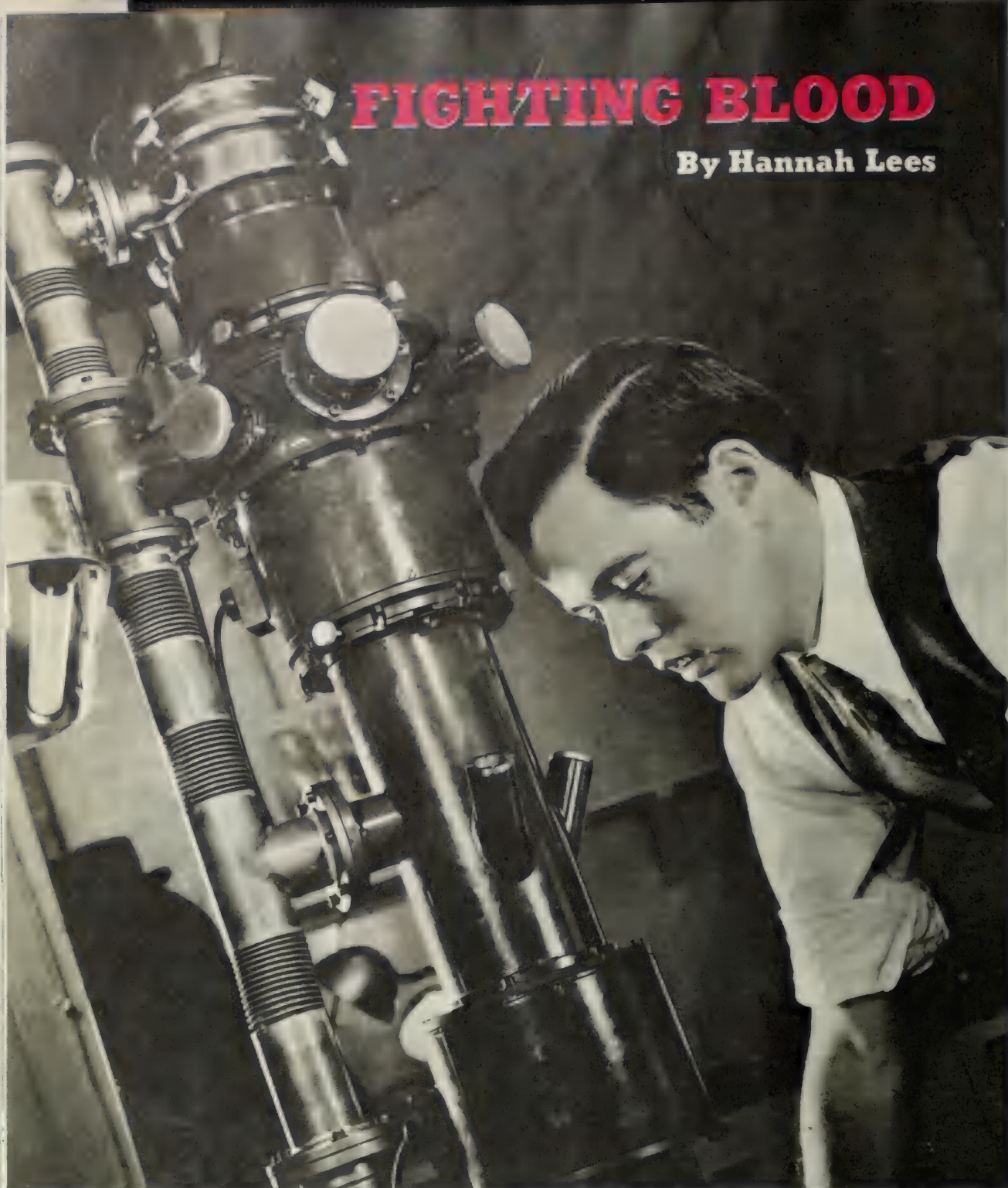
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

SARNIA, ONTARIO

LESS THAN HALF OF AMERICA'S CAR MAKERS SPECIFY AUTO-LITE EQUIPMENT

FIGHTING BLOOD

By Hannah Lees



BEN SCHNALL

Meet the antibodies. They are your best defenders against disease. But no one has ever looked at one of them—until now

WE MIGHT as well give up, those of us who have been going around saying plaintively we haven't any fighting blood in our veins. Down at the RCA laboratories in Camden, New Jersey, where that electron microscope you've been hearing about is at work exposing secrets, they've just got through proving we have. Joe Dilks may think he's a conscientious objector. Mrs. Mildred Mush may be too mild even to argue about a tough steak. But they ought to see what their blood's doing all the while. Just as busy as Joe Louis' or Winston Churchill's, busy fighting.

Scientists as a body aren't terribly surprised by this stirring bit of news, just gratified. Like hearing about your tentmate's sister, and reading her letters and eating her cakes, then meeting her and finding her as dream-girl as you'd imagined. They've known for a long time, you see, that the blood had a standing army, and they've known all about that army's personnel and equipment, theoretically. But only theoretically. They'd never caught even a glimpse of the main body of the army till just about now.

Maybe you've been thinking it was the white cells in your blood that fought infections. Well, they do, partly. There is a kind of small energetic white cell, called somewhat incredibly a polymorphonuclear leucocyte, which swims around in the blood like mad, tracking down all sorts of foreign particles from germs to India ink and trying to swallow them up. And

there is a bigger, slower white cell called a macrophage that also swims around in the blood, sucking in foreign particles.

Pus, as you've probably heard, is basically made up of dead white cells and dead bacteria. But these leucocytes and macrophages are just about as much good by themselves as light and heavy tanks—even the best and newest ones—without men to run them or ammunition to keep the enemy from getting away. There is something else in the blood that does the real fighting and gets the germs ready to be mowed down and swallowed up. Without those somethings, if a white cell comes up against a germ, it just bounces futilely off again. With those somethings—well, we'll come to that in a minute, but those somethings are what scientists have been calling, sight-unseen for a good many years now, antibodies.

All they knew about antibodies to begin with was that after a person had had certain diseases, something happened inside him so that he wasn't likely to have them again. After a person had had typhoid fever or scarlet fever, for instance, the white cells which, before, hadn't been able to do much good against the typhoid or scarlet fever germs were suddenly able to swallow them up and cart them off. Then they began to find that if over a period of time a person was given a series of shots of killed bacteria, typhoid germs, say, he built up something—antibodies—which made him immune to the disease. And they found, too, that if a person had recovered from certain diseases, or an animal was given shots of the bacteria of these diseases, their blood got so full of that something—antibodies—that their blood serum could be injected into people sick with those diseases and actually help them get well by reinforcing their own defenses, or antibodies. They had to be special

Dr. James Hillier of RCA's Electron Research operating the electronic microscope that has given scientists their first sight of the natural defenses of the blood in action against germs.

antibodies too. You couldn't help a person of diphtheria by injecting scarlet fever antibodies. Each disease had its own particular antibodies, and no other antibody—whatever antibodies would do.

That wasn't so surprising, they said. Scientists spending hours over microscopes found different antibodies had different weapons of attack. Some of them were the ones that cause diphtheria and tetanus, let fever and gas gangrene, to mention a few, and the toxins that flow all through our blood generally sick, just as if we'd swallow germs may be relatively few and far between in one place, yet the toxin goes everywhere. And what the antibodies do against germs apparently, is set to work with a sort of snare and neutralize the poisons as fast as they come and keep on neutralizing them until different antibodies can be made which destroy bacteria themselves. So they called them antibodies.

But there are other bacteria that keep poisons firmly attached. It isn't near as easy to neutralize the poisons from this kind of bacteria to destroy the germs themselves. So they worked out a couple of systems of defense. One system, and the most dramatic probably, is to solve the germ. Scientists have seen the bacillus, for instance, dissolving right before their eyes under the influence of cholera antibodies. It doesn't really dissolve, they've discovered. What actually happens is that antibodies surround the bacteria and break down their cell walls and lets the innards escape out into the blood where the body takes care of them at their leisure. But something dissolving in the beginning of this kind of antibodies lyses, which means

Visible Results of Unseen

Still another method of attack is phagocytosis. Antibodies have evolved, which surround the typhoid bacillus in bunches, crowd together and precipitate them out of the blood. Glutinate them, that is, which is why antibodies are called agglutinins.

Mind you, nobody had ever seen anything doing any of these things. They had seen typhoid and scarlet fever poisons being the germs finally rendered harmless. The cholera bacillus apparently dissolved. Phagocytosis being bunched together it was known by chemical and other studies to be happening in each case was that antibodies surrounded the bacteria, making a film around them along with all the neutralizing poison down of cell walls the bacteria could be broken by the white cells. But they had never made this film and never thought of seeing it until the electron microscope. Until Dr. Stanley and Dr. Mudd and began investigating the tobacco mosaic virus and typhoid bacillus.

You probably know a good deal about the electron microscope already if you've been following the news. You probably know that the only simple microscope is that it images of minute particles—quite a different thing like twenty-five thousand times. Otherwise it's more like an X-ray microscope.

Take that typhoid bacillus and get it into the electron microscope. Instead of mounting it on a slide you'll mount it on a tiny circle of metal thinner than a quarter of the size of your little pretty fine mesh, two hundred and forty thousandths of an inch, and when you put it in its little slip it into the electron microscope a current, what you'll look at is whatever is in one of the holes made by four of the and forty wires.

Then, instead of shining light on it, you'll shine a flood of electron waves. Instead of an "electron gun," a tungsten filament, a tremendous electric charge going through it. Instead of concentrating the electron beam through a glass lens—glass, even the (Continued)

more rides for me
-till you get those
grabby brakes fixed"
- says Stopper



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going to the South Orange and Maplewood (N. J.) High where Stanley Wood was instructing the young thespians, and Papa Wright took Mr. Wood's word for it that Teresa wasn't hopeless. Father staked her to two summers' tuition at the Wharf Theater in Provincetown, where Teresa wrestled with scenery, lugged props about and looked wan and wistful.

"The least likely to succeed," was the Provincetown verdict.

But Doro Merandi of the Provincetown company liked her and when Miss Merandi went into the cast of *Our Town* she put in a word for Teresa, who was hired as understudy to Dorothy McGuire, who created the role subsequently played by Martha Scott. By the happy chance that suddenly made pale and bedraggled females invaluable, Miss Wright was in a good spot. When Eddie Dowling started to cast the touring company, he became irate.

Thanks to Mr. Serlin

"That infernal Hollywood!" cried Mr. Dowling, expressing his resentment of a machine that invariably sucked in every talented youngster. There was nobody but Teresa and she made the rounds of New England and the Middle West.

Next summer she was with the Barnstormers Theater at Tamworth, New Hampshire, where she learned a great deal. When that was over she came back to New York and started giving readings for *Life With Father*, along with all other destitute actors. The boss of the play was Oscar Serlin, who had been testing director for Paramount for many years and hated the films with a stern magnificence. As opposed to that, his reverence for the stage bordered on the pathological.

Oscar was in no rush. Miss Wright thought she was revealing Spartan courage when she gave her first reading, but after she was on the fifth round she looked at Serlin piteously, anxiously merely that she should be shot like a wounded rodeo pony and put out of her misery. Oscar had made up his mind that a blonde should play the role. Teresa was a brunette. Oscar fidgeted and finally decided that it made no difference whether a blonde or a brunette played the role. Teresa was in and later she had a lot more to thank Serlin for, because he made her screen test when the Goldwyn offer arrived and gave her even better advice about her contract, which is unique in cinema history. Here are a few portions of the Serlin-indited work:

"Clause 39. The aforementioned Teresa Wright shall not be required to pose for photographs in a bathing suit unless she is in the water. Neither may she be photographed running on the beach with her hair flying in the wind. Nor may she pose in any of the following situations: In shorts, playing with a cocker spaniel; digging in a garden; whipping up a meal; attired in firecrackers and holding skyrocket for the Fourth of July; looking insinuatingly at a turkey for Thanksgiving; wearing a bunny cap with long ears for Easter; twinkling on prop snow in a skiing outfit while a fan blows her scarf; assuming an athletic stance while pretending to hit something with a bow and arrow."

Faced with these restrictions the Goldwyn publicity staff kept Miss Wright at a distance and caused her some uneasiness. Her competitors were getting their pictures in the papers; she was only appearing on the screen. She ap-

proached Mr. William Hebert, Goldwyn publicity head, about the matter.

"Friends have told me I have a very nice figure," she said demurely but insistently.

Mr. Hebert called in the photographers. Interviewers were also coaxed into presenting an appearance but in several cases this created an assorted amount of ill will when they arrived with licorice sticks and ice-cream cones under the illusion that they were to visit Baby Sandy.

Hardier souls who came with less enlightenment and greater discernment found her a very nice girl, a touch on the unexciting side. When they asked her pointedly about her personal life she said, "I want to be a good actress above everything."

At this juncture the Goldwyn press representative would invariably offer his stock of information.

"Miss Wright is five feet two and weighs 110 pounds. She has wavy brown hair and greenish-blue eyes."

The interviewer would look at Miss Wright and confirm this. Miss Wright would then laugh very merrily.

"If you want to write something entirely original," she would say, "just put in that I hate the hours."

It seemed that although Miss Wright had been reared in Jersey, she had been born in New York. She felt that six o'clock in the morning was an improper hour to be abroad. It had been even worse when she was over at M-G-M making Mrs. Miniver under the direction of William Wyler.

"Mr. Wyler likes you to be perfect," said Miss Wright.

She demurred rather tartly about taking the role of Mrs. Gehrig but the studio executives convicted her of contradiction out of her own mouth. She felt that audiences would not accept her in an older role after what she had been playing, but they reminded her of one of her more romantic periods. When she was appearing in *Life With Father* she received a mash note from a well-known and elderly actor.

"I saw you Saturday night in the play and really thought you were terrific," he wrote. "The last time I saw you was in Pasadena where you were with the

King Players or something and that was so long ago it is possible that an old dame play a young girl like Mar get away with it. You we me up and come to dinner at the Blank Hotel."

Hollywood Has It Say

She didn't ring him around meal but she made the m ing the Goldwyn office al used it against her. She h in Pasadena, she was not and the gentleman was ob a misapprehension, but pointed out that if she cou of his astuteness there wo be no difficulty in convinc that she was her own age.

On the personal side, a l revealed that Miss Wright ter into a formal engagen Niven Busch, a writer. Her rather definitely fron and accounts for the fact t seen in Hollywood night c little known as any huma that torso factory. She taste for good painting a tographs but confines her craft, boning up on ple thought that she will ever to Broadway, as is permitt tract. She was back last s other Serlin masterwork King's Family. Mr. Serlin himself and it died rath Boston before reaching Ne Wright was frank about th "This small episode gav

she said. What this seems to me resa will follow the line tresses who have a Broad and a juicy Hollywood con see Broadway on an aver once every nine years.

Close scrutiny of the will afford conclusive pro of the Wright thought. E est glimpse of the Wrig studio publicity shot will that Teresa has gone th flesh. Hollywood will hav

THE END



"Don't you-all get high now and cut this chicken cockey

College on Horseback

Continued from page 21

gathered together about 25 cowboys—Wood says a cowboy turning out for polo has a fifteen-year start on any other boy—to develop into three or four first-string teams, sending them in against opponents in the same game much in the manner made famous by Howard Jones in football. When he has fully tried this system you are going to hear more about those Arizona polo teams.

In Bill Dent, held over from 1940, Wood has a hard-driving player who has been favorably compared to Cecil Smith, another former cowboy and the only 10-goal player at present active in this country. Jim Taylor, his second holdover from the 1940 team, is a skillful and daring rider (another New Mexico Military Institute boy), a fine horse trainer, and a strategic poloist.

The other two men on the team, DeLeslie Woodell, off a cattle ranch in Sonora, Mexico, and John Donaldson, a blue-blooded fox-hunting lad from upstate New York, are still green; and Wood does not feel that he would be justified in attempting another Eastern invasion this year. But he is looking forward to 1943 if the Army doesn't take his best men away from him.

Not all Wood's varsity are cowboys. There is another notable exception besides Donaldson. This is Pete Bidegain, a shepherd. Pete protests, however, that the cowboys hardly ever make him remember it. "I guess—" Pete explains this unusual friendliness between cowman and sheepman—"I guess I'm just naturally rugged."

Under the impulse given to polo in the West by Arizona, coast colleges, including Stanford, California, Oregon Agricultural and U.S.C., began to knock polo balls around on their parade grounds. By 1923 Stanford had in Barby, Edwards, Bruce and Vanderburg a famous Four Horsemen who preceded Rockne's Stuhldreher, Miller, Layden and Crowley, by quite a spell—a polo quartet which won 19 consecutive games in the West and only went down, at last, before the Arizona contingent.

Prep-School Polo Ponies

Also, under the immediate aegis of the university, polo has taken a spurt in the near-lying prep schools of the Tucson district. It is the ordinary thing now for boys entering the Arizona Desert School, the Evans School, the Southern Arizona School for Boys, the Judson School for Boys, and the rest, to buy their own horses for \$50 each from the school, and then sell the mounts back to the school at half price when they leave.

Ordinarily a rich man's game requiring at the very least a string of fine horses and the means to care for them, in the West polo is played by boys who are earning their way through college as stablemen, riding instructors, dude wranglers, and rodeo contestants. But since all are training to be cavalry officers, and since Uncle Sam always has manifested a fondness for polo players in this branch of his service, the use of government horses for the games in this section is the common thing.

Polo for the girls was tried for a while at Arizona, but was finally discontinued. This doesn't mean the girls don't do their fair share of whatever riding is done at the school, as has been indicated before now.

Today the girls share the running of all horse events at the school except polo. Also, quite apart from the boys, they have in their honorary, the Desert

Riders, a group of eleven horsewomen who would be a credit to any Madison Square Garden horse show. Members are picked from women riders in the gymkhanas and horse shows; and their moonlight rides in the spring back to Mt. Lemon with the boys' honorary, Scabbard and Blade, are now traditions at the school. So are their pretty desert hikes on horseback in the flaunting color of long spring desert evenings.

The gymkhanas and the horse shows, which began as military events for the boys, the girls now share equally and sometimes even predominantly.

They go in for box jumps and polo jumps, and can clear automobiles, along with the boys. They do Roman and Cossack riding, and are outstandingly accomplished in the mountain slides, which you used to see the Italian cavalry officers doing in the newsreels. Only the Arizona girls would make the Italian officers look silly by comparison. At least, that's what the Arizona boys say.

Crazy Over Horses

In the Southwest the line between spectator and participant at any social doing is more figurative than actual. The grandsons—and, yes, let's say the granddaughters, too—of the gents at Tombstone, who didn't like to drink alone, still carry a special brand of gregariousness over into everything from a barbecue to a ball game. When it comes to horse events, even staid citizens who have lost power to get in the saddle without the aid of a pulley don't like to sit idly by. Tucson people put on ten-gallon hats, wind bandannas around their necks, and whoop it up for a week or two before any circus, rodeo or preview of a Western picture comes to town.

This fiesta attitude has had its effect upon the boys and girls of the campus. With good distance judging for holidays, the kids have placed their rodeo just one week on the calendar behind the big state rodeo in the town. The result is that the university as a unit dons Western garb a couple of weeks before the town blow-off and doesn't skin out of it—if at all—until a week after their own show, giving the district a full month of Western good time every year at the turn of spring.

Western assemblies are held to pep matters up; recalcitrants are all put in a big bull pen in the center of the campus for all to see their shame; Western music and Western dancing become the evening's entertainment.

Cowboy-attired youngsters around corner lamplights carol their desire to be buried on the lone prairie or home on the range, sing nasally and in falsetto that they want to follow the dogies, ride the canyons, or muddle through the mesquite on the mesa for the last roundup.

But as most of this vocal effort manages to drift into open sorority windows near by, this also helps to keep alive older traditions not peculiar to Tucson.

Colorful? Sure. But don't get the notion that all this stuff is quaint. These are not peasants of Mittel-europa out for a Maypole dance. These are Southwestern Americans fashioning a way of living that suits them, however unrelated to the latest amusements on Broadway or in Hollywood. If you want to play in their part of the country, brother, you play the way they do. And time, in the warm Southwest, is decidedly not of the essence.

THE END



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SOCO-VACUUM

Grade-A Bees

By Dudley addo

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S

Down where the tupelo bloom, a pampered race of bees is literally working to death to enrich our short larder with hundreds of tons of their own special variety of fragrant white honey.

that while ordinary tupelo honey contains about 34 per cent dextrose and only 23 per cent levulose, tupelo honey contains about 39 per cent levulose and only 23 per cent dextrose. The difference in language that means that in tupelo honey is in effect a higher percentage of levulose. Levulose is a sort of fructose; when you eat sugar a complex process breaks down the sugar into glucose and levulose. In tupelo, the process is done by the bees. The result is a honey with a higher percentage of levulose.

Tupelo honey doesn't come from a single flower, as we think of honey. It comes from a spongy yellowish-green tree called the tupelo. These trees these globes are about 12 inches in diameter; on female trees the size of a clove. About 100 trees are needed to produce one ton of honey. The trees are male. The female trees are of two varieties—black and white. The white is a variety of gum arabic. The black is big. The white is a spring affair, twenty or thirty feet high, long, straggling branches. Black honey is good but it's not as important.

White tupelos, which are used for lumber, are found scattered through swamps of the upper Gulf Coast. The honey produced in any one swamp isn't pure because the bees come from many different trees. It is in Gulf, Franklin, and W. Counties, around the town of W. Hitchka, that the tupelo alone; no other flower produces honey at the same time and the nectar is hives by the bees is pure.

A few years ago, when demand for tupelo honey around Wewahitchka and the Apalachicola Valley kept bees. They got colonies as Christmas gifts. Housewives tended for honey money as far as where kept hens. Filling ants and deputy shepherds working for them on the prohibition somebody tupelo honey made sweet. The Apalachicola Valley was invaded by bees from miles around.

Dwindling demand and a dry spell made bees unattractive to amateurs. Gradually the business concentrated in the hands of a few dozen apiarists. It was economical to operate hundreds of colonies—because a pensive vacation the bees each year.

Along about the middle of the tupelo is in full bloom. The bees which have been pumping from these flowers well the resulting honey. So the bees—two billion—are hived up and moved to a river landing, and placed in outboard-powered, each one hundred hives. The

(Continued on p. 70)

A group of beehives by the banks of Florida's Apalachicola River. From the blossoms of the tupelo tree, these bees produce a distinctive honey during their twenty-one-day working season.

The tupelo tree, found scattered through the swamps of the upper Gulf coast, surrenders a nectar from which bees create a unique honey: pure white, remaining fresh indefinitely.

OUT West it's horse stealing. In the Ozarks it's kicking a fellow's dawg around. But down in the swamp country of northwestern Florida mashing a bee is practically suicide. The two billion bees down there along the Apalachicola River are so highly thought of that they work only 21 days a year, have a swell boat ride and a nine-month vacation in the cooler North, and get free food if they need it. In return for all this pampering they produce about 375 tons of honey each season. In normal times this great blob of sweetness is an always-welcome addition to the national menu; in these days of increasing sugar shortages it begins to look more and more like manna from heaven. Not only for the 25 or 30 apiarists (a fancy name for beekeepers) that these bees support, but for all of us.

The Apalachicola River bees produce a special kind of product: tupelo honey. It's pure white, keeps indefinitely, won't turn sugary and has a flavor of its own. Some of it used to be mixed with other honeys for flavoring purposes and as a preservative. But chemists found cheaper preserving methods and flavoring processes, and the demand for tupelo went down—for a while.

When chemists analyzed it, they found

Ac Of Congress

Acacia Mutual was chartered by Act of Congress in 1869 as an organization "to forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its members and not for profit."

Through wars, depressions and hardships, Acacia Mutual has been serving the public faithfully and well. A mutual, not a stock company, Acacia Mutual has larger than 90% of the assets of all life insurance companies in America.

Over 100,000,000 of Assets attest to the soundness of Acacia Mutual. Legal reserves are certified regularly by the Department of Insurance of the District of Columbia.

Over 100,000,000 of Insurance in Force attest to the public endorsement of Acacia Mutual's premium plan. Acacia Mutual's plan more than doubles the dividends of all life insurance companies and the rate even faster.

Over 100,000,000 in Benefits to policyholders have been paid out since Acacia Mutual adopted its policy of "dividends in advance" in 1926. Over \$12,000,000 in dividends to policyholders.

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WHAT "ACACIA" MEANS

Acacia rises its name from a tree which since the dawn of time has been a symbol of evergreen life. In ancient Egypt, in the islands of the sea, Acacia was and is—revered as a symbol of life and immortality.



ACACIA MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

\$100,000,000

Says Johnny will go to College!



—thanks to this Unique and Different Life Insurance Company

EVEN during wartime, Johnny's Dad is making certain that there will be money to send Johnny to college! One of the provisions of his Family Security insurance policy covers Johnny's education . . . and behind that Family Security policy stands Acacia Mutual's more than \$100,000,000 in assets.

Acacia Mutual is a 73-year-old life insurance company that really is unique and different . . . unique in the way its flexible insurance plans can be fitted exactly to your problems and your income . . . different in its "economy" basis for determining rates, which keeps your premium payments extremely low.

Why Acacia Mutual's Rates Are Low

In 1926, to place insurance within easier reach of more people, Acacia Mutual

pioneered this new idea in premium rates. It abandoned the customary mutual company practice of charging relatively high premiums and then refunding a part of them later in the form of so-called "dividends." It introduced the plan of paying "dividends in advance" . . . in the form of substantial reductions in premium rates . . . plus additional dividends earned through sound investment, economical management and careful selection of risks. All this enables foresighted men and women to buy insurance which otherwise they could not afford.

For 16 years, through public recognition of the soundness of this idea, Acacia Mutual's volume of insurance in force has grown at a rate more than double the average for all life insurance companies,

and its assets have grown even faster.

Family Security You Can Afford

Acacia Mutual's Family Security Plan is entirely new in principle. In addition to an educational fund, this all-embracing plan provides a "clean-up fund," an emergency fund, and a monthly income for as long as 25 years. One \$5,000 Family Security policy can provide benefits totaling as much as \$20,885! Here is broad protection which, under older plans, would require many more dollars than the average pocketbook could stand.

Learn more about this plan, and about the different kind of insurance company which offers it. Read the column at the left for further information about Acacia Mutual. Then fill out and mail the coupon without delay.

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Life Insurance Company

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, President

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Please send me more information about "A Different Kind of Life Insurance Company," and about your New Family Security Plan.

Name Please Print

Address

City and State

Do not lapse your policy in any other old-line company to take one in Acacia Mutual . . . Do not lapse your policy in Acacia Mutual to take one in any other old-line company . . . You lose in either case.

YOU CAN KEEP COOL IN "COOLATORS"

Because "Coolators" are ventilated with hundreds of small holes, cool fresh air is allowed to circulate around the foot. You can feel the breezes flowing in and out with every step you take! Keeping you cool, however, is not the only thing the

*Fortune Style Forum has thought about. The **STYLING**, as in all Fortunes, is authentic and exceptionally smart.

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Shoes for Men



*The Fortune Style Forum consists of five members—experts on design, leathers, lasts, construction and research—experts who personally supervise the building of Fortune's authentic styles. The Forum's "Certified Fortune Style" certificate, packed with every pair, is your assurance of authentic up-to-the-minute styling.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

have always seemed to us to be more or less inoffensive. "Things are happening so fast these days that I may have missed a Washington ruling against women carrying handkerchiefs. But every other story I read in the magazines includes a woman bursting into tears, and a man who hands her a spotlessly clean handkerchief—linen, and always precisely folded. Don't women carry handkerchiefs any more? And don't men ever use the ones they carry? And another thing: I am sick and tired of vitamins, listening about them on the radio, hearing people talk about them, reading about them. Maybe it is vitamins that ail us. Too much vigor, not enough outlets for such vigor. Therefore war. You give me a pain, too, you big vitaminized sap!"

APPARENTLY Mrs. Miller's sore about something. And who isn't? Mr. Jackson Brewerie of Kenosha, Wisconsin, is complaining with some heat that we have ignored "an editorial policy sent to you by me four months ago that would make a magazine of you at a cost of only \$100,000 in ten yearly payments and give all sides of this war instead of being the narrow partisan you are." We've made inquiries but can find no one in these offices who remembers seeing the Brewerie Plan. However, it isn't Mr. Brewerie's letter that traps our interest so much as his concluding words. We recommend them to officials of the State Department who, when writing to diplomats—even those who are doing their best to make the job of licking Hitler as difficult as possible—always wind up their letters with: "Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration." Mr. Brewerie comes to a halt with the following

words: "If I don't hear from you in a satisfactory manner by return mail, I will come to your office and kick the tripe out of you."

WE ARE glad that General Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, is in England. And it's none of our business. We've just been trying to get Keenan on the telephone. The general rang the number for two or three minutes, getting nowhere whatever. Finally she said, "Sorry, the number doesn't answer." That's the War Department's number. General Marshall is all out somewhere fighting the war in England if you want to talk to him. In the War Production Board, all the agencies you can find are all right. And it gives you some idea of what the capital of your country is like these days to know that we've been talking to a fellow at Room 7500, extension 71,242. The extension will be among the new numbers. He said that 1,700 new numbers were being added to Room 7500. That there'd be many new materials for making new uniforms are available. There is no trifling matter here. We have something of a military situation. We have to use your imagination for the rest of this paragraph.

WE HAVE no objection of course to a nice electric slogan for this war. There are signs that the search is out of hand. For example, we've seen one in a Washington newspaper: "Ibbidy, bibbity, zibbity, your cash to Uncle Sam." It is the creation of a citizen who modestly calls himself Anonymous—who is about the least he could do.



"Our shoppe is old colonial to the last detail. We even put hoop skirts on our waitresses!"

RICHLAND SHOE CO. • Nashville, Tenn., Division General Shoe Corp.



"It's those people downstairs again"

Come Home Again

Continued from page 24

[illegible]

utwaly, maybe. What they
o to u inside was something
in. I was staring down the
ward, where he'd parked.

"You cost him a lot of money, and it
it, all he knew what she was
You didn't buy a job like that
y pay
a big mining man?"

goes," he thought, and he felt the old familiar feeling of peace rising in him.

"In a jiffy," he said. "I've got a ragline outfit working down in the house he could hear his voice, and the sound of laughter didn't show it was a party."

"A pay," Jill said. "Some of my friends from New York, and a little business?"

ast I know now where I stand, he
but in urt some place just the
and he suddenly realized how
was. e was conscious, too, of
nked us orm, and the stubble of
on his fa. He rubbed one hand
vely acis his chin.

"If I stood inspection this way I'd get court-martialed," he said. "You haven't got a spare bed around the place, have you?"

"You drove all night, didn't you?" Jill said. "That was stupid of me, Ching. I didn't think."

She started toward the door and he picked up the bag and followed her. "Like old times," she said. "Your room's all ready for you."

IT WAS late in the afternoon when he woke up. The sleep hadn't done him any good and he knew why. The tiredness he felt you didn't get from a long drive and lack of sleep. You got the way he felt from seeing someone you'd been in love with at one time, and realizing that you were still in love, and realizing also that it wasn't going to do you a bit of good.

He got out of bed and took a cold shower and that didn't help. Neither did shaving, nor combing his hair, nor putting on a clean shirt, but it was the best he could do. When he had finished, he went downstairs.

They were having cocktails when he came in. Jill got up and took him by the arm and led him over and introduced him: "Mr. and Mrs. Holland, and Mr. Dunham, Lieutenant Talbot." Ching poured himself a late-comer's drink, and sat down and did his best to act civilized.

The Hollands were all right. They were a nice looking, amusing couple, and under other circumstances he might have enjoyed them.

Dunham was something else again. He was pompous and self important, and obviously impatient to conclude whatever business he was there for, and to get back to wherever he had come from. His merely being there put everything on an impersonal basis, and it didn't add to the gaiety of the occasion. There was a tension in the atmosphere, like blowing up a toy balloon and waiting for it to explode in your face.

It was a relief when Jill finally said, "You're staying over the week end, aren't you, Ching?"

He shook his head. "I have to be down in Idaho tomorrow night."

It wasn't true. He could have stayed and it wouldn't have made any difference. But enough was enough.

Jill said, "That's ■ shame," but it

IS THIS THE
REUNION
OF '37 ?

NO...OUR CLASS IS 33 TO 1

JACK, YOU'RE HORRID!
THAT WAS MY BOY FRIEND.
DIPPY DAVIS. YOU TURNED
HIM OUT- NOW BRING
HIM BACK!

OKAY, FRAN. BUT
I WASN'T KIDDING.
THE CLASS OF *THIS*
REUNION IS
"33 TO 1."

JACK BRINGS HIM BACK

NOW JACK, PLEASE
APOLOGIZE TO DIPPY
AND EXPLAIN ABOUT
"33 TO 1."

THAT'S EASY—IT'S
THIS COOLING QUENCHER
—33 FINE BREWS
BLENDED INTO *ONE*
GREAT BEER!

AM-NOW
I GET IT-BLENDED
"33101" THAT'S WHY
IT'S IN A CLASS
BY ITSELF FOR
FLAVOR!

FLAVOR! EXTRA-
DELICIOUS FLAVOR...BECAUSE
PABST BLUE RIBBON,
LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES,
REACHES PERFECTION
THROUGH BLENDING.
IT'S **SPECIALLY**
BLENDED, "33 TO 1."

I SEE YOU GOT YOUR
MAN, FRAN. LOOKS LIKE HE'S
ENJOYING HIS REUNION
WITH GOOD OLD **PABST**
BLUE RIBBON, TOO.

A TREAT LIKE
THIS DESERVES A
TOAST! HERE'S TO THE
REFRESHING CLASS
OF "33 TO 37"

It's the class of any party—the beer with a flavor that can't be copied, because it's *specially* blended from 33 fine brews. That's why it's a universal favorite — and the leading beer in the homes of all America.

Pabst
**Blue
Ribbon**

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Milwaukee

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

PUBLIC LIBRARY

ME

ke nders . . . that's me.

rril. You bet . . . four kids.

e . . . forty-three.

d first class mechanic . . . airplane as-

y.

ted out. AND how! . . . after another

me hift on the "line." But still thinking.

* * *

nk g about how to do more work.

s c intry's been good to me. I can't let

uny down.

* * *

ay ne big boss said we men could pro-

nor work if we relaxed properly when

nt ome. He said that's been proved by

wo study those things.

* * *

. . . night I relax. I'm going to forget

ut ne plant and the machines. But I'm

o ne it easy, too.

go g to sit on the porch and watch

s ay ball. I'm going to have a

f ne, cool beer. Will that taste

And it sort of eases the strain,

er always helps me relax.

* * *

, aer supper, I'll get together

coole of friends. For a quiet,

e ning. Lots of good talk . . .

ybe another glass of good beer or ale.

ke easy.

the I go to bed and get some sleep.

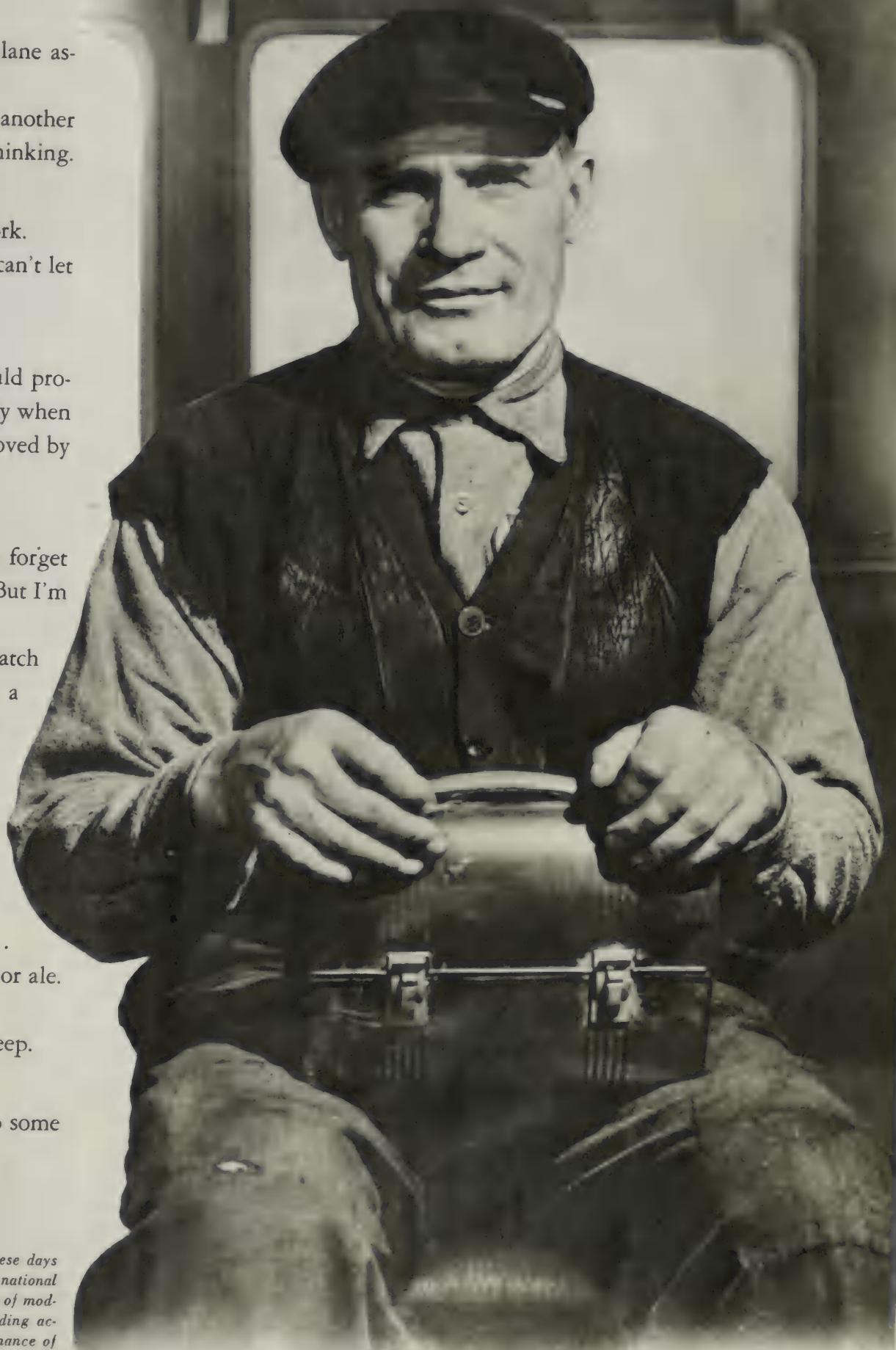
* * *

orry I'll show them how to do some

rk . . . for Uncle Sam.

providing wholesome relaxation in these days
stress and strain, Beer contributes to national
rale. To protect beer . . . the beverage of mod-
ation . . . the brewing industry is providing ac-
industry cooperation in the maintenance of
wholesome conditions wherever beer is sold. An
interesting, free booklet tells about this important
"Clean-Up or Close-Up Program."

Write: Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. B16,
2 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



SKY-SCOW

By Paul Schubert



One of the United States Navy's blimps on antisubmarine patrol over the Atlantic comes down for a look at a lone freighter

Here's one of the reasons for the Navy's announcement of a sharp reduction in submarine attacks off the Atlantic Coast: the big blimps are on the job. Come along and watch us kill a U-boat

ONLY forty or fifty miles from New York's Times Square, a ship changed her course and stopped in the dusk to investigate a drifting life raft, mutely empty. The sullen sea was streaked for miles with traces of oil from torpedoed ships. There was a U-boat alert on, and from our height—we were 600 feet up in a Navy patrol blimp—we got a balcony view of all the far-flung machinery of antisubmarine war.

To the north, a couple of lean destroyers charged along. To southward, Coast Guard cutters and Navy subchasers made a wet but businesslike pathway across the waters. Army bombers, swooping low in the twilight, hunted for U-boats like gulls hungry for fish supper.

The tension over this part of the Atlantic was war-zone tension. Only the day before, a tanker and a destroyer had been torpedoed; loss of life had been heavy. You got this tension during the last war, but only as you drew near Europe. The 1942 no-man's-land feel-

ing of death and destruction off New York was as if the English Channel had moved across the Atlantic to take up residence near Manhattan's bright lights.

When we saw the ship change course we thought she had sighted a sub. All hands were at battle stations aboard the blimp, and I, on board as an observer dressed in borrowed Navy flying clothes with a big pair of prism binoculars slung around my neck, was periscope-hunting with the rest of them.

The ship was a British freighter, heavy laden, her decks jammed with enormous packing cases. She was war-worn and in need of paint but clean and well kept, with the undefinable smartness of a "taut" ship. The men on her bridge were looking off over her starboard bow.

"That's wreckage she's looking at," reported our chief boatswain's mate from the bomb bay. "No—it's a life raft!"

Our skipper swore softly. "She's stopped her engine. That raft may be a decoy."

We half expected to see the wake of a torpedo make its way suddenly along the uneasy surface. The skipper took an Aldis lamp and began blinking downward through the blimp window to warn the ship of the U-boat alert.

The steamer's captain, down below us, turned and called an order across the bridge. Her propeller began to thrash over and she got back on her course eastward, resuming her voyage promptly. A flashing lamp on her

bridge blinked up an answer to our message. We read it out word for word. "Thank . . . you . . . good . . . night."

"Any signs of life around that raft?" our skipper asked the chief boatswain's mate. "Or bodies?"

"No, sir. Nothin'."

We revved up the motors and returned to our patrol.

Blimps are back on the job as one of the most useful cogs in the antisubmarine machine. All along our coasts, as fast as hangars can go up and the big silver sky-scows can be provided, we are expanding our blimp establishment and working it to the limit.

What Blimps Are Like

These blimps are big gas bags shaped like elongated teardrops with a cabin attached to the underside, steering and elevating rudders at the pointed tail, and a couple of aircraft engines mounted on struts at either side of the cabin. They have changed very little in a quarter of a century—grown bigger, that's all—and the engines are better. And the cabin is now streamlined and fitted to the bag, instead of being an open car suspended by wires.

There are two standardized sizes, the smaller version being used for training pilots and crews, while submarine hunting is done in big patrol blimps whose lift is great enough to carry a heavy weight in bombs, machine guns and supplies, plus fuel for a long cruise and a crew of eight or ten officers and sailors.

The cabin of a patrol blimp is the same size as a man's room on a bus, longer and slimmer to eliminate wind resistance along both sides are cushioned comfort; a couple of folding bunks back aft for men off watch to extend flights. The control room, shut off by a sliding door, runs the full length of the way aft to the stern. All the equipment is utterly simple but sturdy and practical. The navigation table forward on the port side is a compact but very adequate stallation, an instrument panel with engines and even a pilot made up of an electric blimp and an electric coffee maker.

A blimp is a ship. She acts like a ship, she acts like a ship. The moment she gets the air, after being hoisted in the pre-war she rolls, rocks, yaws and smacks. Motors roar; she cruises altitude and steers toward the coast. As the surf line, dimly visible light below, and goes to put on inflatable rubber.

By that time you're a tuous of the fact that the drop of empty air between ocean. It's a little like a big crow's nest of an

with a fifty-mile circle of visibility ringed around you. The crew is as "Navy" as any man-of-war afloat, and the old Navy smell of "Jamoch" brewing in the galley (coffee to you landlubbers) adds the finishing touch.

The gas bag that holds—or helps hold—this thing up in space is just a big envelope pumped full of helium, the noninflammable gas which has almost as much lift as hydrogen and is infinitely safer. The fact that other countries make less use of blimps than we is not because they wouldn't like to, but because any dirigible inflated with hydrogen is a deathtrap in this day of incendiary machine-gun bullets—and we are the only country with an adequate supply of domestic helium. This doesn't apply to Britain's barrage balloons, since these blimps carry no crew and can be hydrogen-inflated without danger to life.

It is very important that the gas pressure inside a blimp bag be great enough to keep the bag swelled out to its proper shape, because a large part of the blimp's lift comes from the aerodynamic effect of driving the ship forward by its motors. In fact, though blimps are called lighter than air, it is quite common for them to take off heavier than air and to stay heavy through the first part of their flight, until part of their gasoline load has been used up.

It wouldn't be hard to keep the bag pressure constant if the balloon stayed in her hangar. But the moment she rises from the ground into the thinner upper air, the gas inside the bag tends to expand. As the chill of dawn gives way to warmer daylight and then to warm sun, the gas expands still more. Conversely, if the ship runs into fog, the gas contracts. Even a change of atmospheric pressure affects it.

The Big Trick of Ballooning

To allow for this expansion and contraction, the bag is only filled about three quarters full of gas. The rest of it is filled with inner pockets, or "ballonets," puffed out with air under pressure—air scooped in as the blimp drives forward, or pumped in with a little putt-putt motor when she is hovering.

This job of watching the gas pressure is the big trick of ballooning. It's in the hands of the pilot on duty, who watches a panel of pressure manometers and manipulates the controls of vents and dampers leading to the big bag. In an emergency, if the ship should start to rise suddenly—if she ran out of wet fog into hot sun, for instance—he can valve some of his helium, allowing it to escape into free air. If she starts down, he can dump some of his load to make the ship lighter. Fuel is one of his biggest items of ballast; another is his heavy load of bombs. But under ordinary circumstances, he keeps her at cruising height, or takes her up or down, as the skipper orders, by working the big elevating hand wheel just under his right hand. As the old girl sails along with her comfortable rocking pitch and heave, she rides the air waves in sky-scow fashion, and the pilot keeps her tamed with that elevating hand wheel connected to the elevating rudder in the tail.

Alongside the pilot, the second pilot mans the steering wheel. She steers just like a ship, yawing to the gusts and calling for plenty of energetic wheel work to keep her on the course.

We ran into danger ten miles off the coast, just as we were cruising over the wreck of a torpedoed, fire-gutted tanker—the kind of sight to make you ball your fists at the thought of the good men who had been trapped and killed in that water-borne inferno. The sea was sloshing over the hulk's broken back, sucking in and out of the gaping torpedo wound, and a Navy tug was standing by in the hope of towing the derelict into port.

Just then we ran into a squall.

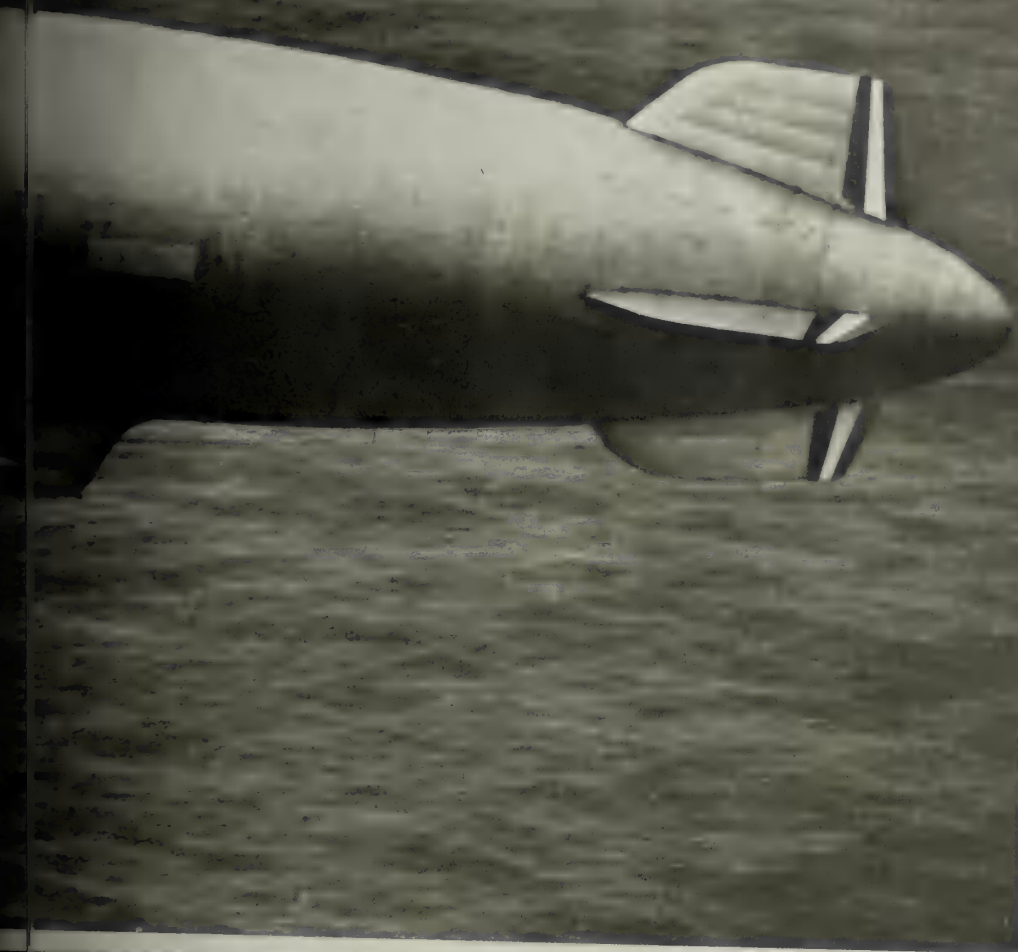
"Ice, Cap'n," said the chief boatswain's mate, who had the pilot's controls.

"Head her for the beach!" said the skipper, and our motors roared to a droning urgency.

Rain, freezing on that big silver bag, added weight so fast that the skipper's brow furrowed up with the anxiety of his responsibility. Blimps are precious right now, and if the cards were stacked against us and we had to make a forced landing, he wanted to have the ship over solid land and not on that choppy sea. From our height, the sea looked deceptively smooth, but when you put the binoculars on the Navy tug down there astern of us, you saw waves breaking against her stubby bows and rocking her like an old porch chair.

Fortunately we got out of the squall and into sunlight before we had to start dumping weight. We came out of the adventure just over the shipping lane and were ordered by radio to patrol to the northward, up toward Ambrose Light.

Another danger not to be overlooked is wind,



ve
nrl
control route usually brings it home after dark. This one is attached to a mooring
naval Air Station. In emergencies, blimps may be refueled at sea by Navy ships

Collier's War-Time Food Chart is an authoritative picture of the kinds and amounts of food you should have for your particular type of daily activity — bible for the housewife planning meals for a family. Allowances of nutrients are those recommended by the Committee on Foods and Nutrition, National Research Council, and by the Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

This Soldier has the Range ...it's in her Kitchen!

She's in the war.

She's fighting with recipes — not rifles.

She's one of the army of 130,000,000 Americans fighting on the home front.

Collier's is covering the battles this home army fights from day to day just as actively and authoritatively as Collier's ace staff writers cover the far-flung fighting fronts around the world.

Collier's answers weekly the questions of the home army: "What can I do to help win the war?" "Why will this or that activity help?" "How will it help?"

An informed public is a great asset to a nation in peacetime—an absolute necessity for a nation at war. Information *for* the home front and *about* the home front is as vital to the victory effort as the reports from the battle fronts.

How can sugar or rubber win the war? Taxes, or Red Cross, or air raid wardens? Which is important and why?

What's the farmer doing? What's your neighbor doing? How are they coming with those planes and ships? Do you know what a really tremendous job industry is doing?

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NOTE TO ADVERTISER

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Your customers are in that home army — living their lives, wanting their wants, thinking their thoughts under the changed conditions that war imposes.

Tell your story to the greatest number of the active leaders among them.

Tell it in the magazine the millions depend on for crisp, timely, informed leadership.

We believe Collier's is closer to its readers than any other weekly in the multimillion field.

Readers are writing in by the thousands for Collier's War-Time Food Chart, mentioned in the April 18th issue. We will send it to you postpaid on receipt of 10 cents in cash or stamps. Address: Collier's Food Editor, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

Collier's — for People of Action

offshore wind. Blimps air speeds between sixty knots (if a blimp man spoke hour he would mean nauti-hour, which is "knots," so them knots and lets it go at a blimp's speed over the ocean depends on how wind she has to buck.

Atlantic blimps turned out in answer to a U-boat raid far offshore—no use for she went, here, since we keep the Nazis guessing us of operation. Anyway, far, did her job, and come all the way home of headwind that kept her at twenty knots progress. That blimp's cruise but she got home all right. Blimp ran out of fuel, her necessarily be over. Un- weather conditions she at sea by rendezvous craft.

Navy Teamwork

closest partners in the job are the Army bomb- out from the airdromes and furnish a vital part of sub-hunting strength. between the two is close not limited to the official amwork of Army and ated command. Soon marine work began, the working members of the spontaneous effort to get out about the part the is playing. A group of ers rolled up to the Navy's operation one day on a self- will tour to talk over ns for making life dan- U-ats.

ult this praiseworthy ges- began spending their off

days as observers aboard cruising blimps, and the Navy went out in Army bombers at every opportunity. Each service soon conceived the highest admiration for what the other was doing, and now, when they meet at sea, it is with a great sense of teamwork and brotherhood. In radio, patrol plans, etc., co-ordination between the activities of the two is very smooth.

There have also been conferences between the Navy, the Army, the shipping people and the Coast Guard (now a valued part of the Navy). Here all details of antisubmarine work have been thrashed out. Shipping has been told the tricks and novelties of current U-boat methods, which change continually in a life-or-death game of wits between ourselves and our enemies. When shipping had complaints, it got them off its chest; and the offshore job has been organized on a practical, man-to-man basis.

As for blimps, shipping people like them. "Let the blimps carry on as they have been doing," they say. "They keep the U-boats under water, where they can do the least harm."

The great menace of the U-boat attack on our Atlantic Coast has been the submarine which rises boldly to the surface by day or by dark and launches its torpedo and gun attack under conditions where its aim is deadliest.

Ships on our Atlantic seaboard never know nowadays when the Nazi menace will appear, since the Germans use hit-and-run methods, attacking one or two vessels, then eluding pursuit and, if they survive the intensive hunt (not all do by a long shot), often shifting to a new operations area some distance away before launching another attack. Meantime a second attack group may bob up elsewhere with a fresh assault.

But when a blimp patrols along above a ship, she is able, thanks to her height and her ability to slow down to a speed no greater than that of the ship, to keep

■ lookout unequalled by any other craft. If trouble is spotted, she has enough speed reserve to charge to the danger spot (right over the ship if necessary) literally within seconds, and her heavy bomb load gives her a terrific wallop. The U-boat danger zone is a circle only a mile or two in radius about the ship, and in that zone the blimp can give plenty of protection.

I took part, for instance, in the escort of two very precious vessels protected not only by a blimp but by a Navy destroyer. We, up in the blimp, kept our station easily. Sometimes we would forge ahead at twenty or twenty-five knots until we were abreast of the destroyer; sometimes we would circle and drop astern. It was ■ grand day, blue sea and bright sun, and we were a martial procession, with all hands at battle stations and all the ships' guns trained out ready for action.

Suddenly the destroyer put her rudder over, heeling deep as she shot off to starboard at full speed. We skated around, revving up our motors while she blinked a submarine warning.

"Open the bomb hatch!" the skipper yelled. Forward in the bomb bay, the chief boatswain's mate searched the sea in hawklike concentration. It was war, at spitting distance off the Atlantic Coast, the old story of hunter and hunted, and as we hunted U-boats, the ships we had been escorting zigzagged away from the danger zone.

Our skipper was aggrieved because he hadn't had the luck, yet, to bounce bombs off (or at) Nazi conning towers. You don't fly over a sea streaked with the oil of sunken ships, or look down on fire-gutted hulks, without ■ deep sense of personal hunger for vengeance.

"I'm the only skipper in the squadron who hasn't had his little show," complained our lieutenant, adjuring the chief to keep a bright lookout; but our "contact" was a false alarm.

Most of the work of submarine patrol is just what we were doing—hard work, danger, excitement, monotony, with the accent on hard work. We spent the rest of the afternoon delivering our precious convoy to its destination. We breathed a sigh of relief when we saw the ships safe inside the submarine nets in the hands of harbor pilots. The sun was getting low, and it was about time for us to start back home—

The Nazis Pay High

Then, from a point far offshore, we got another submarine alert and without hesitation put to sea for another four hours of grueling work, in which we teamed up with the whole mechanism of co-ordinated antisubmarine activity in a large-scale operation.

This isn't the place to say what we did and what we accomplished. The thing to say here is that if it weren't for the Atlantic antisubmarine activities, U-boat sinkings would have mounted to astronomical proportions. As it is, thanks to blimps, destroyers, converted yachts, patrol boats and Army bombers, the Nazis have paid a heavy price, and their tonnage destruction has been kept within bounds.

It was long after dark as we crossed the line of surf and the bright-lighted coast. "Those lights," said the skipper, "are nice to navigate by—but the Germans use 'em too. I wish the coast was blacked out and that those motor fishing boats we've been seeing all day were tied up for the duration."

The hangar was in sight ahead. As we came in, we could see the ground crew crossing the field to take our lines.

I wish I had a blimp of my own—and had her out every day on the U-boat hunt.

THE END



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A. J. FRUEN


Continued from page 48




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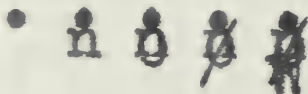
up a mortar emplacement with grenades and capturing (a) a telephone post and (b) a light machine-gun emplacement. No wonder the course is known as the Sgt. York Battlefield.

BOSTON NAVAL RECRUITING STATION. Arthur B. Colgate, of Medford, had a reason for joining the Navy. "I've got two grandchildren," he said, "to protect." . . . "You see," confided Tony Amaral, of Fairhaven, to the recruiting officer, "I had a job making bullets, then got a feeling I'd like to deliver a few personally." . . . Manuel Baptiste, a Taunton boxer, couldn't pass the eye test, so he got himself a fight, made the price of a pair of eyeglasses and got in on spec, so to speak. . . . Johnny Marsland, of South Attleboro, bought his way in for \$340—the cost of an operation and dental work examining medics said he needed. . . . Bill Fair, a Dedham window washer, announced he was sick and tired of watching a painter give his gleaming windows blackout coats. "They don't," he asked plaintively, "do that to port-holes, do they? Because I'm joining up." . . . And then there's Malden's Eddie Ferry, who's sitting around his home patiently waiting for a tooth to grow. Seems he didn't have two opposing molars, "but I've got a wisdom 'ooth' oming in right opposite 'is one 'ere," he pointed out. "When it comes in, come back," urged the dentist. "We'll save a Jap for you to break it in on."

PORTSMOUTH HARBOR DEFENSES. N. H. Camp Langdon's Pvt. John Oates—known to admiring buddies as the Dixie Bantam—asked for a three-day pass to visit his home in Virginia. Amazed by Johnny's economical request for government time the battery commander wondered aloud if three days would be enough. Pvt. Oates wanted to be honest about it. "Well, suh," said he, "if theah's a mule waitin' fo' me at the station, Ah can make it. But if theah ain't no mule, reckon it'll take an extra half day."

CAMP LEE. Va. Public Relations Officer Lt. Victor L. Cary's requisition for a 75-watt bulb for office entrance illumination bounced back promptly from S-4 Officer Lt. Col. E. L. Stewart, who wanted to know the whereabouts of the 100-watt bulb he'd furnished the lieutenant ten days ago. This lucid and simple explanation was offered by Lt. Arthur Goodfriend: "The 100-watt light bulb you ask about in response to the accompanying requisition was consumed by one Pvt. Robert J. Durham, a professional fire-eater who munches razor blades and light bulbs on the side. He visited this department and ingested a considerable amount of fire, in addition to the 100-watt light bulb, and would have eaten several more bulbs of varied wattage but was restrained in the interest of economy."

FORT BRAGG, N. C. Overcome with spring fever and bogged down on some religious service notices Typist Jacquelyn Richardson began doodling on her G. I. typewriter in the office of the Senior Hospital Chaplain. It came out this way (and about half this size):



Miss Richardson called the complete soldier at the right Herbie, and Lt. Col.

Henry N. Blanchard, her boss, liked the little guy so much he suggested decorating the office's bulletins with him. They no sooner hit the service club and recreation hall bulletin boards than would-be doodlers all over camp began to try their hands at Herbie. This resulted in an apparent shortage of typewriters and Corp. Clifford Uhl, who works nights in the office of the Main Post Service Club, growls that if he doesn't get to use his own typewriter soon he's gonna kill Herbie. But Herbie won't be killed at Bragg; he has multiplied too rapidly. Look:



CAMP WOLTERS, Texas. The lanky colored recruit had arrived at the Reception Center that morning at 4 A. M., at which time he had eaten breakfast. When he reached the Classification Section for his occupational interview it was nearly noon. Pretty obviously he was sinking in the middle and was getting a little gray around the jowls. He told the interviewer he had been a house painter in civilian life and the interviewer—a little hungry himself—was trying to prove that the colored boy was or was not a house painter. He was having rather a difficult time of it, because the interviewee had his mind on meat instead of paint. "Look," said the interviewer, pointing here and there about the room, "this building is rough carpentry. Could you paint it?" The recruit first looked pained, then alarmed. "Yo' mean," he whispered, "befo' Ah eats?"

DESERT TRAINING CENTER, Cal. This will settle the argument over which outfit is training in the hottest weather and toughest terrain: The men here win by about 30 degrees and 10,000 square miles. The Nazis are reported to have conditioned themselves for warfare in the Libyan desert by training in bakery ovens, or a reasonable facsimile, so General Marshall thought it would be a good idea to try it out here. He sent Maj. Gen. George S. Patton and other brass hats down to pick out the hottest, ruggedest and most isolated section of

the desert southern California offer. From Indio the a generally eastern dir four days without meet payer and swelteringly 180 miles long and "This," Gen. Patton astically, "is the spot. It's perfect! Most hor country I've ever seen." disagree with the latte say the coloring's marve mate "the most healthfu although it's rather war

Here, anyhow, the Arr its first large-scale tra warfare. In summer 120° or more, vehicles fi will be tested under fu ditions. Men will plo sagebrush and cactus, hills. Sometimes they w a gallon of water a day but the salt ration—to v tion—will be the larg units. Having compil desert fighting data fr German experiences, th paring facilities for trai officers and men at a ti be correspondence-scho on tap are Lt. Col. Rile back from 10 months a overseas desert warfare ficers and men who kno to condition and train tr in no shade whatever.

The going is tough and tougher, but newcomers gradually, and during th cool evenings they spr open and listen to old-ti the one about the engi a three-mile ponton lake before they found mirage.

CAMP ROBERT. A scented mail ig answered here bec regulations, a ly ma court-martial. Having some of the lonely he contact soldiers through chummy with suspected headquarters noised it soldier corresponding v met only by remote cor a long spell of looking th



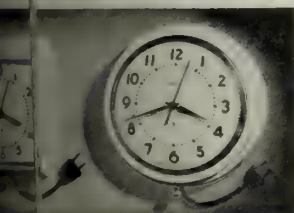
"What worries me is that I never can tell when I've got

TO SAVE TIME E HOME FRONT



od "soldiers" on the home
nt know that time is vital and
p their household clicking
ng on schedule—with good
ekeeping in every room.

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at-ur day will start on time. Self-
ve ivory finish . . . \$3.95
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clock will save minutes in
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the inside. Army Intelligence has a hunch that some of the pen pal gals have been working on 50 soldiers at a time, hoping to piece together small bits of information that might make a nice picture for their pro-Axis chums.

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. The camp paper, Shot 'n Shell, coined: Skip the Blonde, Buy a Bond. From a blonde in North Little Rock, Ark., came a pert note: "Why not an armful of both?" Well, mused the editor, why not? Then, just to change the subject, he went poetic again and tapped out another slogan: MacArthur Won't Fail Ya in Australia.

MEANWHILE, Sgt. Loring Huntley, of an Obispo M.P. Bn., overheard a lieutenant questioning a soldier who had recently emerged from a café brawl. "The lady you were with," the lieutenant began. "Is she a relation of yours?" the soldier looked the officer right in the eye. "Yes, sir," said he. "She's my platoon sergeant's wife."



MOFFETT FIELD. Marines never enjoyed having the situation in hand more thoroughly than a leatherneck corporal stationed here. Speeding back from San Francisco to go on guard duty, he was howled to a halt by a state highway cop and bawled out—but terrific. Chin sagging, the Marine reported for duty and assigned to drive a jeep up and down the main highway paralleling the base. First thing he saw was the cop's car, parked smack beside an official Army sign: No Parking, Stopping, Loitering, etc., etc. There isn't much use going on with this story, is there? The Marine leaped from the jeep with joy and gave the state cop a couple of earfuls, squelching all argument with "My orders say nobody stops here, and that's you. Git!" The law gulped, grinned, and got.

MARE ISLAND, Vallejo. Hardest to crash of any in the San Francisco Bay region are the gates at the big Navy Yard here. Commanders and captains have to show passes and even the Navy's own cars are carefully looked over by the Marines who have the gate-guarding job. That's why two leather-necks pounced on Seaman Henry Smith when he waved breezily and started past them the other day. "Leggo of me,"

yelled Henry, "I have a pass!" He had, too. It was dated Oct. 13, 1927. Henry turned it in on a new model at the guard office, then headed into the yard to sign up for another hitch. "What's the idea," he asked the Marines, "trying to keep an old sailor from his ship? If I can find it."

HONOLULU, T. H. First thing reinforcements want to see when they arrive here from the mainland is a hula. Hawaii still has them. Then the newcomer wants to learn Hawaiian. He starts with *wahine*, which may mean a blonde or a brunette. Next he learns *homalimali* (applesauce to you) and *wikiwiki*, which signifies "hurry up," more or less. With that handy vocabulary the soldier can get by anywhere on the islands, because the natives speak good English besides.

GENERAL

IN KEEPING with the universal custom of taking a crack at the guy higher up, soldiers now accost sloppily dressed buddies as follows: "Been promoted?"

SOLDIERS will eat 27,000,000 pounds of potatoes this year, but only 3,000,000 pounds of ships' cargo space will be required, because dehydrated vegetables bought by the Army will save about 10,000 tons of room in the holds. Other concentrated food products recently included on the overseas menu for American troops are: Powdered soups, eggs and milk. A pound of dried eggs expands to three dozen McCoy hen fruit, a five-pound can of powdered chicken soup makes 25 gallons of liquid, and a four-pound can of powdered tomato soup will provide 90 servings of eight ounces each.

NOTE from a soldier-cartoonist: "I'm sorry the drawing for my last approved idea didn't please you. Maybe you'd better get someone else to do the job. I did it with stamp pad ink in a taxicab while crossing an American desert en route to an embarkation point and a country that begins with 'A' and ends with 'a.'"

WE COULD guess he means Australia, Alaska, Asia, Algeria, Argentina or Arabia. But no—we're keeping our trap shut.
G. W.



STOP



LOOK



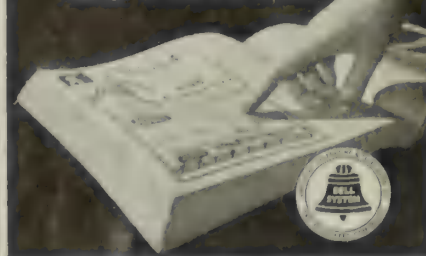
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Grade-A Bee

Continued from page 58

the Apalachicola to River Junction, Florida; then up the Chattahoochee or the Flint into the Georgia and Alabama farm country. Here the hives are reopened and the bees have nothing to do but gather honey all the day and eat it whenever they feel like it. In dry years, when there are not many flowers, the bees are fed on sugar syrup. With cold weather they become dormant.

Nobody bothers the bees until January, when they are collected again and floated down the rivers to the Valley. In the warmer climate they become active and in March go to work on the black tupelo blooms. They make this variety of honey until the white blooms come along in mid-April. And then the hives are cleaned of all black honey, and the bees go to work in earnest. Some of the apiarists are on high ground; others line up their hives on long platforms in the swamps. Each apiary has an extracting shed, which must be bee-tight. The scent of the honey attracts the bees, and if there is only a small hole in the house they will get in by the thousands.

Production is terrific. One colony may produce twenty pounds of honey in a day. One apiary has a record of 90 colonies that produced 1,140 gallons of honey—almost seven tons—in three

weeks. J. A. Whitfield, one of the biggest operators and organizers of the beekeepers' co-operative, has about 700 colonies. One of his river apiaries with 326 colonies averages about 20 tons of honey each year.

This heavy work gets the bees down and they live only about three weeks. However, each queen is laying from 2,000 to 6,000 eggs a day and that keeps up the population. Even so, the bee army finishes up its 21-day stint much smaller than it started.

It's actually dangerous to get in the way of the bees when they're working. They will fly about two miles with a load—making the well-known beeline for their hives—and if anyone gets in the way it's just too bad. Each hive is guarded by sentinels. If a "foreign" bee, unloaded, tries to enter, the sentinels kill him. If the stranger has a load of nectar, however, he's quite welcome to fly in, pump his load into a cell, go out for more.

Just a tip: don't head for the Apalachicola Valley to get rich quick on honey. There are just enough white tupelo trees to provide nectar for 8,500 bee colonies. That's how many bee colonies there are at work.

THE END

Fireman's Daughter

Continued from page 22

even started going to fires with them. He's just plain silly about it."

I said, "Well, that just goes to show!"

Because he's forty if he's a minute. And fat. I wouldn't ever let myself get in the shape he's in. And I've been going to fires all my whole life, and practically existed in the Number Three engine house. I guess Arlene knew what I was thinking. She said, "Couldn't you be an auxiliary, Tommy? If—if anything really happened, that would be plenty dangerous."

I said, "Sure. But maybe you don't know you got to be eighteen to get in any of the protection sections."

She said, "No, I didn't know that."

I said, "Ah, the heck with it. If they don't want you, they don't want you, and that's all there is to it."

I got up to go, and Arlene said, "I'm sorry, Tommy. I guess you feel pretty bad about it."

I said, "Nuts. Maybe I'll be around tonight. Maybe we could cut out paper dolls or something."

She stood up too, and for a couple of seconds I thought about making a try at kissing her. But I was afraid she'd duck, and the way I was feeling, I couldn't have taken it. I just left.

WHEN I got home, the family were just sitting down to supper. Father looked at me over his glasses, and said, "Well! The prodigal returns!"

Janet, who is my older sister and will never forget it, sort of smirked, but Mother just looked worried. She said, "Please, Walter. Not now."

Because it's a family rule that nobody lights into anybody else till after meals. Father made it himself, but it doesn't keep him from telegraphing his punches. Which is no aid to digestion. When we got to dessert, he sort of sat back, and said, "Well, Thomas?"

I said, "Sir?"

He said, "I just happened to hear downtown that you were enlisting in the Army again. Is it true?"

I said, "No, sir."

He said, "Rumor is notoriously unreliable. Was it the Navy?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

Mother said, "Oh, Tommy!"

Father said, "I'll handle this, dear." Then he said to me, sort of wearily, "I think you understand my attitude on this matter, Thomas?"

I said, "I know what it is, but I wouldn't say I understand it."

He said, "We'll quibble about fine points of phraseology later. But first, there's another little matter." He looked at me hard, and I braced myself. He said, "I had a business prospect out this afternoon. Quite an important prospect. We got halfway to Holly Grove, and the car stopped."

He waited a minute, but I didn't say anything. He said, "It was quite embarrassing. Also costly. Ten dollars to be towed back to Runkle's Garage. The mechanic there, after exhaustive investigation, informed me that someone had been tampering with the carburetor."

Janet said, "Maybe it was sabotage."

Father said, "Please, Janet." He said, "What do you think, Thomas?"

I said, "Well—"

Father said, "Well, what?"

I said, "Well—we've only been getting sixteen to the gallon. You were—you were kind of griping about it yourself."

He said, "Perhaps I was. But did I appoint you to rectify the matter?"

I said, "No, sir."

He said, "Did you appoint yourself?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He heaved a long sigh, and said, "Well, at least you've got a real respect for the truth—even if you do choose your own distance." He looked at me for a minute, and then he took his glasses off and sat way back in his chair. He said, "This isn't all as irrelevant as it seems. In fact, it illustrates a point I want to make." He waited a bit, and then said, "You know that I object strenuously to your enlisting in the

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es of the United States—but
k you quite understand why."
Sir?"
"Unless I'm very much mis-
think it's because of your
rs. You think your mother
unwilling to see our downy
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Well—sort of."
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emy. Could I violate that
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or a airplane—into your all-
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was a rhetorical question.
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the ren go off. The big fire
a Number Three engine

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to low which way the engines
ng, and then I didn't need to
beca I could see the fire.
ve bks downtown from where
d jumping. I started to run,
too fast, because I wanted to
me and left when I got there.
to the corner, and there came
This, screaming around on
els in the avenue. Flannagan
tain Hargan and all the regular

firemen were hanging on that swell, easy
way and sliding into their rubber coats.
And there was Mr. Bolton, Arlene's fa-
ther, clutching onto the back with both
hands, and looking half scared to death.

One block more, and I knew where the
fire was, all right. It was Dolman's De-
partment Store. It's not really a depart-
ment store—just a kind of overgrown
five, ten and a dollar. And old.

There were lots of other people in the
street now, running, and I could see the
front of the store, four stories high, and
the flames just whirling out of the top
windows. And I got that funny feeling
you get at a big fire. Wanting to laugh
and holler but feeling sick when you
think about there maybe being people in
there. Because there could be store peo-
ple working late, even if it was way
after hours.

I was only a block away now, and the
street was already jamming up with the
crowd. I didn't waste any time that
way. I've been to too many fires. I
ducked into Hazel Street, and then down
the alley that goes behind all the stores.
There wasn't any cop there yet, and I
went right on in. And just like I guessed,
Number Three was already back down
in there, with the crew throwing hose
like anything, and one line pumping
already.

I kicked out a couple of kinks in the
lead hose, and ducked on past the en-
gine. Nobody paid any attention to me.
They were too busy. There wasn't any
fire at the back of the store yet, but the
smoke was just pouring out. And right
off I saw where I wanted to be. There's
a twenty-foot alley between Dolman's
and the Elite Auto Supply next door,
but of course, the cops out front were
keeping the alley clear. The Elite's a
three-story, and Flannagan and another
guy were up there already with a line,
just beginning to get water on the fire.
And that was the place for me.

I jumped for the door they'd busted
open in the Elite, and practically fell
over Mr. Bolton, Arlene's father. He
was panting to drown out the engine,
and he had hose all around him like
snakes in the statue you see pictures of.
I could hear Captain Hargan hollering
at him to make a Two-into-One. That
means running two lines from the pump-
ing engine to go into one line to go on
the fire, so as to double the pressure.
Mr. Bolton had the right kind of cou-
pling, but he was trying to put it on
wrong end to. I stopped and said, "Here
—let me show you."

And I switched the coupling around so
the threads met and it could be screwed
home. Mr. Bolton huffed out a thank-
you, and then he saw it was me, and
made a grab and hollered at me to get
out of there. But I've been to more fires
than he ever thought of. I ducked into

the smoke, and found the back door of
the Elite, and beat it up onto the roof.

That was the place to be, all right.
The smoke was coming in big swirls,
and sometimes you could see the en-
gines and the crowd in the street, and
sometimes you couldn't even see the
wall of Dolman's, twenty feet away.
And up front the fire was beginning to
bust out the windows on our side, too.
Flannagan and his partner were up
toward the front, getting a big stream
into those windows. But there wasn't
going to be any saving Dolman's. That
was a goner. It was the Elite they were
working for.

I edged up along the roof, and Flan-
nagan saw me and hollered at me. But
he couldn't leave his hose, and any-
way I knew he didn't care. He'd even
let me hold hose with him at other fires.
But I moved away a little.

And right then I saw it. In the win-
dow directly across from me. Fire flared
up in the store behind the window, deep
red and smoky, and I saw them. People
in there. Women. Sort of huddled to-
gether by the window. And then the
smoke closed down again.

I hollered at Flannagan, but he didn't
hear. And there wasn't a second to lose.
I saw a coil of rope Flannagan had
brought up like they always do to haul
ladders and things, and I grabbed it. I
was thinking like a machine. And not a
bit excited. I just knew I had to do it.
There was an iron cornice right above
the window, and I made a big running
loop in the end of the rope, and chucked.
It was only twenty feet over and one
story up. I made it the first try. I
hauled the loop tight and leaned all my
weight against it. It held fine. I chucked
the loose end over, and it reached the
ground all right. But for a second there,
it looked awful far down, even if it was
only three stories. But then the fire
came up again behind the window, and
I could see those women's heads. I
didn't think any more. I went over.

IT TOOK forever, almost. I could hear
Flannagan hollering at me like crazy,
and right then the smoke must have
swept clear, because I could hear a big
yell go up from the crowd at the mouth
of the alley. But I was going now,
holding my feet out with my knees kind
of bent to take up the shock, and try-
ing to keep from spinning.

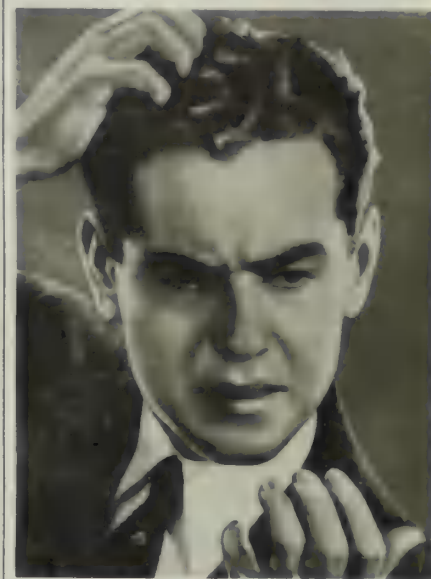
And then I hit. Hard. A lot harder
than I expected. It most knocked me
cockeyed. But I hung on, and then I
got my feet against the wall, and sort of
walked up against the pull of the rope,
like Flannagan had let me practice out
behind the engine house. And when I
got up beside the window, I kicked out
the glass with my free foot and went
in.

Right then, the smoke almost got me.
It was awful. I went down on my hands
and knees and crawled, and hollered at
them to come to me. I couldn't figure
why the stoops wouldn't come to the
window. Panic maybe. Just frozen. I
went about six feet, and then I hit some-
thing. It was a foot. A woman's foot.
Just standing there straight up. I gave a
yank, and something came down right
on top of me. Something in skirts.
Something very stiff and rigid. And
right then the smoke cleared a little,
with flames behind it, and I saw what I
was rescuing. I guess nobody that ever
lived had feelings quite like what I had
then. I took a good long look, and then
I crawled back to the window.

I was thinking just one thing while I
crawled. I was thinking, "... Maybe
nobody knows it was me but Flannagan.
Maybe I can fix it with Flannagan..."

I got to the window and reached for
the rope. It wasn't there. I looked up,
and I could see why, all right. There
were flames busting out all along the
roof, under the cornice. The rope was

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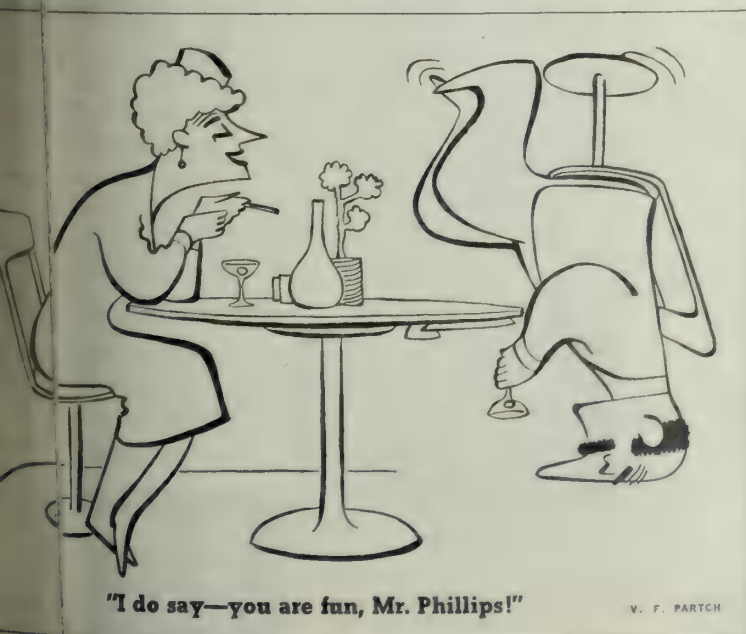


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burnt off. Gone. It was a very funny feeling.

I looked across to the Elite roof, and Flannagan was gone. Then I looked down, and the alley was just boiling. The whole Number Three crew. And Mr. Bolton, waving his arms. And, of all people, my father.

Captain Hargan was snapping out orders, and they were up-ending one of those big extension ladders. And I want to tell you it was a very, very pleasant thing to see. Father saw me in the window, and hollered, "Stay there, you young idiot! Stay there! Don't jump! Stay there!"

As if I didn't have sense enough! The top of the ladder hit just below the sill, and I swung down, and my feet just made it. Captain Hargan was starting up, but I hollered at him. I guess I could at least come down a ladder. And fast, because the flames were already beginning to bust out of the window. I hit the ground, and Captain Hargan grabbed me on one side and Father on the other. I couldn't quite tell if Father was shaking or hugging me. He said, "You crazy young idiot! You lame-brained, subnormal—"

But Captain Hargan yanked at the other side of me and yelled, "Come on now! This ain't no place for it!"

Because bricks and pieces of cornice were beginning to come down around us like rain. We beat it back through the alley, and Captain Hargan hollered, "You hang onto him. I got a fire to tend to."

SO THERE wasn't anybody but me and Father and Mr. Bolton. Mr. Bolton waved his arms and said, "I saw him going up there and I tried to stop him."

Father shook me—no mistake this time—and said, "What, in heaven's name, did you think you were doing?"

I said, "There were some women in there."

Father said, "Women! There weren't any women!"

I said, "No, sir. Just window dummies. But they looked like women to me."

"Dummies!" Father said. "Dummies! Well, at least, thank goodness, you didn't add to their number!"

He let go of me then, and said, "Listen. Tell me just one thing. One thing, and I'll be satisfied! Do you know now what I was talking about at supper?"

I said, "Yes, sir. I guess I do."

Father said, "You guess so! Oh, Lord, give me strength!"

He turned to Mr. Bolton with a kind of a gesture, and right then the smoke boiled down again, and it looked like a good time to go. I went out the alley to Hazel Street, and headed toward home. I wasn't really going there, but I just couldn't think of any other direction. And after about a block I heard someone running behind me. It was Arlene.

WHEN she caught up, she didn't say anything. She just walked beside me. Then, after about half a block, she said, "I—I was out in front, Tommy. I saw it, too."

I said, "Well, you must have got as big a laugh as anyone, then."

She said, "No, Tommy. Really."

But I didn't believe her. After another half block, she kind of put her hand on my arm and made me stop. She said, "Tommy—look, Tommy."

I looked at her, and there were almost like tears in her eyes. She said, "I know, Tommy. I know you really thought there were people in there."

I just looked at her. Because I couldn't believe that anyone could really understand. Arlene said, "Tommy—I don't care—I thought you were wonderful!"

She meant it. There wasn't any question she meant it. I kissed her, right there under the street light. And didn't care. And there wasn't ever anything like that before. She sort of pulled back a little, and there was soot all around her mouth, but she was the most beautiful thing you ever saw. I said, "Arlene—do you mean it? Do you really mean it?"

She said, "Tommy—of course I do."

I said, sort of all choked up, "Arlene—will you wait for me? Will you promise to wait?"

Because I'd thought a lot of times how it would be when I said that to her. Before I went away. To the Army or something. And then coming back, sort of hard and quiet, and maybe with that limp where the shrapnel got me. So I said it again. I said, "Arlene—will you wait for me?"

She said, "Of course I will, Tommy. Through—through school and everything!"

She thought that was what I meant. She thought I meant till we grew up! Even right now, in the most sacred moment of our lives, she didn't understand.

So what was the use?

But I kissed her again anyway.

THE END

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Fighting Blood

Continued from page 54

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Natural Immunity

you remember, is simply
full antibodies to a spe-
Some people have anti-
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the diseases. Thirty-seven
children and ninety per cent
for instance, have natural
to diphtheria and will never
ens, fro, and pigeons have
bodies to tetanus and an-
and reptiles have a natural
to tuberculosis. And almost
all animals have natural im-
munity to the gonococcus. This is nice
news, but makes life difficult
for laboratory workers.
However, beside the point.

Dr. Mudd and Dr. Anderson took some rabbits and injected them with typhoid bacilli, and when the rabbits had had time to build up a fine set of antibodies, the doctors took their serum and mixed it with some typhoid bacilli of the same strain. Then after a few hours they stuck the mixture under the electron microscope and prayed. At worst they ought to get some good views of typhoid bacilli clumping together, they ought to see some of these long, flowing flagella that typhoid bacilli have tangling, as it were, in one another's hair. And if they were lucky . . . after all, the electron microscope did enlarge up to fifty times as much as an ordinary light microscope and the antibodies were certainly there.

The Big Germ Roundup

When they opened their eyes and looked, there were the typhoid bacilli all clumped together, there were the flagella all tangled, but there was something queer. They looked at some plain typhoid bacilli of the same lot and then looked back at the ones that had been mixed with the antiserum. The cell walls of the antiserum-mixed bacilli were all thick, the flagella were all thick too, as if they were coated with something. In some places the coating had raised bumps; in some places it was much thicker than others, as if the coating weren't a simple film but a lot of objects. It was too good to be true, but it was true. What they were seeing for the first time was antibodies, typhoid antibodies, surrounding the typhoid bacilli, clumping them together and generally going to work on them.

The theory, firmly supported now by the electron microscope, is that antibodies are protein molecules which the blood is capable of making in any quantity and to measure, as it were, to fight any specific germ that may get into the blood. They think they're a kind of protein called globulin, if you're feeling exact, and that they're shaped roughly like the petal of an African daisy. Chemists had measured antibodies by some abstruse method and come to this conclusion long before they were ever seen, and Dr. Anderson now thinks he's seen some individual antibodies in the raised bumps in the antibody coatings of the tobacco mosaic virus and the typhoid bacilli.

Immunologists think that what these antibodies do is rush to the germ and surround it. If there are only a few, they stretch out lengthwise around it and make a thin film, but if there are lots and lots of them so that, as it were, there is standing room only, they attach themselves to the bacteria like the petals on a daisy, in full fighting formation, and hold on until the leucocytes can get to the scene. Scientists can't be absolutely sure of this so far, but it looks that way. The stronger the solution of antibodies the thicker the film, for instance. Then there are those bumps and irregularities in the coating. And it all fits in with the chemical research that has been done.

Nobody has seen any antibodies at work neutralizing toxins yet. Nobody has seen them actually breaking down the walls of cholera bacilli, though they probably will before long if the electron microscope keeps on co-operating. But seeing antibodies at all is a big feather in the cap of immunology, and may be tremendously important in studying methods of protecting us and putting our antibodies to work most efficiently.

THE END

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LET'S TAKE THE MIDDLE WAY



THE politicians in wartime Washington have been fighting the dollar-a-year men for some months now, and every once in a while a loud grunt from this battle echoes in the press or on the air.

Robert R. Guthrie's resignation from Donald Nelson's War Production Board, with claims that Guthrie was being hampered by dollar-a-year men with business-as-usual ideas, was one of these explosions. Comparable to the Guthrie episode was the clipping of the powers of Jesse Jones, a businessman in government, in favor of Henry A. Wallace, a mystic and an intellectual in politics. Things came to a point recently where Mr. Nelson said we may have to draft business executives for important war work because so many of them are unwilling to expose themselves to sniping from various politicians in Congress.

What's the meaning of it all? Where is it going to wind up? Those questions, we think, are of great importance to Americans, and here is why:

As we see it, this continuing fight between politicians and dollar-a-year men is one surface manifestation of a great change that began in this country when the New Deal got into its stride about eight years ago.

Businessmen—producers and sellers of goods, and their financial backers and helpers—used to have most of the power in the United States. They held the purse strings. It was tough sledding for any politician or thinker whose ideas didn't tally pretty snugly with those of the businessmen. The politicians, though most of them preyed on business as on the general public,

were essentially dependent on the businessmen.

That is radically changed now. The New Deal has taken away much of this power from businessmen and has turned it over to politicians. Maybe this was in line with evolution; maybe it was an outrageous though bloodless revolution. Whatever it was, it has happened.

So now, we think, we are in the "Where do we go from here?" stage and the excitement over the dollar-a-year men is part of that stage.

The politicians now riding so high, wide and handsome are as human as were the businessmen in their heyday. They like power, feel that they are entitled to it and want more and more of it. Naturally, they would like to push the businessmen entirely out of power.

The dollar-a-year men are executives from assorted business firms who have had successful careers in the art of producing goods fast, economically and efficiently to consumers. They have entered government service, in this war as in the other war, to put their producing and distributing skills at the government's disposal in the giant job of winning the war.

A handful of them doubtless still are working, consciously or unconsciously, for the interests of their old firms first and of the government second. This handful should be booted out of the public service as fast as they are caught up with, and with plenty of fanfare and publicity in each case.

But to accuse all the dollar-a-year men of thus undercutting the war effort seems absurd and unjust to us. That is exactly, however, what these men's bitterer foes among the politicians do charge them with, either directly or

by innuendoes which grow dirtier as the war goes by.

What will the harvest be?

We hope, for the wartime and postwar welfare of the country, that it will be a compromise between producers and politicians.

Businessmen for some reason don't make good politicians. But neither do politicians make good businessmen, good producers, good inventors or improvers of processes and machines. We'd hate to see for an example picked at random President Roosevelt's job. But the world is a spair of victory in this war if Harold G. Hopkins, another random example, were to take Girdler's job of turning out bombers by new production methods.

It boils down, we think, to the fact that neither the political group nor the business group can run the country alone, nor can either have a great preponderance of the power to steer the national course.

From all of which, the logical conclusion is that if this country is to fight the war and then go on to become a better country to live in than ever before, we should have a sort of Swedish "Middle Way" things, under which the special interests of producers and politicians can work for the general welfare.

If the politicians push the businessmen to complete helplessness, or if the businessmen make a comeback and hammer the politicians for their old-time weakness and dependence, we can see only a hampered and retarded future for the good old U. S. A.

How to Defeat Defeat

WE KEEP thinking off and on about Mickey Owen's article in a recent Collier's. Mickey, as the world remembers, is the catcher whose frightful missed catch in the ninth inning of a crucial World Series game last year turned the victory out of the Brooklyn Dodgers' bag and into the New York Yanks' bag in the twinkling of an eye. The Owen article in Collier's told of what happened to Owen afterward.

The aftermath was anything but tragic.

Mickey says he now has a world of friends, most of whom he has never seen, but who have written from the far corners of the earth (and from Flatbush) to tell him thumbs up. He's a better and a more philosophic man for the experience.

Necessarily, Owen was a bit puzzled as to how all this came about. We never see ourselves as others see us. What the world saw in Owen was a man who had had a hideous piece of luck but who didn't beef or whine or make

excuses about it. He took it as a defeat, but he was obviously grieved for his team but did not let one of the toughest in baseball history make an introverted baby or a coward out of him.

And that is the way to make defeats work for you; the way to turn them into triumphs. The world is more than pleased to kick a man who lets a piece of bad luck shove him down. But the world is just as pleased to shove out a helping hand to a man who doesn't.

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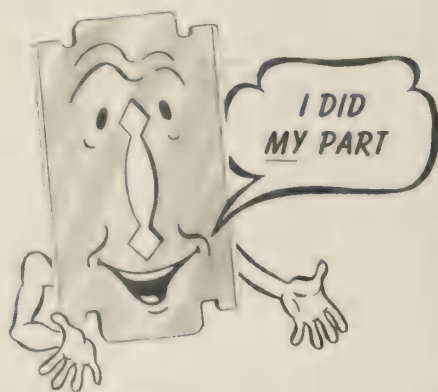


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ANY WEEK

A FRIEND of ours who is now in what he calls the International Black Market Racket asks us not to be bitter in our estimate of Pierre Laval. Our friend isn't talking without a certain right. He used to be a Parisian journalist and told us once that French newspapermen were not, as often alleged, the most venal of men. "With perhaps three exceptions, the French politician is the daddy of all slick mercenaries. After all," says our friend, "Laval is merely demonstrating what a politician will do for a job. It wouldn't have made any difference to Pierre what nation had conquered France; he'd have sold out to anyone it might have been. When it becomes clear to Laval that Germany can't win, watch him. He'll cross up Hitler so fast, still hopeful of getting a nice political job out of it, that he will again become democracy's hero. Remember all the nice things you American journalists said about him when he was boss of the French government and visited President Hoover? You called him the symbol of democracy and America lionized him. Now that he's merely stooping to a stretch of traitorism to get back into office you're sore. But wait. Pierre will be back on our side and we will love him again as a symbol of democracy. So don't be too hard on Pierre. I talked to him just after he returned to France from his American junket and he said that for the politician, America was the land of opportunity. If Tammany Hall had Pierre it would still be running New York—and how."



AND from Mr. Jorge Campollo, of Mexico City, we have an appeal to the American people to be a little more careful of their personal appearance. Mexico is doing her official best to love the gringo government, says Mr. Campollo. She is sincere in her democracy and determined in her war upon the totalitarian. "But from the depths of a heart stricken with apprehension," writes Mr. Campollo, "will you please refuse travel papers to the otherwise beautiful and doubtless righteous American ladies who walk our streets and roam our roads in slacks and pajamas? Here in the capital of your sister republic we say nothing and yet we cannot close our eyes. At a meeting of our citizens but a few days ago, orators were arousing in us

a strong sentiment of fondness for you and your people, and success was about to descend upon our efforts. Instead, there descended upon us a large troupe of American tourists—the ladies in slacks and pajamas, wide of hip, large of bosom and of an age when one contemplates many years since the slimness and grace of youth. With these ample ladies in slacks and pajamas came their American gentlemen—most of them unshaven, in undershirts, in loose, hugely flowered print shirts like the coats of pajamas, to say nothing of sandals on the bare feet. Thus clad they enter our restaurants, our churches, our museums. The economic importance of the American tourist to Mexico is, like the tourists, huge. We try to be civil, hospitable. But if nothing can be done about the sagging informality of the American tourist cannot we at least limit the slacks and the pajamas to women of, say, less than the age of forty-five, or the weight of one hundred and fifty pounds?"



FROM Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock of Tampa, Florida, we learn something that we're hastening to pass on to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. As we understand it, Mr. Morgenthau hopes to sell his War Bonds with dignity. Consequently he's not selling as many as he'd like. But there's a Spanish restaurant and bar in Tampa managed by a man who knows what it takes. He is advertising and his waiters are plugging a drink they call Slapajap. One of the many desirable things about Slapajap is that it costs you nothing. You order one, the barkeep pours colorless liquids from four bottles, adds ice and shakes wildly for a full minute. You put down two bits, get your drink and twenty-five cents in war stamps. When you've tossed off the Slapajap you discover that you've had a nice long drink of cold water. But you've also got the war stamp.

WE'RE a bit more confused, however, by what Mr. Sammel Kulopp of Fort Smith, Arkansas, has to say. We can't set it all down here but give you a sample. Mr. Kulopp's objective is to make us all more conscious of our past mistakes, and therefore, less liable to repeating them in the future. It's

(Continued on page 55)

THIS WEEK

MAY 10, 1942

SHORT STORIES

ERNEST HAYCOCK

Lucky in Love. With even a great love

STANLEY F. DODD

Sergeant Darn. With himself

ERSKINE CALLAGHAN

Day Off. It's to—especially Pa infrequently.

THE SHORT STORY

Turkey-Neck. Mann.

SERIAL STORIES

JAMES ALDRIDGE

Flight to the Sun. parts.

VEREEN BELL

Trial by Marriage. parts.

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Deep in the Heart. about our nation in the war effort.

ROBERT THOMSON

New Northwest. America's Alaska

DENVER LINDLEY

Air Line to Europe. Army's Ferrying an air-minded people

L. O. BRACKEN

More Meat per bigger and better

GEORGE MORRIS

The Pride of Gore had to hitchhike—to the

DAN PARKER

Durable Dai. David Dollings ism.

OUR FIGHTING

GEORGE CREE

Mexico's Char Moreno, the world's brilliant

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS

Editorial Comm

Thumbs Down

War Bonds as

COVER

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Fit as a fiddle?

to keep in good physical condition. We must be willing to work. When we do keep "fit as a fiddle" our job becomes easier—our whole outlook is more cheerful and optimistic.

For a program for keeping fit, the following are important:

Get sleep and rest. Most adults need eight hours of sleep daily, children need more.

Get a complete change from the work for both mind and body. Get a hobby! "When play stops, old habits begin."

Get food—in the right quantities, leisurely in pleasant surroundings, regular hours. *Over-eating and rapid eating* may be worse than too little food and wrong kind of food.

Get regular exercise. If periodic examinations show us to be phys-

ically sound, we are never too old to take some form of exercise.

Some of the troubles which we may avoid by observing these simple rules are: a general feeling of fatigue and poor health . . . poor digestion . . . constipation . . . insomnia . . . sluggish thinking . . . sickly appearance.

One of the steps toward fitness which you can take immediately is to get *sufficient exercise*. Perhaps you have a favorite game which gives you regular exercise. If not, *walking* is an ideal exercise, especially for adults. A brisk walk "wakes up" the circulation, stimulates the lungs to greater activity, and helps tone up a surprisingly large number of the body's muscles.

Walk at a vigorous pace! Try to get some walking into your daily routine. You'll enjoy it more if you have a definite objective: walk to work, to the store, to the station. If you are a desk worker, moderate exercise such as

walking will help you *relax* after a confining day's work.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet which contains additional information about keeping fit. Ask for "Health, Happiness and Long Life."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

1 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 62-C, "Health, Happiness and Long Life."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"MY HAIR LOOKS NEAT WITHOUT DOUSING because I've checked dry scalp!"

"I WAS A DOUSING THOMAS!"

"I thought I had to douse my hair to make it lie down. Usually I looked like a wet seal at breakfast—and a bushman the rest of the day. But lately I've found something you don't have to douse on. Something that gets at the real trouble—checks dry scalp—makes my hair look neat and keeps it that way too...



"HERE'S WHAT I DO NOW!"



"Instead of dousing, I put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb and run it through my hair. Or I put a little on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. The first difference it's made is to give me decent-looking, healthy-looking hair. The second difference is, I've really checked loose dandruff, and stopped that itchiness.

Every time I wash my hair, I massage it first with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, because it supplements the scalp oils that get washed away. Now my hair looks good—my scalp feels good—because I'm giving double care to scalp and hair."



FOR DOUBLE CARE...
BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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KEEP UP WITH THE VOR

By Freling Foster

One large company specializing in the manufacture of gadgets for practical jokers fills about ten-thousand orders a week for such articles as rubber candy, melting spoons, imitation bedbugs, dribble glasses, itching powder and stage money. The best seller for a decade has been the fifteen-cent Auto Scare Bomb that, when activated by the starter, "gives off two explosions, a shrieking whistle and a dense cloud of smoke."

As iron pyrite begins to rust on exposure to air, and this rust occupies thirteen times as much space as the pyrite itself, buildings constructed on soil containing such sulphide soon have a "heaving foundation." This trouble has been experienced by one large factory in Cleveland, where the basement floors were raised as much as twelve inches in the first twelve years.—By E. B. Radke, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

The only park of its kind in the world is Skansen, the outdoor section of the Nordiska Museum in Stockholm. Although only seventy acres in area, it contains a miniature reproduction of the chief physical features of almost every district in Sweden, including plants, animals and homes with occupants attired in their peasant costumes.—By Nils Ohman, Stamford, Connecticut.

Under normal working conditions, the average horse does only two thirds as much work as a one-horsepower engine. In cases of emergency, however, this animal has produced twenty-one horsepower, or more than thirty times as much energy.—By Thomas L. Marshall, New York, New York.

The first recorded game of baseball was played at the Elysian Field in Hoboken, New Jersey, on June 19, 1846, between the Knickerbocker Club of New York and the New York Baseball Club, the latter winning, in four innings, by the score of twenty-three to one. At that time, the teams had to play until one had made twenty-one runs.—By Robert C. Sidwell, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Army Air Corps near Dayton is equipped with 40,000 horsepower, rent induction motor of its kind ever constructed. The motor cannot be started without notice has been given to the company so it may prepare to handle this load, which is the capacity of one of its largest motors.

From about 1900, a "Jackson Army Office" was maintained at 1775 Broadway in New York. As mysteriously as it was built, its dozen gentlemen moved out on the morning of December fourth—before the attack on Pearl Harbor.—By J. B. Strickland, Georgia.

When becoming a person's face turns blue, depending on the cause, it becomes red, for one suffers from stroke when one is stricken with exhaustion, and blueing and electric shock.

Probably the oldest world that originated in the Pader source is the two that gush forth underground in the city of Padua. The city has been named after Bruno Schonfeld, a New York.

Between the 15th and 16th centuries, the plant more popular than because, when watered with a strawberrylike perfume, it is still used for Europe, one of the lawns being in the of Buckingham Palace. —By Anna Harvey, Lett, Canada.

Five dollars will be paid for this unusual fact except contributions must be a factory proof. Address World, Collier's, 250 Park City. This column is copied from The National Weekly. No reproduction without the publisher's permission.



IN TO WIN

is written, something
twenty thousand men
women are busy at war
under the Buick banner;
the you read it still more
s will have been put
rk

Buick folks range from
veterans to lately
men and women, all
their part in the most
dale task that the nation's
ris ever shouldered.

ne hing, though, they are
of a feather — from top
tton, from old-timer to
est hand, they're in this
to in!

means, first of all, quan-
Lot of things in big lots.
An we can report that in
major activity—aircraft en-
—we're ahead of rates of
uction set for us for a full
from now.

But it also means, to a Buick man, *quality*.

To hit the enemy, hard and effectively, the need is for equipment that gets there *and back*—then gets there to *hit again*.

In aiming at such quantity-with-quality, Buick folks set themselves a high mark. There are plenty of others working for Uncle Sam who really know their stuff.

Just the same, as they well know and understand, if it's "in the wood" we're out to top 'em.

We're not satisfied to produce better engines, tank parts, gun mounts and what not than our enemies—we're competing also with the best in the bunch, our friends.

How're we doing?

That's something better to be

answered by the goods we produce, and the men who use them.

We do know that day in and day out we're getting a gratifying measure of approval from the vigilant Government inspectors that must be satisfied.

We believe we have earned the respect of some able producers who work along with us—just as they've earned ours.

We know that if we found them topping us, in precision or quality, we'd move heaven and earth to reverse the picture—just as they would *expect* us to.

For as we said, we're in to *win*.

Not just to fend off, or hit back, but to *hit often* and *hit hardest*.

That, as we see it, calls for every one of us to do all he can to turn out both the *most* and the *best* for his embattled country.

war goods

WHEN BETTER ~~AUTOMOBILES~~ ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

★ ★ ★ BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS ★ ★ ★

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

FOR
VICTORY..
SAVE!

*Save gas! Save oil!
Save engine wear!*

**WITH
SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS**

Now, more than ever, it is important for you to save gas, oil and engine wear. And here's the thrifty, sensible way to do it: install a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings. These rings—designed by the same engineers who create the piston rings for leading airplanes, tanks, cars, trucks and tractors—are individually engineered for your particular make and model of car. They restore youth to a car—as well as oil and gas economy. While you're having Sealed Power Rings installed, ask your mechanic to inspect your engine completely. Follow his advice. It'll pay in the end! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines

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*Turn out
light
when not needed
Uncle Sam*

Collier's

ROBERT O'REILLY



Mechanics mount a Curtiss-made propeller on a Bell "Airacobra"—a rival of Curtiss' own P-40 pursuit plane

WING TALK

IF YOU'RE concerned about reports that all airplane factories are not going full blast, this might help to clear up some misunderstanding:

Each aircraft manufacturer has a contract with the Army or Navy calling for the delivery of so many planes per month. If there were an unlimited supply of materials and if the producers were told to push the throttle wide open and see who could turn out the most planes, the storage warehouses would be bursting with types that are easiest and fastest to build, and the planes that we need so badly now—bombers, and in enormous numbers—would be in critical minority, because it takes longer to build them and requires more materials.

Furthermore, the pilot-training program is divided up into specialistic fields such as bomber, fighter, torpedo-plane, dive-bomber and observation pilots, and the flow of planes from the factories must coincide with the availability of these trained airmen to take them over. An air force cannot be top-heavy with only one or two types. It must be well rounded out in accordance with the offensive and defensive plans of our High Command. The monthly rate of production assigned to each manufacturer is not the limit of his capabilities; it represents what the services need, because they cannot absorb any higher number.

Then too, the airplane people do not build the entire airplane—only the fuselage, wings and tail. Others build engines, propellers, instruments, guns, radios, wheels, tires, and many more parts. They also build to government delivery schedules.

Hundreds of subcontractors are working on aircraft items and the workers have no idea for what they are being used or where they are going. Yet a delay in such shops and plants can hold up the

final assembly of a bomber much as the absence of a propeller. So when these delays will for a while, speed in the aircraft factories work with.

Then, when there is plenty of everything at assembly lines are humming, a plane is shot down and body features in fire proof or performance superior ports from our far-flung of deficiencies in America some particular area, discovered over here be never under fire and never in war zones rare tropics almost to the Atlantic the changes go into slow down or shut down departments of the plant time to fabricate the chassis.

The aircraft industry people would pay no attention of idleness in aircraft factories knew the total number of that have been produced twelve months and the rate. So take the word plane builders that they delivery schedules and who delays in any particular they aren't going to turn craft workers into the streets.

★ These stirring times call for hard work
—and lots of it—but there must be an
occasional moment of rest and relaxation—
freedom for a day from work and worry—
the chance for friends and family to get
together and live life at its best.

The friendliness of Miller High Life lends a
note of sparkling refreshment wherever
there's fun and good fellowship. When you
take that temporary time out, remember
to enjoy life with Miller High Life.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE



Miller
HIGH LIFE



SINCE 1855 THE BEST MILWAUKEE BEER



"Carrying lots of pressure these days..."



"THERE is more steam up in the Bell System than I ever remember. The wires hum with war a wartime production. There's more telephony than ever before.

"The pressure of war and war's work is on especially on our toll lines. If you are going use Long Distance you can help by —

Knowing the number you want to call.

Calling in the less busy hours — before 10 A. M. and after 8 P. M., for example.

"Let's give vital war calls the right of way a make equipment go as far as possible, saving copper and other materials for the war."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



CKY LOVE

st Haycox

BY ARREN BAUMGARTNER

h said, a girl wants
she's loved. Kind-
ough. Bill got the
fore it was too late

IT HICK locked the room's
and went along the second-
hallway toward the stair-
ing the key in his hand. At
nt group of people made a
they came up from the lobby
and did something that made
ug and presently they ar-
ad of the stairs—three
a blond boy loaded to the chin
e. Marsha was one of them.
ped head in his tracks and he
sself "How the devil did she
and every old feeling came
me him. She was at the
gro, naturally, for she had
y as more daring than any-
d ever known; but she hadn't
et. He looked behind her at
l following, and when she
light in the hallway brought
eckles and her lips. She
forequit and a small straw
he did to the blond lad,
w. Ink, as all big men are."
turned and discovered Bill
nd his smile vanished as
thou turned off by a switch
es blame almost green.

thout it, "I hope it hits her
t do me." She had stopped,
aking her friends stop, all of
e apparently new since his
stru led with her self-pos-
d refined it and she said,
ill," impersonally as a
conductor. He caught the
er perfume as she moved by
e thought, "That's the last of
of Clemente I gave her for
" but she said aloud, "Hello."
he steps downward while the
gled various rooms behind

rendered to the lobby, mean-
remembering that the blond lad
as tall and chunky as he was
now had the look of a Stanford
of about 1937. Marsha liked
be big, which was where he had
and she liked them to be tough
t's when he had gone out.
used to the dining room and
le against the window. This
middle of summer, and the beach
n was entered with people in



practically every attitude of ease or violent exercise. He ordered a steak and had it, and was smoking his pipe over a second cup of coffee when Marsha and her party entered.

A highball made them all feel good, but even then Marsha stood out from them, more self-possessed, more colorful. The big blond lad hovered over her like the edge of a mountain and he looked down at her and seemed to be astonished at his luck. Bill Kittrick thought, "And so did I." Marsha's eyes turned to him once and he met that straight-on impact and the pit of his stomach caved in just as it used to do thirty seconds before the whistle blew in a game. He left his tip and moved out. The door was high enough for him but still, from habit, he ducked and

put a hand in front of him. He heard the blond lad say, "Where've I seen that tough egg before?"

As far as Marsha was concerned big men were expendable. They came and they went. "But I wish," he added to himself, "she'd throw the rest of that awful perfume down the sink." He had eaten a substantial meal and now set out upon the beach to work it off; training season never ended for a one-time fullback who could gain and lose thirty pounds at the drop of a hat. This day he had walked ten miles over The Head but now he set a steady pace until twilight dropped around him and then reversed his field, to walk back through darkness, past couples murmuring in the shadows. When a man was alone he got to noticing the way people paired off.

One of the women and the blond man were hands and knees on the floor, retrieving the nickels while Marsha stood by, amused

He remembered how Marsha, standing at the head of the stairs, had looked back at the blond man. She had been gayer at that moment than he had ever recalled; as though, after all the alternate moments of wonder and misery she had gone through with him, after all the unspoken hope and repressed bitterness, she had cut the last binding strand of the whole affair away. Now she was free.

How did you chop all that out of
(Continued on page 65)

Deep in the Heart-

By Quentin Reynolds

Somewhere in America there may be apathy and indifference to the war effort, but a famous Collier's correspondent, looking for it, fails to get the story. He got this one instead

At Wright Plant No. 1, Paterson, N. J., the author learns from Inspector Thomas Murphy how Cyclone 9 engines are produced in quantity for the Flying Fortresses

SHE was a little old lady no bigger than a soft whisper. Her hair was white and her cheeks were a bit faded but there was nothing faded about her eyes. They were large and blue and startlingly steady, and they told you that this was more than just another little old lady with white hair.

"Do you know how to make those Molotov cocktails?" she asked simply.

I told her that I knew a little about how to make them, and that you needed molasses and glycerin and dynamite and I told her that there were several ways of making them and that she'd better get some expert advice. Then I asked her what she wanted with Molotov cocktails in Dallas, Texas.

"Down here in Texas we're at war," she said simply, as though talking to a child. "Some of us read about how Russian women crawl up close to German tanks and then throw homemade bombs at the tanks and destroy them. We read, too, that English women living near the coast all have what they call Molotov cocktails ready to throw at the German tanks if there is ever an invasion. Now maybe we will never see any German or Japanese tanks going down the main street of Dallas, but it is just as well to be ready. All of us, I think," she added emphatically, "should have a few of those homemade bombs on our kitchen shelves just in case."

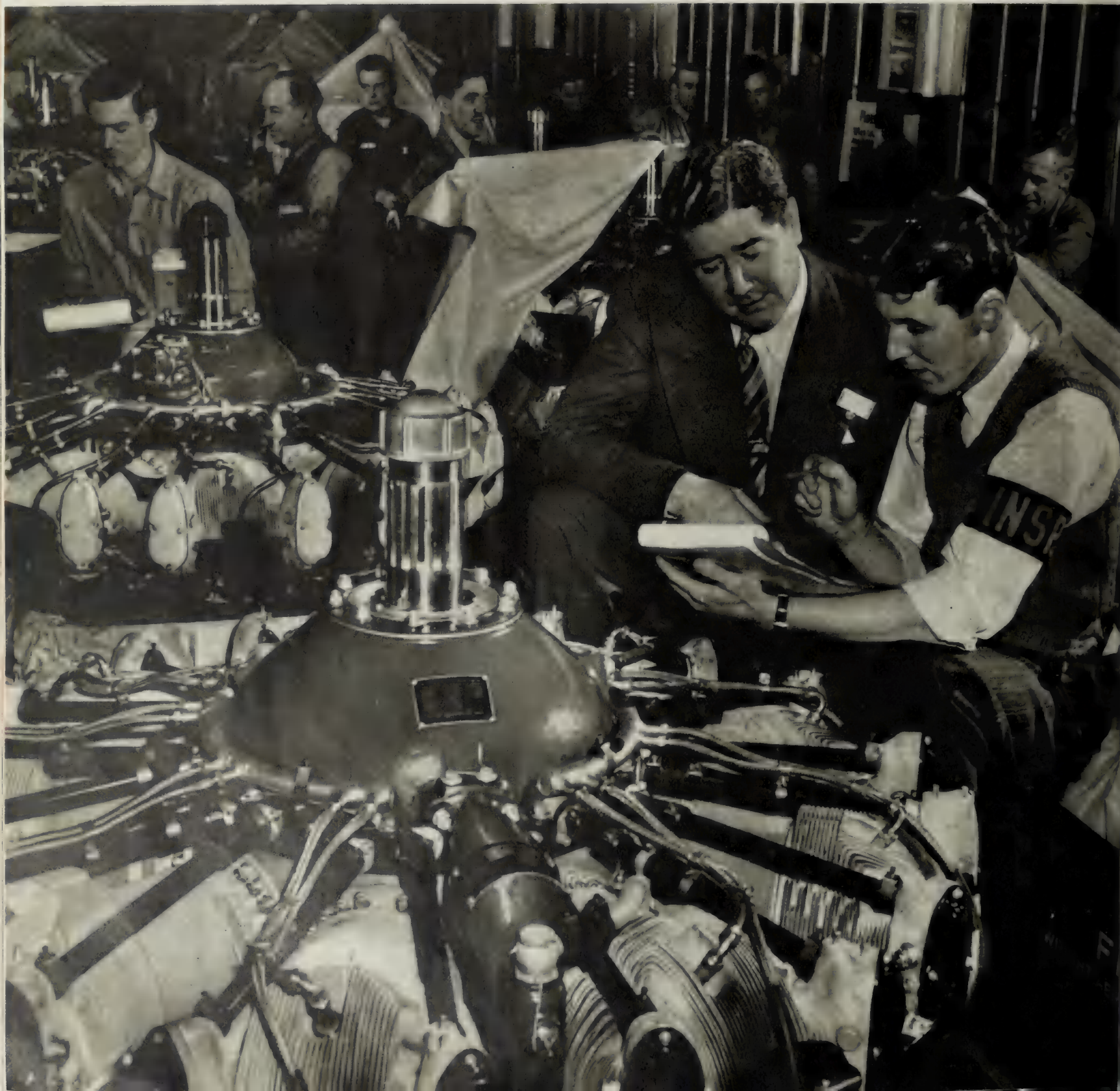
I returned from the war zone late in January and immediately began to read of the "complacency and unawareness" that existed among the people of our

country. Editorial writers, newspaper congressmen and radio commentators all sang the depressing song. It was quite disturbingly had confidently expected that his country were just as tough and as realistic as of Britain or of Russia.

It was so disturbing that I travel from southern California, from Houston from Chicago to Ketchum, Idaho; I st cities in fifteen states looking for it and unawareness, looking for much apathy toward our war effort. Did I

I found a little old lady in Dallas meant it when she told of how she would throw homemade bombs at the tamerity to pollute the soil of Texas sweating and toiling in aircraft and ries; I found them working as hard worked in Manchester or Moscow. students studying as no students I intent on hurrying the day when granted commissions and could get ice. I saw Negro Pullman car porters foiling from cigarette packages; a small but a bit of evidence to prove that war minded and that they are not thur and his men do it all. Two months around America, discovering America fully impatient with the writers and who so smugly talk of (Continued)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S



al was selfish. He
e for Daru. What
unkirk he'd have
ny good soldier

ning more than a barroom
I shouldn't have gone to
in the first place. I sup-
loneliness and that I had
t a leave before seven
Cécile's letters did not
any more since she had
at her cousin from Brest
vacant room, and that we
ful because it helped to-
and everything had gone
s and wine. Hang it. The
d not make sense some-
s.

ners and generals had
trouble, and our deputies
stroked their beards, and
had written that France
est danger. We knew the
knew it so well that we
The Little Corporal had
se stuff to our ancestors,
w Louis to our grandfa-
menceau to our older
ounds pretty swell when
print, and the long and
at the little man has to
d to leave his home with
visions.

g tired of a country that
ery few years like a run-
wa a drunken driver. You
e a what would happen if
ou save the jalopy one
let crack up in heaven's
stand and look at the
d stake your cherry pipe and

ro is empty when I entered.
ding behind the counter.
oed halfway over her left
her outh was open, and her
h entered in the light of the
trid lb. It was so quiet that
he humming of the flies
fally, the rolling of heavy
o the south. A smell of stale
n the room. She didn't awake.
for moment and looked at
se w the type of woman who
required. They have the
a, th greenish eyes and the
frail joints. But Denise was
t. Sometimes thought that
ved, t then, red women don't
hair. She was very pretty. It
roteson to be pretty.

not ford to let her sleep. I
tall o her before the others
dropped a coin into the slot of
mae. It was a Viennese
n Art's Life." Denise liked
uch. r maybe she pretended
because I liked it. One can

rted o and smiled when she
est. "Hello, sergeant," she

Deni," I said.
tonight," she said, and
like bitten. "Seems I dozed

et you did," I said.
is the matter with you?" she
Some ng wrong, sergeant?"
romis to call me Gaston," I
tle sore.

she d, all smiles, and came
"Gon. Guess I was still

I said and was no longer sore.
bayonet belt, hung it
at down on a high stool
r. Sh stood before me, still
ed at me in a funny

ere th gs going out there?"
d.



"Shut your trap," I said. "You swine. It's about time the Boche teaches you how to wash your dirty faces." Prokosh hit me with his silly riding stick

Sergeant Daru Settles an Account

By Stanley F. Donath

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

"Pretty lousy," I said. "Shooting holes into the air to kill the boredom. The officers are on leave half of the time, and the men are drunk all of the time. We could as well go home."

"How's the company? How is your corporal?"

"What corporal?" I asked. "André?" "Yes, and the other one with the funny Slovak name that I can't pronounce."

"Prokosh. You could pronounce it all right last time we were here."

"Oh-la-la, that's a lie. I simply called him chéri."

"Well, they are both all right—André and chéri—unless they have taken sick from yawning. You can convince yourself soon, 'cause they will be here any minute. Gimme an absinthe."

I SAT and sipped the absinthe. Now and again I caught a glimpse of Denise through the open kitchen door. She was busy scrubbing some copper pans.

Her movements reminded me somehow of Cécile, or maybe women have the same way of doing little things all over the world. Anyway, she was good to look at, Denise was. She seemed to me prettier than ever, and much prettier than Cécile.

"Denise," I called, "another absinthe. Please."

I drank the second drink quickly. It ran through my throat like a hot bullet.

"Well," I said. "Seems you have forgotten."

"Forgotten what?"

"Last week."

"Oh, yes. Last week."

"You promised to kiss me when I came back alive."

"Tonight," she said. "I kiss you goodbye tonight."

"You said the same thing two weeks ago," I said stupidly and helplessly.

"You know I am crazy about you. When will you be nice to me?"

"One day will come when all the blos-

soms spring," she sang and reached for a jar high up on the board. I could see the lines of her figure as she stretched.

"Denise, you can't answer me like that. I'm serious. This has gone on now for weeks and weeks, and you only make fun of me. It's not fair."

She turned round, her eyes blazing.

"Well then, sergeant," she said very calmly, "all of you think that I am that sort. But I am not. That's all about it."

"Look here, Denise," I said. "I have a hunch you're only pretending. But I am serious. We could marry, for instance. We could go to Lyon. I have my army pay, I have my security. I have my pension later on, or you have it when I die or when I am killed in action."

Slowly, she came round the counter and stood before me, musing. Her arms were folded over her chest. The smile had dropped from her face like ashes from a cigarette, and so had the anger.

(Continued on page 49)

New Northwest Passage

By Robert Thompson

Through mud and muskeg and mountain wilderness, U. S. Army engineers are forging an impregnable overland link with our northernmost outpost. The Alaska highway is nearing completion—and fast

SMOKE curled up from Frank Wort Beatton's old pipe as he watched out of his window. A United States Army jeep, a command car and some soldier-driven trucks growled and slued past in the northern British Columbia mud.

The four motors of an American bomber tore at the air, taking off from a field near by.

"I'm glad," the old Scotsman said, "that I lived to see it. Three hundred years, people have been talking and trying for that road. It's not a kind country up here. The closer you come to the Yukon and Alaska the unfriendlier it gets."

Overland passage to Alaska is a **MUST** in capital letters. Alaska up to now has been an island. Ships supply its 30,000 white population and an equal number of Eskimos and Indians. Just as in England, the population can't provide for themselves. They'd be washed up and in deep trouble within a few months if sea transport were cut off.

Then there are our soldiers and sailors in the fan of fortresses and bases. Let their communications be broken and you might have another Bataan.

So the United States is making an overland passage, safe from sneaking submarines and surprise attacks like that at Pearl Harbor.

Fifteen hundred miles of highway, even a pioneer highway without convenient hotels and neon-lighted gas stations is no beer picnic to build. To slam it through in a hurry, from the jumping-off place at Fort St. John, B. C., to Fairbanks, Alaska, is a push that will be a standout in all history. The boys say they will do it.

The venerable Frank Beatton, who agrees with them, is in a position to know whether or not they can succeed. He's a part of the country. For forty years he was a factor at Hudson's Bay Company posts through the wilderness the Army is traversing. Trading places in the Canadian wilderness were his homes and his jobs. Lathered pack horses and laboring freight wagons were his air mail from civilization. Indians twenty or fifty miles away were his next-door neighbors and white men were as scarce as falling stars.

Comparisons can make the magnitude of the Army's new wilderness road a little clearer. The history books cheer for our Civil War Wilderness campaign. It wasn't a patch on this one. Nature has lined up formidable substitutes for the Confederate Army.

Think back into history when our country was empty. Assign the Army a job of building a road from where New York City stands right through to the middle of Kansas; or order a highway built this year from Duluth, Minn., to New Orleans, La. Either one would span about the same distance as the Alaska undertaking.

Then make the job tougher. Assume that men and materials could be put to work only at the ends of the chosen route and two other places. No business of speckling the land with construction camps is possible. Our work forces in the North must hew for hundreds of miles before their individual handiwork can be joined into a defense life line.

That's a part of the problem. General Mud, who made such a name for himself in Europe, and General Muskeg, the slimy swamp denizen, and the subterranean General Frost are all lined up against our soldier-engineers. The clock and the calendar instead of being allies are formidable forces to beat. Easter and Thanksgiving holidays mark grim dead lines instead of events to celebrate.

The Army is well launched on its reverse-order wartime job of creating instead of destroying.

At the south end, Fort St. John is sixty miles north of the last railhead at Dawson Creek, B. C. A rutted grade which is dignified on tourist maps as a passable road connects the two places. The headquarters force began its work at Fort St. John.

Agreement for the road construction was signed by the American and Canadian governments about March 1st. By April 1st, the muskeg changed from a bridge of ice to a bottomless trap of slime.

Trucks to Replace Steamships

Our soldiers fought and sweated in 35-below-zero weather to jam their caterpillar tractors and bulldozers and trucks and graders and power shovels and fuel across winter roads before the sun in mistaken friendship melted the ground from beneath them.

Thus the bases are rooted in the wilds. At each one are combat engineers, medical units, pontoon battalions, quartermasters and other necessary forces. As this appears, they are digging, slashing, tearing and building a few miles of road grade a day.

Along with and behind the soldiers are engineers and workers of the United States Public Roads Administration. The Army men are opening and grading a pioneer road so that trucks may be substituted for steamships to Alaska, and no Japanese sword may slash our

supply line. The Public smooth and grade the that nautical knots may transit tables, and miles-per-gallon of gas ure the progress of vite our North Pacific basic

Though the new jumps into the wilde Beatton's doorstep at B. C., access to it is by ton, Alta., and thence n the Peace River countr roads directly connect British Columbia with i district. Dawson Creek i Edmonton, with trains week and taking twent make the distance. A ro too, but it is a hazard Canadians say it will be

The country where o is a rolling one, slash streams and jeweled wit it is covered with smal ber, and the rest with v call "bush," a second g which came up after f bush can be torn loose machines, but the sp blankets the pathway, m and its stumps grubbed

The Rocky Mountain send shining signals o mount fifty to seventy- ward. Waterfowl by th out this lonesome coun raise their young, undis Moose, deer and bear a Trappers make twenty along their lines in winter luxurious furs.

For the three hund since white fur traders f the land, there has bee in the way of life of th pared with advances else the trading-post men, lil

(Continued on p 58)

Soldiers put up this sign at Fort St. John, B. C., the jumping-off place of the highway



Red line on this map shows route of the new highway. If you want an idea of the distance, imagine the U. S. is still in its colonial era and you have a year to build a highway from New York to the mile





...lling through the mud ruts of British Columbia's thaws.
...unter of Fort St. John entertains at the piano in the
...quite a little help from the drummer and a few singers



...ns...tion makes progress in spite of winter is shown below. A
...er the frozen Peace River enables heavy trucks to go across



The snows of subarctic winter cannot halt the progress of this mighty "cat"
tractor (above) as it rips and hews and slashes a trail through virgin forest





DAY OFF

By Erskine Caldwell

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

This will give the neighbors plenty to talk about until Ma takes another vacation, next year. Meantime, Pa can be thinking up some new ideas

MA GOT up early and cooked our breakfast and left it warming on the stove for us. I was awake, but my old man still had his head buried under the covers when she rode off with Uncle Ben to spend the day with Aunt Bessie in the country. As soon as she had left, Pa looked out from under the quilt and asked me if Ma had said anything before she got in with Uncle Ben and drove away. I told him she didn't say a word, because she thought both of us were still asleep.

While we were getting dressed, Pa said we would have to try to manage to get along somehow by ourselves the best we could until Ma came back that night. Ma always went out to spend the

day with her sister once during the summer, and sometimes twice. She said it was the only real vacation she ever got, and that she would like to go more often if she wasn't afraid of what might happen while she was away.

"There's nothing like keeping batch," Pa said, "even if it's only for one day. It's a real treat sometimes not to have any womenfolk around."

After breakfast my old man went out into the sunshine and stretched. It was already hot that morning, and there wasn't a cloud anywhere in sight.

"This sure is a fine day," he said, turning around and looking at me. "The sun's shining, and we've got the whole wide world before us. It's a pity your

Ma can't get the chance to spend the day a lot more often with your Aunt Bessie."

He went over to the fence and leaned against it. I saw him looking out across the garden, watching some sparrows scratching under the cabbages. After a while he picked up a rock and threw it at them.

"Let's go fishing, son," he said, turning around. "This is a fine time to go. Hitch up Ida."

I went out to the stable right away and led Ida, our mule, out into the yard and began brushing her down with the currycomb. Pa told me to curry her good and then to hitch her to the cart.

"I'll be ready to leave as soon as I

get back from the store, I got to get me a sack of tobacco."

He went into the hen house and spanned a couple of eggs from them into his pocket tobacco.

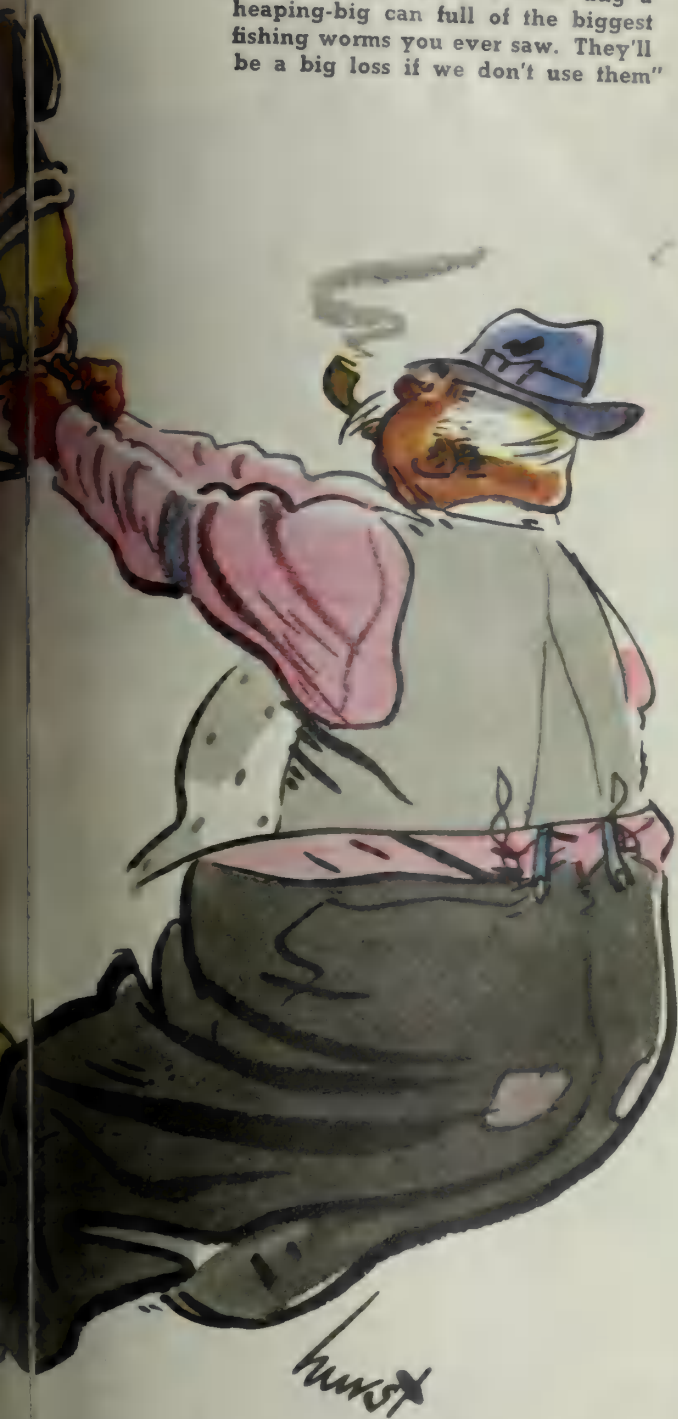
"Curry Ida down until and-span, son," he said the street. "I want Ida a fine day like this."

"Who's going to dig it asked him."

He stopped and thought he said to tell Handso Negro houseboy, to dig

My old man went down the store and I called He

"Mr. Morris," Handsome said, standing up in the cart, "I done dug a heaping-big can full of the biggest fishing worms you ever saw. They'll be a big loss if we don't use them"



back yard, waving his hand at us and making motions for us to come along. We climbed out of the cart to see what he was going to do.

When we got to the back yard, I saw Pa get down on his hands and knees and crawl under the porch. I didn't know what he was doing under there, so I crawled under behind him.

"What are you looking for under here, Pa?" I asked him. "What's under the house?"

"Pieces of old iron, son," he said. He began raking the dry, dusty earth with his fingers. In a minute or two he brought up a piece of rusty iron that looked like a wheel from an old sewing machine. "There's any number of pieces of old iron laying around the place, and now's the time to get them together. There's a man downtown buying up all the old scrap iron folks bring him, and he pays good money for it, fifty cents a hundred pounds. I can't afford to let a chance like this go by without doing something about it. The man might not ever come back to town again, and it would be a big loss not to be able to make all this easy money. Let's get busy and pick up all the old pieces of iron we can find."

I TURNED around and saw Handsome crawling in behind us on his hands and knees. "What we doing here under the house like this, Mr. Morris?" he asked.

"Picking up old scrap iron," Pa said. "Get busy and help out."

"Who wants to waste time picking up old pieces of iron," Handsome said, "right when we's ready to go fishing?"

"Shut up, Handsome," Pa said. "Don't you talk back to me like that. Get busy and do like I said."

Handsome crawled off under the main part of the house mumbling to himself. I could see him stop every once in a while and feel around in the dust for iron, but he didn't look as if he cared whether he found any or not.

"Can we go fishing when we finish picking up the old iron, Pa?" I asked.

"We'll go as soon as we get it all picked up and sold," he said. "If everybody'll pitch in and work hard, we'll finish in no time. We'll still have the better part of the day to fish in before your Ma gets back tonight."

We found three or four pieces of an old cookstove, and an old iron tire from a wagon wheel. We carried everything out into the yard and threw it in a pile beside the fence. After that we found a lot of pieces of old iron in the woodshed, and Handsome found an old washpot under the porch steps. Pa found a heavy iron wheel and dumped it on the pile. We worked away as hard as we could for almost an hour after that, turning over the trash pile, collecting all the old horseshoes Ida had worn out, and looking everywhere we could for things made of iron.

In the middle of the morning Pa stopped and looked at the pile we had collected.

"There ain't near as much old iron around the place as I estimated at the start," he said. "We'll be lucky if all the scrap in that pile weighs two or three hundred pounds. We need about a thousand pounds to bring us some real money. A thousand pounds would bring five dollars when we sold it to the man."

"Maybe it ain't worth the trouble fooling around with, Mr. Morris," Handsome said. "We still got plenty of time to go fishing, though."

"Shut up, Handsome," Pa said. "I've made up my mind to make some money selling the man scrap iron, and I'm going to do it. Now, shut up and look some more."

He sent us around to the front of the house to look again, and while we were gone he walked out the back gate into

the alley. Handsome and I had found some old rusty door hinges under the front porch, and we threw them on the pile.

While we were sitting down resting, my old man came staggering through the alley gate carrying a big load of iron. He had the handle from a pump, a couple of sadirons, an ax blade, an iron washpot, and a lot of other things. All the pieces looked a lot newer than the things we had found around our house, and the washpot was still warm from having had a fire under it. He threw the load on the pile and went right back through the alley gate again.

When he came back the next time, he was carrying more than ever. He was weighted down so much that his knees sagged when he walked, and it was all he could do to reach the fence and drop the load on the pile. In the second load he had brought a set of shiny monkey wrenches, a pair of fireplace tongs and a poker, a heavy iron skillet, and a lot of smaller things.

"I don't see how you can find all them things, Mr. Morris," Handsome said. "I done my best, but I couldn't find nothing like it."

Pa didn't say anything, but he wiped his face with his shirt sleeve.

"What are we going to do now, Pa?" I asked.

"Drive Ida and the cart around here, son," he said. "We'll load up and then I'll drive down and collect the money from the man. I figure we ought to have a thousand pounds or more. That'll bring in a lot of money I hadn't figured on before."

Handsome and I led Ida around to the pile of scrap iron, and all of us pitched in and loaded it into the cart. When we had finished, Pa got a drink from the water bucket and climbed in and picked up the reins.

"Is we still going fishing today, Mr. Morris?" Handsome said.

"I'll be back in no time," Pa said, slapping Ida on the back with the reins. "I'll be back as soon as I get the money from the man."

Handsome and I sat down on the steps and watched Pa drive off. We sat there a long time, and the sun climbed higher and higher. After a while Handsome went inside to look at the clock. The sun was directly overhead by then.

WE WAITED another hour, and then I saw Ida's big ears bobbing up and down over the garden fence. We jumped up and ran out to meet my old man. He slapped Ida with the reins and turned into the yard.

"Is we ready to go fishing now, Mr. Morris?" Handsome said. "If we don't hurry and get to the creek, all the fish will stop biting for the rest of the day."

Pa climbed out, holding a brand-new pair of knee-length rubber boots. He put them on the ground while we looked at them.

"When I collected the four dollars for the scrap iron from the man," Pa said, standing back and looking at the rubber boots, "the first thing I thought of was this pair of boots in Frank Dunn's store. I've sure been needing them for a long time. I don't see how I managed to get along without them up to now."

"What is you going to do with them, Mr. Morris?" Handsome asked.

"Wear them like they was meant to be," Pa said.

"I ain't never seen it get muddy enough around here in this sandy country to need knee-high rubber boots," Handsome said.

"That's because you never took the trouble to notice how damp it gets sometimes when it rains," Pa said.

"Maybe so," Handsome said, "but it always manages to dry up half an hour afterward, and it would take that much

(Continued on page 45)

all over when he came hurrying Ida. Mr. Morris said we're Handsome said. "I've go fishing for a good

and went behind the earth was damp in the cherry tree. He started fishing worms right away. a tomato can full of as hitching Ida to the limit in and sat down to a tget back. He wasn't but he was hurrying I seen him walk in a He is almost running. rus up to the cart and

I was about to hand him the reins when he took Ida by the bridle and led her to a fence post. He tied her up in a hurry. "What's the matter, Pa?" I asked.

"Never mind about going fishing now," he said. "Fishing can wait. We've got to get busy doing something else right away."

"Why, Pa?" I asked. "Why can't we go fishing?"

"Mr. Morris," Handsome said, standing up in the cart, "I done dug a heaping-big can full of the biggest fishing worms you ever saw. They'll be a big loss if we don't go on down to the creek and use them. They're mighty fine worms, Mr. Morris."

My old man started off toward the

Collier's selected Charles E. Kerlee to take pictures of the United States Army Air Forces Ferrying Command in action. Mr. Kerlee flew across the continent in a bomber. Army regulations forbid naming the various points at which these photos were taken

Air Line to Everywhere

By Denver Lindley

The success story of the United States Army Air Forces Ferrying Command rests on a simple formula—plenty of money and plenty of brains. Just watch how it works



Three men of the AFFC going aboard a new B-24D bomber, with photographer Charles Kerlee. Left to right: Lt. Robert Neeld, copilot; Kerlee; Lt. Paul Herbert, pilot; and Pvt. Americo Procopio, engineer



The B-24D's crew (Procopio, Herbert, Neeld) consume milk and sandwiches during flight



All set for the take-off. AFFC pilots are ready to start on its flight this B-24D, named the Colin Kelly Ship

Expert airplane mechanics work repairs needed by the B-24D's

At a Western airport, the Colin Kelly Ship (second from right), in company with some of our Army's latest and most formidable warplanes, including North American's B-25C, Vultee's P-66, Douglas' A-20 and others



IN GETTING planes into India, we take account of the weather and the landing fields open to us at the time of the flight. If there are difficulties in one direction, we fly the ships around the world the other way."

This casual statement of routine was made at the headquarters of the United States Army Air Forces Ferrying Command in Washington—which is also the headquarters of the biggest air line in the world. Before any word of its accomplishments reached the public it had done things that, a few months ago, would have made headlines everywhere. Those achievements are now part of everyday operations. The Ferrying Command is the delivery department for the whole Air Forces. Combat units flying over its routes are under its jurisdiction. In addition, it has the job of delivering planes to the various Lend-Lease nations.

For this immense task, control of officers are necessary everywhere. The Ferrying Command has them—by the hundreds, in training and on post. Knowledge of routes, minute and far-flung organization, pilots, mechanics, navigators, equipment—all these are needed. It has them, too. But a system of this sort cannot be improvised overnight. Nor was this one. The fact that it is operating now with astonishing speed and efficiency all over the world is the direct result of the Lend-Lease bill—perhaps the only instance in which Lend-Lease has been of direct and immediate benefit to us.

The Ferrying Command came into existence suddenly, as the result of an order signed by the President on May 29, 1941, instructing the Air Forces to deliver all aircraft to the British with "the greatest possible speed." Within five days this command, under the direction of Colonel Robert Olds (now Brigadier General Olds), was placed on a war footing and was actually delivering planes.

Behind this bit of record-breaking action was the close teamwork of several men. Impelled by the impetus of the President's order, Harry Hopkins, director of Lend-Lease, co-ordinated the measure; Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, championed the cause through the Air Forces; and General Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, gave his support. From the first, General Arnold has enthusiastically sponsored the Air Forces Ferrying Command, seeing in it, first of all, a means of accomplishing the mission which the President directed and, secondly, an opportunity of giving experience in handling the latest types of aircraft to the war, were being assigned in rotation to the AFFC. Thus, not by the prompt and purposeful effort of various minds working together, the AFFC came into being.

Before its creation, deliveries to the British, under cash contracts, had been made by civilian fliers—and this system proved both expensive and slow. The Ferrying Command almost immediately reduced by about two thirds the time taken for delivery.

It started out with the huge advance of having plenty of money—from Lend-Lease funds. Hence the need for appropriations was done away with the necessity for co-ordinating other branches of the Air Force, entailing problems of budget. The need was discarded by the bale. It went overboard with an auctioneer's hammer.

Colonel Olds decided that he would use Greyhound busses, there were

sounds of consternation in Washington: the Air Forces had never purchased anything more elaborate than a light station wagon for ground transportation. Colonel Olds had the money and he got the busses. Later, when he required the services of civilians who could not pass the Army physical examination, he was able to hire them too—regulations or no regulations. He wanted a 4-engine school; it was established—near Albuquerque, New Mexico. He had more than money; he had carte blanche.

And so the Ferrying Command took shape in record time. Experienced cross-country fliers (all Army men) flew the first planes from the West Coast to Montreal. Soon, youngsters just out of the Flying Cadet schools were following the routes the veterans had opened up. The commercial air lines, giving complete co-operation, flew the crews back the minute delivery was completed. (Some pilots crossed the continent six times in a month—and thought nothing of it.) In Washington, a constant check was kept on every plane from before the time of completion at the factory until it was turned over to the British in Canada.

Let's follow one of these planes across the continent. It's a B-24D just coming off the assembly line at the factory. There are 200 inspectors on the payroll here and they have been busy checking the ship at every stage. Now the final tests are made by the flight inspector, the compass is oriented and the plane is taken up for a trial flight. The factory crew then flies her to the nearest "reception point" (this is always close to the factory) and there she is turned over to the Ferrying Command.

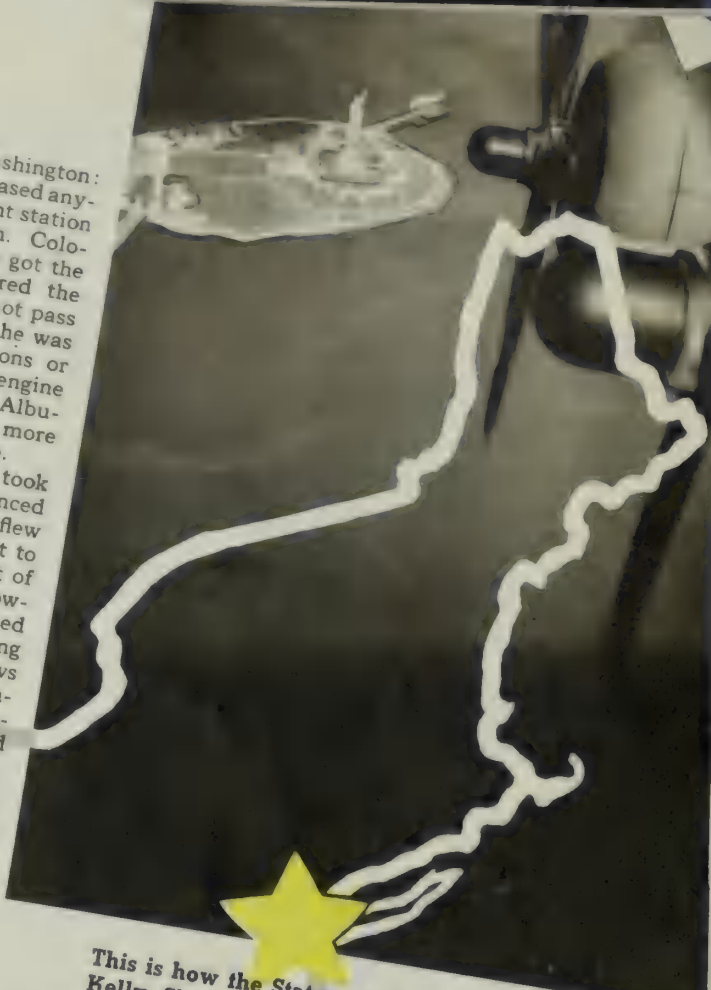
All Set to Start

While mechanics are going over her from stem to stern, checking everything, installing radio and seat belts, filling her up with gas and oil, the crew of five (since this is a four-engine bomber—intermediate bombers carry only three men) have packed their duffel bags and are ready to start. At this moment, in the operations room in Washington, a blue marker appears on a huge wall map. This map is crossed by black tapes indicating the secret routes of the Ferrying Command. The blue marker shows that a B-24D is on its way; if it were a Douglas DB-7, the marker would be red, and so on for the other types. By glancing at the map you can tell instantly what planes are in process of delivery and whether they are in flight or on the ground.

Planes are moved, so far as possible, only in the daytime and only when the weather is good, due to radio technicalities and for the sake of safety to other air traffic. The bomber we are following will land at Wayne County Airport close to Detroit. This is an "intermediate point." There the ship is equipped with the instruments that are not immediately necessary for flight. In this way, time is saved; the equipment does not have to be shipped to the Coast.

The next stop is Montreal, but long before the blue marker on the wall map in Washington reaches there, officials are checking with the air lines for a turn passage for the crew. Within a minute after the ship has landed, she is in the hands of the British, and within an hour, usually, the American crew is being flown back.

This is the basic routine for which the Ferrying Command was organized. Variations soon extended its routes to other points all over the country and, (Continued on page 54)



This is how the Statue of Liberty looked from the Colin Kelly Ship as the B-24D dipped its wings in salute



At the end of the trip Lt. Herbert turns over the papers for the B-24D to Engineer Hobart Beals, of American Air Lines

Back to the West Coast, by commercial air liner, Lt. Herbert is first to disembark, followed by Lt. Neeld and Pvt. Procopio



More Meat per Acre

By L. O. Brackeen

Fish planted in lakes have been disappointingly undersized. Now it proves to be all a matter of feeding. With proper fertilization of ponds we can produce loads of real whoppers

ONE day in May, 1933, a disgusted fisherman named M. J. Funchess grew tired of pulling minnows from an Alabama lake, hurled his rod into the water and swore that something had to be done about making fish bigger and better.

Luckily Mr. Funchess was in a position to do something: He was director of the Alabama Experiment Station and dean of the College of Agriculture of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, at Auburn. He called in H. S. Swingle and Dr. E. V. Smith, two of his research experts, and asked them to find out why Alabama's fish were so puny. Swingle and Smith went to work and in six weeks found out that farmers and fishermen all over the country were complaining that fish planted in ponds and lakes just wouldn't grow up into the traditional whoppers of boyhood days.

So the researchers set themselves the job of finding out why. It turned out to be a matter of food—most of the ponds and lakes didn't produce enough to go around. Other facts turned up—some of them surprising. For instance, properly stocked and fertilized ponds and lakes will produce more meat per acre than land will. A good pond of ten acres will produce twice as many pounds of fish as ten acres of good pasture land will of meat. Ten acres of good pond will make six hundred pounds of edible fish; ten acres of meadow will produce only half that amount of beef.

Many ponds are overstocked and contain insufficient food for fish to grow to legal size. Poor fishing is often caused by too many small fish. The only practical and economical way yet found to increase fish production is to increase the food supply. This has been done by fertilizing the ponds like fertilizing cotton fields. Home-mixed fertilizers containing 40 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 60 pounds of 16 per cent superphosphate, 5 pounds muriate of potash and 15 pounds of ground limestone are applied per acre of water ten to fifteen times during the spring and summer months. Where commercially mixed fertilizers are used similar results are obtained by using 100 pounds of 6-8-4 plus 10 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre at each application. The fertilizer makes microscopic plants grow. These plants attract insects which are eaten by the fish.

The fish culturists have found that fish in ponds surrounded by fields of crops and pastures reap considerable benefit from fertilizer leaching out of the soil and draining into the ponds. Pond construction and fish culture are providing water for livestock and are encouraging recreational activities, especially swimming and boating.

Most fish are very prolific, so stocking ponds with a few large brood fish results in overstocking as soon as the fish spawn. Experiments indicate that, un-

der favorable conditions, one pair of bream will stock about five acres of water, one pair of crappie about seven acres and one pair of catfish about four acres.

It has been found best to construct ponds on small streams or so they will catch runoff water from terraces in near-by fields. When constructed on large streams the ponds frequently are flooded with muddy water which makes poor fishing and carries away much fertilizer and fish food. Where ponds are constructed on large streams it is best to detour the flood water around them.

During their seven years of experimental work with fish the Alabama fish culturists have found that farmers and sportsmen can breed and produce goldfish in small fertilized ponds, and worms in washtubs, old oil drums or abandoned bathtubs and other watertight containers.

For example, Dean Funchess produces goldfish by placing about ten brood minnows in each small fertilized pond and then transferring the goldfish to small ponds in his backyard.

Fish pond construction, fertilization and management are becoming popular with civic groups, sportsmen and farmers throughout Alabama. For the past several years members of the Auburn Outing Club have owned and managed a twelve-acre pond. Before the pond was fertilized the members caught 1,580 bream and 1,506 catfish in five years. After it was fertilized they have been catching an average of 2,000 bream and 1,750 catfish annually. This means that they are now catching more fish in one year than they had been in five years before the pond was fertilized. Similar ponds are being operated by clubs in Anniston, Montgomery, Selma, Enterprise and other Alabama towns.

Before the Selma pond was fertilized it was clogged with underwater lilies, which made fishing difficult. After the pond was fertilized the algae (microscopic plants) shaded out the lilies. Today the pond provides excellent fishing. Similar results have been obtained in other ponds. The culturists are not yet ready to name the underwater plants algae will shade out. They know it will kill several of those growing in the South.

Fish culture is spreading into the rural areas of Alabama. In Lowndes County more than 300 ponds have been constructed, fertilized, stocked and managed during the past few years. These ponds are now being used for fishing, swimming and boating and for supplying water for beef and dairy cattle.

Instructions for building these ponds are furnished by the Alabama Experiment Station and fish for stocking them are furnished by state and federal fish hatcheries. Pond construction is being encouraged throughout the state by county agents of the Extension Service. The state health department used a permit-and-inspection system that prevents pond construction and impounded water from becoming a health menace.

Today Dean Funchess is not complaining about catching small fish but enthusiastically tells his friends about the excellent fishing he enjoys. He predicts that in the future, fish production will be a big and profitable industry on American farms, with fish playing a most important part in the diet of rural people.

★★★



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN

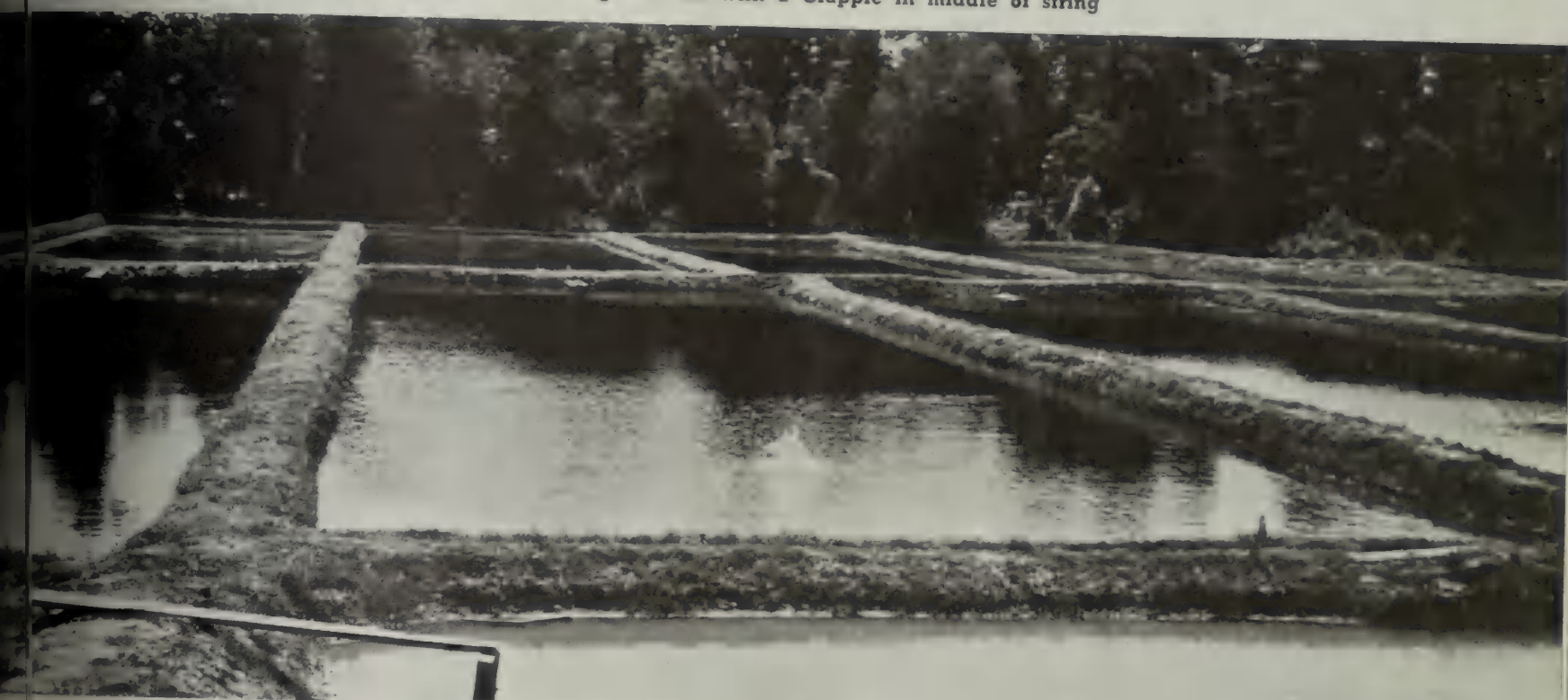
Samples of water are taken from each pond daily for testing. The water is analyzed for carbon dioxide and for the amount of vegetable matter.



Bluegill Bream, about 18 months old. The larger one is from a fertilized pond, while the smaller is from a pond that had been overstocked.



Fish Culturist H. S. Swingle, pioneer experimenter with fertilizer in fish ponds, exhibits Bluegill Bream with a Crappie in middle of string



Due to reflected light from the sky, the true greenish color of the water, so important a factor, is not apparent in these artificial ponds



In small ponds, fertilizer is strewn by hand. John Henry Oglefree, pond laborer, is shown doing his stuff. In small lakes, outboards are used



The others were coming after him and he could see some of the trucks burning and small figures at the side of the road

FLIGHT TO THE SUN

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN QUAYLE, a young British flight lieutenant, and his associates in 80 Squadron—an experienced fighter unit under the command of Squadron Leader Hickey—leave Cairo and go to an airdrome near Athens. The “valorous” Italians are attacking Greece, in the air, and it is up to “80” to do what it can to smear them in the air.

The squadron goes into action; with the greatest ease, it sends down two enemy planes in flames. Then Quayle, in Athens, meets an American war correspondent—Will Lawson—who introduces him to a fine Greek family: Stangou, a liberal newspaperman (who has been in trouble with the authorities); his wife; his son, Astaries; and his daughter, Helen.

Helen Stangou is a lovely dark-haired girl. Quayle is instantly attracted to her. When she leaves the house, to send a telephone message, Quayle accompanies her. He questions her—learns that she is a university student; that she helps in a first-aid post in Athens; that in a short time she is going to Ioannina, near the front. Liking her, finding her a delightful companion, he asks her if he can see her again. And she invites him to lunch with her at her home on the following day.

But Quayle does not keep the date. Instead, he remains at the airdrome—Italian planes are active, and he may be needed at any moment. Late the next night he and his associates are ordered to report to headquarters. They obey orders, and the wing commander informs them that the squadron is to be sent to Larissa, near

the front. It will be outnumbered about ten to one, the wing commander says, but it must do what it can. . . .

Among Quayle's friends in the squadron are: Gorell, Tap, Finn, John Hersey, Vain (a young Australian—and, like all Australians, a great fighting man), Stewart, Constance, South, Brewer and Richardson. Like Quayle and Hickey, all are brilliant fliers; all are fearless, ready for anything that may happen. . . .

In Athens—where several of the members of the squadron are preparing to go to bed—Tap (one of the liveliest of the group) suddenly speaks up. “Any gals in Larissa?” he queries, as, seated on his bed, he flips the leaves of a book about insects! “Sure,” someone says, “but they’ve got a wall around them.”

Tap grins. “A detail,” he says, “a detail.” Quayle climbs into his bed. When he goes to sleep, Tap is still reading—about insects.

II

RUTGER, one of the ground crew who drove the station wagon, woke Quayle next morning.

“It’s five-thirty, Mr. Quayle,” he said, and Quayle was half-conscious of having to do something and then realized what it was.

“What sort of day is it?”

“It’s raining cats and dogs.”

“Did you bring the weather report?”

“Yes.” Rutger gave Quayle a slip of paper. It said: Cloud on Athens ten tenths, visibility nil, wind 40 m.p.h. at 5,000 feet, storm center moving east across Pindus from Missolonghi. It might pass over by midday.

Quayle went to headquarters to see the wing commander. It was too dangerous to phone him. The wing commander said to call it off for a day but to make it an hour earlier the next morning, so there would be more chance of good weather. They had to get there for certain tomorrow.

So Quayle went out to see Helen Stangou.

She was sitting at a table rolling bandages with a small wooden machine. When he came in she stood up and smiled. She was dressed in a pale yellow coverall, and her long hair was serrat against it on her shoulders. She was firm-cheeked when she smiled and her forehead was tight. Her eyes were low and dark, and their shape was made clear by her face’s proportion.

She said, “It is you. Come in.”

Quayle said, “I’m wet; drip. I couldn’t get here y sorry.”

She said, “Yes. I knew

He stood there with w

damp greatcoat dropping

She said, “I cannot go o

He interrupted her: “I

like to see you tonight.”

“It is difficult.” She spo

so the other girls could no

“It may not be possible

a while. I’d like to see yo

“I will be here late. Ca

home?” she said.

“Yes, I think so. Wha

“Ten o’clock. Will you

the university?”

“All right,” he said.

hand with firmness. She

went out.

JOHN QUAYLE went at

the university steps at

Helen. It had stopped rain

was high and light. He l

be fine tomorrow. He di

(Continued on pa

e, young and broke and the new baby, decided to run ss. And he made it, thanks pful friends—and his wife

ORE was born twenty years too soon. I have been a perfect specimen for the boys. As a result of being deprived of being rehabilitated, he went to

ive Gore, of the Fourth Tennessee ical hornet who stings, not often, but he idea of going to Congress one Sat- a when he rode a mule from his home low to Carthage, carrying a sack of e for a sack of meal, less the miller's

int of vantage atop the sack of corn, Cordell Hull, the congressman, sur- ks, magazines and papers, in the gar- rick colonial home, overlooking the he Cumberland River.

ctry lad who had fought a contrary d the rocky, unproductive Cumber- des, with only the privilege of going day for recreation, could appreciate een a mountain farmer and a con- as noised around that the congress- bulous wages and, whether he worked or sat in the shade of a tree at home, from the government every month. ided to be a congressman.

plan to be one. It was a long wait, hile he waited. Each year found him or the inevitable free-for-all when a ou occur.

as, course, no disloyalty to "the judge." as long as he wanted it. Anyone so to challenge his title would have the district. Young Gore's ambition he belief that the judge was destined him, and soon thereafter Judge Hull was the enate and within a few months be- of State.

at a member of the House by reap- t. The legislature redistricted the state so unty of the incumbent Fifth District ma in the Fifth, and the counties tresh lay were in the Fourth. So Albert ed's residence to the Fourth and an- e candidacy.

ex Hats in the Ring

it o air play is strong among mountain- ey cted him. A rule of the mountains hit man unless you knock him down. the ngressman announced for governor. ng the congressman's discarded job ts—ung Gore's among them.

ntate Gore's success is not a story of nius (it is not luck, accident or fate. He himf. He comes from a hardy, coura- from the country's last frontier of Anglo- k. The mountain people are honest by and hrewd by necessity. Dishonesty is ed. o mountaineer has a lock on his e or scrib. But he insists upon the right e and resents government interference. e not ch, by accepted standards. Neither eor, b their own. According to dietitians ard oliving is subnormal. But they are ith their food, and the dietitians do not it.

entati Gore is a member of the Mission- t Chh, the conservative branch, with famil has long been identified. Church is an important political asset, and Repre- Gore's affiliation has done him no harm. tained reserve the right to worship God ase, al as loudly as they please.

ountain- er is a generous host. The stranger e, if hean prove he is not snooping for the t. Relatives descend upon him for visits and sometimes forget to go home. Popu- measur by the number of unexpected o arri for Sunday dinner, assured of a elcome and boundless hospitality. The er hat, rattlesnakes, "revenooers," and kers, al, except for an occasional feud to monoy, is generally at peace with the hateve he possesses came the hard way.



The Pride of Possum Hollow

By George Morris

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

He would be suspicious of anything that came any other way.

A product of that environment, Albert Gore knew that if he was going to Congress—as he had decided—he would work his way and not hitch-hike. He had no rich or influential relatives.

Completing whatever course it was the one-room log schoolhouse in Possum Hollow had to offer, he graduated from the Gordonsville High School. Next, he decided that the job of county superintendent of education would be a step toward Congress. To be county superintendent required a college degree. He entered State Teachers College at Murfreesboro at the beginning of the spring term. Thereafter until graduation he matriculated only for the spring term. The session ended in time to assist with late spring and summer plowing. He helped gather crops in the fall. He never attended college a full year.

After graduating he alternated between farming and teaching country schools. He was farming when word came that the vacancy he had waited for had occurred in the office of county superintendent of education. He "took out" his team, went to town, entered the race, and was elected.

His rule was never to turn down an invitation to make a speech. "No matter how poor," he says, "somebody will think it good." He spoke at picnics, clubs, barbecues and dedications. No school was too small or too remote for him to accept an invitation to address the graduating class.

Relaxing with his little daughter Nancy always proves a mental tonic when Congressman Gore fires of national problems

In 1934, he managed the primary campaign for an unsuccessful candidate for senator. Following the custom of placating the opposition, Gore was appointed chairman of the speakers' bureau for the Democratic nominees. With consideration and foresight, he was especially partial to the congressman from his district. He was billed to speak in the cities and larger towns of the state, where, Gore explained, he would have access to newspapers, radio and larger audiences. The congressman was not scheduled to speak in his own district. Gore accepted those engagements, and began to be "mentioned" for Congress.

After the 1936 election he was appointed State Commissioner of Labor, a position traditionally claimed by a representative of labor. He overcame vigorous objection by setting up a model unemployment-compensation plan. States failing to measure up to standard were advised by the government to study the Tennessee plan.

Shortly after accepting the state job and going to Nashville, he married Miss Pauline LaFon of Union City, Tennessee, a charming and ambitious girl.

While Superintendent of (Continued on page 44)



Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN his mother kills herself, in her deep Southern home, Duff Webster leaves his shiftless father (once a noted dog trainer) and takes to the road. For a time he almost starves. Fortunately, he encounters a runaway dog ("Judas"), captures him and takes him to the owner—testy old Amos Hawthorne, whose granddaughter, Lucie Sullivan, befriends him, gives him a job at Hawthorne's kennels, near the town of Tafton, Alabama.

Lucie is an attractive girl; Duff is an attractive boy. Within a short time they are in love. Hawthorne, however, regards young Webster as a lazy ne'er-do-well; he orders Lucie to have nothing to do with him. An independent person, Lucie ignores the order; whereupon, Delia Phillips—a Circe who takes what she wants (and she wants Duff)—inadvertently informs the old man that Lucie is disobeying him.

Hawthorne is bedridden, blind. He induces Duff to come to his room, where he tries to

shoot the boy. Duff escapes with his life. But the situation so created is full of peril. And Duff—feeling sure Lucie does not really love him—turns to Delia.

Unable to stand the shock of the death of a dog he loves, old Hawthorne dies. . . . Meanwhile, Duff has gone to work as kennel manager for a man named James Lampley—a dog breeder and plantation owner . . . and presently marries Delia. Shortly after his marriage, Duff is sent to Saskatchewan, Canada, where he takes charge of a training camp for dogs.

The camp—an old farm far out in the country—bores Delia; she and Duff have frequent quarrels. . . . Duff has one favorite dog: Judas. Hawthorne had always regarded the dog (a pointer) as too savage and ill-tempered to be trained; he had given him to Duff. Now, having worked over Judas for months, Duff takes him out for a trial. For a time, the dog is rebellious—he flushes four prairie chickens, excitedly. Then, scenting a fifth bird, he half squats and freezes into a beautiful point. "Hand me my gun," Duff says to his assistant.

Duff hit the ground running. "Wesley!" he shouted. Then, on the edge of smoke in the door staggered a man dragging a dying dog by the

VI

WITH the .410 gun, Duff walked stealthily toward the motionless dog, saying warningly, "Who-a-ap, now . . ." and sliding the tight check cord through his left hand. Judas stirred slightly, and Duff put a little more pressure on the line as a reminder.

Then, for the first time, a man stood beside a Judas point. Duff's left hand touched him, and slowly stroked him from his neck to the tip of his tail to quiet his nerves. The dog stiffened in anger under his touch but held the point.

Carefully Duff unbuckled the muzzle on Judas and slipped it off. He took one step ahead of the dog, and a prairie chicken jumped from concealment into the air, wings drumming. Judas sprang after it.

The gun went to Duff's shoulder and fired, and the chicken tumbled over into a buckbrush clump. Judas was upon it in one bound. Duff let him mouth the

bird for a few moments then he

him away. "See dere?" Wesley id to. "Ain't it a whole heap er to get chickens when you bet e yo see let Mr. Duff shoot 'em, a to run feet off up to de elbow ying to 'em? You sholy ought ee dat, 'did." got half de sense yo' da see da ley turned to Duff. "Y in his eye? Like he say s to see Lawd's sake! Now I be s to see all dis-here running a yelling about, all dis time, Y sir. Mr we is put some numb in dat head dis day."

Afterward they ran r. Lam brace of two-year-old ters. them, Tequila, a hot- oded a standing twenty-two hes a shoulders with flaring ri and a t tail and a liver head b ed whi tween the eyes, was at most e 38)

(Continued on

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With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 22

think about it because he did not want to leave Athens . . .

"It is you," Helen touched his arm as he watched a car slipping on the road.

"Hullo," he said.

"We will walk down here to a bus stop," Helen took his arm.

He said, "No, we'll get a taxi."

"Soldiers cannot afford taxis," she said with some gaiety.

"I am a flight lieutenant and I'm not married. I can afford it all right."

"How big is a flight lieutenant?" she asked him.

"The same as a captain in the army."

"You have enough money?"

"Yes."

"As you wish, then. But be careful how you talk in the taxi."

They walked along easily in the wet darkness and felt the cold reflection of water from the leaves of the trees and the concrete road. They found a ramshackle taxi. Helen told the driver in Greek where to go and he hit his meter with a small hammer and started. They went through the dim white and black wet streets to the Kephissia road, and Quayle could see the Pentelikon Mountains dark and above sight, stretching before them as if they were driving right into them.

HE PUT his arm around Helen's shoulders and grasped her wrist with the other hand.

"Not here, please," she said softly.

Quayle took his arm away. "Am I poaching on Lawson's territory?" he asked quietly.

"Do not talk." She took a firm grasp of his arm but kept away and sat silent while the bulk movement of the old taxi fell over the surfaced road in jolts. She stopped the taxi long before they were at her home and they got out. Quayle paid the driver when she motioned him to do so. When he had gone she said, "We can get you another to go home. We will walk. It is not safe for taxi drivers to know what you do."

As they walked along the muddy earth path Quayle put his arm in hers. She took his hand and both were warm.

"When will you have a chance to see me again?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes," she said. "But if you can't tell me, it does not matter. It is better you do not tell me in that case."

"I just want to make sure I'll know where you are," John Quayle said to her.

"If you write to me at the Red Cross. Someone will write in Greek for you."

"But you are going away. When are you going anyway?"

"I think next week," she said.

"And what about this new place? Can I get you there?"

"At Ioannina? Yes. Do not forget Ioannina. Ioannina."

"I won't forget," he said.

John Quayle stopped her by pulling her arm. Then he pulled her firmly around to him and kissed her full on the mouth. She did not hold back. Her mouth was closed tight and was very warm. He couldn't feel himself any more. He could only feel heat in his head, and even warmth spread from her all over him.

When Quayle took himself away they turned around and walked on slowly. He did not say anything. He did not say anything because he knew it would be clumsy and he felt again that he didn't want to be clumsy with this girl.

"It is foolish," she said as they walked.

"Nothing is foolish," he said.

"You go away. I will go away. And we do this now," she said.

"Nothing is foolish. We will see each other." He didn't want to talk.

"I am not worried like that. I have concern because we start something that cannot go further."

"Why not?" Quayle tried to stop again but she walked on.

"Because it is too difficult," she said.

"And because you will go away."

"I'll be back," he said.

"No. I mean you leave Greece."

She was not hysterical and was behaving very calmly. He wanted her to be weaker in her reactions.

Quayle stopped her again and this time he could feel her lips beating like a tight blood pulse. He could feel her arm with flesh warmth around his shoulder and he was excited and kissed her harder, then very softly. Her lips were tight but very warm and full and soft, and her hand was warm on the back of his neck. She drew away.

"It is bad if we cannot do this for a

Below, there were great colors as mountains rose and valleys fell and kept falling until they had the mountains tied up. There was a low cloud hiding the peaks and, beneath them, the shadow of green timber that rolled heavily over the mountains and made more great colors. It was very fine from here at twelve thousand. But some day, Quayle was thinking, he would like to come back and see it from below—or see any of the country from below—and get back his normal sense of distance and time between places. But this particularly would be country to go over on foot.

AFTER the war it would be swell . . . after the war . . . He tried to veer off any thinking about after the war. He was looking at the instrument panel to confuse the thought about after the war, but it was there . . . after the war.

What would Gorell or Vain or Tap or Richardson or Stewart, Constance,

if he survives this, Quayle. He will grow into a large, thoroughly honest and complicated thought—so Vain, only Vain was A more real.

Vain was conscious of around him and he reacted circumstances. Vain was angular face, very quick, accent seemed like cockney. Vain had been indignant said that once. He was y he seemed to have had a p ground; he was always tall sheep station he was br What had got him into tralia must be a place like be a place to see after the

And tall Richardson, w hair, rather cynical and a with Tap because he too ously, and Tap didn't. H headed and was always g because he was reliable. before the war? He neve it, and Quayle suddenly not talking about it. This rate life and had nothing t life before the war.

ALSO Brewer. He never what he did, either. gangling, easygoing Brew take more notice of Brew thinking. I should take n them all. I always think stage, when I'm up here. through when I get down straint is good in this bu essential. But you ought t more, Quayle. South, for anyone ever notice South dium-faced boy. He's alw he never says a thing. H sonality—or not enough.

If he had something o sense of humor. That h the day Constance had cl the Gladiator and he had ing so much he couldn't te it. Finally he said that leaning forward to see a 42 had slipped and his knee the stick. Constance ha there he was upside d knowing where he was. dentally pushed the gun pulled the stick over and Tap's tail off, and every highly about it—except So

Old Hickey had been lik in the old days too, but quieter as the squadron g the new ones came in. He and Hickey and Quayle the foundation members c ron. All the others seem tive strangers. Hersey w He was appropriately Quayle remembered the had got excited in a bon Fuka and nearly pulled off to get him on top of the to watch the bombing.

The two others were Finn Finn was very blond, like is like Lawson to look at with Stewart, Quayle thou is dark and medium and gether. They usually go own. They are both very "John," he suddenly he called, "I'm getting sick ba we get up a bit?" It was realized how bumpy it was high clouds ahead. The 13,000 feet.

"How about going up?" "Up to fifteen then," Qu "But come in, Tap." Quay



"I'm waiting for an empty space to come along"

TONY BARLOW

long time yet." She was still speaking calmly.

"You will forget?" he said.

"Perhaps . . . but I know it is bad for a long time to pass."

"It may not be. Please . . . it may not be."

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know."

They were near the entrance to her home. "Do not come farther," she said, as they came to the gate.

"Just as you say."

John Quayle kissed her once and she touched the side of his head with great tenderness. Then he swung around and walked away wondering how he would get home because she had forgotten to get another taxi for him.

IT WAS fine the next day. The flight took off before dawn and climbed to get over Parnes. It was bumpy from the start, and John Quayle kept climbing to get above the weather, but at twelve thousand it was still rough with a twenty-mile-per-hour headwind, and it was hard on gasoline.

South, any of them, do after the war? What were they doing before the war? He didn't know. He didn't know because he didn't ask them, because he had a rough idea that would give them liberty to ask him questions, and he did not want that. Why? What if they did ask? What would he say? He was at London University, being an engineering student; that was all right. But what had it to do with any one of them? Take Tap. Quayle knew what he had been doing before the war. He had been sitting around in London spending his money because he had plenty of it. He had seen Tap's name in the papers but was surprised the first time Tap had come to the squadron, and he had taught Tap a few extra Gladiator maneuvers.

And Gorell. When the war started, Gorell must have been very young, maybe eighteen. He had been at King William's College after Quayle had left. Quayle must have been there the same time as young Gorell but he couldn't remember the simple face, the clean teeth, the wavy hair. He will be all right

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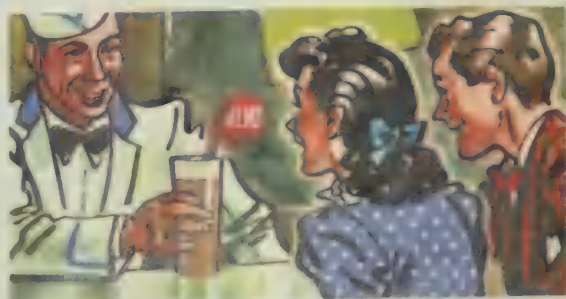


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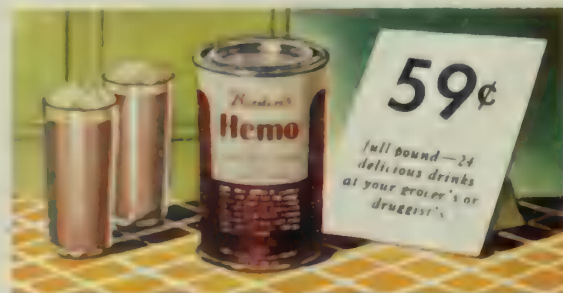
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ing the time they had been out for their position. They were over the last range and could start coming down in half an hour.

"We'll be going down in half an hour, Tap. So we might as well stay around here," Quayle said into his mouthpiece.

There was solid cloud beneath now, too solid to break into. He was trying to contact Larissa.

Quayle kept the flight up. They cruised around over the clouds for half an hour but there was no break. He told the flight to keep in close and not lose sight of him. Quayle cut the mixture and nosed down easily into the cloud. It was thick and white and as the flight came down in wide sweeps like a mountain road, the cloud didn't show any break.

THE flight was close behind and kept there until they were at six thousand. It got too thick in one place. A down-draft hit Quayle and he lost five hundred feet. He could see two Gladiators still behind him but the other two were missing. Vain and Richardson were not around. At two thousand, the cloud broke up and Quayle was under it. He looked around for the others. Visibility was poor. He banked and swept around toward the airdrome. He could see a white mist outline of the town below.

"There they are," he heard Tap say. "They can see us, I think."

John Quayle came in a wide circle and met them. He found the airdrome easily then, and the flight landed in formation over the wet heavy mud.

In Larissa township, Hickey had found an old house that was empty. Quayle, Vain, Tap and Richardson and young Gorell all took fiber suitcases and kitbags which they carried in the Gladiators. Hickey had a large car that he had got from the Greek general staff at the Larissa garrison. They went the two miles into town. The house was bare and wet. It was depressing because it was a house and it was so wet. It was all right for it to be wet outside, but being damp and cold inside a house like this one was very depressing.

Hickey said the Bombay transport would probably not come up that day because of the weather, and they

wouldn't get their bed rolls. They try to get a better place, but the element came up.

Richardson, Vain, Gorell, Quayle went into a restaurant that was dismal from the outside and painted wooden shutters.

lit by bare electric globes, marbled tables were under the dirty wooden floor. They sat at a table and a wide-headed waiter came up. He was dressed in a white uniform, but they didn't know

Then the waiter disappeared and smiling to them back with five small glasses of waterlike liquid in them. Before Quayle and the others his head quickly and said to Greek. John Quayle picked up and smelled it. It had a liquid

"Uzo . . . Uzo . . ." the Greek waiter said.

"All right," Vain, the Australian, said. "We'll drink." He lifted his glass.

They all lifted their glasses to the whole room and then to said "Your health," and drank.

"Ouch!" Tap said. It was strong.

The drink tasted of anise. The Greek waiter brought a bottle of the glasses. Then he brought cups of Turkish coffee.

again. The liquor spread inside. A priest came in and walked to Quayle and the others.

had long hair, long beards, robes with a square-topped

"Messieurs," he said.

"Monseigneur," Quayle said.

The priest said no more and called for another bottle of drink. He got a glass for each of them and kept filling their glasses as they drank.

Other Greeks in the room, clothed workers, and the priest's baggy pants and turned over. The flight wider and kept drinking, and the Greek priest came over and spoke to them on the back and spoke among themselves, during which

heard Inglis mentioned a Greek could feel himself getting better and happy. Vain was having a good time with the priest, drinking for glass with him, patting him back. There was a lot of

BUTCH

By Larry





"Best little tank trap I've seen"

FRANK BEAVEN

peasants and the workers. He gestured out of the place. drinking, and all the time were talking excitedly and members were passing re- themselves in English. The Greek who had been ges- the place came in and he with him. He was dressed suit with brown shoes and at. "Eng h?" the new Greek said.

ly. You fight. Ha! Welcome He turned to the others and Grk, then said to the flight, wonderful, boys. We saw you ne. Oh, my..."

They were talking to him and ed. They want me to say you ome here. At Larissa, they yo, and drink your health. do. Yes."

her were nodding and smiling ng air glasses. Vain got up ed them and raised his glass. he id.

g of the fliers utter the one ord which meant "Greece" and ain d learned at the Argen- the stand and stamp around and ey all drank.

Georgius. I'm Aussie... see." k h taken from his pocket a whi had "British Passport" on to, and "Commonwealth of" under the Australian coat- Everybody turned to Vain. an Australian. This was ter-

He your countryman," Tap ustran, see!" This was won- Grk countryman of Vain. roan because it was so good. heeh," Tap shouted and and tank quickly.

was quick talk in Greek again rgius said, "They want me to that u will save Greece. We and u in the air. They say hate the Italian Fascisti more do because we got some of it . as that's why we fight so they s to tell you that you will y Italian in the air and we will the eth."

hem at you are all the great- g land lighters and that we are ud t clean the air for you," id an nodded his head as told em in Greek in twice as gestures.

riest his glass and said d, "Ne" ry!" Gorgius said. was wonderful. They laughed

loudly and drank, because they had never drunk to victory before, and the Greeks took it so seriously that they laughed.

"Can we get something to eat here?" Vain asked Georgius. The priest was looking at Vain's Byronic features with obvious pleasure.

"No; but I show you a good place. I know a place."

"Ask them how much all this is," Vain said. He was delving into his pocket. Georgius asked the waiter in Greek but the others all spoke loudly at once and Georgius said, "They say it is not for you to pay anything. You are their guests. We are so happy you are here. You are our guests."

"Oh, no."

"They will be insulted," Georgius said. He rubbed his unshaven chin to emphasize the point. "Now come with me—I will show you where to eat." They stood up and the Greeks started shaking hands with them. They shook hands with all the Greeks and the Greeks clapped them on the back as they put their greatcoats on. Then they went out with Georgius, and the Greeks shouted "Zito Inglis" after them. They shouted "Zito Ellas" back to the Greeks as they walked across the square. It was only then that Quayle realized how drunk he was. His co-ordination was slow, and his reaction uncertain.

BY THE time they had eaten the thick Greek meal and found their way back to the bare house, Hickey had come back. Stewart, Constance, South, Brewer, Finn, and Anderson the doctor, all of whom had come up with Hickey in the first place, were at the house waiting for the others. They had shifted to the hotel they had found closed earlier. They had beds with mattresses but no linen because the proprietor had taken it all down to Athens when he had run away. So they all spent the night there.

They went to bed early because the drink, which Georgius told them was called *uzo*, started to react an hour after they had taken it and they were more drunk than ever. Hickey was not very pleased. They were all going on full patrol tomorrow because the Italians had started their expected bombing attack on the coast towns and roads. The Greeks were getting badly shot up and unless the squadron beat off the attacks the Greek army would probably fall back instead of going forward.

They were all very serious and aware of what they were doing the next day because they were self-conscious about being laid out by the white liquor. They

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Siegel



Butch: Yaah! And you said your old man was a hot pitcher. That fast one of his couldn't even bust a window.

Red: It could too! Guess Pop just didn't feel like throwing hard—that's all.



Pop: We-e-ll! Looks like I'm just getting too old for that sort of thing.

Wife: You and your long grey beard! All you need, Glenn Wiggins, is a little more—er—more *pep appeal*—that's all! You're not eating right. Probably the only thing wrong with you is that you aren't getting all your vitamins! And you're going to start in getting them—right this minute.



Wife: Can't have pep without vitamins, you know! And right in this crisp, crunchy cereal are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—B₁ and D! Yep—right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat!

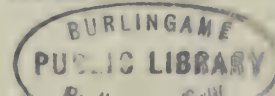
Pop: Say—all your talk, and you never once said how *good* PEP tastes! Golly, if getting the *rest* of my vitamins is as much fun as eating KELLOGG'S PEP, that young fellow, Butch, isn't even gonna *see* my fast one!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE



went out to the airdrome, and Hickey got the maps out of the cement hut, which was one half a Greek operations room. The maps of the area were too small-scaled. They were all the squadron could get unless they had Greek-named maps.

The area they were covering was directly west-southwest to the coast town of Arta, which was the port entry and west road route supplying the coastal front. This meant flying over the Pindus, the mountain range splitting Greece from north to south. They would patrol the road area between Arta and north to Ioannina, and between Ioannina and Metsavo, which was atop the Pindus. They had no weather reports. The clouds were about five thousand feet strato-cumulus over the airdrome, which could mean anything. Because the Pindus range was about eight thousand feet high, they would be fighting pretty near the peaks if they met anything over them.

They took off in threes. Hickey, Hersey, Quayle and Tap were leading the flights. They climbed rapidly to about a thousand feet to get safety, then pulled their formation to a stagger running right.

They climbed over the low range and got height, following the Penicos River that flooded the plain between Karditsa and Trikkala. They hoped to hit Arta about the same time that the large flights of Italian bombers had bombed it yesterday.

There was snow on the tips of the Pindus, and that made Quayle feel colder than he was. It was bumpy and he wondered if Tap was getting sick. Quayle had Gorell and Richardson tight behind him. Tap had Vain, the Australian, and young Finn.

WHEN they could see the Pindus from the west side it was getting time to climb. Hickey didn't like to use phones because any Italian planes near by might pick it up, and surprise was the best chance they had in a scrap. So they had to do some good formation flying to keep in close. But Hickey's flying was so perfect and so simple that he made it easier on the others.

The squadron got over Arta. They turned north and followed the river which flanked the winding road, and this was the bombing target for the Italians.

The flight was all looking around now, waiting for something to happen. They had opened up its formation for attack and were holding height at fifteen thousand feet. Quayle didn't like the idea of scrapping over this area because the peaks were too high and too sudden and topped with cloud. Hickey rocked his machine, and Quayle looked around and down.

Below, heading toward the squadron, was the biggest flight John Quayle had ever seen. They were strewn out for ten miles. There must have been a hundred and fifty planes.

Hickey dipped ■ wing and Quayle knew it was beginning. Hickey put his nose down and the others followed. John Quayle could see them disappearing from in front of him. When Richardson went down, Quayle followed. He could see nothing but Savoias and CR.42s, and he was thinking, "This is going to be miraculous!"

By the time his nose was down far enough, Quayle could see Hickey was going onto the bombers right through the fighters. The others were following. Tap and his flight had stayed up top to get the squadron out of trouble when they got into it. So there were nine of the squadron . . . nine against this flock!

And then Quayle passed the fighters. He was going a billion miles an hour. He passed between two CR.42s and saw

both the pilots turn their heads to look at him.

The sky was filled with 42s and he couldn't see ■ Gladiator anywhere, but two 42s were coming beam on at him and he could see another one diving on his tail. He pulled up quickly and there were inches between the two 42s as they passed under him. The other one was still on his tail. Quayle dived hard and pushed the throttle open and kept pushing it because he was crazy for speed to get away from the Italians. He didn't look around. He pulled the stick back and roared up in a loop, straightened out at the top of the loop, then dived.

HE PUSHED hard on the throttle again but it was wide open as he dived and he knew he would get the 42. It was Hickey-trained calculation and he came down right on the 42's tail. Quayle was less than fifty yards from the 42 when he straightened out and the 42 didn't know Quayle was there. Quayle had the Italian's head in the sights when he pushed frantically on the button, felt

Then Quayle pressured the right rudder and closed the throttle until his right wing stalled. He slipped in a falling leaf under the 42. He pushed the throttle wide open and pulled straining up and got the 42's belly in his sights and swore aloud as he pushed the gun button and knew for certain that he hit his mark. He nearly crashed into the 42 as he banked and winged over out of the way as it burst into flames and fell.

Then Quayle seemed alone.

Far to the right, the sky was filled with mixed-up planes and he could only see 42s until he noticed one Gladiator hurtling down on two 42s and saw the guns' red and yellow streak and the tracers cutting into the 42. The 42 hung, then fell over, but Quayle saw a Gladiator on the left losing height and it seemed to be in trouble.

It was then he saw the Gladiator go down in flames right past him. He could see the figure still in the cockpit but couldn't make out who it was; but he knew the flier was done for. He looked up and saw the 42 that had got the Gladi-

Quayle plugged in the the switch and said, "Tap

"Yes," Tap said. "Sa

shaky-do. Who was that

"I don't know," Quayle

They didn't say any mo

on back to Larissa. They

lessly when they were c

Tap came over the dross

slow aileron roll, and Qu

him with a snap roll, thou

and sick, and he knew Tap

couldn't see any Gladi

drome until he was comin

three at the end of the fie

Tap who was taxiing to th

est the Greek operations

pulled up at the other sid

and saw the big Bombay t

figures came across the

double, and Quayle saw t

and Rutger, the fitter a

They had come up in the

the flight were scrapping

"Who's back?" Quayle

"Mr. Hersey, Mr. Finch

ardson and Mr. Stewart,

said.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Finch

get back at all. His plane

Quayle had pulled off

and was undoing the ha

walked around his plane.

"Not a hole. But look a

Jock said.

THE stays were loose at

ping in the slight

glanced at them and wall

Only four, and Hickey

must have been Hickey c

he was thinking as he w

the Greek cement hut.

it cou

be Hickey! Gorell, Cor

Vain, Brewer, Finn . . .

back . . . Brewer and Fin

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have been Brewer. An

South. Five back out of

must have been a hundr

were others somewhere.

what had happened to th

"Would you believe it

him as he came into the o

"Do you know what ha

others?" Quayle asked h

"No, nobody does."

They heard an engine

They all looked up. Th

than one plane. He co

coming low from the

They were very low.

straight and landed as if

ious to get it over with.

squadron doctor who had

big car, drove over to th

because they didn't spre

field but kept together

Quayle saw Hickey get o

ran over to the planes.

stance get out of the sec

Both Hickey and Con

the third plane, and the

there along with Anders

It was young Gorell the

out when they got there.

white and kept his eyes

tight, as Anderson pulled

ground. He had blood a

and down his jacket, and

clean bullet hole in the

derson pulled off the Ir

Anderson opened a s

started swabbing the n

and ether. Quayle saw

and step back and they

as two of the ground cre

a rough Greek stretche

Quayle carried Gorell o

as the doctor kept swab

Young Gorell didn't ope

but kept them closed ve

"This is no good,"

finally. "He's lost enou

car is no good."

"Can you wait until w



"Let's have a cocktail first—I never eat on an empty stomach"

the vibration, saw the tracers cut the Italian in half and his hand push through the glass panel.

There were still 42s all around. Quayle suddenly saw a Gladiator zooming, with a 42 firing close at him. He winged over and didn't look behind but pushed down on the 42 and ripped a burst into its tail. The 42 lifted its nose too suddenly and stalled and fell. As Quayle came out level, he could see a parachute burst way to the right and wondered if it was one of the squadron.

But it stopped there, because he looked below and was almost wing to wing with a 42, a little above him but closer than if they were deliberately formation flying. Quayle could see the Italian's face and its puzzled look because he didn't have a mask on. The Italian could see Quayle's look. They were so close and both instinctively looked behind to see if anything was on either of their tails and frantically kept level flight, waiting for the other to move and looking at each other. It seemed a long time but it was seconds . . .

ator, winging off. He was going after it when Tap winged in because he was nearer and he climbed after the 42. The 42 did an Immelmann and was nearly on Tap's tail, but Tap did the tightest, fiercest loop Quayle had ever seen, came out over the 42 and clung to the side of it, pouring burst after burst into the Italian plane, which was burning and falling off. Quayle knew Tap had run out of ammunition because he saw him put his hand up—a signal.

THEY headed for home. The two of them were all Quayle knew about now. He felt very tired and didn't look to see what had happened to the 42's which were away out, heading north. He didn't care if his flight had stopped the bombers or not. He didn't care about anything, but he was very tired and the strain had given him a tight pain in the stomach. He set a course for Larissa and climbed, because they had come down from fifteen thousand to three thousand feet. He had forgotten about the mountains during the scrap, and now they were there and very frightening.

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for War Production



than all these three together!

Hirohito and Benito probably aren't well these nights. They know that's growing and growing war production will turn the tide against them.

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conquered countries combined—Albania, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria and the rest of the long, tragic list. *Five times more* than we had in the last war.

No other nation even *approaches* America's power resources. And this has largely been accomplished the American way—by electric companies owned by millions of Americans and managed by American business men.

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INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

As a chairman, Jerry is a flop



JERRY NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But he's chairman of a Defense Committee that meets at 10. "Can't risk interruption," he figures. "Better wait till tonight." Quick-acting laxatives are unknown to him.



IRRITABLE, UNCOMFORTABLE, JERRY finds it hard to keep his mind on the problems under discussion.

"They'd have got along better without me," he confesses to Mrs. Jerry later.

All's clear sailing for Bob



BOB NEEDS A LAXATIVE. He's got a Defense group meeting at 10, too. But he takes Mrs. Bob's advice: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take now." Bob takes speedy Sal Hepatica!



BEFORE HE LEAVES HOME, Sal Hepatica has brought easy, prompt relief! Bob faces the day's problems cheerfully.

His clever handling of the meeting wins praise from visiting officials.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHY PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you ought to take this morning? Discover gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!



This refreshing saline is the favorite of millions because it acts quickly—usually

within an hour—with no discomfort, no griping. Acts by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract.

Moreover, Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, helps counteract excess gastric acidity. Three out of five doctors recently interviewed recommend it!

Next time you need a laxative, take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica!

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E W T

get an ambulance?" Hickey asked him.

"No. Get him in. Keep him flat. Keep his head up," Anderson said.

They put young Gorell lengthwise on the back seat, and Hickey got in the driver's seat as the doctor sat on the floor in the back holding his medical kit.

"I'll come back. Wait here," Hickey said to the others.

"We'll go in with the crew," Tap said. Hickey said, "All right," roared the car to a start and went slowly off.

The others walked over to young Gorell's plane to see what had got him. His tail unit was just about shot away completely. The bullet that went through his neck had come in the back of the cockpit and finished up smashing the turn-and-bank indicator. There was blood covering the bottom of the cockpit and the seat.

They walked away from the plane. "How many did we get?" Richardson asked.

"I saw about two go down in the first twenty seconds," Tap said.

"What about Vain and Finn?"

"I think that was Finn who went down in flames," Constance said.

"No. I saw Finn getting hell from about ten 42s near me and I was away from that," Richardson said.

THEY heard the engine then and looked around. "That's a Glad," someone said. They couldn't see anything yet. They could hear it and were physically straining their eyes to see where it was. It appeared low coming from the north. There was a second one way behind it.

"Two of them . . . two."

When the planes landed they stood and watched someone get out of the first plane. They couldn't see who it was until he pulled his parachute off and walked toward them.

"It's young Finn."

The second one landed. "That's Vain's plane," Constance said. But they waited for him to walk toward them.

"It's Brewer," Tap said.

Now, only Vain and South to come. And one had gone down in flames. One by parachute.

Brewer was beating his hands together as he came over.

"I'm frozen. Who got ba

"Everybody but Vain and

"I saw South bail out," F

followed him down a while

"Well, Vain came almost

on fire," Quayle told them.

So it was Vain! "Some

tralia will be feeling pret

couple of days," Quayle th

They went into Larissa

truck the ground crew hac

by the Greeks. They didn't

came up just as they were

of the truck. They asked hi

Gorell was, and Hickey sai

he would be all right.

He smiled quietly when

and Brewer. "That leave

and South," Hickey said.

"It was Vain that we

flames," Tap told Hickey.

"South. He must have

Was that him?" Hickey sai

"Yes, Finn saw him,"

"By the way—how did you

up?" He knew Hickey w

that unless someone asked

"I just saw him wanderi

ing height. I steered him

"Well, how about somet

Has anybody got any m

asked.

"We can go to the place

last night," Quayle said.

Between them they

money to buy a meal each.

to Greek headquarters to

erations report back to A

others went to the restaur

the white uzo. When they

waiter went out and got th

Greek, Georgius.

"My fine Tommies," G

when he came in, "they wa

you shoot down any Italian

"About twenty or thirty

and drank the uzo. "Have

"Thank you," Georgius s

looking around. "You clea

certain." He looked ar

"Where is my Australian?"

Tap looked at Quayle

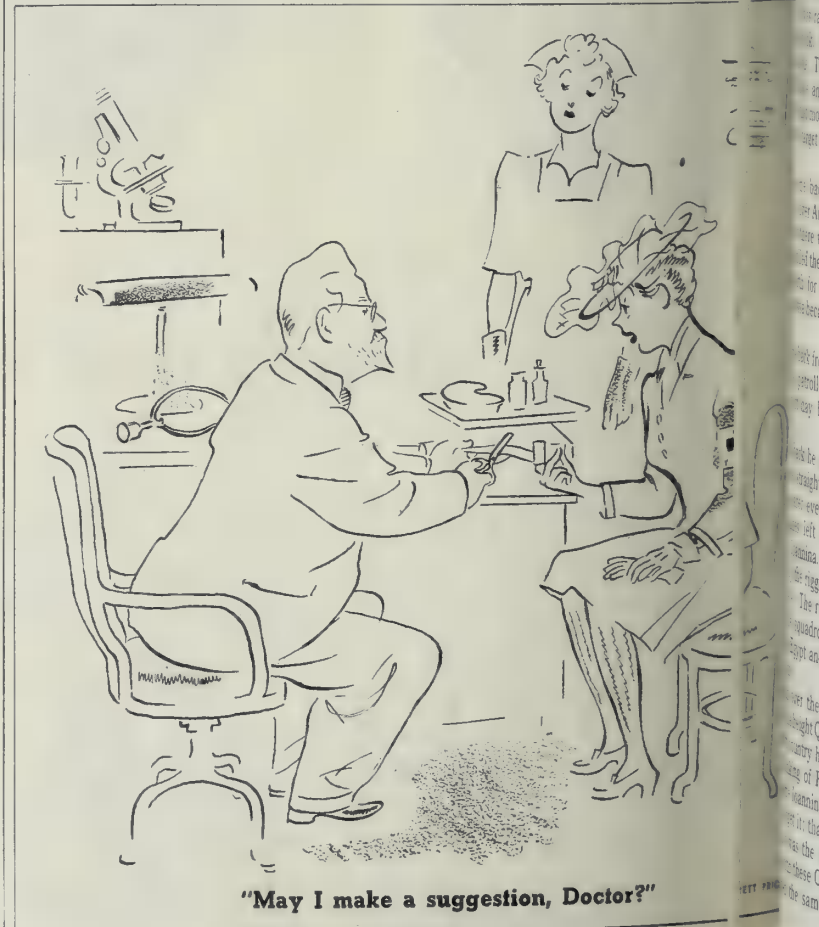
Brewer were arguing at on

table and they stopped. Q

at them all and their exp

"He got shot down," Q

the Greek.



"May I make a suggestion, Doctor?"



"He's a creature of moods—down in the dumps one day and even further down the next!"

GEORGE PRICE

ets shot down?"
e said.
rned away. Then he
and at all the squadron
d said quickly, "He was
h he was."
e said quietly, "He was."
ot w," Georgius said. He
s to them and walked
o he room. Quayle could
ba the argument between
Gre and careless Australian
er few which really won be-
ve saw the Greek's face—
ra in.

got report that night and he
to up to Ioannina to in-
rd me and facilities there.
on ould move up if the air-
all ght. It was nearer Al-
w on, the squadron was
bombers before they got
her than over it. They
ome scort too and patrol over
M. Meanwhile the flight would
agn tomorrow as today.
le would lead it while Hickey
nnin looking things over.

er he patched Gorell's plane,
ew It was raining when
ff at ten o'clock. Hickey had
ne to Ioannina. The Bombay
was ill there and a Greek
d cole in that morning. The
was fine target when the
eft it.

t abe some bad weather
down to it over Arta to look
nber. But there were none
The patrolled the road and
leag north for an hour,
back Larissa because their
mited.
had n' come back from Ioan-
night. They patrolled again
clock he next day but they
anything.

Hickey came back he said the
would move straight up to
which was nearer everything.
ne got planes left on the
morn'g for Ioannina. Tap's
being ked by the riggers and
used a spare. The remain-
plane in the squadron had
Athen from Egypt and were
in a c/ or so.

straight flying over the Met-
which from the height Quayle
oked th worst country he had
He is thinking of Helen.
nbered the name Ioannina and
g him n' to forget it; that she
there. If this was the place
uld nev tell with these Greek
they all banded the same—it
to be he...
was fall; when they landed,

coming down in the basin of low moun-
tains under the cloud to the field that
Hickey had chosen. It just looked like
an ordinary field even from three hun-
dred feet. There were no runways, no
hangars, and a flock of sheep in the
middle of it which Hickey almost ran
into. It was worse than Larissa, thought
Quayle. This is the worst of the bunch.

There was a large camouflaged bus
waiting to take them into the village,
which was sprawled around one side of
a lake set in mountains. There was a
Greek driver in blue Greek air force
uniform with blue puttees and very
muddy. There was a tall Greek in an
army uniform near the bus.

"I am Captain Alexander Mellass,"
he said to Hickey.

"My name's Hickey." Then he in-
troduced the others.

"I am to look after you," Mellass said.
"I will take you in my bus into town."

So they got into the bus. Mellass told
them there was fine feeling in the town
about there being fighter planes around
at last.

They rolled along the muddy road
that was not surfaced and passed
through the damp, narrow streets of a
satellite village that had many people
waiting at each side who shouted as they
passed by. They went to the Acropolis
Hotel, which was the corner of a bombed
block of buildings. Mellass had a long
argument with the big porter, who was
drinking coffee behind his table. They
finally got three rooms among nine of
them. Quayle was thinking about
Helen. If this was the place, she would
be here by now. He would not give too
much thought to working out if this was
the place or not. He had a hunch it was.
Ioannina. Ioannina. Mellass said it
like Helen. This is the place Helen said
she was going to. I've been away about
a week. Maybe she's here already...
at a first-aid post. That would be the
hospital; this is the place.

QUAYLE asked Mellass where the
first-aid post was.

"There's hundreds of them," Mellass
said.

"Where's the head one?" Quayle
asked him.

"At the hospital, I suppose," Mellass
said. He told Quayle it was right up the
street, the only building standing over
the hill.

So Quayle went there. The girls at
the entrance were being anxious about
him when he went in, because of his
English uniform. There was a fine lot
of nurses and other girls around. Quayle
asked a girl at a desk (who said "Inglisi"
excitedly when he came in) where the
first-aid post was. She shrugged but
touched his arm and led him along a

"—and STOP calling me
SOURPUSS!"



Looks like a scrappy evening!

And just because you've come home
from the office tired and touchy.
Mister, evenings ought to be the Best
Part of the Day. They can be if, just
before dinner, you climb into the tub
with a cake of Ivory Soap.

Forget worries in an IVORY BATH—

by giving yourself a once-over
briskly with that thick, quick
New Ivory lather. That big
white floating cake slathers up
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men use it for shaving!
You step out feeling as
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That fresh, clean "Ivory"
smell leaves you fresh and
clean-smelling, too... better
company for yourself and for
everyone else. It's that faster,
milder, more luxurious Ivory
lather which puts an Ivory
Bath in a class by itself. Just
for the fun of it, take an Ivory
Bath every day!

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For a FRESH START...
take an IVORY BATH

passage. She knocked at a door. There was an elderly woman seated at a table. Now the girl said "Inglisi" again and the woman stood up.

"How do you do?" she said.

"Is this the first-aid post?" Quayle said. "How do you do?"

"No. I am the matron. This is a hospital."

"Excuse me, Matron," Quayle said to her. "I'm looking for the first-aid post."

"There's none here," she said and smiled. "What is it you want? Perhaps I can help you."

"It's all right. I want to check up on somebody... a friend of mine who said she was coming up here."

"Oh." The matron looked up. Quayle looked solidly at her.

"What's her name?" the matron asked.

"Helen Stangou." He spelled it in English. "I don't know if she's here or not yet."

The matron picked up a phone and spoke to someone. She spoke for a while—in Greek; then she turned to Quayle and smiled.

"Your young lady is not here yet. She will be here tomorrow perhaps, perhaps the next day."

IT WAS early-morning patrol next day. They were all out at the airdrome before sunrise. It was wet, and the basin of high hills around couldn't be seen for the breath of thick mist that was a strata flat over the field. The Greeks had put trees over each of the Gladiators, and the squadron was surprised when they pulled the camouflage away. They had to wait an hour for the Greek truck with the gasoline in drums to refuel the machines. Hersey went around with them to make sure they did it all right. The others walked around stamping their feet and looking at an old French Bréguet, a 1918 model, that was weighed down by Greek camouflage.

When the Greeks finally got the refueling done, the flight took off into the mist, climbed above it and met low clouds and bumps. They hit out toward Delvinakion right on the Greek-Albanian border, which was the front line at the moment in this sector. They crawled around the mountains, following Hickey because it was too thick to try getting over the clouds. Once you got above them you would never find your way back through them again. So they bumped down low through the valleys, banked around the snow-tipped mountains, climbed over sudden peaks and then got as high as they dared over Delvinakion.

They were over the area for an hour. Twice Greek front anti-aircraft guns opened fire on them but they didn't take any notice. They never knew whose lines they were over because there was no indication by either side where they were.

There was just thick timber and a road that slunk around the mountains. Quayle could see a thin stream of transports coming southward along the road. When it was about time to be going back he heard Hickey say, "We'll do some strafing. Keep your eye on that motor column and come off after me. Only one attack, then we'll pick up formation and go home."

They came low into a slight cloud and Hickey shook his plane, then winged over through the cloud and came out along the valley, machine-gunning the surprised Italian motor convoy. One by one they came off, and Quayle put his nose down after Brewer. He pushed his gun button the moment his sights caught a truck and, as he leveled out, with his sights blurring along the line of trucks, men, faces, objects, he kept it down and kept his nose down as long as he could and the gun shook. Then he strained his belly as he pulled out of

it. He blacked out for a second, then remembered the sides of the valley and the machine-gun fire from the convoy, and he pulled way up again until he saw the remainder of the flight ahead. He turned around and saw Tap coming up in a steep bank, climbing with one wing down to get up out of the valley. The others were coming after him and he could see some of the trucks burning and small figures at the side of the road.

They headed back to Ioannina through the valleys. Quayle was feeling pretty sick by the time they got back. They had eaten no breakfast because the staff of the hotel didn't get up until seven o'clock.

They were in a restaurant waiting for coffee when the whine of the air-raid sirens started. People passed quickly through in a crowd to the back of the restaurant where there was a shelter. They tried to get the squadron there but the fliers waited for their coffee until the

"They've got our markings. We've got no Fairey Battles around here," Tap said.

"They're Italians," Brewer said.

"They're Greek markings. We sold ours to the Greeks," Quayle said. "They're Battles."

"Only brave men fly Battles," Tap said. "The Greeks can have them."

They walked back to the hotel, still arguing about Fairey Battles.

BY MIDDAY they were all sleeping except Hickey. He was at Greek headquarters trying to get the Bombay up from Larissa with the ground crew and some equipment. He wanted the three Gladiators in Athens up in Ioannina too. When he came back he said the squadron was due for another tour over the lines at three o'clock that afternoon. They got up, had dinner at a restaurant and went out to the field. The Greeks had not shown up with the refueling

things in the last war," A Greek was putting the wheels to serve as chock. The engine was primed again.

"Contact."

"Contact." There was in the Greek version.

They had to repeat it several times before the engine burst open and started, with flame shooting out of the exhaust and nearly lifting the ground. The engine was the fitter was giving it fuel which made it roar. The squadron was laughing. Two Greeks came up. They both wore Greek army steel helmets. The small had no uniform on. He had two heavy overcoats on that laced up the front.

The tall one had a Greek was laughing at them when

"Kalymera," he said.

"Kalymera," some of the "You fly... you fly this to the Bréguet. He did much English the Greek

"Yes, I fly. Observe. I take pictures. See?" He little man with the laced laughed with a great he little man grinned and pul chute harness over the t The big bearded Greek helmet, opened up a hen been carrying and pointed were old boots and em bottles.

"WE HAVE no bombs. It is enough to make Italians." And he roared, his beard, and threw his put his arm around Tap when Tap slapped him on "You come this trip with pictures, uh, Inglis?" "In that?"

"Nay. Yes. It is good. No one sees from shoot badly from underneath. Greeks shoot get close to shoot at everybody."

"No, thanks," Tap said. bearded Greek laughed again. "I am Nitralaxis. I am Inglis. We fly together."

Hickey, who had been smiling so that his blo stretched almost to his introduced all of the squadralaxis and the little Greek name was Papagos. "My the big Greek had said, all eral Papagos, when the litted his name. Nitral heels to each of them, the parachute and climbed in cockpit. He was laughing tried climbing up the high roared when two of the pushed him up and he fell

One of the ground crew lexis his hemp bag and, w his engines, called someth whereupon someone crawl and pulled the rocks from Nitralaxis taxied straight and they all expected him take off into the wind. The speeded, floated for a wh shakily into a down-wind could see little Papagos st the air, holding the machir its barrel sticking up in mast. They disappeared in mist, though John Quay engine for a long time, st climb, and once he heard observer, clear his machin

"That is the end of Brewer said. The others They got into the bus a to the hotel.

(To be continued nee)



"I'm returning from furlough. Just let me know when we're over Fort Bragg"

GEORGE LICHTY

cook went down to the air-raid shelter too.

They went out into the streets and across to an open stretch from where men had been digging sand. In a bombing raid, the open was better than an uncertain shelter. A bomb had to be close to hit you when you were in the open. The debris always got you in the shelters. So they waited around in the white mist. They heard the echo of an engine from the mountains... several engines.

THEY sat down, waiting for the planes to appear. A flight of low-flying planes came out of the mist from the northeast. Immediately two Bofors pom-poms, which the squadron knew nothing about, opened fire somewhere out near the airdrome. As they got closer, the three planes widened out and they came over very low.

"They're Fairey Battles," Finn shouted.

"Don't be cockeyed," someone said.

truck, so they stood around in the mist waiting.

The Greeks meantime wheeled out the old 1918 Bréguet observation plane that had been weighed down by a couple of trees. They pulled the boughs off the fuselage, uncovered the cockpit, and a tall Greek climbed in. The other Greeks wheeled up a great wooden triangle and a stepladder. One of them climbed up the stepladder, attached the apex of the triangle to the airscrew, and another began to wind a handle on it. This turned the propeller so that it primed the engine and tightened a spring on the winder at the same time. When the Greek got down off the ladder, the one in the cockpit shouted, "Contact!"

"Contact!" the other shouted and pulled a release of the spring. There was a great twang, the spring released and the airscrew turned; the engine coughed, then stopped.

"What war is this?" one of the men asked.

"My father used to talk about these

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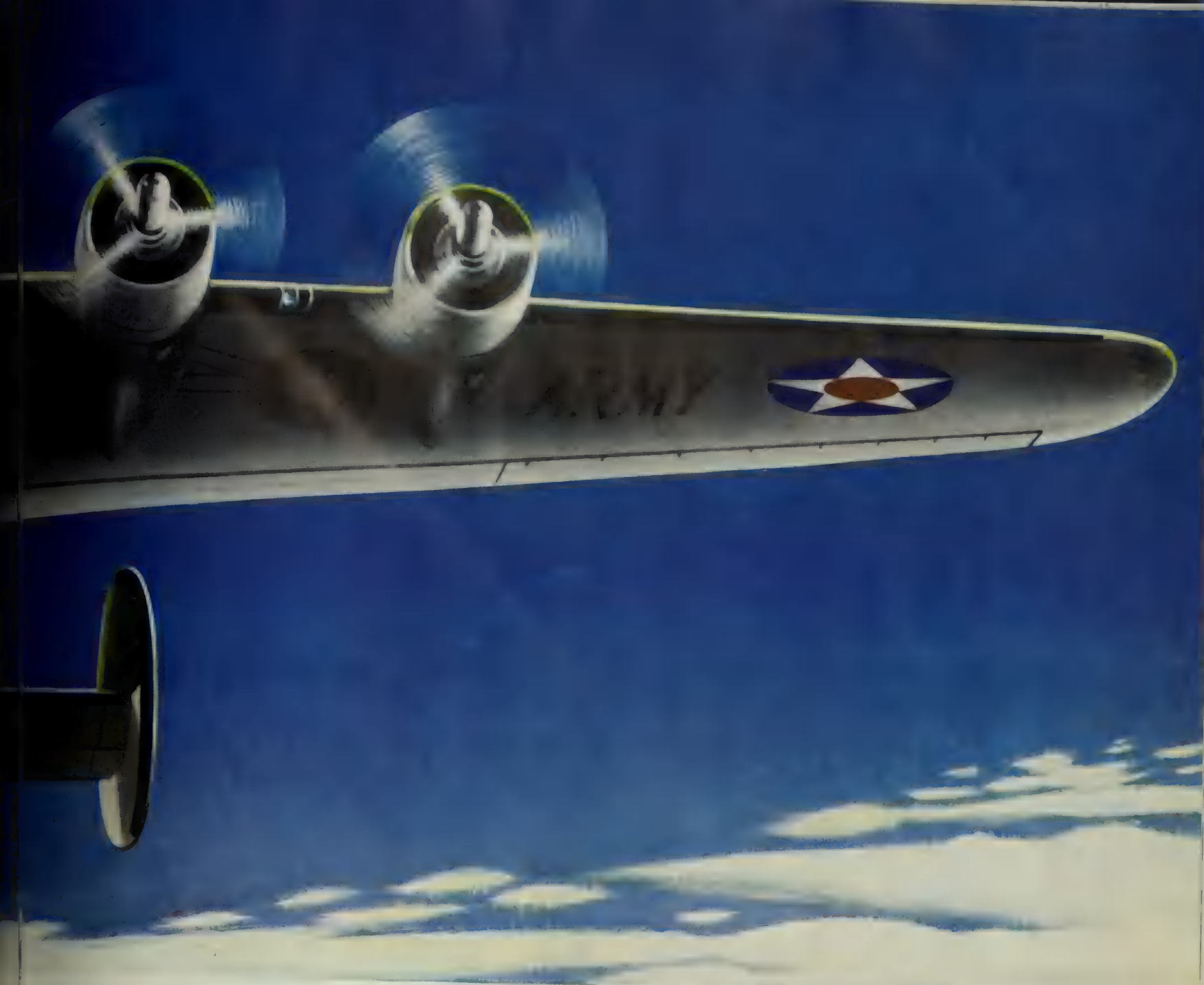
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AMERICA MUST BE FIRST IN THE AIR

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W. Mitchell



Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 24



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winner in the derby stakes to come, and Duff worked him carefully. When Tequila was taken up they headed back to camp.

After supper, Delia and Duff drove four miles into the village of Leason. The sun had not gone down; an occasional hawk sat upon the crude telephone posts and watched them indifferently. On a rise to the left, Duff thought he saw a jumping deer. At the tiny post office was a letter from James Lampley, saying that he would be at Moose Jaw for the opening trial, and the Tafton Weekly Times, which Delia sat in the car and read while Duff went to the local poolroom for a package of cigarettes. Some of the town boys were organizing a game of pea pool; several of them had been stooking and were dust-covered, but liking it—the wheat crop was the first in years worth mentioning. Most of them had grown up hardly knowing how to work, for during the dry years there was nothing to do. But now there was a crop; and, too, there was the Army to go into.

Delia had finished the paper when he got back, and by her vacant expression Duff knew she was thinking that there was nothing to look forward to until next week when the Tafton Weekly Times came again.

Duff touched her hand. "Listen, in about another month we'll go to Moose Jaw for the trials. I think you'll like Moose Jaw."

She smiled at him. "I'm all right, Duff. Don't pay any attention to me."

As soon as they got to Moose Jaw, Duff began trying to make up to her for the lonely time she had spent. The town has a frontier exuberance of its own, and during field trials the dog men are in a convivial state of mind that is not altogether characteristic. There are gatherings in the hotel lobby, and in the rooms, and bottles of whisky and ginger ale are open on almost every dresser. Duff led Delia from one smoke-filled room to another, introducing her to the other dog men and women who sat upon the beds and on the floors and in the windows. Duff couldn't help thinking of Lucie, and how fine this would have seemed to her. For Delia didn't fit, and didn't try to.

"My Lord!" Delia said finally. "Don't they talk about anything but dogs?"

THE phone rang. When Duff lifted it off its cradle, James Lampley said, "Webster? How's it been going?"

"All right."

"You and Mrs. Webster are going out with me for dinner. Okay?"

"That's fine."

"Come on down when you get ready. I'm in the lobby."

They walked down Moose Jaw's long street, with its busy sidewalks and neon lights and bright show windows, and turned into a restaurant. The place was crowded, and the juke organ played the record *I'll Never Smile Again*. The juke organ was as magnificent as any in Bill's Tavern in Tafton, with a bright-hued peacock whose tail kept changing colors, and pastel tubes of bubbling green liquid.

"Well, Mrs. Webster, how do you like the prairies?" Lampley said.

"Wonderful," Delia said.

Lampley missed the sarcasm. He turned to Duff. "How's Tequila?"

"He's a mighty good prospect. I post-entered him in the derby, like you said."

"Is he steady yet?"

"Well, steady enough."

Lampley said, "I hear you've entered that outlaw dog of yours. That right?"

"Well, I may be just the money, but he's coming and I thought I might get him on the course. He's steady on point, but you him in the eye when you he'll go right on out with he thinks you're not v What I want to do is sta hunting season opens so l birds over both those dog "That sounds all right know more after I see the Delia lit a cigarette dis

TEQUILA won second derby. That was a fine a young dog your first boss; and the couple of h that went with the place be hard to use, either. might go back up to Ora week end, and do some had liked hearing the C *We'll Have A Party I There'll Always Be An said it made her think sh eign country. It was the had admitted liking.*

Before the All-Age, Duff like to try to crowd m would really be something with Judas too."

"If you still intend to le off, you'll be lucky if h somebody and they sue said.

"He's not so bad now; you unless you try to pet with him. He can breathe the muzzle off."

He lifted her into one tired buckboards they buggies—named after t premier—and went bac wagon for Judas. He lo through Judas' collar dog slipped the muzzle off. his lips and showed his was all. Duff led him up the horses and wagons trucks, to where the judge handler with his dog wait

It was still early morni which was good; the chic out feeding. Judas growl dog, and Duff wondered i wrong in leaving the mu when the judge said, Judas shot away witho glance at his brace mate. up on his horse, Judas w the outer limits of the watchfully reined his hor case he needed to turn t Judas was far away, a moving distantly on the prairie. They saw him s then suddenly there he s motionless silhouette, th him to lend an aura. Th toward him. Duff spur exultantly, thinking, *De 'em, you durn fool!*

Judas held them, lean his impatience. Duff di quirted the prairie grass. of bleating Hungarian pe dered up and streamed side and lit in a distant made one jump forward. watched for that and was dog with his quirt pl Sharply he said, "Who stopped, grinning evilly a

Now the dogs were o James Lampley rode up and said, "You've got a Duff said, "He'll cut h Judas hunted as far on and still be in judgmen

once during the hour, "he
ve got the idea, all right."
e a drama that was well
verybody saw it. The plod-
ate of Judas made a point
ed prairie chickens flew far
tled on a low ridge. Judas,
ss on one of his prodigious
under the ridge and im-
as if jerked by a rope,
came back. Obviously he
birds, but as everyone knew
ove him. He pointed for
en made a violent, frenzied
on the brush trying to de-
lusive scent. It came to
again, and he now went
t, tense jumps, straight to-
s.

it came leisurely out of the
d off a few steps, and sat
looked around to be sure
within reach, then sprang
clearing half the distance
out. They raced down the
ss the flat, the rabbit now
laid back, perceiving that
than full speed would be

med gallery stopped and
ng for Judas to see that he
at the jack rabbit and give
Judas stayed on, running over
th an effortless freedom.
il, if the jack began leap-
se desperately; Judas leaped
to. And then they saw the
thast inches of the gap, and
ver. For one moment the
d, taking the dying jack rab-
swag out toward the front.

"bo," a man said, "that out-
how then. But he done
r of cutting his throat along

if didn't cut his throat," an-
l, "pumped himself dry out-
hat ck. He won't have enough
p to his dog crate with."

was coming back, cutting
d the front of the gallery
ing most as swiftly as if the
st ahead of him. They saw
g and the bottom of the hill,
the understood what he was
d of man said, "Well I'll just
!" Judas returned to the pre-
wh he had flushed the jack
nd ade a short quick cast
d, al then froze in a lofty,
oint. The newspaper account

next day said, *It was as if this bold,
brainy dog were saying, "Well, now that
I've disposed of that jack, here's those
birds I was trying to locate when inter-
rupted."*

Duff flushed the birds and sent him
on. The next time they saw Judas, he
was a half-mile ahead, again on point.
"Pumped dry, eh?" one of the men
said.

Another man rode up beside Duff for
a moment, and said, "I've been trying
to get hold of a dog like that all my life.
I'll give you twenty-five hundred dol-
lars for him."

"I guess not," Duff said.

When the heat was over, and Duff and
Paul had ridden Judas down and
brought him back to the dog wagon,
James Lampley joined him, and said,
"In that dog and Tequila we've got two
of the best prospects anybody ever saw.
I'm going to lease a place I used to have
in Tennessee, and we'll see what we can
do with those dogs. The kennels are
gone, but we can use the barn for the
dogs; and there are plenty of birds."

"Well, plenty of birds is what will do
the trick for these dogs," Duff said.

After loosening the girth of his horse,
he tied him to the back of the dog
wagon. He wondered what Delia would
say when she found out that instead of
going back to their cottage in Zurich,
they were going to live in a training
camp in Tennessee, nine miles from the
nearest village. He walked to where her
wagon waited for him.

A COLD rain was falling when Duff
and Delia reached the Tennessee
farm that was to be their training camp.
Water stood in the furrows of the bare
cotton field, and the ground was mud
five inches deep. From the front porch of
the old house, the rain dripped steadily.
A wet mockingbird sat on the bannister.
Beyond the house were old chicken
houses, and the barn in which they
would house the dogs.

"Are you sure this is it?" Delia asked.

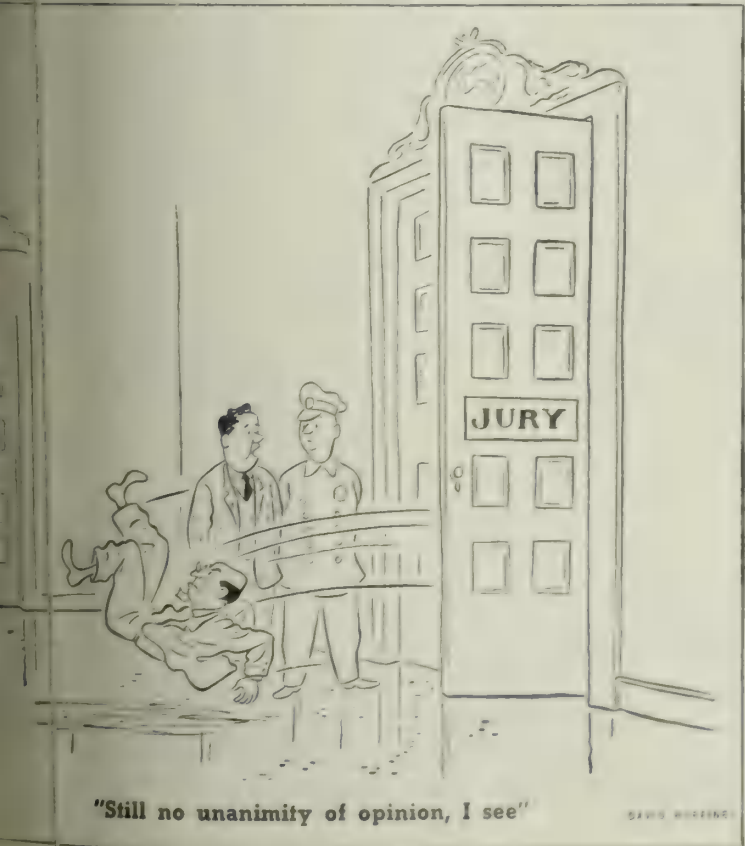
Duff said, "Lots of birds here."

"What kind of birds—ducks?"

He looked at her quickly, for—he
thought with a little pain—it was some-
thing Lucie might have said, only in a
different way. "I'll drive in the yard so
we'll be closer."

"I was wondering if you were going to
make me run in through that rain."

He drove the car across the little



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Ladies' Longines: left Tally-Ho, \$77.50; right Salina, \$75.00; men's Longines: above Pres. Garfield, \$150.00, below Robert Burns, \$55.00.

bridge, and, slithering, turned it toward the front steps. In the soft mud of the yard the wheels spun; the car crawled forward by inches, and eventually would go no farther.

"This is pretty good," Duff grinned, "being stuck in our front yard."

"Oh, it's very good," she said.

"Listen, if you'll quit that griping for a minute or two, I'll tote you in."

"No. I'll walk."

She opened the door and stepped down into the mud. Holding her skirt with one hand, and a newspaper over her head with the other, she floundered the short distance to the porch. One of her slippers came off in the soft earth but she didn't stop to get it, the stocking foot sinking ankle deep in the cold mud. Duff brought the slipper in when he came, and poured the water out of it and handed it to Delia. She looked at him in angry disgust.

"YOU think it would help your feelings," Duff said, "if I apologized for causing this rain, and for muddying up the yard, and everything?"

She said, "Have I blamed you?"

"You might as well," he said. "I have to listen to the complaints."

"Am I supposed to like losing my shoe in the mud?"

"It wouldn't be natural for you to like anything concerned with being married to me," Duff said slowly. "Delia, you've got to get used to being the wife of a man who makes his living from field trials. I guess it's like being the wife of a farmer and a traveling salesman combined. But there's no other way."

"You talk like it's all my fault. You don't ever seem to consider my preferences. All you care about is those dogs."

"They're our living, don't forget."

"How could I forget? It's all I hear." She looked around. "My Lord, what a place!"

Briefly Duff let himself picture Lucie standing there: *Isn't this something, though, Duff? Look yonder what a big barn for the horses. Look at that open rolling country, with all the plum thickets and lespedeza and bird cover. Gee, and this house—I always did want to camp out. I'll plant some flowers this spring, and put some grass out in the yard—then even a bum driver like you can't get stuck. Okay?* This vision was too painfully precious, and Duff forced himself to shut it off.

He patted Delia's back. "Listen," he pleaded, "let's make a new start, right here in all this mud and rain. We'll fix the house up, and plant some flowers around it maybe. What do you say?"

Delia smiled and turned her lips to him. "All right."

Duff kissed her lightly. She complained, "You don't kiss me like you used to."

"Sure I do," he said. "Look. When the big trials get started we'll take them in together. I might make pretty good dough if I'm lucky—five or ten thousand a year, even."

"While you go to your trials," she said, "I'm going to visit at home. That one in Moose Jaw was enough for me."

Duff poised on the steps before ducking into the rain to begin unloading their stuff. "Okay," he said shortly.

THE horses were stabled near the house Wesley and Paul were using, and the dogs kept loosely chained in the spacious main barn with its half-filled loft of old hay and its mule-chewed troughs. By the time they were ready to start working dogs, the weather improved, and it was soon evident that they had made no mistake in coming here, for the country was ideal—open, slightly rolling, and full of quail.

As the weeks passed, the birds that fell daily under Duff's gun gave the dogs a confident steadiness to add to the

hunting wisdom they had gained in Canada. Because Delia's continued dissatisfaction made home an unpleasant place, Duff worked harder and longer, leaving in the chill predawn and coming back after dark.

The dogs that seven months ago had been to Duff just a bunch of handsome, healthy pointers had long since become individuals, each with his own personality.

Of the Lampley-bred pointers, Tequila was brag dog, already rated as one of the best debys, quite steady now unless his brace mate crowded him too close on point, when he would spring in and flush the birds. Then there was May, a little firecracker bitch, and Fred, whom Duff nursed through distemper in the kitchen, against Delia's will, and Preacher, who spent his odd time chewing up his food pan, and indefatigable Nate, who never seemed to sleep for eagerly watching for somebody to come into the barn to take him out hunting, and wise old Sunshine Babe, the dam of Tequila and half the others, who lay against her chain post with half-closed eyes following the play of the younger dogs.

Judas, chained at the end of the barn, had acquired a certain irritable tolerance; he stood for no fondling or sudden movements, but he submitted to an amount of Duff's routine handling, such as the snapping on of a leash or even the tarring of his feet, with no more than a low, ominous growl like the warning rattle of a diamondback.

In the field Judas was now practically a broken dog; sometimes in the fire of running he forgot himself and left the course, but he eventually came back; and sometimes his lightninglike way of going to scented game landed him in the middle of the covey instead of on the edge of it. But in the main his errors were of overboldness, not meanness. Fundamentally, Judas was the same. His outlook had been changed, that was all; his spirit was not broken, or even bent. What he wanted of any day was to be allowed to hunt as much of it as possible—preferably all—and to be left strictly alone the rest of the time.

After his win at Moose Jaw, Duff decided to pass up some of the fall trials in order to point for the big southern stakes like the Continental, and the Free-for-All, and the Quail Championship, and then, of course, the National Championship.

In January, Duff managed to persuade Delia to go to the Pinehurst trials with him. "Just for luck," he said. The luck that came was of two kinds: Judas, obviously off his nose, ran well but found only one covey of birds. Tequila, on the other hand, was on fire, and he

won the two-year-olds' stive so that even the other mitted it. James Lampley see it, too, and to receive tions. But in the last ten heat, a broken sliver of rammed through the mus la's right hind leg, and h three legs.

"Webster," James Lampley enthusiastically, "after seeing this afternoon, I'm convinced that I've been breeding He's worth all the money years of waiting for him. take Tequila back to Te keep him in that barn un lutely well."

"I'm hoping he'll be Derby Championship."

"Don't take a chance on be plenty of stakes for the in his lifetime."

So when Duff began to n tions for the swing to Geor das was to be taken. With part of the campaigning went home for a visit. D and drove to Waynesboro, an saw that Teague McGinnis still the dog to beat—and r

"That McGinnis is a luc men said. "Got the hottes circuit, and now going to good-looking Lucie Sully foot took second at the Co Thomasville. At the big Quail Championship at Al first, and this time Jud somewhat better than he ad won second. Afterward, o Tennessee, Duff thought, meet that Hotfoot, we're ng to him.

DUFF'S room at Grand ing the main street, w cleaned for field-trial we best chenille spread upon new curtains on the big v had arrived at midaftern Sunday of the drawings, p satisfactorily in the woodh and after talking a while Tufts, who rented him the upstairs to unpack. From he took his boots, slickers and sheepskin coat. As he the freshly oiled boots in knock sounded on the doc came in.

"Hello, Duff," she said. gray suit, and toeless gray with tiny lacy bows, and light hair had blown a bit.

"Hello," he said, swallow emotion that constricted hi

"Is it all right to sit dow

"Sure, have a seat," he s was able to speak. He stil



"There, briefly, is the plot of the murder mystery. Think you'd e it?"



"This is the first time I've been up this early since the last time I was up this late!"

GEORGE SMITH

"I didn't know you were coming to Junction."

"I think I'll ever let anything riding the National," she

"I'm doing good," he said slowly. "I've started passing out com-

"Something has changed you,"

"Were you tight with me?"

"One day you told me on a horse's mouth, and I

"I'm going to sleep that

"I boot down. 'How have

"I'm Okay. I came to ask you

"I'm Wesley. Are they say-

"I'm from Tafton?"

"I'm Judas?"

"I've got a pretty good chance with

"I know." Suddenly he said,

"How would it be if I kissed

"I kissed him. 'You know about

"I don't, do you?"

"I'm going to marry him."

"Duff, no fooling," she said.

"I want to kiss me?" she asked.

"I'll make it easy. 'Tain't fair,

"I kissed her gently on her lips.

"I'm an infinite sweetness about

"I'm of them, and it was almost

"I could stand. Then he went

"I'm and at down, deeply shaken.

"I didn't mean, anyway?" Lu-

"I'm just something I've missed,"

"I'm final."

"I'm when"

"I'm the first time I did it."

"I'm was pretty long time ago,"

"I'm I changed my way of

"That was plenty. I'm not dumb."

"Well, forget I said it," he said heav-

ily. "Let's don't quarrel."

"Okay," Lucie answered, fumbling in

her pocketbook for her lipstick. "It just

made me sore to see the change in you.

I was sort of saving you as something

to measure people by. You know, for

instance, the guy my daughter falls for,

if I have a daughter." She stood up.

"Well, so long. I'll be going."

The door clicked shut, and he stared

at it. Now he could hear her little gray

shoes tapping down the steps. The

sounds faded, leaving him with a sense

of profound loss and emptiness. He

walked to the chair and touched the

back of it. Here she had sat. This was

where she had been. Some of the faint

clean perfume of her lingered. But the

rest of her, he thought emptily, was

gone.

ALL afternoon the cars arrived—

coupés with dog crates, horse trail-

ers, pick-up trucks with especially made

dog compartments, expensive sedans.

Cars from all the Southern states and

many of the others . . . Indiana . . . New

York . . . Illinois . . . Oklahoma. The

layers of tobacco smoke began to grow

against the ceiling in the hotel, and in

the drugstore. There were men in boots,

and men in English tweed suits, and

some of them made three thousand a

year and others made a hundred thou-

sand; but this week they all spoke the

same language.

"I never come to this stake," one of

them said, "but what I call to mind the

time Jim Avent rode his prize gray

horse to death placing old Comanche

Frank. Now boys, you can all have your

pick, but there was a bird dog, old

Frank. He was a rugged rascal, big at

both ends and solid on his feet, and six

years old when they sent him to Avent.

They told Jim to win the championship

or bust a gut trying. Avent brought him

to Grand Junction, and got him into

the second series with that Paliacho

setter.

"This was on a Friday, and it was a

good day. The birds were out but scent-

ing conditions were bad, and the bird

work was sloppy. But old Frank was

putting it on anyway, working his

ground like no other dog before or since.

Only trouble, he was a sort of dark-

marked dog, and when he was just nick-

ing the edges of the course he was hard

to see. He kept Jim riding and squall-

ing from the time he was down until

they took him up. Paliacho ran fine al-

most to the last, when they caught him

and watered him; some say they did too

good a job of it and got him chilled, so

"My wife's given me a new job for the duration!"



Keep it clean! That's the Little Woman's order. She's talking about our car. Says the dirt and grease and road scum that's accumulated will raise Ned with the finish. I sure thought I was in for it. And me a block captain, too!

Jumping Jupiter, was I surprised when I found how easy it is to clean and polish our bus with Johnson's Carnu. Carnu does both jobs at once in half the time—cleans and polishes with one application. It slicks up chromium trimmings, too. Rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen dirt—let it dry—wipe it off. Just like that, your car is sparkling with its original showroom shine.



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that he wasn't going right at the finish. Anyway, they named old Frank the champion. Next morning Jim went to the stall, and there was that gray horse laying there stone dead."

Another said, solemnly, "What I always remember is a piece of salt-pork rind a man found in the crate with his dog the morning before he was to run a second series for the championship. He knew his dog didn't have much of a chance after being given that salt pork, but he ran him anyhow. Not many of us knew anything about it, because this fellow wasn't one to go crying that his dog had been messed with. But I knew it, and when I saw the way that dog ran I got a lump in my throat. He hunted almost at his best and when he found birds he stood them solid as Plymouth Rock, regardless of his guts burning up. But he didn't find birds much though, because most of the time he was looking for water."

"I heard one of the judges say, 'I don't think I ever saw that dog do so much aimless running.' And, of course, in the end he lost, because he would've had to be at his best to beat the other dog. But he *had* beaten the other dog before, every time they met. When the judges made the announcement, the owner rode over to the other handler, whom he pretty well figured had given the dog the salt pork, and he shook hands with him and congratulated him, and you'd never guessed that he had been cheated out of something he'd've given an eye for."

"Seems to me," one said, "that if sporting animals could talk, they'd have a mighty sorry opinion to pass out on mankind. They go on pure guts, most of 'em, and you'd think it would improve man just to associate with 'em. But, no, somebody's got money to think about. So they feed the other man's dog salt pork, or they give his gamecock aspirin, or they shove a sponge up his race horse's nose."

THE talk continued through supper; and afterward, at the hotel, the club secretary had to rap upon the table for quiet. Gradually the room became attentive, and the order of the drawings was given. Judas was called for the third brace, which meant that he would run on Tuesday morning, against one of the few setters entered, Arnold's Mohawk Pride.

Afterward, Duff went to the drugstore and called Paul, in Leason, who was waiting for word of the draw.

"We go Tuesday," Duff said. "Put the horses on the truck first thing in the morning and come on down, so they'll have a breathing spell before the running. Take it easy now and don't be in too damn' big a hurry, because a crippled horse can ruin us. Be sure to have Wesley come."

"Yes, sir," Paul said, "he'll be a big help if that dog tries to cover all of Tennessee, like he's liable to."

Duff hung up the receiver. While he talked the crowd had begun drifting back into the drugstore. Sitting on stools at the fountain were Lucie and Teague McGinnis, having a lemonade. Duff nodded to them and would have walked on out, but Teague said, "How's your dog, since Albany?"

Lucie shook the ice in the bottom of her glass. Her mouth was moist from the lemonade; finally she loosened the ice with a straw.

"Just fair," Duff said. "I don't expect him to do very much."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Just not going like he should," Duff said. "How's Hotfoot?"

"He's been off some, since Albany," Teague said. "I'm scared he's got a little stale."

Duff knew he couldn't sleep if he went home, so he walked across the railroad

tracks toward the house of Mutt Sondern, where some of the boys were going to start a blackjack game. Down by the depot, an engine sharply sent a geyser of steam through the strata of station lights. Above, the sky was clear, and the stars stood out in cold brilliance.

That lying scoundrel, Duff thought. Scared he's got a little stale. He'll be stale, all right. But not too stale to run the feet off any dog here. Any dog but Judas.

The day Judas ran was bad. It was a dismal sort of morning; a morning, it seemed, of impending calamity. No calamity occurred, but the birds must have been affected, for they didn't move. Judas hunted hard and wide, and found just three coveys. His brace mate found only two.

As they went into the third hour, Duff

all day, without a soul to talk to? You go out at daylight, and you come back after dark, and when you're not too tired to talk all you can talk about is Judas, Judas, Judas!"

"Maybe if home was a little pleasanter, I'd be tempted to come in earlier," Duff said.

Her cheek whitened in anger. "Now I see! Now I see! You've been staying out on purpose!"

"Oh, you're crazy. I said—"

"I heard what you said." She was furious.

"You think I like being nagged at all the time?"

"You think I like living out here in this—this shack?"

"No. You didn't expect anything like this. I tried to tell you, but you thought you were going to be a sportsman's wife, and see the country, and hobnob

sleepily at the match Del of them, old Sunshine E perfunctorily, but quieted to. Judas raised his head, eyes were red in the match made her way slowly to a pointer lay. He rose at a growling warningly.

Now that she was within dog, Delia hesitated. The her fingers. Determinedly the chain and ran her hand the dog's collar. The deep das' throat rose a note, b unsnap the chain.

Delia did not realize she screamed until Duff came the house. She rose from where Judas, in his leap door, had knocked her.

"What is it?" Duff showed his light on her.

"He knocked me down pulling the hay from her hand."

"Who?"

"Your lovely Judas, that was."

Duff's light fell upon the chain. "Where's that damned."

"He got away."

DUFF went quickly to the straightened, and said: "You turned him loose!"

"What if I did?" she said.

"What if you did?" Duff

"I've worked a long time broke. Now he's running, and in one or two days of forget all I've tried to beat—if somebody doesn't show him."

"I hope somebody does," Delia said.

Duff's hand snatched at her. "You listen to me," he said. "The car's out front, hotel in Leason. You be away. Paul will come to truck in the morning with your stuff."

"Don't worry—I'll go and she said bitterly.

By the time Paul and Duff had their horses saddled, the lights of the car had disappeared. Duff paused before looking toward the dark wife had gone. He took and went into the saddle.

"Okay," he said shortly. "Rate and start riding. Make got off so far we can't call."

The three horses rode across the frost-covered cornfield.

In the barn, a spark from Delia had held worked its way up a straw stem. At the end was a frayed oat husk reached this, sputtered, a tiny flame.

Duff saw the fire glow sky. He stopped and listened. He heard the howling. He jerked his horse around him savagely. The horse struck him on the head and kicked him again, flattened out in a wild run.

Emerging from the darkness, Duff saw the white-red across the roof of the barn. The howling of the dogs. Riderless, a horse galloped his ears forward in fright, center. Wesley's horse.

Duff hit the ground running. "Wesley, wait!"

Then from the boil of the door staggered a man dragging a retching dog by the collar. The clothes suddenly burst in leasing the convulsive. Duff turned back toward the ran. "Wesley, wait!"

(To be concluded next week)



had kept desperately hoping for one more find. *We'll never be called back on three coveys.* Even until the last minute he hoped. But when the judges ordered the dogs up, the bird score was still three coveys.

"Well," Duff told Paul, heavily, as they put Judas in the dog crate, "that finishes us."

"Yes, sir," Paul answered in a sorrowful voice, "I reckon so. What we going to do now?"

"Go on back. No use to stay here."

"He ran strong," Paul suggested hopefully. "Might be they'll call him back."

"On three finds?" Duff shook his head. "Well, if they do want to call him back, they know where we'll be."

AFTER Judas' showing at Grand Junction, where he drew a bad day and found only three coveys, Delia's tongue grew sharper than ever.

"Thought he was such a great dog," she taunted.

"We had tough luck," Duff said gently. "Some time or other the breaks will begin going our way."

"Oh, sure," she said.

"Delia," Duff said, heavily, "losing out was hard enough. I don't see the point in trying to make me feel worse."

"How do you think I feel in this house

with the rich folks. You wouldn't believe you were laying your pipes to marry a plain workingman."

"Laying my pipes?"

"Listen, Delia. That trouble with Amos about Lucie—you caused it, and it wasn't any accident. I thought it was an accident until I married you and got to know you better."

Delia's face was colorless, expressionless, "You're crazy!"

"No. Not quite."

"I hate you!" she whispered.

She wheeled and went out on the front porch. She stood at the steps, breathing hard. The night was cold and clear. A frost lay upon the cornfield across the road, turning it white in the winter moonlight. Several minutes later, a cow came down the road, stopping to pull at the vines that grew on the fence. Delia leaned against the porch post, her fingers thrumming nervously against her sleeve.

She lit a cigarette, and smoked it angrily, in quick, hot puffs. Down at the barn, one of the dogs barked briefly and subsided. Delia stiffened. For a moment she was motionless, poised in sudden thought. Then she threw the cigarette into the yard.

Down at the barn, the chained dogs were bedded deep in their straw, and they raised their heads and blinked

Doublin' Up...

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The Pride of Possum Hollow

Continued from page 23

Education in Smith County, young Gore drove 140 miles three nights a week for three years to attend law classes at the Nashville Y.M.C.A. Miss LaFon was working her way through Vanderbilt University Law School as a waitress in the coffee shop of the Andrew Jackson Hotel at night.

It was Gore's habit to go to the coffee shop for coffee before starting the long ride home late at night. They talked of law and other things, and were admitted to the bar at the same time.

So Gore, still very young, had a wife and a baby, and an important position in the governor's cabinet, when the congressman from his district prepared a statement announcing his candidacy for governor. Gore heard about it. The papers that carried the announcement also carried the announcement that Albert Gore had resigned as Commissioner of Labor and was a candidate for Congress.

The opportunity had come. But he began to doubt the wisdom of taking the step for which he had worked and waited from boyhood. He had a family to support. He had chucked the best job he ever had. He was faced with an expensive campaign of three months, and no money.

The Campaign Begins

One morning, sunrise saw him on the way to Carthage to mortgage his only possession, a small hill farm. The campaign was on. He hired what he called "a band," composed of two young men, equally proficient with fiddle, banjo and guitar, and two girls who could play the accordion and sing mountain songs.

While the band played, Candidate Gore mingled with the crowd. As the band concluded, he got out his fiddle and played while the band proceeded to the next town to repeat the performance—sometimes as many as ten or fifteen times a day. Laying down the fiddle, he discussed the burning issues of the moment to prove that he was a statesman as well as a fiddler.

His wife arranged speaking engagements. She called on every business house in each town and telephoned every person in the telephone directory inviting them to the speaking.

As returns indicating Gore's nomina-

tion trickled into Murfreesboro, all candidates had heard that the crowd began to clamor for Gore.

"As I rose to go," said the dignified old gentleman, "I laid my arm. 'Remember,' he said, 'the hour of victory that they have defeated candidates. I have come from the headquarters of picture of dejection. His This is his third attempt. will never be a candidate the end of his ambition.'"

"I lost my sense of elation. I think only of the defeat and their wives, and how I would have felt had I been them. So I spoke only of my late opponents and hoped that all of us could not have been defeated. I often wonder what I should have made of my admonition of that gentleman."

For seven months after he had been member of the House, Gore had let his speech be "nay," and occasionally was a shrewd observer.

"I saw members nibble at that came up," he said. "I saw them anywhere nibbling. I don't think I would hit hard."

While unknown to most of his leagues, he attracted national attention with a brief speech. The U.S. House had passed a bill authorizing the Federal Reserve Authority to lend \$800,000,000, amortized in sixty years. Gore's opposition had steam-rolled without trouble. Gore's opposition from Democratic speakers against the bill. They gave him time.

Democrats joined Republicans and defeated the bill. It was the nation's first setback in the spending experiment.

He sponsored legislation guaranteeing a minimum of 85 per cent for agricultural commodities for agricultural commodities, national defense and aid to the states.

"All farmers need," said Gore, "have assurance of a reasonable price for their commodities, and national pig will be fattened."

THE END



Day Off

Continued from page 17

them boots and put them like to me we could have wasted time fishing. Miss ng to be coming back here I won't have another fishing until next year. I'd have caught a lot of you was wasting the time id with them boots." "ter mind how you talk," w, I've got half a mind to creek and leave you be-

"n't do that, Mr. Morris," id. "I didn't mean that ts. They're the handsom-ots I ever saw before in hey're the finest kind of e handy when it rains. I d them, because I'd be ot."

et and went to the water d another drink. Then he aid his hand on the cart. e can of worms, son?" he

ot the worms, and all of Pa picked up the reins to slap Ida on the back hson came running in ley gate. Mrs. Johnson who lived down on the e end of the alley and ars for a living. She was d sixty years old, and was pning about something.

ite there, Morris Stroup!" o said, running up to the jering the reins from Pa's

ot out of the cart, but she isy.

is things you took off my orris Stroup?" she said. n't drop of water in my I d't get none, because you f my pump handle!"

must be some sort of mix-up," "Ye know I'm not the sort or w'd take a pump handle." mboarders saw you sneak yd and make off with a ths, including my pump orris Stroup," she said, shak-ge at Pa. "You took my yongs and poker, and know what else. Now, I want k right away, or I'll call the

shal me pped off the cart and ward he woodshed. He was ing e woodshed door when man turned around and saw

backere, Handsome Brown,"

ome pped backing away."

ow you an apology, Mrs. Pa id. "All that was the nd of accident. I happened to ng through the alley this morn- saw me old rusty iron lay- e grod. I thought you was get d of it, and so I just along t of the way. I thought ng you a favor. I remembered boys is cleaning up around e and the alley, and that's r thin got mixed up with

better sink about doing your- ou," M. Johnson said, "if you nt to g to jail."

my old man was calling Hand- rs. Johnson turned around and ut through the alley gate.

ome," a said, "bring me them boots."

ome wit to the porch and the bog.

"Now, let this be a lesson to you," Pa said. "You ought to know better than to pick up just anything you find laying around. It may belong to somebody."

"Me?" Handsome said, shaking all over. "Is you talking to me, Mr. Morris?"

Pa handed him back the rubber boots. Handsome took them, but he let them fall to the ground.

"Take them boots down to Mr. Frank Dunn's store and tell him they didn't fit you," Pa said. "Then ask him to give you your money back."

"Me?" Handsome said, backing off. "You mean me, Mr. Morris?"

Pa nodded.

"Then when you get your money back for the boots," my old man said, "take the money and go over where the man is buying the scrap iron and tell him you've changed your mind and want the pieces back. Hand him the four dollars and then start digging in the pile and pick out all the pieces you sold him. When you get everything picked out, especially the pump handle, load them in the cart and bring them straight home. As soon as you get back you can take Mrs. Johnson the things she wants."

"You don't mean me, do you, Mr. Morris?" Handsome said. "Ain't you kind of mixed up a little. Them rubber boots ain't mine, and I—"

Pa picked up the boots and put them in Handsome's arms.

"You made me feel so ashamed of myself for buying rubber boots when it wouldn't be muddy enough to need them that I gave them to you."

"You did?" Handsome said. "When did you do all that, Mr. Morris?"

"Just a little while ago," Pa said.

"I declare, Mr. Morris," Handsome said, "I ain't never wanted rubber boots in all my life! That's one thing I never thought about!"

HANDSOME tried to give them to Pa, but my old man shoved them back at Handsome. Handsome stood trembling and trying to say something. "Stop arguing and do like I tell you," Pa said. "I'd hate to see you go to jail on a fine day like this."

He handed Handsome the reins and pushed him up into the cart. Then he picked up the boots and threw them inside.

After that he slapped Ida on the back with his hand, and she trotted out of the yard and turned down the street. Handsome went on out of sight holding to the seat with both hands and moaning so loud we could hear him until he got all the way down town.

My old man walked over to where the can of worms was and looked at it for a while. Then he picked up the can and told me to get the spade. We went around behind the shed where Handsome had dug them that morning and he emptied the can on the ground.

The worms started crawling off in every direction, but my old man got a stick and pushed them down into the hole that Handsome had dug.

"Cover them up good, son," he said. "Help them make themselves feel at home. It's too late to go fishing today, but the next time your Ma goes off to visit your Aunt Bessie, we'll do our best to make the most of it."

I covered up the hole while my old man patted the earth down tight so it would stay damp down where the worms lived until the next time we had a chance to use them.

THE END



"Sorry Boys, It's Not for Sale"

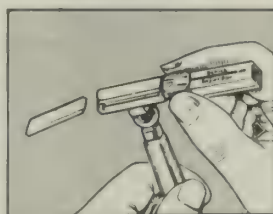
You can't blame the lucky fellow who's got a Schick Injector Razor for not selling it . . . *at any price!* He knows he'd probably be stuck without one for the rest of the war.

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



Dollings gives Boxer Al Reid one of his famous rubs. Dollings says he's the best rubber in the world—and he isn't bragging

THIS cockeyed world is cluttered up with bald-headed barbers who have acquired chronic laryngitis from trying to wheedle customers into using their special hair tonic; dyspeptic restaurateurs who look as if a few meals at a rival's eating place would set them back on the right digestive path; and salesmen for reducing machines who haven't seen their great toes, except in a full-length mirror, for decades. But David ("Dai") Dollings, late of Swansea, Wales, is a walking advertisement for his profession. A trainer of athletes, Dai Dollings at the age of 83 is as fit as any of the numerous fighters, runners and swimmers he has conditioned and still leads a more active life than the average man half his age.

Lean and leathery, straight as a whip, his small, sharp blue eyes still able to function without artificial assistance, and his mind as keen as that of the other Welsh David, whose family name is Lloyd George, Dai Dollings is one of the physical marvels of the age. He still puts in six days a week at gymnasiums, getting fighters ready for their bouts. Several nights a week he works as a second, climbing up and down enough ring stairs in the course of a week's work to put him on top of the Empire State Building, if the steps were continuous. Until recent years, he scorned climbing through the ropes. He used to put one hand on the top strand and vault into the ring, like a boy clearing a fence. Then he broke a leg and had to resort to ducking under the ropes.

The training profession runs in Dai's family. One of his great-grandfathers was famous in his day as a trainer of fighters, race horses and greyhounds. His mother was an expert on the use of herbs for medicinal purposes. Dai himself took a crude course in anatomy when he went to work as a butcher boy at the age of 13 and helped to carve up beeves. Later he developed a rugged

physique swinging a hammer as a boilermaker's assistant.

Dai has done about everything there is to be done in the line of athletics. He was a star runner in his boyhood, a better than average swimmer, a good rugby player, a heel-and-toe walking champion, an oarsman and a bare-knuckle fighter. Many a time Dollings went up to the mountains, stripped down to the waist and fought some other Welshman, just for the sheer love of a brawl. Often there was a side bet of 200 pounds. He engaged in 30 bare-knuckle fights and 100 with boxing gloves. The only time he lost was when Morgan Crowther, another Welshman, knocked him out.

In the boxing world today, Dollings, oldest man in the business, is a legendary figure, known either by reputation or personally wherever the knuckle-dusting set gathers. His work took him to Australia, South Africa and all through Continental Europe before he

came to America and decided that this was the land for him. Ask anyone connected with boxing in Sydney, Melbourne, Cape Town, London, Glasgow, Berlin, Paris, San Francisco, Pontypridd or Manila who Dai Dollings is and the chances are you won't get a shoulder-shrug for an answer. They all know Dai and, what is more important in a business where backbiting and knifing are second nature, they all love and respect the old fellow, though he has never pulled an oral punch in discussing any of his contemporaries.

Magic in His Hands

Dollings is credited with being a miracle-performer. His taciturn nature and carefully guarded methods have helped along the legend that he performs black magic.

He has one authentic miracle to his credit. By means of massages and brine

baths, he restored life to the limbs of a nine-year-old who had been able to walk since a woman in middle life, she that she can get around human being to the Welsh who carries around in his gin many of Nature's own

Dollings, reluctant to reveal his trade secrets, was p only after much coaxing his weight-reducing met

"The principal thing to get perspirin' and then keep in'," he said. "Ow do I sor, I gives 'em an 'ot b soda. That opens the po out the pizen. Then I ma plenty of water while th the bath. It flows right system, like water flus takin' all the rubbish through the pores. No f ever 'as to dry out. 'E c water 'e wants while 'e's when 'e's eatin' or before

At a single rubbing, ously expert hands can r off the human frame.

"I usually rubs 'em f but I prefers an hour," sa fessor. "I rubs in two di same time, like this." (I a series of fast passes t like a magician palmin clubs.)

"You must 'ave a soi good rub. A bed won't do too much. I can rub all c tired because I uses only me body. I'm the best wurruld."

Dai isn't bragging. H what he believes to be sel Among the Welsh won acles is the feat of makin his own aged noggin.

"I made a stody of (Continued on p

Durable Dai

By Dan Parker

Dai Dollings, 83-year-old trainer of athletes, lets you in on some of his training secrets

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Ten thousand to One



NEVER before in all history has so much depended on the *man behind the man* behind the gun. His battle lines are production lines; his weapons are the tools of his trade. Quotas be damned; whatever quantities are asked he must strive to exceed. His is the colossal task of changing "too little and too late" to "an abundance and on time."

There is an exaltation in mortal combat that drives men to heroic deeds. Medals of honor and a nation's gratitude justly reward their courage. For every hero so honored there are 10,000 unsung heroes in the battle of production. They are the men and women who toil without the spur of conflict in absolute devotion to freedom's cause. They are the *builders* of victory.

Final triumph will be won by the side that works hardest and produces the most. If all America matches the unrelenting efforts of the aircraft industry there can be no doubt which side that will be. Are your sleeves rolled up? Have you the right to consider yourself one of the ten thousand to one?

U. S. Army Photo
Douglas Workers



Donald W. Douglas

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Dextrose protects flavor and texture of canned fruits.

Keep the *Energy* of sunshine in your diet...Demand foods “Enriched with S

Sergeant Daru Settles an Account

Continued from page 13

unlike the girl who used to
s and snacks. She was the
a generation of peasants
pers who had fought and
their pennies until they
ank books and rents and

a wife and children, ser-
t you?" she asked. "How
pay, anyway? About five
d a month?"

"I said sullenly. "And I
staff sergeant or even
ant. I am still young, and
s good. And don't forget
forgotten it," she said.
enough for acting like a

"I said after a moment's
u think it over . . . give me
ri."

aid André and entered the
as slightly staggering and
a patriotic song; obviously he
k. André was a schoolteacher
eth. He was very big and
d a kind face. He told cer-
y stories very well, especially
h is a little risqué, about a
easant girl and a stolen horse.
ained at this story at least

his was the corporal Prokosh
le corporal, a certain Vil-
Ps. He had been a traveling
for wine firm, and he looked
d like a traveling salesman. He
fury stories, and we listened
because we had nothing else to
stories were by far not as
André's, not by a long shot.
ps I did not tell them as well.
has always talking about
nes, he had left behind, and
salmen of the competition
ab customers. Listening to
a be.

prope l was the strangest one
oup. First of all he was a for-
Czechoslovak. He was small
y, with black hair and a tiny
ustace. He always carried a
ing stick with him, although he
told me and again that it was
regulations. The riding stick
of a juvenile from another life,
ad in a second lieutenant in
h cavalry before he came to us.
erstel that he had a kind of
feud with the Huns. When he
k he spoke about the green hills
leys of Moravia. His accent

clear that Denise did not
oppe but it was funny all the
at he picked mostly him when
ated to annoy me. Sometimes
d a blow from the Fifth Field
ers as well, to be sure, or any
ellow in an emergency. But
him. Well, I said to myself, let
with my hero. Maybe he leaves
the Cix de guerre when the
bump off. Some Czecho-

three of them sat down at a table
ered snks. I probably should
one by en. But I had a notion
I would just do the thing
wanted to do; so I stayed on.
lo, said Villard. "You
ue. Die too much drinkin'?"
not bher to answer him and
a cogic.

oke to y to a fellow of sector
two," id André. "They've
in Cdp's third. Along the
and nch."
what?" said.

"Well, they are no good," he said.
"Rotten equipment. Poor training."

"Oh, you are drunk," I said. "What
do you know about Corap's army? And
then, they are only reserves anyway."

André looked over his glass. He
looked annoyed and kind of like an old
cart horse.

"You'll see," he said with his drunken
singing voice. "But don't say I haven't
told it . . ."

"Oh, forget it!" I said. Denise had
served Prokosh's drink as the last one.
Now she stood before him and said
nothing and smiled. The silence be-
tween them was much louder than
André's voice; it filled my eardrums
with a deafening din.

"Hello," I said. It probably sounded
very silly.

"Tonight," said Denise.

"Pardon?" said Prokosh. He said it
politely and as if slightly amused.

"Tonight," said Denise. "I kiss you
goodby when you go. All four of you."

Boche teaches you how to wash your
dirty faces."

One moment there was nothing, and
the next moment the whole world con-
sisted of a burning, flashing pain. Pro-
kosh had hit me over the forehead with
the flap of his silly little riding stick. I
ran for my bayonet, but Denise was
quicker. She opened the door and threw
the weapon with a wide fling out into
the night.

"There," she hissed. "Run after your
butcher knife. Run and don't let me
see your face again!"

I went out. First I could not find my
bayonet, but after a few minutes I found
it and strapped it on. I did not go back.

AFTER a few days we went back to the
line. There was no change out here.
Sometimes the Boches made a little
raid, just to keep the men busy, and
sometimes we made a raid, although
not so often. We did not care to give
orders like that. The men could have

the butt of his rifle which meant that he
had killed a man. I heard that he met
Denise whenever he was off duty.

I could have put him on trial, and the
outcome would have been a cinch. But
I did not like the idea. My business
with him was strictly private, and I
would settle it somehow. I was pretty
sure about that, and I even had a hunch
that it would be quite soon.

It came not so soon as I thought, to
be sure, but at last I did meet him in
the open. It was in the first weeks of
the spring, a glorious day with gentle
winds and a few high clouds; one of
those days that make you unhappy in a
certain way, because they are so perfect,
and life is so dark and so complicated.
A medical officer once told me that the
number of suicides goes up in early
spring, and I thought of that when I
started out. Prokosh had made a
sortie to find out what body of troops
was on the other side and, if possible, to
bring in a prisoner with his pay book
and identification tag. There was some
shifting behind the lines of the Boche,
and the division staff was dying to know
what it was all about. They always
played grand strategy when they got
tired of their drinking bouts.

Anyway, Prokosh did not come back
for quite a while, and the lieutenant said
that maybe somebody had better go
and have a look. It was not an order,
for the lieutenant very seldom gave
proper orders. He just said this or that
ought to be done, and there was always
more than one man to do it. He was
a mere kid, right from the military
school and so brave that it was almost
a sin. If he did not find anybody to do
things he did them himself, but he found
somebody for almost anything. With a
few thousand like him we could have
won the war, I believe.

THIS time I felt like a little walk, and
so I said yes, I would look around, and
checked out. I passed two listening
posts, and then I was in no man's land.
It looked like any other land, only the
air was somehow thinner, and one had
the feeling that there were eyes on you
all the time. Quite a funny feeling.
The sun was quite hot for the season,
and my invisible scar burnt as I marched
on. Tough break, I thought, if the Hun
should liquidate my friend Prokosh, and
I would stand like a dope with empty
hands. I prayed that he would live.

When I reached the ridge of a little
hill I saw him. He trotted along a nar-
row footpath down below, about eight
hundred feet off, the rifle dangling from
his hand in the way he used to carry his
stick. He did not have a prisoner with
him—maybe he had killed a German
instead and taken his papers.

I went down on one knee and took
aim. I had him on my gun sight, nicely
and squarely. It was like target prac-
tice with a recruit, one, two, three, calm
and steady, don't pull her too fast.

I did not pull her at all, for that
matter. I got up on my feet. My fore-
head was full of little beads of sweat. I
had a feeling of being dirty all over, as
you may have felt after a disgraceful
night in bad company.

"Well," I said to myself, "that's how
it is. Better put it off a little. The
Polack won't run away. You'll kill the
swine, sure enough you'll kill him. But
kill him when he sees you. It's no fun
when he doesn't see you."

When he marched up to me I came
out of my cover. He stopped short and
did not know what to do. He looked
very silly.

"The lieutenant wants to see you."



She said "all four of you" but she
looked only at Prokosh.

"We shall be very happy," said Pro-
kosh. He spoke his maddening high-
school French. He still looked amused.

"I like the soldiers," said Denise. Her
voice was a little dreamy. "I like them
because their life is dangerous, and be-
cause they are scared and yet brave."

SHE ran her finger playfully up the
buttons of his tunic. It always made
me crazy when she did that to me, but
it made me still crazier when she did it
to somebody else.

"Cut it out," I said. I did not feel
drunk, and I don't think I was. Villard
broke into a stupid laughter.

"Shut up," I shouted. "Stand at atten-
tion when you speak to your superior."

Villard kept on laughing. His eyes
were all wet and small, and tiny tears
rolled down the wrinkles of his face. I
stepped up to him and struck him be-
tween the eyes. He dropped with a
little funny sound like a killed pig. He
did not laugh any more. It was awfully
quiet in the room, and into the silence
rang a very distant single shot. Then
Corporal Prokosh said without raising
his voice:

"Sergeant, you've behaved like a
heel."

"Shut your trap," I said. "Your dirty
trap. You Polack. You swine. All that
stinky war business wouldn't have
started if it weren't for you Polacks
and Slovaks. It's about time that the

refused, some sections really had, and
then we had the mess of reporting and
court-martial. There were a lot of rumors
about generals who had conspired and
officers who had been shot. We didn't
believe it, and then again we did.

We did not care, in fact. We drank
our wine and played pontoon. Cécile
wrote from home that milk and eggs had
become very scarce. Wine was still
to be had, but it had gone up thirty-five
centimes the liter. She did not mention
her cousin from Brest any more. Prob-
ably they kept house like husband and
wife now, and there was nothing excit-
ing left to it. All her sentences sounded
like as many lies.

The bruise on my forehead disap-
peared very soon. But the funny part
about it was that the pain did not dis-
appear. It hurt as much as in the first
minute, not more, but as much. Time
and again I looked into a glass to see if
the red mark really had gone. There
was not even a scar. But it hurt. Some
Czechoslovak!

I did not avoid seeing him. There he
was, a little unobtrusive man, small,
wiry, with black hair and a tiny black
moustache. He did not carry his stick
any more; maybe he had given it to
Denise as a souvenir. But he still made
his risky little excursions as he used to
do, alone or with one or two men. Some-
times he brought back a scrap of infor-
mation or a young German soldier who
looked scared and refused to talk.
Sometimes he had only a new notch in

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corporal. I said, and we went back to the line. Neither of us spoke a word, and I marched in front of him all the way, just in case. I felt tired and exhausted. I had to control myself not to sicken like a boy who has smoked his first cigar.

NOW, it's a funny thing and hard to believe. But it is a fact that from that day on, the spot on my forehead did not hurt any more. I first could not believe it, I was bewildered and called myself names. But you simply can't tell yourself that you feel a pain where there is no pain.

Sometimes I even regretted that I had not shot while the shooting was good and safe. Sometimes I felt like a sore spot in the clean face of the army; and on some other days I was close to going out of my mind or to reporting myself to the colonel, which was about the same, after all.

"It's a strange world," I said to myself. "You, Gaston Daru, for one," I said, "you wouldn't care a hoot about bumping off a guy in a German uniform, or two or five or a dozen for that matter. You would only feel like a big shot. And they are quite nice and polite fellows, maybe, although they most probably stink of sauerkraut and beer. But when it comes to settling accounts with a dirty Polack, you shake in your shoes like a sissy, only because he's wearing a French uniform."

I could not understand it. Once we had sworn loyalty to the tricolor; it was long, long ago, and I had almost forgotten what it was all about. And it was not that, of course. It was simply a childish habit of the mind. But I couldn't get over it.

Once or twice I started talking to André about the whole business. He was a learned man, after all, and he ought to know. But I was afraid he would smell a rat, and so I changed over to something else. He was drunk most of the time anyway.

As to Prokosh, he still had not bitten the dust, and I still hated the sight of him. Or perhaps I only started to hate him now. It was like a woman who has lost her child. She can't cry for grief, and when she starts crying, the worst of it is over. I really did not hate the Slovak before that, or maybe my hatred had been so much part of me that I had no feeling of it. Now I felt the very thought of him like a pain in the neck. Never mind, I thought. I'll kill the beggar sooner or later, or at least plant a nice souvenir round his snout.

But sometimes I thought of other things too, and quite often of Cécile. Her last letters were sober, sensible and friendly. She had not been a bad wife as women go, after all. And the kids must have grown a little. I began to count the weeks again. There were about twenty to go to my next leave. Twenty weeks. A long time. A very long time.

I NEVER got this leave, for that matter. The Boche broke into Holland, and we were hastily entrained to meet him somewhere in Flanders; on the plains where generations of our young men had spilled their blood, twenty years ago, and hundreds of years ago, and ever since time has begun. That's why they are so fertile and overflowing with grain and flowers.

When we got off the trains, the roads were jammed with carts and trucks and refugees and corpses and everything that could roll or walk or creep or die. It was a gruesome sight, and the German fliers peppered into the marmelade like rain from a cloudburst. We had been sent to the front, but there was no front at all, only screaming and running people down below, and screaming and roaring birds of hell overhead; all of it

between a sheet of gray dust and a glaring and pitiless sky. It was like an enormous three-decker sandwich, made of human flesh. The officers disappeared one by one; only our little lieutenant stayed on the job, and he commanded soon a whole body of troops, although you couldn't tell whether it was a battalion or a regiment, because there were no such things left as battalions and regiments. It was a horrible mess.

We marched in a northerly direction. We shot at everything we saw, but we didn't see very much to shoot at. The planes mowed down soldiers like ninepins. Somewhere to our right the tanks had broken through. In front of us were the Britishers instead of the Germans, and in our rear the Nazi tanks instead of our supply trucks. Our march became a flight, and nobody knew where and why.

Near the coast we made our last stand. Long formations of Tommies passed us. It was the first time I saw them. They laughed and waved to us, full of mud and blood as they were, and they seemed to take the whole affair as a joke. We waved back, but we didn't feel like laughing. The sappers had prepared sort of field fortifications in a wide circle around the town. It was not much better than trenches with sand bags and some light artillery. The pride of the whole setup was a few antitank guns, and when I say few I mean it.

We had to hold the position at any price, and we settled down and held it. It was better than nothing, after all, and still better that we saw the Huns now at last. They came in clusters behind their tanks, green troops, apparently, and a pleasure to shoot at. It was a riot of noise: M.G.'s, artillery, hand grenades, motors and some deep-voiced big rifles from the sea. There were planes too, and quite a few of them; it was practically more planes than sky when you looked up. They emptied their vicious bullets into our trenches. We hated them for it and tried to get them by machine-gun fire. They probably told it back home as a good joke.

It must have been one of these slugs that got me. First I felt nothing but a slight pang on the right side of my chest, just about the spot where I kept the handbook for noncommissioned officers of the French army. The book did not do me any good; the slug went clean through it. When I took it out it was full of blood. I coughed and staggered slightly. The noise of the battle became a distant, continuous roar like water gushing from a broken main. Then I collapsed.

When I came to I was on the sea. I was lying on the deck planks of a little yacht or motorboat, and I felt the throbbing of the little engine right through the thick coat I lay upon. It was evening. The sky overhead was pale blue and clear like glass, but the coast far behind hid under thick layers

of yellowish smoke, broiling flames. I had a nas chest, that much was stretched my hand out I of gauze.

I tried to get up and look over the deck was jammed with poilus. Some of them were the railing and staring black shadows before the went on over there. Other over the deck in all positions and exhaustion, and all like a gang of hoodlums after a brawl in a bad place a husky French lance corporal, he behaved as if I Probably shell shock. At a short and paunchy g pants and black bobtail balancing on the back of looked very foolish. A paced the deck up and down stopped by me.

"Hello," he said, "coming?"

"Yes," I said. "What? Where are we going?"

"We are going to England."

We have evacuated Dunkirk, the men are already on the still shuttling back and forth bottles, to get the remainder of a job."

"Seems I am wounded."

"You are wounded all right. Shot clean through the chest. Never mind. The doctor is up nicely in Harley Street."

"What friend?"

"Fellow from your section, fellow, I should say. Caught in the jam in the good way, on his back like a sack through the surf to the corporal. Come over. Round."

PROKOSH came over. He before me and smiled at me the first time I had seen him.

"You," I said weakly.

"It just happened so," he said apologetically.

"I did not think you would do that."

"Well," he said, "in the trenches are all comrades in a way."

"You're a dope," I said. "You a poke in the face coming to you know?"

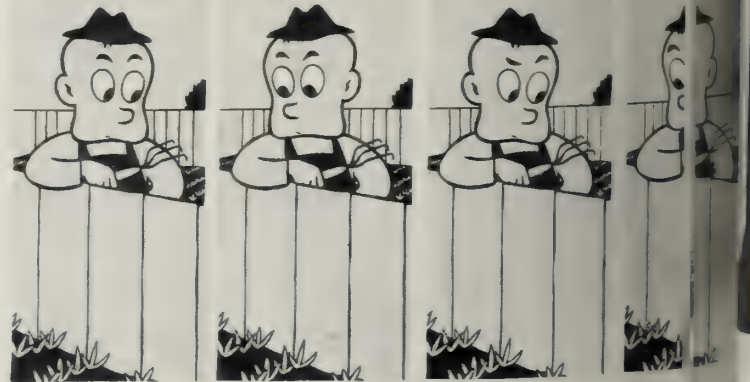
"And then," he said as he had heard me, "it's always working a good soldier who kills Boche again."

"So you think I am a Boche?"

"Yes," he said. "You are a guy, but you're a good guy. You don't know it."

I grunted and rolled over on my side. His accent still made me closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. The little ship rolled gently on the ground swell, and then I

THE END



Victory Gardens

Deep in the Heart . . .

Continued from page 12

ncy of our fellow citizens. get away from their desks rophones, stop interview- s, stop talking and writing, listen a while, they'd real- are still giants in the land. Berkeley, California: I met was an air warden in and his mates were giv- on that afternoon. They ven several. I went along ite a crowd of the local n hand. The firemen and s had incendiary bombs e same kind of bombs d a one-mile-square sec- on December 28, 1941.

Treat Incendiaries

ere thrown into the mid- t and ignited. Then the a little speech. He told citizens how not to put y. He tossed water on effect. Then he showed t out an incendiary. He them; he demonstrated nps and then with sand. finished everyone who tened knew just what to power of incendiaries.

st them silly and elemental e the air wardens said, g many incendiaries in e," I said. "It's the first ky the proper way to put ndy. In public buildings at all over London there sig telling us what to do. er ad them. And if we do, hey say. No one actu- emstrated to us how to g t incendiaries." ow the West Coast I found

civil defense precautions intelligently handled. Often there were minor conflicts between civil and military authorities; San Francisco was one such city. But minor differences are as much a part of the American scene as is whole-wheat bread or bacon and eggs. They are not symbolic of anything except our innate love of arguing, making speeches and saying, "I told you so."

We have been at war five months. Two months after France fell six million of us were complacently sitting in London saying, "They'll never bomb us."

The enemy was only twenty minutes' flying time away but we laughed at the warnings of the military and civil authorities. When we got our baptism of night bombing on September 7, 1940, we were quite unprepared for it. It wasn't the fault of the authorities who had done everything possible to get us ready for it. We, in truth, were complacent and unaware. I found an entirely different state of mind on the West Coast of the United States.

R.A.F. pilots there, either to test new aircraft or to instruct, agreed with me that people on the West Coast were far more war-minded, far better prepared mentally and practically than were the people of London at the same stage of war.

The people of Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood are not saying, "They'll never bomb us." Soberly, intelligently they are going ahead on the assumption that sooner or later Japanese bombers will be over and the only sensible thing to do is to take out insurance to minimize possible losses.

Insurance against bombing is very inexpensive; it consists of alert, trained civilian defense organizations taking

suggestions and orders, without grumbling, from military authorities who know their business.

In Hollywood, that much maligned community, picture people sitting around Dave Chasen's or Mike Romanoff's restaurant were laughing a little bit at the show put on at the Warner Brothers studio. The Brothers Warner built bomb shelters large enough to accommodate all employees should an air raid come, either by day or by night. They held a rehearsal and, of course, had cameramen stationed all over to record for posterity the rush of employees, stars, technical men and executives toward the bomb shelters. The next day the pictures duly appeared in the papers.

I didn't laugh. I thought of the lives which would have been saved in Coventry had that sad city built shelters such as those I saw in the Burbank studios. I thought of the dead I'd seen in defenseless Southampton and in unprepared Plymouth and I could only mentally congratulate the Warner Brothers for their farsightedness and thoroughness in preparing for the worst. Other studios followed suit. The aircraft factories in the Los Angeles district have blast walls and shelters which would put the factories of Britain and Moscow to shame. Complacency? Unawareness? Maybe I'm a bum reporter but I could not find it on the West Coast.

In San Francisco I walked into the office of the Chronicle. I saw a telegram on the bulletin board in the city room. It was from the publisher of the Chronicle, now Lt. Commander Paul Smith, who works for Secretary Knox. The telegram was addressed to the staff of the Chronicle. Some of it might bear repetition here.

"Avoid being Pollyanna in heads and banners," it said in terse newspaper style. "Editorials and cartoons should strive for stark realism. Needn't be Gloomy Gus nor defeatist about ultimate outcome but war is going to be far tougher than anyone yet suspecting. Victory will exact tremendous price. Do your best to toughen our community for news ahead. Don't overplay our minor victories nor understate enemy position. . . . Cost of victory in blood, sweat, toil and tears is going to be colossal. This cannot be overemphasized. You are doing a good job. Keep it up and try not to fall into weaknesses of so much of the press today, such as blind Pollyannism or on the other hand blind defeatism. To win we must not only be prepared to give all, but actually to give all. Regards. Paul."

The Truth—Even if it Hurts

I never met Lt. Commander Paul Smith but he makes a lot of sense to me. He seems to be one publisher who isn't sitting in his office interviewing himself, thinking of new ways to criticize the government and our war effort. To me he seems to be a realist who knows we're in for a tough fight and who has confidence enough in the public (that's you and me) to use his newspaper to tell us the truth. To me, Paul Smith represents the state of mind of the typical American of today. Is that complacency he is preaching? If it is, I'm nuts.

Now take College Station, Texas. I've got to be careful when I talk about Texas. During the past ten years I've worked in every country in Europe. And been everywhere, but never in Texas. I just came from spending two weeks there and I walked out of the state

GUMS BLEED A LITTLE ?

then beware — it may be

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If not combated—Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, with its loosened teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home there's—

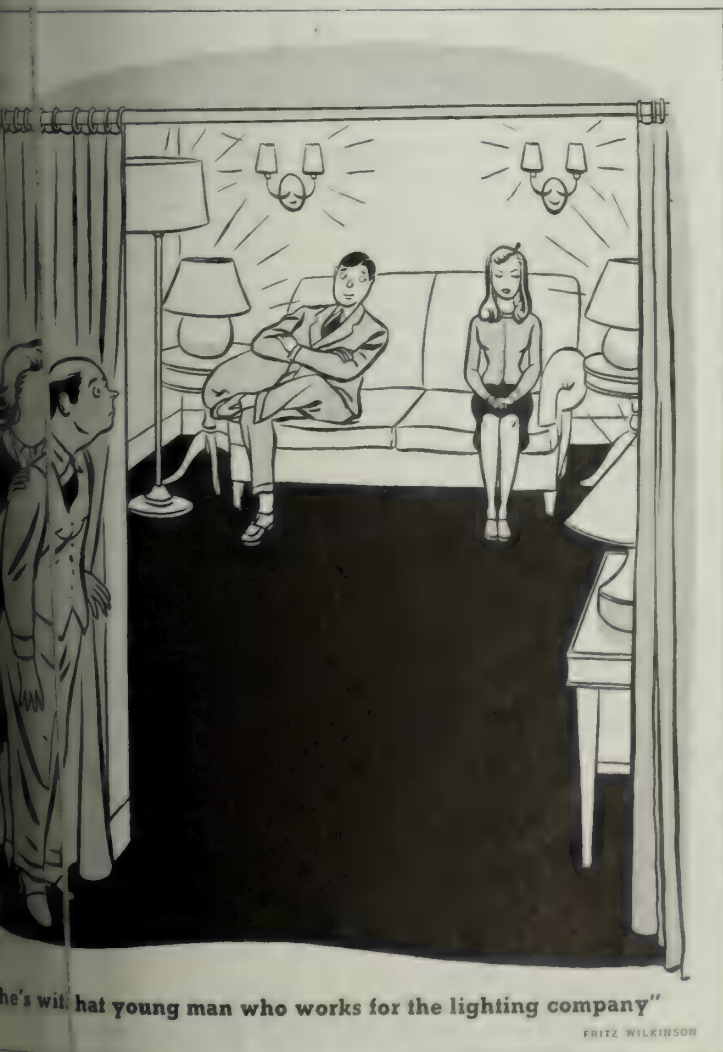
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A regular business suit of cool porous worsted that weighs only 43 ounces. Retains shape and press, protects against sudden temperature changes. Made from 100% Wool Naphthalated, virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve wool fiber strength. Look for tag in pocket. For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 401 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

ARLINGTON MILLS, Lawrence, Mass.

laughing. I was laughing at Hitler and Hirohito and at the defeatists and enemies within our own borders. I was laughing at their insolence in thinking that they could ever conquer our country. Texas affects you like that. Texas didn't wait to be stabbed in the back. During the past two years, I've met kids from Texas on British destroyers in the Channel and in the North Atlantic; flying with R.A.F. bomber groups and with our own magnificent Eagle Squadron, No. 71, the first to go into combat; flying Curtiss-Wright P-40's in Libya, and I met them all places on the sorely beleaguered island of Malta in the Mediterranean. I'd never been in Texas before but I'd met Texans all right.

They sing a song down there, The Eyes of Texas are Upon You. Texas, putting forth her hundred-per-cent war effort intelligently, viciously, with hatred in her heart against those who would snap Uncle Sam's suspenders, has her eyes on the rest of us. If we lag in our war effort, Texas is liable to get mad and fight the war alone. Texas is like that. When I die I want to go to Texas.

Let's get back to College Station, Texas. You probably never heard of the place unless you're a football fan. There's nothing there but a college. College Station is the home of Texas A. and M., the great Texas Aggies. I doubt whether they'll have much of a football team there next fall. Those 4,500 students are too interested in learning ways and means of killing Japs and Germans to bother with football. They were just winding up spring football practice when I was there and Coach Norton was mighty pleased.

"They'll make great soldiers," he gloated, watching his tall, lean boys run to the showers. "Maybe football will help them a little."

"What kind of a team will you have next year?" I asked him.

"There's only one team that counts now," he said a little reproachfully. "That's America. A lot of our boys will have qualified for service by the fall. They're wonderful boys and they'll make great soldiers."

I sat up late with a bunch of those cadets at Texas A. and M. They are all cadets at Texas A. and M. Every one of those 4,500 boys will be in one service or another within a short time. I sat up with them and talked and listened to them and it was exciting. This is the generation that is going to win the war for us. It's a good generation. They've had their little fun with girls and with juke boxes and with a little beer on the side and with football and junior proms. But they were just killing time doing that and now they're Americans, and their country has said, "We need a little help, boys," and they're quite willing and very anxious and soon will be technically trained in the various ways of knocking the brains out of those silly Germans and Japs.

Young America is Ready

When you return from the war zone, you get asked an awful lot of fool questions. People ask you, "What is the truth about the Hess case?" They ask (as though two million Russians hadn't already proved it), "Can we trust the Russians?" They ask, "Are the British one hundred per cent behind their war effort?" (As though thousands and thousands of British civilians hadn't proved that too.) But those men from Texas A. and M. didn't ask questions like that. We sat for many hours and they asked, "What weapon do the British Commandos use? How do they sneak in places and kill Germans without rousing the whole German army?" I knew the answer to that and when I told them of the knives and the beautifully effective methods used by the Commandos, their

eyes glistened and their young hands clenched and you knew everything was all right with young America.

I could go on for many many thousands of words telling of my two-month quest for unawareness and complacency. But, so help me, I couldn't find it. So instead of a sensational story, all I can offer is an honest story.

I was in a gambling place in Nevada, in one of those small towns that are still "Wild West." I played a little roulette and shot a little craps and drank a little red liquor with the boss, who worked on a ranch in the fall and the summer.

"A lot of people think we don't take this war serious," the tall cowboy-gambler drawled. "Lemme tell you, mister, maybe in the beginning we didn't. Maybe England seemed a long way off and, hell, we hardly ever heard of them slap-happy Jappies. But take a look at the casualty list, friend. You'll find plenty of names on it from Nevada and Idaho and from hereabouts. That's brought England and Russia pretty close to us. We don't like our boys killed. We're pretty mad about it and from now on we're taking orders from the Boss. Whatever he says goes. We don't care what taxes he makes us pay. That dough is all going to kill Japs and Heinies, ain't it?"

It was that night I met the Negro porter. He brought me a drink and said, "Boss, ain't you low on cigarettes?"

I said, "Bring me another pack."

He brought me another pack and then picked up my old package. "Mister, you ain't got but one cigarette left in this old pack. Can I leave the cigarette here and take the tin foil outa the ol' pack?"

"Sure," I told him. "What do you want with it?"

"Well," he was a little embarrassed, "us porters got a kinda competition to see who can collect the most tin foil. So far this month I collect twenty-three pounds. The gov'ment wants tin foil so we grab all the cigarette packages we can find. I guess they make airplanes or somethin' outa the tin foil—"

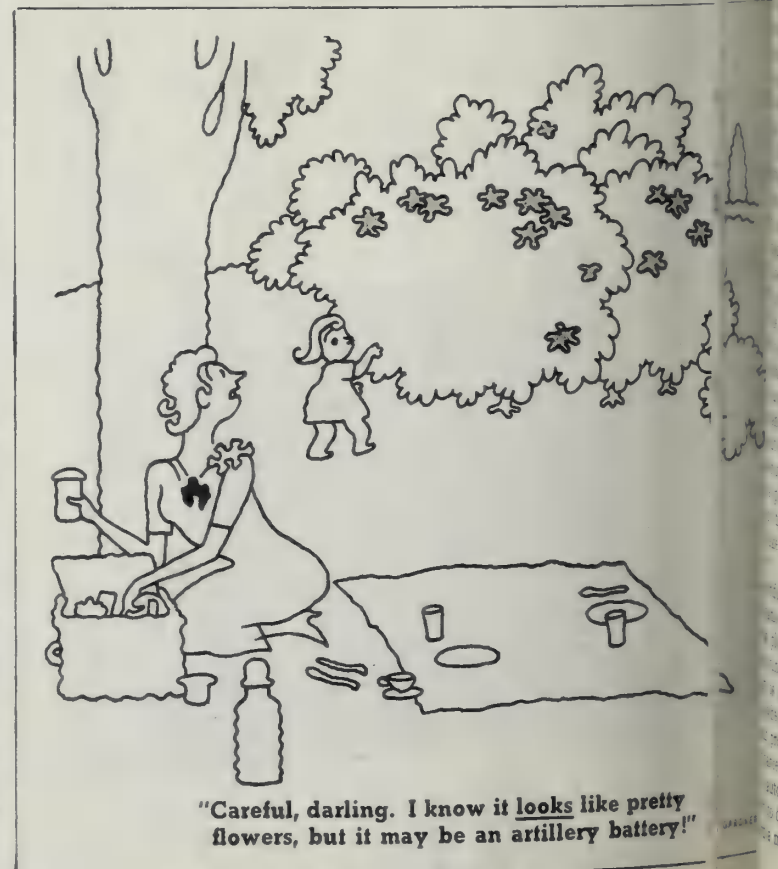
Yeah, man, these here Americans are getting mad. A little punch-drunk after two months of one-night stands I scurried to Sun Valley, Idaho, to fall down mountains for a week on skis before the snow melted. One doesn't expect a sense of war consciousness at a resort like Sun

Valley but, surprisingly, Turner, deputy sheriff of Idaho, had organized a mandos from among t near-by Ketchum and St idea came from gnarl Spike Spackman, ex-ro and maestro of Western Valley. Spackman, Lou hotel man, and Grant Pacific Railroad spec Ketchum, act as the she This small group of th organized is well armed three hundred rounds of well equipped (the Uni nated trucks, automobile an expert skier, horsema rifle shot. I saw them i don't want any trouble v

Fifth Columnist

Why Commandos in I thing the government is sands of interned Japan For another there are mai tain airports controlled Forest Service. Then, haven't been spotted yet fifth columnists in Idaho ley Commandos are read trained, very angry nothing else, it is a sym ple in the West feel abou

Where do you look placency and unawarene it in the saboteurs of Co structionist minority who of Rights over themse tecting cloak; those litt all they can to wreck our those men who are just a otage as if they were v tion or aircraft factories whispers about them fr southern California; for Nevada; from men on t people in New Orleans a and Dallas and Chicago met these past two mon mad at those who would tional unity, and when mad they are apt to be very annoyed at those no things because whereve you meet people who nephews or friends who guns and enemy torped In the past we Americ



"Careful, darling. I know it looks like pretty flowers, but it may be an artillery battery!"

two classes: those who en-
 labor around and those who
 verbal bricks at industry.
 is no need for anyone to
 The record shows how few
 had in war production in-
 ies since December 7th. At
 ve have lost something less
 f of one per cent of our war
 y strikes since we got into
 ery time some khaki-clad
 nsfield, Ohio, or Waterloo,
 Claire, Wisconsin, throws
 ullet at a Jap in the Philip-
 tribute to the American
 sweated to produce those
 ullets. Labor is not some
 ingible thing you can talk
 y you talk about the trend
 athing or interest in vita-
 s you and me and the man
 millions like us; real peo-
 right now working their
 eed up production. Labor
 e use. How about industry?
 t, don't live with gamblers
 rporters and little old ladies
 r college boys or Holly-
 all the time. Lately I've
 ound with the men who
 with what we used to call
 ists. I know a lot of them
 ty open up they give you
 tl record" tag. You can't
 mention their names or
 s but, believe me, I'm not
 ot Boy Scout leaders. The
 e lustry, which is now bear-
 ur of war production, is en-
 biggest (and for once
 competition. Each company is
 urip its former rivals but
 dividends and the number of
 es; old are not the goals.
 ce pany finds a new gadget
 t n out shells or tanks or
 uick than another company,
 triumph. Once they've found
 t, they may gloat for a hot mo-
 he quickly disperse the new
 it around with me and
 o the former captains of in-
 There're rather pleased with
 s. They've stolen a year's
 the dis, they'll tell you. Typ-
 eir attitude is the new slogan
 y General Motors: "Victory is
 ess. Not a bad slogan.

is America's Greatness

sit ound with the men who
 gs later than anyone else in
 can take them, you don't feel
 ving your hands and saying:
 dolf, you're too tough for us."
 t feel like joining the doleful
 he defeatists. When you hear
 quely, confidently about the
 while confronted them a few
 go a of how they've over-
 e polemics; when you hear
 k of how magnificently labor
 ondedo the new and difficult
 s, yotvant to throw your hat
 r antell the world what a
 count this is you belong to.
 er the automobile industry for
 st. Suppose you called in your
 mood plumber and said to him,
 my pro is out of tune. Tune
 it. The plumber could say with
 "Mister I'm a plumber. I've
 ars leading my trade. I'm no
 ner. It would take me years of
 to becc e one."

the automobile industry in less
 ear than a manner of speak-
 ed its ack on plumbing and
 expert piano tuning. Today
 automobile industry is making the
 its ever side anywhere. Ninety-
 cent oil tank production is
 andled r companies which a
 o were making automobiles—
 e same workmen to do the job.
 ur plant I heard a man say in

Detroit, "we switched men from paint-
 ing automobile bodies to welding in ten
 days. They're good welders, too."

The automobile industry tossed away
 and scrapped thirty-four years of mass
 production and started all over again.
 One plant ordered to make guns had to
 devise 3,500 operations of manufacture,
 create 6,000 complicated tools and pro-
 cure more than 1,500 specialized ma-
 chines before it could start producing.
 That was ten months ago. Today the
 plant is exactly a year ahead of sched-
 uled production.

Consider the machine gun. The basic
 design of the machine gun and the pro-
 cess of manufacturing it had not changed
 since the last war. There was no reason
 why standard manufacturers should
 have changed either design or manufac-
 turing methods. The demand was slight,
 the result was acceptable and there was
 no reason for any short cuts in manufac-
 ture. Then that comfortable old world
 we once knew came to an end and the
 automobile industry was given the job
 of making guns. At first they made
 them as they had always been made but
 bright young men from technical col-
 leges and veteran foremen with years of
 practical experience in making things
 kept figuring out time-saving devices.
 The industry pooled its brains and if an
 engineer at one plant thought of some-
 thing new, it would be all over the in-
 dustry the next day.

Invention Marches On

Following this plan, someone thought
 out a conveyer system that would carry
 the gun barrel from machine to ma-
 chine, thus obviating the need for slow
 hand carting. Sharp metal edges had
 always been filed down by hand. Some-
 one dreamed up the idea of applying
 what is known in the industry as "tum-
 bling" (rotating parts in a drum together
 with oil, abrasive and metal slugs) and
 what formerly took hours now took sec-
 onds. Someone noticed that holes in the
 gun barrel cover were elliptical. This
 meant that they had to be machined, a
 slow process. The inquiring soul asked
 if the gun would be just as effective if
 the holes were round. He was told that
 it would. Now they are made round and
 one machine punches ten at a time. An-
 other punches all the holes on flat sheet
 steel, then rolls it instead of using tube
 steel.

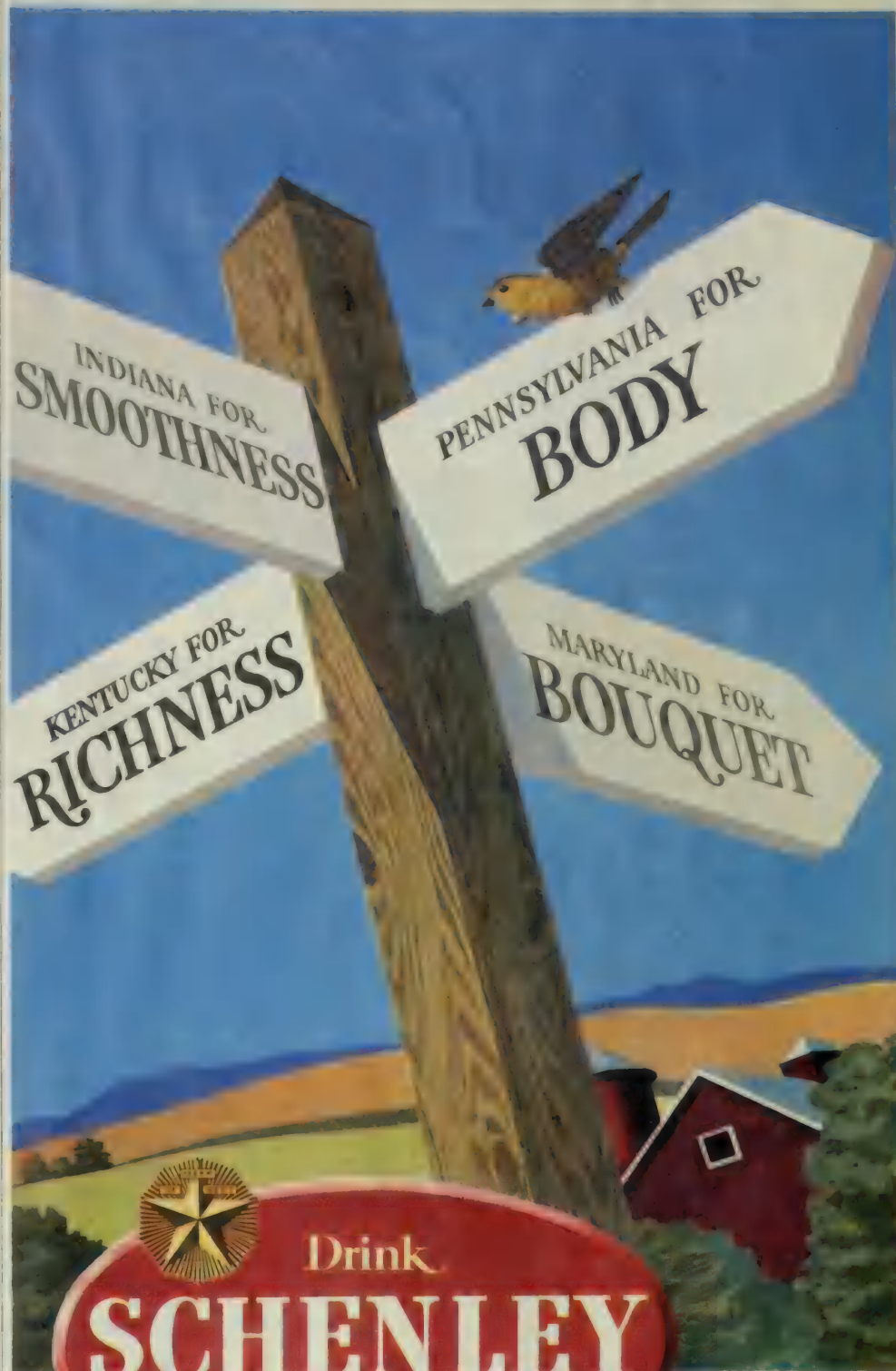
Take the matter of shells. The auto-
 mobile companies are turning them out
 the way they used to turn out carbu-
 retors. They've streamlined the ancient
 business of shell making. Today man-
 ual handling is reduced to an absolute
 minimum. The steel bar stock is first
 moved from freight cars to bins by elec-
 tro-magnets, and then roller conveyers
 carry the shell to its ultimate destina-
 tion—a freight car headed toward
 some convoy port.

Six months ago the automobile indus-
 try couldn't spell Oerlikon. Now this
 marvelous gun first ordered by the Brit-
 ish from a Swiss plant is rolling off the
 assembly lines of Detroit. So is the
 20 mm. aircraft cannon, and tanks are
 crawling out of factory entrances as fast
 as shiny automobiles once did.

There may be something wrong with
 this country of ours but I couldn't find it
 —and I tried. Of course, there's some
 confusion, duplication of effort, blun-
 dering, misapplied energy but that is to
 be expected. Our country is now en-
 gaged in a brand-new business—the
 business of murder. That's all that war
 is. Hitler and Hirohito are professionals.
 We'll catch up to them soon. It won't
 be long. Look back over the 153 years
 of our country's life. Very often the
 country was in grave danger but always
 giants entered to lead it out of peril.
 There are still giants in the land.

THE END

Get the Best from Four Great Distilling States* in One Great Whiskey



*Blended with the
 Finest Grain
 Neutral Spirits
 for Perfect
 MILDNESS!



SCHENLEY, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits. SCHENLEY RESERVE, 67% Grain Neutral
 Spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

MORE MILES PER QUART



of
OIL

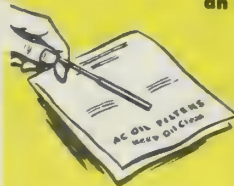
SAVE OIL

If you drive with dirty engine oil, you buy *more* oil than you should—and, *more often*. The reason, in rather technical language, is this: dirt clogs the oil control piston rings, and they cease to perform their function as oil economizers.

One sure cure for this kind of expense is a new AC Oil Filter Renewal Element. It not only keeps oil clean, it also removes *discoloration*. Consequently, you can safely continue to drive as long as the AC Oil Test Pad (used by your AC dealer) shows that your oil is clear. Thus, you protect your engine, keep it on the job, and get more miles per quart of oil.

SEE THAT YOUR OIL IS CLEAN

Have your oil checked for dirt with an AC Oil Test Pad



Whenever you have your oil checked, ask the attendant to use an AC Oil Test Pad to wipe your gauge stick.

Then, look at the Test Pad. The spot on it will tell you whether there's dirt in your oil.

AC Oil Filters Get the Dirt

For engines not already equipped, there's a complete AC Oil Filter which your dealer can install in a short time.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
There's one near you

NOTE: Follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

as we shall see, eventually all over the world.

General Olds, the man who organized it, holds the rating of Command Pilot, Military Airplane Pilot and Combat Observer, with more than 5,000 hours' flying time to his credit. It was he, in 1938 and later, who led the long-range flights to South America, proving that, in addition to good will, we had planes that could go places with big loads—the four-engine bombers. For years, this type of plane has been Olds' special baby. In his new command, this knowledge was precisely what was needed—particularly since he was soon called upon to run a transatlantic air line.

This service was started last summer in order to get our diplomats to and from Europe; no small assignment, even in ordinary times. Under war conditions, with use of radio restricted, weather reports uncertain or unobtainable, and hostile aircraft to contend with, it was a formidable job. Let's look at the first trip: This was undertaken on July 1st, one month after the AFFC had been organized. It was a special mission to U. K. (The United Kingdom). The pilot was Colonel Caleb V. Haynes, the man who broke the altitude record for Flying Fortresses with full load at Dayton in 1939.

Extraordinary Achievement

He was also awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in 1939 for piloting a bomber from Langley Field, Virginia, to Santiago, Chile, on a mercy flight with Red Cross supplies for earthquake victims. In February, 1942, he was awarded the oak-leaf cluster for "extraordinary achievement" in flying a four-engine bomber over three continents on a "secret mission" last fall.

The plane left Bolling Field for Canada, then took off for U. K. As it neared the British Isles, bad flying weather was encountered, with ceilings too low for safe landing at the scheduled airdrome. Colonel Haynes tried to get other airdromes by radio and failed. For two and a half hours the ship circled the British Isles looking for a place to land. No luck. Finally Colonel Haynes radioed the original airdrome: "We are coming in under the overcast." A message came back immediately: "The ceiling is 600 feet and you are on your own."

The rest of the story is in Colonel Haynes' own words from his report to headquarters: "I went out for three minutes, turned and let down to 550 feet, and then landed. This was the initial trip of the Atlantic Ferrying Command."

On the way back, at least one third of the trip was flown blind. Ice was encountered at 12,000 feet, and part of the trip had to be made at 22,000 feet.

The files in Washington are full of such laconic reports that give a quick glimpse of the moments or hours when the life of a plane and its crew and the success of a mission hung upon the nerve, experience and physical endurance of some pilot. For instance:

On August 29, 1941, Lieutenant W. N. Vickers ran into a tornado over Wilmington, Delaware. He was flying a four-engine bomber on his way back to Washington. His report indicates the tremendous force of the storm; with all power off and his landing gear down he was unable to lose altitude. This is the way he described it: "Encountered difficult weather at Boston but got okays from Newark and Philadelphia. Toward Philadelphia, weather became more

Air Line to Everywhere

Continued from page 19

turbulent . . . later became so violent that plane was tossed up to 13,000 feet and back down to 7,000 feet . . . with all four engines idling and landing gear down. Lasted twenty minutes. Airplane could not be forced to lower altitudes. So rough that radio headsets were thrown off the heads of the radio operator, pilot and copilot and could not be kept in position.

"Not even the Philadelphia control tower had knowledge of the storm one minute before the plane encountered it. After twenty minutes the plane came out of it okay and made landing at Bolling Field."

Lieutenant Vickers, by the way, is one of the few old-timers in the Air Forces with a background of barnstorming before he entered the service. One of his jobs now is to test planes for the AFFC.

On October 8th, Lieutenant James W. Anderson, Jr., established a record for which there is no place in the books: he kept his plane flying successfully despite a load of several tons of ice.

This happened on a trip back from U. K. It was pitch-black when he ran into the ice storm. His radio had been silenced by the aurora borealis; the course had to be set by dead reckoning. Many minutes later when they could take bearings, the crew discovered they had been carried far north into Labrador.

The pilot reported: "An hour and a half from Montreal ran into severe area of icing which came down in the form of large, supercooled raindrops and formed a hard, clear ice on the surface of the aircraft—two to three inches of ice—adding considerable weight to the plane."

"Whether due to weight of ice alone, skin friction, or a direct distortion of surfaces, the aircraft takes on a very sluggish reaction to changes in the controls, and there is a sensation of traveling down a river in a heavily loaded canoe. In other words, it feels as if you have control, but the ship's reaction is very slow."

The report goes on to say that these tons of ice did not seriously affect the plane's power. The de-icer boots were

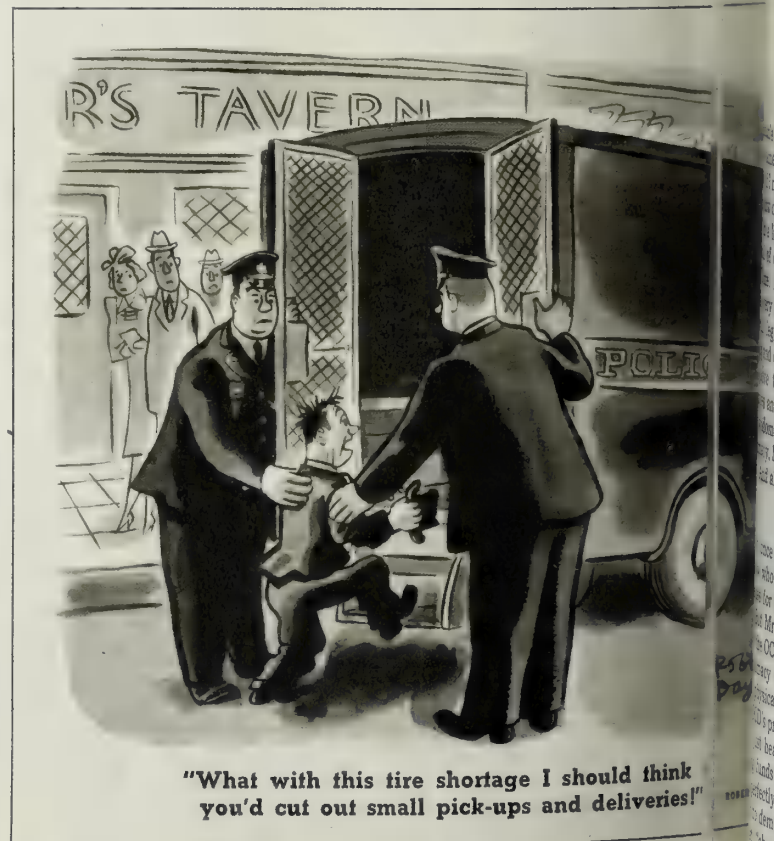
able to shake off a good and the plane came in safely.

But the North Atlantic one of the routes that the Command was busy picking up. General Brett wanted to was flown there by America. That route has been full since then. However, peacetime job of the Air Command was the mission to Moscow. That was one of the two planes that went around the world.

A Well-Earned

The crews were assembled and made on less than a week. Two ships left Bolling Field, Canada, and from there, U. K. time, so far. But from U. K. the nonstop up to the Arctic down to Moscow where they delivered the mission. It was a magnificent flight. They have thought well of it, for the crews a breakfast consisting of, Crutcher, Crimean wine, cabbage, tomato-and-onion caviar—after which even if he'd like a beefsteak. Oumansky acted as interpreter. "There was fun all around."

After waiting for the mission, the two ships took on different routes. Ship Number O by Major Louis T. O'Connell, around the Mediterranean thence through Africa to the West Coast, to Brazil, Portugal straight to Washington. Some trouble with radio tions in Africa. Reich, accustomed to the excellent ports of the Russians; puzzled when he was uncertain African station bearings. He came down and discovered that the radio natives and that he had an old native custom—celebrating the festival month of October drinking all night and singing all day.



outpost when asked for port replied that it would not get any kind of fore- it would not be reliable. ship, commanded by Ma- rvey, proceeded through East to India. Singapore, w Guinea, Wake Island, s Angeles, Ft. Worth and This added up, all told, to miles and accounted for ean hop ever made by a ther records were broken, e had time to keep track

ying and pioneering and been going on for months ber 7th. As a matter of ying Command went to and so it was no accident full swing when the na- t seven months later. It lease Act that made this ible. Let's look again at o it:

ember 7th we had a going at could carry on the s of aerial ferrying any- ountry—or to any other

Organization had a group of who had been handling t: planes as they came y. They could fly any- planes designed for the rich our regular Army unfamiliar. Pilots and experience in flying the e Pacific and had pio- rges at home and abroad. f en had had invaluable eaining between flying co at service.

AFC had plenty of funds art. It still uses some Lend- y. This has made speed and oss. e. It has allowed Gen- d a staff to be innovators, n't establish an air line to out innovations.

dividend Lend-Lease be me evident on Decem- e A Forces were faced with tagging jobs. They needed m; they needed precise e AFC was able to n as it has been supplying inc. No amount of money

could have brought these things into existence overnight.

It was on that day, too, that the stream of bombers crossing the continent from West to East suddenly reversed its direction. The ships on the East Coast waiting to hop to U. K. were ordered back and started on their way to Hawaii, Australia and the Indies. The Ferrying Command is able to make sudden changes like this because it has been kept completely liquid. From the start, part of its job has been to prepare for unexpected assignments. Now they are coming thick and fast. The AFFC gets ready for them by running an intelligence service of its own. You can't start ships off for a flight halfway round the world without accurate knowledge of what they're going to run into. When accurate knowledge is impossible the next best thing is expert foresight based on the latest available reports.

Reporting the Flight

For these reports the AFFC prefers to rely on its own men—control officers abroad and crews of ships that come back. An hour after a ship lands, reports from each member of its crew are on the desk of the chief of the Intelligence Section. Digests are made at once, and these supplement the short-wave reports and give headquarters detailed information that could not be transmitted any other way.

On April 7th, Brigadier General Olds relinquished the command of the AFFC to Brigadier General Harold Lee George, a cavalry officer in the last war who now holds the flying ratings of Command Pilot and Command Observer.

The insignia of the Air Forces Ferrying Command represents the delivery of aircraft from West to East. Luckily the Command itself is less rigid. As we have seen, it can reverse direction as quickly as you can put a plane through a 180° turn. If the theater of war changes tomorrow the AFFC will be ready—with pilots who know the new routes or, if there aren't any, are ready to make them. You can almost hear them say as they spit on their hands, "Fine, fine! Just what we didn't expect. We're all set!"

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

like nozzle Durante's im- the same subject. Said e: "oy, if I make the same kes fm now on that I made s a k. I'm a liar." But in- an eorial of ours entitled, ck T. Time, Mr. Kullopp art: "he very best we have omain social legitimacy, do- cal leity and domain eco- at new above the level of man gnities and separated mmun wisdoms in a dis- man legitimacy, legality and e contr'y. And all rights re-

cheerfully expressed" will do in the event of an air raid. If the lady gets the money, gets to Washington, sees Mr. Roosevelt, he will be danced around by the little ones, chanting "Cheerful, cheerful, never tearful; free people are never fearful," to music written by the lady. We are not contributing a cent to this cause because we're afraid that something will go wrong and she might get in to see the President. From all we hear, the man has several other things on his mind.

PECTE at once that Mr. as the fellow who has been idance leases for the Office a Defen. But Mr. Kullopp no truch with the OCD, saying rationa legitimacy will out- and do in physical where- Besides the OCD's problem is pler. V've just heard from no is scitting funds to take d thirty,wo perfectly darling o Washington to demonstrate President what "cheerfulness

AT THE moment we're doing our best to get a berth or seat on a plane for Los Angeles. Until a moment ago we were nicely booked on a ship that was to land us in California in time for breakfast. But the Army decided that it was more in the public interest that a major occupy our space and we've begun negotiations all over again. Of course, we kicked, knowing it wouldn't do any good. The fellow on the other end of the telephone listened patiently. "Sorry," he said, "the Army and Navy get priority. Wait until the war's over, then you can kick those guys around. If you need any help call on me." W. D.



WALK! with my fallen arches?

TOO BAD, LADY, but when your present car gives out, you'll have to hoof it along with the rest of us.

But there's a way to help postpone that day. Let a Sinclair Dealer prolong the life of your car. He offers a special Sinclair-ize service that does just that job.

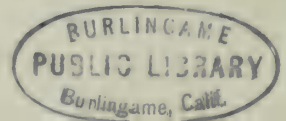
Just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your car.

Ask a nearby Sinclair Dealer about this service today. You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR				
				
TIRES	BATTERY	GEARS	MOTOR	FRONT WHEELS
				
RADIATOR	CHASSIS	FAN BELT	SPARK PLUGS	OIL AND AIR FILTER

SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY



HALT



DROP THAT RUMOR

Pvt. Francis H. Beaugureau, Hq., 5th Army Corps, wins \$100 for this arresting poster. In Chicago, where he had been studying art, Pvt. Beaugureau enlisted in the Army eighteen months ago at the age of twenty

SAY, WE'RE MAKING A BOMB SIGHT NOW

DON'T BE 'BLABOTEER

Born in Lynchburg, Va., 22 years ago, Pvt. Richard H. Rev. Engineers, Portland, Oregon, was drafted last summer in his junior year at Syracuse University, wants to be a disc



The ultimate ambition of Corp. Nicholas S. Sabatino, Hq. Bldg., SCRTC, Camp Crowder, Mo., is to own an advertising agency. Born in 1919 at Dayton, O., he started drawing at six and has done professional work

COLLIER'S SHUT-MOUTH POSTER AWARDS

On this page for March 21st and April 11th we said: "Collier's believes, as you know, that rumors should be suppressed, that keeping the mouth is dangerous, that Shut Your Traps and Beat the Japs is one of many good slogans" and so invited the officers and men of our armed forces to submit for competition posters seriously or humorously symbolizing the importance of spiking rumors. The contest closed April 24th, Collier's editor and I went into a huddle, and a check for \$100 was sent to each of the men who produced the winning posters shown on these pages. The editors were gratified by the tremendous response to this competition and hope the publication of these excellent posters will further the nation-wide campaign against rumors—and aid and comfort to the men

ORS ARE CONTAGIOUS



NT PASS 'EM ON!

... Battery C, 3d Bn., Fort Eustis, Va., knocked off
... map-mural to draw this piece of advice. He is 33,
... al art and is interested in writing and photography



**I AM ALWAYS
INTERESTED IN WHAT
YOU HAVE TO SAY -**

From a background of art which included Yale, New York's Art Students
League and advertising agency work, this winner was produced by
25-year-old Staff Sgt. Michael Ramus, G-2 Section, Hq., 7th Army Corps

Our Fighting Men

... IRELAND. Note to
... Infantry Lt. Doug-
... E.F., spent his first
... Emerald Isle writing
... souvenirs to relatives, his
... Camp Beauregard, old
... at Mofford College, S. C.
... deal was scrawny. To
... about it, there was no re-
... lieve
... "They've forgotten
... lieutenant thought
... am broke; or rather.
... correspondence which had
... at an American port
... transportation finally found
... bound mailbag. Lt.
... haul: seventy-three
... number thirty-one were
... guess

... IVESTON, La.
... Division opened
... season, 1,000 citizens
... Alexandria paid half a buck
... take the short end
... against a nine labeled the
... Aces. That, our informant
... hardly astounding. What is,
... is that the entire proceeds
... me went to the Navy Relief

... RESE
... AIR BASE, At-
... student was prac-
... was approaching

solo time and the instructor was sitting behind him, more for the ride than anything. Suddenly, well up in a wide circle for a landing, the plane went into a spin. Now, in such a case the instructor is supposed to yell "Jump!" and without any exchange of diagrams or explanatory notes both the instructor and pilot bail out. In this particular case the instructor yelled, and jumped; but the student, not having heard the order, just kept right on maneuvering until he brought the plane out of its spin and onto the ground. It was a good landing and the student was pleased. He looked around and grinned. Then he almost fainted. . . . For several days thereafter, the instructor turned a sort of maroon every time anybody said "Jump!" in his presence and he promises that, next time, he's going to yell a little louder.

MAC DILL FIELD, Tampa. With a target range 50 miles long and 45 miles wide, Air Corps men here believe Florida air units have the largest aerial gunnery territory in the country. Its eastern boundary is 12 miles at sea in the Gulf of Mexico off Venice and Sarasota where the boys toss lead at towed targets. Advance planes roam the range and warn stray boats to scam, but clearance regulations don't apply to cargo vessels and Air Corps pilots give them plenty of room.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. The camp laundry has let it be known emphatically that it has its hands full cleaning clothes and doesn't want anything else to work on. The ukase was issued when the laundry bag of a newly inducted soldier arrived at the washing works stuffed with dirty clothes, gas mask, canteen, pack carrier, entrenching tools and mess kit, including knife, fork and spoon. "I want this back by Saturday," read a note enclosed. The customer got most of the stuff back much sooner than that.

THE transparent nail polish market in Starke and Jacksonville is doing all right. Last year the boys discovered the goo was good—or bad—for chiggers; a drop of it on a chigger bite coagulated over the burrowing bug and cooked his goose. This year the lads have discovered that the polish is so much like clear lacquer that it keeps buttons and ornaments shiny for weeks.

PAINÉ FIELD, Wash. One of the tents here was christened The Salami Bar when Pvt. Marvin Polakoff took it over. Seems an aunt of his who runs a chain of Chicago restaurants promised to send along any food he wanted, so, unashfully, Polakoff sent her a long list. Now, for fellow members of the 28-piece field band and for others who got wind of it, The Salami

Bar houses barbecue-à-la-Polakoff sessions. A percolator is filled with G.I. coffee, one of the host's tentmates goes foraging for meat sauce, and Polakoff sets to work with his self-invented barbecue spit designed to fit inside the Sibley stove.

Officially, Polakoff plays the bull fiddle and tuba, having got his musical start in high school when the orchestra leader wangled an appropriation for a new bass, then found he had no one to thump it. To keep the school board from discovering the waste of dough, the leader persuaded Polakoff to stand behind the instrument during concerts. "As long as I'm standing here, heck, I might as well learn how to operate this thing," Polakoff thought. So he did. Now he plays one in the Paine Field band's offshoot—the seven-piece dance ensemble. For a while, the orchestra had no bull fiddle and Polakoff had to borrow one from a near-by highway night spot whenever the boys got a date. Then, with company funds, the Army bought a beautiful blond-wood job for the oompa artist, and the instrument is stored in one of the barracks instead of a tent so it won't warp. This, of course is the source of much intellectual discussion among the boys as to the relative health value to the Army of a bull fiddle versus a Tent City soldier. "Nobody," said one, "seems to care if I warp."

(Continued on page 61)

The boys didn't mind. They were on a time job, with the warming sun signaling a close dead line. Baths and money and smokes and better quarters could come later.

Alberta and British Columbia citizens made them welcome with a hospitality equaling any in the United States.

The Honorable William Fallow, minister of public roads of Alberta, announced that "just as soon as the United States government tells us what is wanted in the way of connecting highway improvements, we'll build 'em."

Women of Fort St. John hurriedly took over a vacant store and opened a Red Cross hut for the lads. They put in a piano, some drums, a coffee-and-doughnuts bar, tables, writing paper.

They also put in a shower bath that is a honey. It consists of a tin water pail, hoisted toward the ceiling by rope and pulley. Draining down from it is a rubber hose and shower brush. There is a tin washtub for the boys to stand in. The hot-water supply comes from other big tin tubs kept heating continually on stove tops.

The route of this new road which our boys are spearing through the wilds to Alaska has been chosen for strategic reasons. The highway will travel well to the east of the Rocky Mountains all the way to Alaska. Probably it was planned that way so that air-borne sons of the Rising Sun would have to rise plenty high to get at it. From a large number of Canadian government airfields and bases it should be easily defensible. If Japan should try to cut it with a land force, that force would have very bad going because there are no resources to seize in the wilderness.

Settlers' horses buck and rear in fright at the strange jeeps and trucks and "cat" tractors on the wilderness roads but there is no complaint. So fine has been co-operation of the residents that General Hoge issued an order to our soldiers to reciprocate in every way they can. Mostly, the order wasn't necessary for our troops. But General Hoge told them, for example, that if they see any civilian vehicle mired in the mud they are to stop, hook on and tow it in.

The biggest job necessary to smash the Axis is to deliver supplies from our Arsenal of Democracy to our Allies in the Pacific, Russia and the Orient. This is another most important aspect of America's Alaska road, as Mr. Beaton reflectively pointed out. It may well become a new Burma Road.

THE END

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er, clerks and man-
and fruit ranchers.
Ph. Harrison of North
ank Bertz of Arizona;
hico and Harold Cor-
Spags are there with
ta and Jack Atkins
a boys from Brook-
an the Bronx—well-
the hole bunch, with a
and letting done.

ys exploded their gaso-
motors into Fort St.
the inter road, it was
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s in port St. John were
hosp 1 with maximum
en slier baths a week.
ifty nts. Payday was
ere s rce.

(a wi transit) and Corp. Tollison survey in snow country



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MODERN SMOKE — LONG,
SMOOTH, AND MIGHTY NICE**

**... BUT NONE THE LESS
YOU GET 'EM AT A GOOD
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FALSE TEETH *And True Love*

(OR) HOW GERTRUDE GOT HER MAN

*Although Miss Gertrude Gaines
had planned
To wed within the year,
Her gay romance was
nearly wrecked.
The reason? Lend an ear:*



1. Her false teeth, scrub them
as she might,
Got dingy, dull and dirty.
Twixt "Denture Breath" and
ruined smile,
They made her "old" at thirty.



2. "Get POLIDENT!"
her dentist said,
"Its no-brush, no scrub action

Make plates and bridges 'look like new,'
Gives instant satisfaction."

3. So straightway Gert got POLIDENT
Her wedding? *Very nice!*

THE MORAL:

*All who wear false teeth
Should take the same advice!*

Cleans, Purifies
Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add
a little POLIDENT
Powder to half a glass
of water. Stir. Put in
plate or bridge 10 to
15 minutes. Rinse, and
it's ready to use.



CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH

POLIDENT

ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

ATHLETE'S FOOT INFECTS

feet soaked in perspiration

Cracks
between
your toes
WARN YOU



The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot grow twice as fast when they feed on stale perspiration and dead skin. Then, when cracks appear between the toes, they can strike—through those cracks—and spread quickly. It's Athlete's Foot! Look between your toes tonight! Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning.

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

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ABSORBINE JR.

Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

You gotta keep
after fleas!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

• Fleas are no problem in my outfit, because we keep after them. Regular baths with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap, and SKIP-FLEA Powder between baths—we get 'em all quick.

SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder really kill fleas, help your pup keep normal health. The Powder's borated to soothe old itches, too.

Spare your dog the torment of fleas. Use SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder regularly. Get them at drug and pet stores—and free Sergeant's Dog Book.

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DOG MEDICINES**

said. "Did you know that 'air bleeds? And that the sap runs out of your 'air just like it does out of a tree in the fall? By massaging the scalp with olive oil and keepin' the 'air clipped close, so it won't kill the roots of the 'air behind it by chokin' it off, I've been able to restore me own 'ead of 'air."

The mere fact that science is baffled by a certain physical phenomenon doesn't stump Dai. For instance, the cause of caries or dental decay is a mystery to the dental profession—but not to old Doctor Dollings.

"Gas from the stomach rots your teeth," he proclaims with an air of finality that leaves no room for argument. "Eatin' before you goes to bed causes gas. If you go to bed with an empty stomach you'll never 'ave it."

Mention was made of rheumatism.

"I can cure it," said Dai immediately. "Rare bacon lubricates your insides, and washin' soda baths draws out the pizen, and your rheumatism is gone in a few days."

Dai has spent many a night after one of his fighters has been beaten, reducing a black eye, a swollen cheekbone or some other souvenir of the battle. He uses potions brewed from herbs and hot applications to bring such an ingrowing face back to normal.

A born dissenter, Dollings disapproves of the use of ice bags on black eyes and other wounds of the prize ring. Witch hazel and hot water constitute his remedy. Ice stops the circulation, he says.

The foundation upon which Dai's training system is laid is a clean and empty stomach in the morning, with which to start the new day.

Forget That Late Snack

"The food that you eats at night, sor, forms a jelly on the stomach and rests there," he explains, letting you in on Chapter I of the book on anatomy that he carries in his head. "You shouldn't put more food on top of that layer of jelly. So what I does is take a glass of 'ot water with a bit of lemon squiz into it. That cuts into the jelly and melts it, clearin' the stomach for the new food, sor."

"I knows all about the ingredients of food, sor, and 'ow long it takes to digest. I tried it out on meself first."

Dollings isn't the kind of Welshman to prop a newspaper in front of him, pour his saucer of tea, and then proceed to read the boxing news while blowing softly on his spot of oolong to cool it. Eating is a function that requires all the concentration that can be given to it, he says.

"I've seen men readin', eatin' and drinkin'," relates Dai in a tone of horror. "That's orful! When you reads, your digestive juices don't flow right. And when you drink while you eat, the food floats to the top. It don't 'ave no foundation. When you eat, you should get everything else off your mind, take no liquids and then rest for an hour."

Dollings has a cast-iron stomach that will digest railroad spikes. Yet, he is a strict vegetarian. He still walks 10 miles a day except in extremely hot weather and it isn't always to save subway fare. He chews with his own teeth, although he seems to have caught quite a bit of tartar along the route. The leg he broke is two inches shorter than the other but that doesn't hamper him in getting around.

Not long ago a young squirt started picking on Dai in a New York restaurant, thinking he had found a safe butt. Dai listened as long as a self-respecting Welshman should, then let the wise guy

have the straight right that he started to develop 65 years ago as a boilermaker's apprentice. On this occasion, youth was served, but right! The whipper-snapper picked himself up ruefully and withdrew respectfully.

"Position is the secret of 'ittin'," explains Dai. "Arf the fighters today is too close to their man. They don't get no power into their punches. And the fighters of today ain't got the endurance. I've never seen a mon that's got the endurance I 'ave. I can knock a mon out wit' me 'ead—the Liverpool, they calls it. I learned that un in the booths. There's the best school of all, sor. You 'ave to learn all the tricks or you'll get bloody well done for."

"Fighters today think they are doin' a lot of roadwork if they 'ave to run three miles. When I brought Matt Wells to America, we used to run 18 miles together, then come back and I'd put on the gloves with 'im. I'd like to see any of your bloody modern trainers do that. Trainers is what they calls themselves but all they know 'ow to do is hang around the gymnasiums and wipe a fighter's face between rounds. Trainers? Bah! They're all mouth and no 'ead. They couldn't train a blarsted flea!" Dai doesn't think there's one "bloody trainer" worthy of the blarsted name in the bleeding country.

One of Dollings' early jobs of

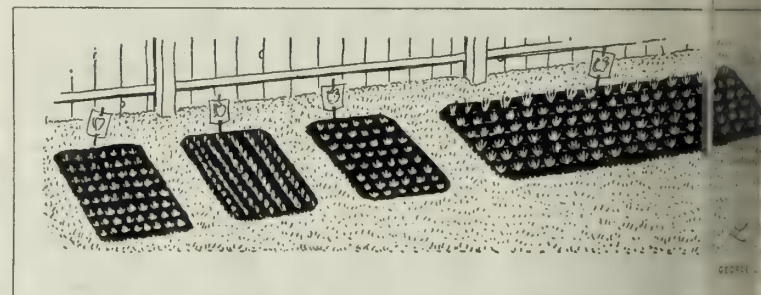
now a sergeant of police in N. J. Joe Borrell is a middleweight training him. Joe met including Harry Greb, George Chip and Jack Louis' trainer. But, just have amounted to so quit the ring and beca

"He'd knock out any day middleweights," said Borrell. Lest one su getting overenthusiastic just because he trained well to state that at Welshman has had those already mentioned Kansas, Harry Wills, Frankie Genaro, Izzy Goldstein, Jack Renau, Ted Kid Lewis, Jack Stanley, Billy Miske, Young Ahearn, Freddie Moran, Jim Driscoll, Frank Goddard, George Thomas, Johnny Dur

Shade. Boxing men in general on the straight left as tance between two poi is the target. Dai dis

"A straight right bea the wurruld," is his cre

Dai thinks that pra ers of the present era



weight-reduction was done on Matt Wells, an Englishman who really could fight. Matt came to Dai as a middleweight. The Welshman surveyed him critically, pinched his flesh here and there, then said: "You're too bloody 'eavy, lad. You shouldn't weigh no more nor nine stone seven." So, soon thereafter, Matt Wells was a lightweight. The amazing part of this was that Matt didn't lose any of his hitting power along with the 27 pounds he shed.

Personality Build-up

Nor are all the improvements Dollings brings about in fighters of a physical nature. He is credited with taking hold of Mike McTigue, a notoriously timid fighter, and making a lion-taming killer-diller out of him by building up his confidence in himself. Mike was never much of a hitter until Dai taught him the secret of how to deliver a punch to best advantage. McTigue was one of the least interesting fighters to watch until Dollings took hold of him. The records show that, after spending about 15 years in the ring and getting nowhere, Mike in his middle thirties became a crowd-pleaser after finding Dai. Mike's game showing against Jack Sharkey is still recalled with a thrill by those who saw the "old man" in action against the sailor boy who soon thereafter won the heavyweight title. Mike was winning the fight until one of Sharkey's punches drove a gold dental crown deep into Mike's gum, causing him to have a severe hemorrhage in the ring. The referee had to stop the fight and award it to Sharkey.

The prize fighter who might have become the greatest, in Dai's opinion, is

mental ignorance of the they follow the metho falling into a clinch. cedure is to hit, then repeat ad infinitum.

"Today's fighters," spoken disciple of the Good-Old-Days School old-timers like hothou posies that grows o They're not intereste Why," and here Dai's tone of one about to scandalous, "they don't many bones they 'ave 'ands!"

Dai waited a minut. But no one asked him: lings, how many bones hand?"

"There's 27," he r sively, after the pau 'cause I studied them I 'ave at 'ome."

About his age, Dai But in the vast pile o paper clippings he l over the years is one Dai, under his own t he was 67 years old. have passed since the now, unless the rules been changed. But he of quitting his profess

"Some tells me I'll 'undred," he said. "B I've got five more ye 'ave to start takin' it

The agile octogenari ger in the feathers as th him. "Six 'ours' sleep or beast, pervidin' he says the Welsh Aescu

THE E

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 57

ON, Seattle. After what you can't blame Athletics Officer Lt. William J. being a little bit fed up exhibitions. He knew of the woods profes- is all a fake and that the Athletic Commission go ruled you had to call instead of matches and of wrestling, but his apparently had never arrangement. Not, any- consider the following

found that a couple of Gentleman Jim King and Sasutti were wearing the scheduled them for an in- dition on a post fight was another soldier, Ex- ittler. The boys prac- all week, timing every an, yell and prat fall. set. Came the night of and the boys went into their thiasm, the "good guy" through the pain, the uffing and making hor- Clax of the display came y irate over a ruling, und on the referee and ng around. It was at at. Bowerman discov- wasn't in on the gag ng ire at the "bum." Very apd before a guy in the ead into the fray and bul' to the extent of one he referee tried to stop him, eca the recipient of a his ne the favorite rassler d health from the mat ght the intruder in lively ich ere finally terminated h t strenuous efforts of an d various spectators.

L, kla. When the 70th was otorized here, a prob- r Lt. Claude O. Wilder, who he lation veterinary. "I e machine age," said do develop spavins."

CU'ER, Mich. The Cus- tists ho won national ac- for eir Army life water etch gs and oils, exhibited k an Boston, displayed a when ey painted the black ang basketball courts in

the new field house. They did an excel- lent job, but complained there was no great chance for originality.

MAKING the rounds at Custer is the following note: "With the rationing of tires and lack of all electrical appli- ances, typewriters, cameras, radios and almost every article made of metal, ci- vilians are having a tough time. To bolster civilian morale, soldiers should write home more often."

CCHEERING news for the man still awaiting draft call is the solemn pro- nouncement from Custer that "exercises before breakfast are not recommended by the Army as it is apt to weaken the body which is at a low state of efficiency upon arising." On the other hand, the statement lists the following feats as the minimum standard performances expected of soldiers:

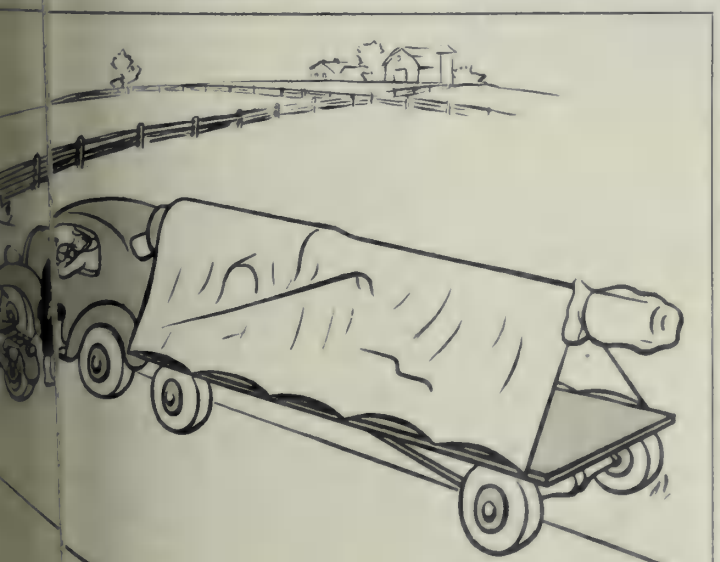
100-Yard Dash—14 seconds
Running High Jump—3 feet, 9 inches
Running Broad Jump—12 feet
Push-up from Ground—20 times
Basketball Throw—60 feet
Baseball Throw—125 feet
Bar or Fence Vault—4 feet
Quarter-mile Run—87 seconds
Half-mile Run—3 minutes, 15 seconds
Pull-up (chin)—6 times
20-foot Rope Climb—20 seconds
Try those on your torso.

GENERAL

NAVY censors are plenty thorough. A Tampa, Fla., girl opened an en- velope from her Pacific Fleet boy friend the other day and extracted a narrow slip of paper on which was written: "Your boy friend still loves you, but he talks too much." It was signed: "Censor."

"JUST read about Pvt. Andre, of Baton Rouge, the civilian deep-sea diver who is now an Army hospital helper," writes a Camp Shelby private. "He hasn't much on me. For 11 years I was a commercial photographer. Drafted, I was first sent to the Field Artillery School where I studied surveying for three months. For the rest of my first year I drove a truck. But I'm a photog- rapher. Could you help me get a job as a carpenter?"

WHAT do you wanna do—build a shutter? G. W.



"You got a permit to carry concealed weapons?"

JOHN M. PRICE

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Mario Moreno, temporarily abandoning his "Cantinflas" character, dines with lovely Dolores Del Rio



Cantinflas is a sentimental fellow. The family album, which he studies here, plays a tune when open

Mexico's Charlie Chaplin

By George Creel

Eight years ago Mario Moreno was a tent-show buffoon getting a dollar a day. Now he's Mexico's "Cantinflas"

AFTER a hundred and some-odd years of catch-as-catch-can debate on every known subject, with no holds barred, seventeen million Mexicans are at last in fairly happy agreement. Down to the last barefoot *pelado*, all are enthusiastically convinced that a young harlequin called Cantinflas is the greatest comedian in the whole wide world. Greater even than Charlie Chaplin! The high adore him no less than the low, and wild-eyed radicals actually forgive him his frequent lack of social significance.

What's more, other Spanish-speaking republics support Mexico's fond conviction, for Neither Blood Nor Sand, the first important Cantinflas feature film,

has been acclaimed uproariously in Central America as well as Cuba. It outdistanced by three to one, and also raised such previous record-holders as *Reb With the Wind*. His latest, *The Unk Gendarme Desconocido* smashed even and its mere announcement is known to have spawned an uprising.

Quite a change for Mario Moreno. Only eight years ago he was a little tent-show buffoon playing vaudeville, glad to get a dollar a day Mexican annual income of \$50,000, and a studio with his own company, high-class and a stentorian director with horns and highly polished puttees. The Unk sight unseen, for large amounts, from Brazil and the Argentine to buy

Hollywood big shots have pursued with tempting offers, confident that he will flourish—Los Angeles English, at least. But until recently, Moreno had shown no intention to leave his native heath. When Neil LaBute was shown in Hollywood last year, he pronounced him the greatest comedian since Lorentz, the queer spot's newest and director, made him the best offer—dragged down for his last film.

The contract is signed, the picture is a Mexican and an Okie who explore the world on a good-will tour, a good Cantinflas.

Like Chaplin, thirty-one-year-old Cantinflas is a pantomimist, using eyes, hands and same exquisite sense of timing. Most scenes are played without a spoken word, lie, too, he never varies his character, the down-and-out *cargador*, or public blunders into every variety of incredulity, only to pull out in the last reel with impudence and a beguiling grin.

An Edge on Chaplin

Here and there, however, the Mexican edge on Chaplin, for in addition to the can of parts, like Chaplin, he is an ordinary and has a voice with as much organ. According to his own modest confession, crack his vocal cords like a whip.

To complete his biography, he is married, has children, and is probably of Indian descent. He speaks some English and Russian, plays the guitar like a wizard and dances sublimely; loves baseball and has a team, made up of actors in his company, a boxer and bullfighter; used to clowning. Favorite authors—Shakespeare and Cervantes. He has made five features and many more.

As near as can be gathered, Mario Moreno was a droll dog and simply stayed that way. All through his public school and even at the high school he was a hard-working letter carrier of a father's preparation to become a doctor, the incubator of his teaching. Caricature was his meat, and it is generally conceded that everybody shook hands all around when he decided against a profession and wandered off to do what he liked to do.

In Mexico the *carpa* or itinerant show is an institution, moving from town to town in custom in Spain and Italy centuries ago. In the beaten tents, for a few centavos, the swart villains, sob over the tribulations and scream with laughter at the and pantaloons. This was the training ground for every well-known comedian. The audience, ants, laborers and soldiers. They were actors had to be ready. Boisterous hecklers, cracks, contributions from drunks and ics made up the fare. Cantinflas had and handled the crowd most deftly, favorite. It was rare training for a actor was in large measure his own and ing his part according to his talents.

Nimble-witted and a born satirist, good, but a dollar a day fell far short requirements of a robust appetite. good amateur boxer, he deserted the prize ring and toured the provinces beanie. Lightning-fast and possessed of he seemed headed for the lightweight of the country. But soon the tent-came running with the princely offer a day. His patrons were clamoring for their beloved little bum.

"And did I jump at it?" Cantinflas' pressive eyes as he recalls the



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et t temperature is 67 degrees below
ir is thin it does no good to breathe it.
xygen man will lose consciousness in
te.

he beginning of the true stratosphere,
where the air does not get colder, no
high you go. Up there, in that eternal
becomes gum; metal shrinks; grease
lets shatter tires like clay pigeons.

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the night before, ■ middleweight had hit me in the nose with fifty straight lefts, and in spite of my polite requests, stubbornly refused to scatter his blows."

Back under canvas again, Mario developed the costume that has become his trade-mark—dirty undershirt, battered hat and ragged pants dripping insecurely from a point well south of the hips. How he keeps them up is a secret known only to him and a million other sag-tailed *pelados*. The rope tied around his waist is typical of all his costumes, whether garbed as a bullfighter, in evening clothes, or as a tramp.

He got the idea from the Mexican *cargador*, who carries loads of hundreds of pounds on his back, with ropes fastened around his forehead. It's the heaviest and worst-paid work and typifies for Cantinflas the underdog, as Chaplin's tramp does. It is natural for the worst things to happen to this sort of fellow, and his efforts to achieve ■ better place in life or a bit of happiness arouse a sympathy that is transmitted unconsciously to the actor. In this way, both Chaplin and Cantinflas start with a predisposition to be regarded with kindness, and when they are such geniuses of pantomime or persiflage, their universal appeal is accounted for in large measure.

His talk on both screen and stage is madcap gibberish delivered in a solemn manner and made up of double-talk, innuendoes, unfinished ideas followed by equally incomplete ones, and words nonexistent or mispronounced. His long speeches are usually of this type, ad libbed in the W. C. Fields manner, but his repartee makes sense and is sharp.

He explained how he got the idea for this talk: "Once, when I first joined the tent show, the announcer was sick. I'd been doing memorized bits but they shoved me on to do his stuff. I was scared and started to say something, but they laughed and I got stuck. I began something else, tangled it and finished as in a fever. I ran off and found they were applauding." A keen student of his audience later, he even then realized he had something there and cultivated it, applying it to political problems in the day's news.

Another acquisition at the time was ■ wife, pretty young Valentina Subareff. The daughter of famous circus performers in Russia, she had reached Mexico by way of Siberia and Japan and counted herself lucky to find work in the tent theater at fifty cents a day.

"As I was getting three dollars," Cantinflas confides soberly, "I still think she married me for my money."

A year or more rolled by and the little company, cheered by provincial success, decided to invade the capital. Not on any *avenida*, of course, but in ■ dingy backwater where the poor swarmed. At the same time a certain shrewd operator of the shabby Folies-Bergère heard of Cantinflas. He decided to visit the tent and take ■ look. One was enough. An offer of five dollars a day was also enough for Cantinflas.

During the last elections, in 1940, he would call a fellow down from the gallery and invite him to cast his ballot, announcing, "Here we have complete democracy and equality of suffrage. You may go into this booth on the right and vote for Avila, or into this on the left and vote for Camacho." The government candidate was Avila Camacho, the present incumbent. His rival Almazan, one of whose supporters owned the theater, had it closed for the outrage of assuming that he had no chance. When Cantinflas asked him "Would you like me to tell them what really goes on?" it was reopened.

The fame of the comedian spread far and wide, and the very best people

fought with day laborers for the privilege of buying seats. The smart entrepreneur paid off his mortgages in no time at all, began eating at Sanborn's and had his cigars made to order.

Señora Cantinflas—for by this time the name of Moreno had become a memory—set up housekeeping and even took the chance of buying furniture on installments. Why not? The photos of her man were in every third home and he figured in editorial columns. When a politician, for example, talked much and said little he was contemptuously dismissed as "cantinflasque!"

At this point, one Santiago Reach came upon the scene; a go-getter, for he had been trained in the U. S., many important industries sending him over Latin America to introduce their products. Returning at last to head his own advertising agency in Mexico City, he had many American accounts. One in particular, however, proved a headache. He just couldn't popularize the cab-over-engine truck, for they wouldn't have these *chatos* (meaning pugnoses) at any price.

Rolling 'em in the Aisles

Out of painful brooding over this failure came a bright idea. Why not use Cantinflas, idol of every truck driver? Hiring the largest theater, Señor Reach put on a sound film portraying the overwhelming superiority of the *chato* and engaged Cantinflas as an added attraction. Only truck drivers were admitted on showing their union cards and Cantinflas rolled 'em in the aisles.

Señor Reach saw that he had something. Thrusting a fountain pen into the hand of the comedian, he signed up Cantinflas for five years and then scurried around for a suitable play. Blood and Sand was being shown at the time, getting many laughs that were not expected, so the brisk impresario had another brilliant idea. If Latin Americans waxed wildly hilarious over the serious acting of Tyrone Power what would they do with a real out-and-out burlesque of the Ibañez drama? Bright young men were put to work at once and Neither Blood Nor Sand was the result.

Called on to play two parts, Cantinflas not only portrayed the lovable bum with his usual finesse but also gave a brilliant characterization of Manollette, the strutting, vainglorious toreador. It is

as the *cargador* that in the arena at a *gana* breed a particularly bull. He is called upon of the lot. The scenes no sound except the sh and the blare of the tomime at its best. In terror, despair and fir tinflas discovers he is s and growing confiden numerous jolts of tequ end, when a lucky strol the bull, does he awak tion of what he has b then, looking down at t passes out cold.

The Unknown Cop, film, another eleven- more of a hit. Watchi was an education in only Chaplin and W. C. with the Mexican in perfection of technique rector shouts "Camera hears the scene tirel dialogue, changing th that expression, rejecti ing there. Only when himself that there is n to be extracted, either does he give the sign t

At one point when the exasperated chief tinflas to see if he car ligently. The script ca of typical cantinflasque it out, he shook his h more he tried different eyes lighting up, he ceiver. Now it was a w he heard, not a man's What joyous wriggling a date for the evening fix it up for his friend was a man who knew h While the chief stood a and chuckled. Sudden ceases, the mouth fall: as in a case where the t as to transcend all hun face goes absolutely b

"Su esposa, jefe!" handing the receiver to wife!"

Yes, the Mexican co doubt about it. So go of Spanish is no bar to art. Whether he is however, remains for Even so, he is off to a

THE E



"Looka, looka! Th' kid's got one!"

Lucky in Love

Continued from page 11

nd just go on? He climbed beach and cruised along the main street of this beach town. He went slowly because he was so old not duck and dodge as people broke against him around him. A girl in shorts and white jacket struck him and drew away with irritation. She saw his easy smile she k. and cars made a solid, slug- the street, and the smell of hot dogs streaked the warm and a metal target in a shoot- went "bong—bong—bong." dler in a jockey cap tagged Kittrick's elbow and tried to velvet monkey that jumped on a stick. Kittrick said, "No the little man kept pestering e halted and looked down. o push the little man aside; of his size he couldn't use the little man and the little ut and mocked him with a u, finally moving away. A says had one strike on him; he learned was to grin and

MA week's vacation and this h second day of it; but he s and five more days in the w with Marsha. He ran into a ow before a bowling alley and y fted with it, thinking of "wn's too small for both of eced, and went into the bowl- e stood at the edge of the eiter interested nor disinter- t might be nice, he thought, to f he had a partner; other- ack to the hotel for a cou- of solitaire, a shower and of "otten day. in knitted suit stood directly him. She had gray-blond hair was apparently alone. Now and e led around at the crowd low arch of her eyes and once ed at him. It was the same me might look at Yosemite— g herself to a fact of nature. ecom time she turned to scan d he took the risk. lay a for a beer."

d he figured for a good egg; she rank, pleasant face, and a sense or shed around her lips. Even took or time and searched the gain. Bill Kittrick said, "If he you ditch me."

expression changed slightly, as the remark dug in. "And I'll do at," she murmured to herself. on "signe up for an alley and went He eat her by a respectable the fit game, and then she said, s I'll ve to get serious," and d him o games straight.

l, he id, "the name is Bill and the br. But how did you get ay?" e upon time I practically lived Jennie ns the beer." placed, he broke a trail through wing and that she took time for thorough glance around her; though her face showed disap- ent. On the street he said, come, d he?"

ew that was nothing to kid her "Sorry brought it up." t's all ight," she murmured. were yo to know?" u should take steps with a fellow at." quires to take steps."

They went into the hotel taproom and stood at the bar. He wigwagged for a pair of beers and he rested his elbows on the bar and slid a dish of peanuts toward her. He had great shoulders and heavy arms and there was no fat on him at all. His hair was short and coal-black and he had gray eyes set deep, and solid jaws and an expression which, when unlighted by a smile, was on the gloomy side. He dipped his beer glass at her and said "Luck," and watched the way her eyes took on a glow of hope. "Same to you," she murmured.

"No," he said, "I don't want any," and took a drink.

Now she really looked at him.

"Bill, why so sad and solemn? Why don't you want luck?"

"Luck is a feast that always turns into a famine."

"Ah," she murmured, "that's it. Now I can be sorry for you."

"Don't let anybody use your heart for a trapeze, Jennie."

She looked at his hand and laid her own above it. "You're a rugged creature."

"But not tough."

"Was that the complaint?" she asked. Her nose had a faint up-tip to it and it had a freckle or two. She was a gentle girl and a sweet one; she had a sort of mild fragrance to her and she was easy to get along with.

"Jennie," he said, "how could you miss? What's the matter with the guy?"

She shrugged her shoulders and looked at him in a way that made him regret his question. It was one of those dark glances behind which something lay all smashed up. The bar suddenly got noisier than usual and voices began to push through his indifference. A coin machine spewed out coins from the jackpot and a woman shrieked; and he looked around and saw Marsha's party at the machine. One of the women and the blond man were hands and knees on the floor, retrieving nickels while Marsha stood by, amused at the spectacle. Big Bill Kittrick hauled his eyes away from her and took another drink of beer.

JENNIE was observing the party and pretty soon Bill Kittrick looked that way again and met Marsha's glance. She had been watching him, her eyes half closed and now again seeming jade-green to him. She had quit smiling. Bill Kittrick turned his back to her. He thought, "She pulled up her stakes, so what's it to her?" He felt a stinging at the back of his neck, which was blood moving up, and Jennie now watched him with close interest. He put two salted peanuts on the counter and squashed them with his thumb. "Let's move on."

"I get it, Bill."

They left the taproom and strolled toward the beach, not saying anything. He had a big man's rambling walk and he put his head down and stepped out until he felt Jennie's arm pull him down. "Where's the fire, Bill?" She looked up at him and she was laughing, but it was a gentle laugh, as though she knew all about this.

He said, "What does a man do around here to kill time?"

"Lots of nice country roads to ride through."

"I'll pick you up at nine-thirty in the morning."

She turned him back toward the street end and she said nothing until they had reached the front of the hotel. Then, suddenly, she said, "Good night, Bill," and left him. He stood still, observing her drift through the steady flow of people on the walk. At the bowling alley



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say so. She was smiling; it. at's one of the few times ever done something you on impulse. That's real, the way you should always say a woman would want to broke the glance with a her head, and he guessed taking of him at all now. It can kissing her—the man to the bowling alley. He gave her a hand and they the lunch basket and the rove down the road. She from him and he had his hly on Marsha; and it ey had reached the park-hotel that either of them ce. As she stepped from and gave him a swift, "Luck," she said, and er brisk walk.

and her friends were com-he hotel at this moment, s they ran toward the wore a white single-piece was behind her and as he eyes half closed against e minded him of an ala-e had once seen in a mu-nan poised and ready to e was escape or freedom. nmetrical roundness the ov. She saw him as she an everything that was gay d.

he party run across the e ge of the ocean, break-out clam bar; and then he k ough town until he saw Jo. Fleming, M.D., painted e ndow beyond the post ell ngled when he opened d pretty soon Fleming came arm. He was fairly tall e professional manner on ke like a decent chap.

owling," said Bill Kit-I guess I have pulled a a ne. It's a sort of tooth-right in the point of my left He took off his coat and y while the doctor moved a finr along the edge of his er. Used to play football," Krick. "It began about

tor lifted Bill's arm and one ay and another. "Pain goe."

like bursitis," said the doc-out if he sun and bake it. If othing you, when you get r, yo could have it injected d up rick t on his coat. "What's ?"

a pre short call. Nothing." said, thanks," and turned to "I guess I'll have to lay off That's a good game. Ever

year," said the doctor, and thoug; he saw some kind of ne bish the man's face.

ned t he hotel, feeling silly; at ar hing wrong with his hangr into his bathing suit d do to the beach for a at the ocean. He took the

beyo the clam bar until he and t n sprawled out on the uakin up the sun until din-and wit to the hotel. This sed to vacation yet there omen Marsha wasn't in his ether. walked or sat or ran, to him. He dressed and went dinner and he asked himself: ou for t things like that?" e into the dining room with about the time he had fin-sat snewhere behind him uld he known she was in

the room if he had never seen her. Her presence was that strong. He moved to the lobby and bought a paper and he sat low in an easy chair and read the sports section through. He looked at the funnies and the stock market and the next thing he knew he was reading Dorothy Dix. He thought, "Well, for the love of Mike!" and left the hotel.

He had no intention of going to the bowling alley, nevertheless he found himself drifting that way, drifting with the heavy crowd. He stopped outside the place, arguing with himself. Jennie would be in there, waiting out her luck, and she wouldn't want him around. But it was difficult staying away from her and he had about decided to go in when he saw young Fleming come down the street. Bill Kittrick stood back on the edge of the walk and he watched the doctor from the corner of his eye, and when the doctor turned into the bowl-ing alley Bill Kittrick felt like reaching out and walloping somebody on the back and shouting "Hallelujah!" Pretty soon the doctor came out with Jennie, and Bill saw how soft and pretty and strange Jennie's expression was—and he turned sharply on his heels.

He moved back to the hotel and noticed that Marsha and her party now stood at the pinball machines, killing time and having fun at a nickel a throw. He stopped at the counter and said, "I'm checking out," and paid his bill, and continued on to the stairs. When he turned the stairs he saw Marsha below him, watching him, and he thought: "It's your hotel," and reached his room.

He felt wearier than if he had played sixty minutes in the Rose Bowl. He packed his grip. He put a dollar on the dresser for the chambermaid and he filled his pipe and lighted it and left the room. It wasn't any good trying to run away from the thought of Marsha. The thought just went along. Neither was it any good trying to play a game over. The whole thing was done and the scoreboard said zero for him. She hated the sight of him and the thought of him.

He noticed that the door of her room was open and when he came abreast of it he saw that she was in the room. She stood back from the doorway, facing him—and that stopped him. He had a last word he wanted to say:

"Next time you take a vacation let me know where you're going so that I won't be there."

"It is so considerate of you to spare my feelings."

SHE had hit that one raw spot on him too many times; he couldn't stand it again. He put down the valise and he went into the room. He reached back and he shut the door so hard that the crash sounded all through the flimsy hotel. The back of his neck began to sting and he had the same feeling that he used to have when some lad on the other team had given him the knee once too often.

"Listen," he said, "you've scraped all the hide off me there is to scrape."

"Your hide," she said, "is a foot thick. I ought to know. I have tried everything but an elephant gun. Nothing gets through."

"Now that it's all over," he told her, "I can let you in on a secret. You had me on the ropes most of the time."

She gave him an intent glance and her stormy and scornful expression changed to a wondering regret. "I don't believe it," she murmured.

"I don't cry in public," said Bill Kit-trick.

"If," she said in a sudden lift of tone, "you had ever cried out once, or hit back once, if you had ever shown a single human emotion—"

"Sure," said Bill Kittrick, "you wanted to see blood—"

"You were dumb rock and patience. You were very kind, but you might as well have been a stone Buddha."

"I wish," he said, "I could forget you but every time I breathe I can feel a sore spot you left in me. But the fight-ing's over. Now you can pick another chopping block like—"

Somebody knocked and the door opened behind Bill Kittrick. He turned to find the blond lad in the room. The blond lad wasn't smiling. He gave Bill Kittrick a tough going-over with his glance and looked at Marsha. "I could hear this bird clear down the stairs. What's he shouting at you for? You want me to clear him out?" He got angrier with each word and hunched his shoulders at Bill Kittrick. "What you shouting at her for? How'd you get in here anyway—"

"Scram," said Bill.

"Ah," said the blond lad, "tough, hunh?" He dropped his shoulders and he took a step forward. But he was a little too leisurely in his preparations and Big Bill, stepping forward, swung his left hand upward with his weight and caught the blond lad on the chin. The blond lad went backward like a tree; his fall shook the hotel.

Marsha cried, "Stop that!"

"Shut up," murmured Big Bill, and watched the blond boy come off the floor. The blond lad was grinning, the light of joyous battle was on his face; and Big Bill knew then it would be a beautiful fight.

"Bill," said the blond boy, still grin-nig, "thanks for the Christmas pres-ent and here's one for you—"

BUT Marsha was between them. "Hank," she said to the blond lad, "that wallop was meant for me."

"He'd hit you?" said the blond lad in astonishment.

"Nobody likes the fellow who steps into a family quarrel. Close the door on your way out."

The blond lad stared at Marsha with complete astonishment. It took him a moment to bring his thinking up to date. When the situation finally became clear to him he suddenly laughed aloud. Still chuckling, he left the room.

"Bill," said Marsha, "it is the first time I really knew what was in your heart."

The scorn and bitterness and the re-sentment had left her face; it was like a gate being drawn aside. "All I ever wanted was to be loved, Bill. Kindness isn't enough." She raised her hand to him and she opened it, and he saw that she held the engagement ring he had tossed out of the window. "I spent two hours on my hands and knees looking for this. On my hands and knees. That's the way I have always felt about you. I just wanted to know it was that im-portant to you."

"I guess," he said, "it's going to be feast and famine the next forty years. We never do things the easy way."

"Oh, Bill, I'll never hurt you again."

"The heck you won't," he said, and reached out for her. She was a beauti-ful girl; she was round and solid in his arms and the kiss brought everything back as it had been in the beginning. He wasn't alone any more and he didn't feel brittle and broken up. He had what he had never ceased to want.

Pretty soon she stepped back and a swift cloud crossed her face. "How'd you get mixed up with that undernour-ished female I saw you with in the tap-room?"

But he knew now how to handle this sort of situation; he drew her back to him. "Look," he said, "did you come down here for a debate?"

"No, Bill," she said, and sighed and forgot her question, "not really. This is nicer, isn't it?"

THE END

PREVENTS

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Artra Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey



Turkey-Neck Pitcher

By Arthur Mann

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

IT WASN'T an ordinary lovers' quarrel, because the retorts lacked the snap and dig of complete emotional upheaval. Moreover, they lingered in the booth long after the drugstore clerk had removed the luncheon dishes, and they twisted each other's fingers in a pleasant sort of stalemate.

"Ellen, it's the answer to everything," he argued, trying another tack. "Four thousand dollars would be a cushion. I could save another thousand from the summer baseball salary. We could almost get by on what I'd make over and above the P-and-S scholarship. By the time I got my medical degree, we'd be set. It's a big-league ball club's gamble—the same as if I got hurt right after getting the bonus."

She had begun shaking her head of black curls halfway through his plea, but it was more a gesture of doubt than stubborn refusal.

"And supposing you were hurt pitching summer baseball," she reminded. "Your hands, Don . . . a stiffened finger. With all your plans for surgery, what good would five thousand dollars be then? Besides," she added, wincing, "they're buying more than your pitching. They expect loyalty. If you told them beforehand—"

"Oh, Ellen, you make it so tough." He sighed and ran a big hand through a mop of red hair. "I wouldn't be the first. Other players have pulled out, and the ball clubs never make a squawk. In fact, they half expect it."

Perhaps, she murmured, but not from medical students. Somehow a deliberate scheme seemed beyond true medical ethics and seeking an easy way like this was dangerous. She wanted least of all to be the cause of it. Yet, she didn't feel equal to defying him openly. He was headstrong, proud of his work in the medical course at Monroe, and proud of the way he could beat college baseball teams.

"After all," he reminded, "Pottsy says it's okay and he's the best friend a guy ever had, Ellen . . . the way he got big-league teams bidding for me forced Chicago into a bonus agreement."

She rose at the sound of the coach's name, because she didn't like him. He was loud and fat and brassy. "You'd better be getting over to the field," she said.

"All right." He fished through his pockets. "Here's your ticket . . . an extra one Pottsy had." He gave her the ticket and cupped her tiny chin in his big hand. "And I'll show this Joe Rourke enough today to make Chicago give him a bonus for signing me."

IT WAS early when she reached her reserved seat in the little wooden horseshoe, but the Monroe undergraduates and a swarm of townspeople filled the seats quickly.

For the first time, as he came out to warm up before the game, she wasn't rooting for him. She hoped that somehow the State Aggies would hit his sneaking fast ball, as people called it, and hit it hard. A few innings of that, and the Chicago scout, Joe Rourke, would keep his money. At least, it might delay things a while.

But Don Wheeler wasn't hit hard or at all, not at the beginning of the game, anyway. He threw a chest-high fast ball across their letters and three Aggies batters returned to the bench in dismay. She sighed. That's the way it usually happened for three hitless innings. The next three would bring a couple of hits, but no runs. When they finally solved the mystery of his puzzling fast ball, Monroe would have hit the opposing pitcher for enough to make Don a winner.

Her alternative was to hope that Monroe wouldn't score, and they didn't in the first two. She was hoping just as hard in the home half of the third when the vacant seat at her left was taken by a puffing, burly figure who wasn't enjoying the heat of late May. He lowered his hulk into the seat with a grunt, removed a hat from a head of thinning hair, mopped his florid face with a damp kerchief and ran the cloth around the soaking sweatband. She noted the initials J. R. The hat was from a Chicago store, and she

guessed immediately that this must be the Chicago scout, Joe Rourke. Of course it was, since his ticket, like hers, had come from the Monroe coach.

His eyes wandered toward hers. He smiled, nodded and muttered something about the heat. She smiled in return and they watched the ball game. After more than an inning of silence, curiosity overcame her. Perhaps if she could influence him—

"He's certainly turning the batters back today," she ventured.

The man nodded. "Pretty fast. Got a few innings to go, though. Anything can happen."

She wasn't the least ashamed of finding comfort in this possibility. If quick money for marriage had turned his red head, then perhaps fate or something would set him to thinking right. But fate was very tardy, because he turned in two more brilliant innings after allowing a scratch hit in the fourth. He seemed to be getting stronger and, when the Monroe sluggers bunched four hits for a pair of runs in the seventh, her hopes dwindled. She turned to the scout.

"Looks like his day," she said and, as he nodded, she went on: "I guess the big leagues are lucky to get him."

He turned quickly. "You a friend of his?"

"Oh, I'm a student here. But I've met him. Why?"

He listened to the crowd roar and said, "Ever hear of a turkey neck?"

"I've heard of chicken necks. Any difference?"

He leaned toward her and pointed. "Look at this Wheeler's right arm when he pitches. Behind that flip of the wrist is a flip of the elbow. See it? It's like a wriggle. We call it a turkey neck."

"Is . . . is that good?"

"Anything but," he muttered. "With steady work, it means a sore elbow. If he ever reaches the big leagues, they'll have to correct it. That means an unnatural delivery, an a sore arm. Pottsy Miller brings me all the way from Chicago to see a turkey-neck pitcher!"

She fought the feeling of terror that rose suddenly.

She tugged at his coat sleeve. "Could he be a big leagues?"

Rourke made a wry face. "He could be a college teams with his fast ball, but"

The last words trailed off as she saw her way through the spectators and shoe. Now it was all changed, and to reach him first. Giving this news his dreams and smugness, would be deeper than he deserved.

She walked in the shade of the bleachers, listening to the cheering that rose with his increasing success, deepened until she wanted to cry for

THE game was over. She waited for him which he would march triumphantly to the adjacent clubhouse. There she was waiting for Rourke, who was greatly surprised to see her again. An instant later he charged through in a parade of hysterics, trooped into the clubhouse. Don and the coach trailed at the end of the line, the game had been lost. The coach

"The heat's got him!" he muttered, and pitched to where they stood. "Tall! Tell him he's nuts . . . claimin' he won the body!"

"I'm not crazy!" Don exclaimed. "Ellen. 'I . . . I did a lot of thinking there I . . . I seemed to get a clearer idea of it's still okay, we'll take the hard way."

She clung tightly to his sweat-soaked arm, turned her head to look at Rourke who had seen enough ball games to know what he was doing. He grasped the situation perfectly.

"The last thing we want in Chicago is a dissatisfied ballplayer. But if you get in touch with me. Come on, Pottsy, to your second baseman. We can use him."



He leaned toward her and pointed. "Look at this Wheeler's right arm when he pitches. See it?"

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Here are some of the relaxed rules covering proof of necessity for all eligible buyers:

1. That the applicant must travel quickly and would be better able to do so by automobile than by other means of transportation.
2. That he must transport passengers or heavy or bulky tools or materials.
3. That he would have to spend at least one and one-half hours in going to and from work without a car, and could save 45 minutes by using one.
4. That without a car he would have to walk at least three miles in going to and coming from work.
5. That his work is arduous, or his hours unusually long, or that he must travel late at night.
6. That local transportation services are overcrowded.
7. That his physical condition would make it a hardship for him to use public transportation facilities.
8. That he clearly needs an automobile because of other circumstances.



See your
CHEVROLET DEALER
and let him help determine
your eligibility to purchase
a new motor car

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Corporation
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Editorial Communiqué



HERE is a brief report of what we think about how the war is going, from a recent extensive tour of various shipyards and war factories, generals' and admirals' offices, and other focal points of United States war energy:

This country's war-production machine is rolling—and we mean rolling.

Exact figures on production of planes, guns, tanks and ships are military secrets, of course. About plane production, though, it is permissible to state that it is now phenomenal, that no reason has yet appeared why the President's huge goals cannot be reached on schedule, and that there is more than an even chance that they will be surpassed.

Tanks are coming off the assembly lines at rates which remind you of automobile production in boom years—and this is only a start.

The Axis submarines off the Atlantic Coast have been taking some fat bites out of our shipping and that of our allies and friends. The big bottleneck in the United Nations' war effort since we entered the war has been shipping. But our shipyards, by and large, are now turning out huge tonnages per month, smoothly and efficiently and with a minimum of labor trouble. If our Navy and naval air forces can't lick the submarines (which in time they probably can) the overwhelming weight of our shipyards' output will.

Smaller bottlenecks are always developing; but as fast as they develop, agile brains and dauntless hearts go to work at smashing them—and succeed.

American civilian morale—the will-to-win—is high. Especially impressive is the way in which women are going into war plants and doing work hitherto believed strictly men's work. About 1,000,000 women, from all walks of civilian life, are believed already to be working in war plants and doing a superb job of it. Incidentally, most of them draw wages equal to those paid men for the same sorts of work—and properly so, we believe.

Much of the credit for the magnificent showing must go to the businessmen and production experts whom Thurman Arnold & Co. have been kicking around and trying to smear for political purposes. These men out on the firing lines of the home front have already earned the undying gratitude of the American people; and will collect it in time, we are convinced.

In short, this nation has gone to war almost 100%. Seeing the giant of American industry shelling out planes, tanks, ships and guns as deftly as a capping machine slaps out beer or soft drink bottles ready for the ultimate consumer, you cannot help being confident that the Axis is going to be bitterly sorry that it ever tangled with us. Indeed, you come to feel that there may be something in the more optimistic of the military, naval and air men's flat assurances that this war is two thirds won already.

Thumbs Down on John L.

JOHN L. LEWIS has launched a scheme which, if it goes to its logical conclusion, will make him food czar of the United States. He can control a nation's food supply, who can control a nation's food supply strangle hold on that nation's throat. Lewis is trying to haul, first, all the farmers in the land, and then all the other farmers—hold your hats, now—his United labor organization. These alleged farmers turn over to him, in addition to getting rid of the power to deal for them with the middlemen. Thus Lewis would have an American food supply setup.

What some farmers think of the idea is indicated by the fact that a bona fide farmer in New York State, where Lewis is making his big drive, has undertaken to insure his farmers up to \$10,000 for any barn burned by "peaceable organizers" union. What kind of union is it when members begin to insure against good and hoodlums the moment it sets off its blessings?

We hope this bid for dictatorship will be in the teeth.

Special applause, we believe, is due to E. Dewey who once broke up a lot of racket in New York City and has now taken the fight one up and down New York State with courage to fight even a phony union.

We hope the various farmers' organizations exhibit no less courage. United and strong, they will lick Lewis. Divided and timorous, they will be meat—and we'll all suffer for it.

War Bonds as Investments

WITH the Treasury Department's efforts to sell War Bonds, people are wondering just how good these really are as investments.

Certainly some Washington radicals, who see a new revolution after this their best to make these bonds better. There is a way, however, as we mechanics and arithmetic of the situation these bonds the solid investments now. That way is for all of us who want them to buy as many as we can.

If the majority of us are loaded with bonds, the majority of us will naturally to the inflationary and taxpayer-crazed that are the stock in trade of the more bondholders there are, the more the fight they can put up against for making the bonds worthless.

It may happen that our economy simply cannot be either paid off in full. In that case, some readjustment must be made. If most of us are holding time, that readjustment will be made possible for all of us. If only a handful of bonds, the majority will most likely go gogues into some foolish kind of non-vamping which will hurt us. The majority won't realize that, until it is all have progressed too far to be halted.

It's the old story: We've got to get together, we don't want to hang separately, and the financing as well as for the fighting of this war.

Collier's

1942

TEN CENTS

PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



MAPS FOR A NEW WORLD

By Dr. George T. Renn

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BURLINGAME
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In these busy times



DON'T NEGLECT YOUR "CROWNING GLORY"



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

EVERY WEEK WHEN YOU WASH YOUR HAIR,

Listerine *to guard against* Infectious Dandruff!

defensive work takes so much of your time
ely to side-track some important things.
n't side-track your hair and scalp.

ber that neglect can help bring about a case
fectus type of dandruff, with the ugly
scales, the irritated, itchy scalp that so
mpy it. Fortunately there's a simple,
precaution against this condition, which
a few minutes at home—Listerine Anti-
masage, as part of your regular hair wash.
re's no assurance, of course, that this
perfect protection, thousands find it very

sider a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

At the same time it gives your scalp a feeling of
freshness and invigoration.

76% Got Improvement In Tests

If you already have infectious dandruff, use
Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day. See
how quickly it helps remove distressing flakes and
scales, how quickly it helps relieve that miserable
itching and inflammation. This is the treatment that
has helped so many.

Remember—in clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff
sufferers who used Listerine and massage twice a

day showed complete disappearance of, or marked
improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

Keep on doing your "bit" but don't neglect hair and
scalp. Don't wait for infectious dandruff to get started.
The Listerine Antiseptic precaution is as delightful
as it is easy. Buy the large economy bottle today.
Bear in mind that Listerine is the same antiseptic
that has been famous for more than 50 years as a
mouth wash and gargle. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube
of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

ills "Bottle Bacillus"

e Antiseptic kills millions of germs on your
hair including Pityrosporum ovale, the
bottle bacillus" that many authorities con-

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the Plain TRUTH about AUTO RADIOS

**YOU
CAN STILL GET
A GENUINE
Motorola
AUTO RADIO
TO
FIT and MATCH
Your Car, OLD or NEW**

There are lots of things you can't get but we want you to know that Motorola Auto Radios are not yet in this bracket. With careful attention to the rules of sane driving you can enjoy the convenience and economy of automobile transportation for months to come and double this enjoyment by installing a Motorola Radio custom designed to Fit and Match your car Exactly!

**Get News, Fun, Music
As You Drive**

Radio is not a luxury. It's the cheapest, most satisfying, morale-building instrument in our American way of life. Don't waste the hours you spend in your car. Listen to headline news as it happens. Keep posted with a Motorola.

**DON'T WAIT
Soon it will be too late!
See a Nearby Motorola Dealer
NOW...TODAY!**

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST Radio
FOR CAR AND HOME

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor

CLARENCE H. ROY Articles
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS U. S. Navy in Pacific
W. B. COURTNEY U. S. Army in Far East
FRANK GERVAISI Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

ANY WEEK

WE ARRIVED in Los Angeles just in time to take a purely observer part in the Sand Can Save Us campaign. It is working nicely now, but there were a few deplorable incidents at the beginning. A policeman with ambitions to write was telling us. Los Angeles had discovered that the citizenry lacked sand in quantities sufficient to fight possible incendiary bombs—a visitation which is not impossible. Therefore, a large number of volunteers chugged away in trucks to the beaches, returning with sand enough to suit almost everybody. This happened just as sugar rationing set in. The council became aggressively efficient, announcing that the sand should be dumped in the immediate vicinity of the sugar ration card depots, which, in turn, were near grocery stores where rationed sugar would be doled out. All this would save tires by clustering the places tires would have to roll to. The efficiency almost got out of hand. To get your sand you had to bring rubber or metal junk, which would be swapped for sand and turned over to the government. It was at that time, while a considerable number of housewives were swapping junk for sand, getting their cards and buying sugar—all in the area of a block—that two ladies began to exchange pleasantries. One of the ladies was the wife of a grocer. To her the other lady said: "Please don't take all that nice white sand. You need only a little to put out incendiary bombs. I suppose, though, that most of the sand you're taking will soon be sugar in your husband's store." The grocer's wife kept calm long enough to reply: "No, I was thinking of taking a little extra in case you were too busy gossiping to come over, and that you'd need a few pounds to feed to that husband of yours. Heaven knows he needs a little sand." The two ladies moved toward each other but our policeman interfered. He said: "Just a little misunderstanding. Just a little misunderstanding."



HOWEVER, it was just east of Albuquerque that we saw a most venerable motorcar trying to catch its breath at a filling station. What held it together we don't know. All we know is that across its rear it had a large sign reading: "Don't laugh—four new tires, sucker."

GETTING around the country is less simple than it used to be. We got the heave-ho out of two planes, the Army deciding with some justification that it was more important to get soldiers to the West Coast than that we should be filling valuable plane space. But there was one gentleman on our plane who declared that it was more important that he should get to California in the morning and that he'd be hanged if he was going to surrender his seat to a corporal. It was while he was explaining this to a pleasant young man in the air terminal that a porter appeared lugging two huge bags—the gentleman's. "Where you want these bags, suh?" asked the porter. "You want them checked or will you take them to the hotel for the night, suh?" Seldom have we seen one of our fellow citizens so angry. The plane had taken off. He demanded to know the name of the person he could complain to—and he wanted no words with understrappers either. "Well, suh," sighed the porter, while holding the bags, "I dunno that you could do any better than to go straight to President Roosevelt. So where do you want these bags while you're gettin' him on the phone, suh?"



WE DON'T know how it came out. We caught a train and ran into a lot of flood trouble. We debouched, by-passed and detoured Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico floods, stopping frequently at lonely little waif stations to look around. It was at one of these little farm-bound prairie towns that we saw a crowd at the station seeing off a large, awkward, red-faced youth who had been inducted into the Army. He was still in overalls. He carried a little old satchel. He was terribly embarrassed, completely wordless, probably a little scared by the thought of what life beyond the farm had in store for him. They told us that he'd never been away from home before. But hopping around him, his hands clenched, too excited to know what he was saying, was the big kid's cricket of a father. "He ain't never been nowhere; he ain't never been nowhere, he ain't," Paw was repeating over and over as he danced. "He ain't never seen nothin'; he ain't never seen nothin', he ain't."

BUT he will. W. D.

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHERRY Editor
CHARLES COLEMAN Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Circulation Manager

THIS WEEK

JUNE 1, 1942

SHORT STORIES

FREDERICK HART
Unity or Else.
now insist on
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means a riot.

MONA GARDNER
The Sweet Ind
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she was not bet

DICK DORRAN
Take the Day
reporting and l
clusive in both.

THE SHORT STORIES
There'll Never
ard English.

SERIAL STORIES

JAMES ALDRIDGE
Flight to the S
parts.

VEREEN BELL
Trial by Marria

ARTICLES

JOHN R. MORSE
To Tokyo, Damu
India knows w

GEORGE T. REISER
Maps for a New
future for free n

HENRY SCHACHT
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age and worry,

CRAIG WOOD
Drive Does It.
counts most.

OUR FIGHTING
GRANTLAND RICE
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FRANK J. TAYLOR
Radio's Hawke
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A FOAL AND
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BUD SAWIN
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FRELINGHOS
Keep Up with

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS
Who's Got Tha
Fighting Men's
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COVER

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"Bet she married him for his Silvertowns!"

UE that people look at their tires in a
gh today. A few months ago they were
T day they're *treasures*—to you, and
country.

are lucky enough to have Silvertowns,
e a right to be glad. But you have an
on, to—to keep them rolling as long as

your tires are gone, you'll have to walk.
y ne seem so bad, until you consider
more and more tires wear out and can-
eplayed, our whole war effort will be
and lapped.

If you are permitted to buy new tires for your car or truck, your obligation is *doubled*. For you can do much more than the average driver to conserve America's rubber.

And remember—this is no time to put up with inferior tires that waste rubber. If you can buy new tires for your truck or car, your best buy is Silvertowns.

All Silvertowns—including the famous Speedliner truck tire—are still made with Duramin. That's the B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young and lively, makes tires wear longer.

And—if you can't buy tires? Then we'd like to

have you keep Silvertowns in mind until you can. We can't tell, today, whether they'll be made of natural rubber or synthetic. We can't even guess *when* you can buy them. But we do promise this—there won't be a better tire on the road when that time comes!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

The enemy smiles when you waste miles! And we've got a new booklet for you that tells how to avoid being a rubber-waster. Ask for "Will America Have to Jack Up Its 29,000,000 Automobiles?" See your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store—or write direct to B. F. Goodrich, Dept. C, Akron, Ohio.



Lot of new things for newlyweds—and everyone else!

IN ORDER to serve you better, even though you probably can't buy tires, many B. F. Goodrich dealers and Silvertown Stores are now displaying attractive new lines of merchandise for home and auto. All types of sporting goods, bicycle and

auto accessories, batteries, radios, garden tools, luggage and even kitchen equipment! All high in quality—all low in price. Come in today and look around. We don't think you can find better bargains anywhere!



In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

*And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.





to conserve vital metals

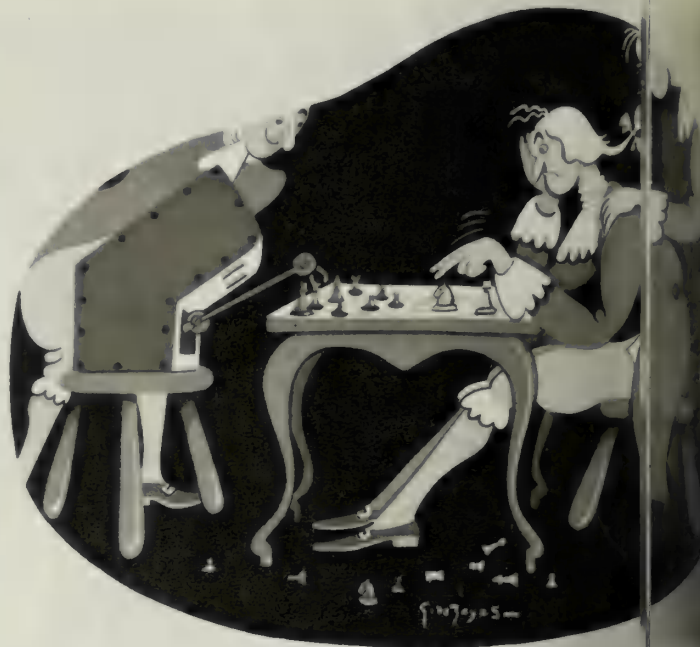
the Mennen Company has voluntarily discontinued packaging Brushless Shave Cream in tubes. Glass jars are now being used. The price is the same (50¢), but you get more for your money—the new jar is 25% larger than the tube.

MENNEN
Brushless
SHAVE

It's a Cream

Not a Grease

A recent survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. This personal preference on the part of the highest authorities on skin care can only be attributed to the consistently high standards of quality maintained in Mennen Shave Products for over half a century.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

Freling Foster

One of the greatest chess players was Kempelen's Mechanical Man, a midget who, disguised as an automaton, toured Europe during the late 18th century and defeated all leading players of the time. He and his partner Kempelen were able to fool the public because he was very small and legless, played with mechanical movements and wore a costume having little doors that, when opened, revealed only turning wheels.

Studies made by the War Office in London have shown that an adult human being will not be killed by the force of a bomb explosion that will demolish a brick wall 13½ inches thick.—By Adalin Padway, New York, New York.

One of the largest single moving jobs on record was the transfer of an artificial silk factory from Hopewell, Virginia, to São Paulo, Brazil, in 1934. There were seven shiploads of equipment and machinery, and some of the pieces were so large that the railroad hauling them from Santos had to move one of its stations out of the way.

The America's Cup, the yachting trophy, did not get its name from this country because our vessels have won all of the seventeen international races. It was named in honor of the schooner America which won the first race in England in 1851.

The world's largest flowering plant, the *Amorphophallus titanum* of Sumatra, which sometimes reaches a height of more than eight feet, has blossomed, while under cultivation, in only eight known cases, the last two being in the New York Botanical Garden in 1937 and 1939.

During complete blackouts in England, many deaf persons, when away from home, now wear a luminous badge bearing the word "Deaf" so strangers will know that they cannot hear signals and warnings or carry on a conversation in the dark.—By J. L. Ladd, Danville, Kentucky.

Many natives in still bury their severed hair in the belief that it is of themselves and should be returned to the earth with their entire bodies.

The most isolated world is Bouvet Island, a small, uninhabited Norwegian possession in the South Atlantic. It contains one thousand men, or 3,146,000 square miles, there is no other land.

Once every fifteen years more than 500,000 members of the sect in India gather in Sravana Belgana for a ceremonial worship of their seven-foot statue of the goddess Matreshvara. From the scaffolding scores of Jain priests pour ghee and water on the figure and then show offerings as dates, sugar, coins and gold.

Many members of the New York Stock Exchange have unusual occupational backgrounds. For example, the roster includes a former undertaker, a magician, prize fighter, army general, baseball player, club singer, dancer, and a night club singer. There is also an officer of the Reverend Church of the Apostles, who bought his seat in the church in 1929 and preaches every Sunday in the Church of the Sacred Advent in Eatontown, New Jersey.

The bloodhound gets its name from the nature that is impervious to the heat of the sun. It was the first to have a pedigree "bloodhound" was simply to indicate it was purebred, or "blood" or "blooded."

Five dollars will be paid for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by a check or money order payable to the order of the National Weekly. The National Weekly. No reproduction without the publisher's permission.

Please don't keep this confidential—



1. "I have it from an absolutely reliable source that this country ...



2. has plenty of all *three* of the things needed to produce large quantities of ...

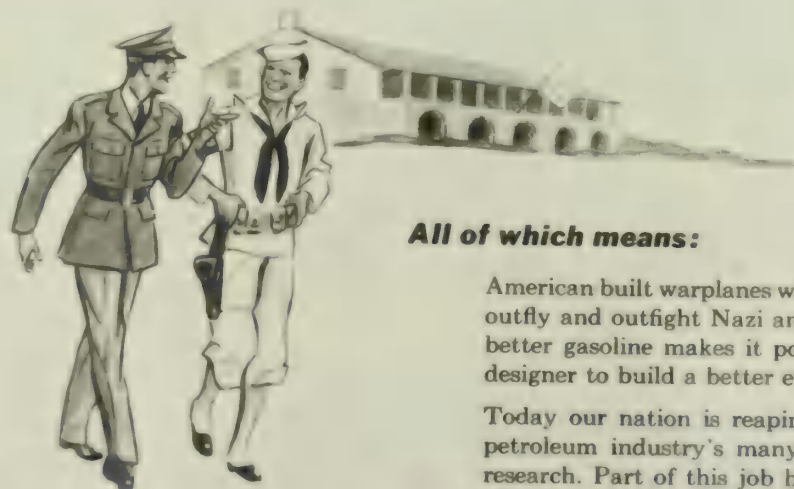


4. We have adequate resources of high quality crude oil and ...



5. superior refining processes that were developed by America's petroleum industry and ...

high octane gasoline for warplanes and other mechanized equipment.



7. Put those three things together and you know why we and our Allies have the best fighting fuels. "

All of which means:

American built warplanes will—plane for plane—outfly and outfight Nazi and Jap machines. For better gasoline makes it possible for the engine designer to build a better engine.

Today our nation is reaping the benefit of the petroleum industry's many years of peacetime research. Part of this job has been the years of effort by the technologists of the Ethyl Corporation in helping to develop better fuels and engines. It is our privilege today to offer our product, our technical experience and our research laboratories to the cause of American victory.

adequate production of antiknock fluid containing tetraethyl lead.

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK FLUID
IS MADE BY THE ETHYL CORPORATION



HERE'S A QUICK NOURISHING
MEAL WITH **NO WASTE!**



I KNOW! Wieners with
NO SKINS!



Serve It Tonight!

• SKINLESS wieners,
spaghetti with tomato
sauce and cauliflower.

• Reliable manufacturers are proud
of the name and quality of their prod-
ucts and glad to identify them... Be
sure to look for and buy SKINLESS
frankfurters and wieners that are
BANDED • BOXED • BRANDED



VITAMINS FOR HEALTH

Children and adults need plenty of
them. SKINLESS frankfurters and
wieners are an excellent source of
Vitamin B₁, B₂ and the anti-Pellagra
vitamin. Good reason why SKINLESS
are served regularly to men in the
Army, Navy and Marine Corps.
Send for free booklet of tempting
SKINLESS recipes. Box 437, Chicago.



DEMAND YOUR FAVORITE BRAND

MADE THE **Skinless** WAY



"First, I'm given a
sparkling 'VISING'
casing for a coat."



"After I'm smoked
my 'VISING' coat is
removed, like this."



"Here I am, with a
tender, digestible sur-
face I made myself."

BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS



WILLIAM T. HOFF

Pan American's 82,000-pound
American Clipper comes in
port. Beaching Chief Lee
Tyler has taken the "bridge"

FOR recreation, our aircraft manu-
facturers, engineers and air trans-
port operators putter around with
ideas about the kind of flying and the
size of aircraft to come after the war.
But they don't want the erroneous im-
pression to get out that they are tying
up valuable technicians, floor space and
man hours building airplanes for use
after a war that has not yet been won
or for use in a world that may be vastly
different from the one they left on the
afternoon of December 7, 1941, East-
ern Standard Time.

Here are some random thoughts you
can pick up from these people:

It has taken two world wars to make
the airplane what it is today. The en-
thusiastic universal support for aviation
now, with unrestricted use of funds,
plants and people everywhere to create
more and better aircraft, has given the
airplane a rapid thrust forward that will
never slow down to the dogtrot of mid-
summer 1939. (The airplane is here to
stay!)

Two major peacetime activities have
already been assured: World-wide pas-
senger air service and freight-hauling
by air.

The present daily use of four-engined
flying boats by Pan American Airways
and the Navy, and Boeing B-17 Flying
Fortresses and Consolidated B-24 land
bombers by the Army, for dependable
and quick ocean crossings, has estab-
lished these types as proven vehicles
of inter-continent travel.

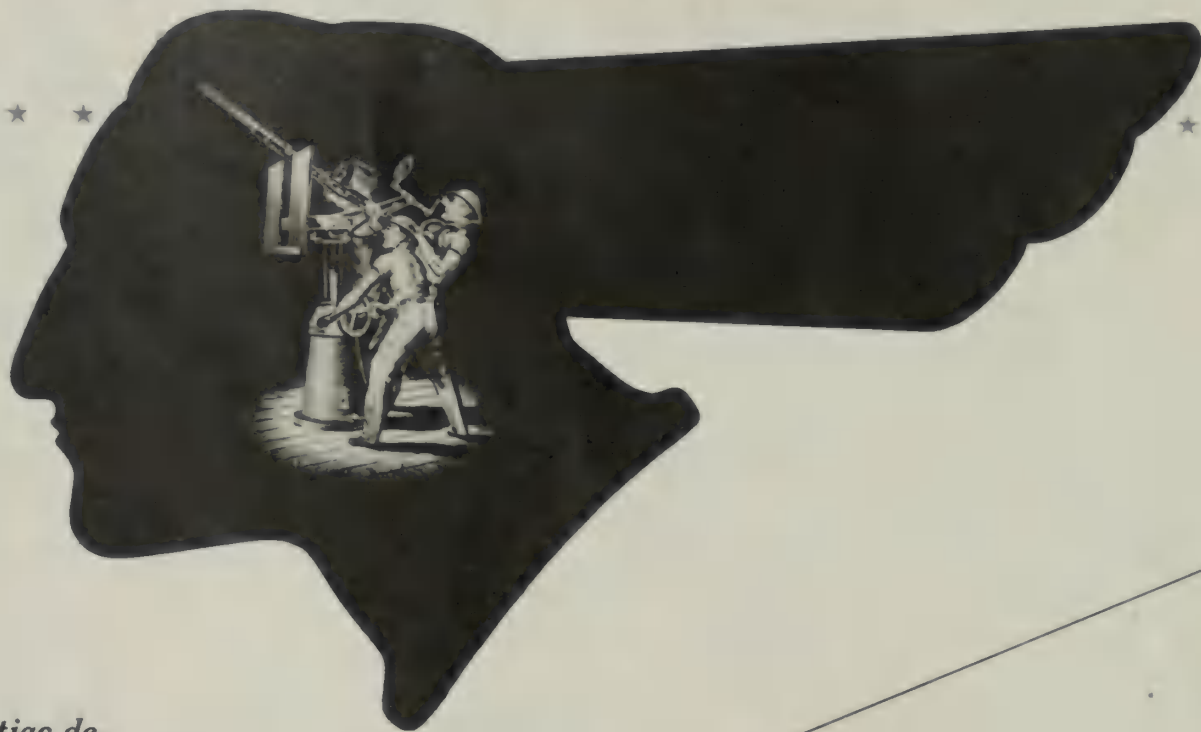
The future role of air freight likewise
is not founded on expectations, the
Army Air Forces having settled every-
thing by carrying more air freight to its
widely scattered bases in the past two
years than all the airlines in the coun-
try combined. The Navy, with less dis-
persal of aircraft and bases, has also set
up a long-distance heavy-hauling air
system under its own operation.

We were just getting going with
four-engined landplane passenger service
when called a halt. Then the Stratoliner
(now in Army service), the new Douglas
troop transport) and Lockheed Constella-
less also will go to the airlines are capable
to 50 passengers plus mail and express.
ships was dictated by being what they could
efficiently operate, acquiring some valuable
experience with when the Army called
duty.

For over-ocean transport has been made
boats, the largest of 82,000-pound four-en-
used regularly across Pan American Airways
China-Clipper type, much in operation in
rugged Sikorsky S-42 ing boat of smaller
American run. A new lantic is the Vought
60,000 pound four-eng by American Export
In the largest of boats, the Mars, Glen
140,000 pound air ve which is a good gu-
enormous ones he has merical use in better
las B-19, largest land also has a laboratory
the further develop bombers.

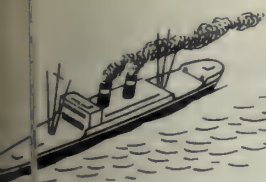
The largest Navy f duction and war servi-
dated four-engined (Continued on

Pontiac Reports to the Nation on Arms Production!



30th, at 11:50 P.M., Pontiac de-
s 11th automatic anti-aircraft
to the United States Navy.

The contract covering this important war
assignment called for the production of only
11 guns up to that date.



Thus, Pontiac deliveries of these vitally-
needed weapons have exceeded the rate of
production specified in the contract by
12 times and the time specification by 7
months.

rate dive bombers with a spray
shells, the 11th cannon was
dream of a 11th ordnance
day guns of the same type—but
designed as better built and less expen-
ing pressed into immediate service
ships of the U. S. Navy, the 11th
n 11th that sail the seven

me of volume production on this
ward weapon is but one salient in
production of arms. Concurrently,
on a at work on six additional
involving the elements of victory
at and in the air.

ent N. 2 calls for the production of
11 11 mm. anti-aircraft
the U. S. Army. In a 11-acre plant,
proceeding, ahead of schedule, which

calls for the delivery of the first gun before
1st.

Far exceeding in complexity either of the fore-
going is Pontiac assignment No. 3—one of the
most complicated instruments of attack devel-
oped in the history of warfare. Comprising over
4300 separate parts, its production in quantity
is a challenge which we at Pontiac have eagerly
accepted. Previously, its maximum total produc-
tion in this country was at
a rate of only 1 a month.
According to schedule, we
will be producing 1 a day
before 1st, 1941.

Supplementing these
major activities are 3
others, widely different in
character—each calling for special organization,

facilities and personnel.

They involve respectively: the current produc-
tion of 11 heavy-duty 11 engine inter-
assemblies a month—which will be quadrupled
in 11 months; the manufacture of vital transport
mechanisms at a rate of 1 a day; the produc-
tion of 1 large tank unit-assemblies a week in an
especially tooled 11-acre plant; and, finally, the
crating each 24-hours for overseas shipment of
11 heavy-duty military vehicles being produced
by an allied member of the General Motors
family.

This is Pontiac's first report to the Nation on
its progress to date in the production of arms for
victory. In making it, we wish to point out that
long since we all pledged ourselves: that brave
men shall go well armed; that victory shall not
be over long in waiting. In this, we can not . . .
must not fail!

Awarded on January 20th,
1942, to PONTIAC for out-
standing production of Navy
ordnance.



Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort,
Pontiac has voluntarily censored this
advertisement.



Pontiac DIVISION OF General Motors

The Beginning of the End



Drawn for Philco by Arthur Szyk. Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

Arthur Szyk gives us this interpretation of America's will to win. His cartoon is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists. They are being posted before Philco's soldiers of industry . . . the men and women who are engaged in the production of the weapons of victory . . . as an expression of their spirit and a reminder of the glorious purpose of their work.

★ ★ ★

THE industrial might of America is at war. Its hands and brains have given America more motor cars, more radios, more refrigerators than *all the rest of the world combined*. Now they have turned with avenging fury to the task of giving the cause of Democracy that same overwhelming superiority in the weapons of victory. What they have done to make America great, they will do to keep America free.

Here at Philco our share of the task is to produce radios for tanks and airplanes, communications equipment, industrial storage batteries, fuzes and shells. Our incentive and inspiration are faith in Victory and *abundant future*. We know it is not all waste, this *emphasis on the engines of destruction!* There is some salvage for mankind from the ruins of war. We see our part of it taking shape today in the Philco laboratories. In a few short months, grim necessity has achieved *progress in electronic research, holding untold promise for the days of peace.*

Looking to the future with faith and determination, Philco's soldiers of industry have made their pledge . . . *"More! Better! Sooner!"*

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Arthur Szyk will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 6C.

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RADIO TUBES, PARTS ★ ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR
MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER**

UNITY OR ELSE

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

d nonstration of patri-
vs a neat profit for
n Dunnevan — the
all the force behind
dous riot at Miss Wid-
's College for Women

ma nes . . . I like marines . . .
ma nes . . . I like . . . agh—

—I e marines, I like marines,
er! t ain't no use, Benny. I
e marines even if them sòds did
at Wake Island. Ner!"
n Dunnevan halted on the sea-
the midst of a placid twilight,
ed olently. Strong emotion
e otive steam in Fireman
's awny bosom. But Sea-
th brain of Force and Brains,
ene to these snorts and
with steadily increasing calm-
sp lackadaisically through

nds of the armed services
'lil each other an' work to-
lick litler an' the Japs, Tim,"
rked "You heard what the
said We gotta have unity in
—of lst!"
e wit?"
an't tick them skibbies an'
or o' thing. An' for another
U. Navy has gotta co-oper-
iden per cent with the Army
Mar. Corps. We're jest one
now get it?"
bu Benny—"

e to sacrifice my personal pleas-
not art no fightin' with ma-
nd if they blame the U. S.
Pee Harbor. Ner!"
a Lin shrugged grimly. "Ma-
solders was there, too," he
's be to let bygones be by-
until get to Tokyo. Keep on
u lik marines."

ther pigeon-chested braggers
marin, I like marines—"
n Dunnevan's deep voice rum-
ins here monotone as he fol-
ame Linn along the beach
he Ca de Mañana Hotel at
Tim and Benny, on a forty-
r liberty, had come to La Jolla
Dieg to complete an involved
al for motorcycle and sidecar.
p, the J. S. Destroyer Trimble,
ing ear a solid month of sub-
atrol between Hawaii and the

ma nes, like marines, like
... pe down, Tim!"
n Lin motioned for a quick
silene. Voices could be heard
other side of a big, black rock.
to fig . . . always bragging!"
as you unny, eh?"
unfury—"



Tim Dunnevan stepped between the Marine Corps and the Army. "You want me to stop 'em, Miss?" he asked

Then, a girl's voice broke in, plead-
ing: "Jeep . . . Chubby . . . please—"

"Who you shoving?"

"I'm shoving you, soldier—"

"Oh, stop them! Somebody come and
stop them . . . isn't there somebody to
stop them?"

"Yerse!" said Fireman Dunnevan.

"No, Tim—wait—"

But Fireman Dunnevan, lumbering
through the sand like a battlegon in
heavy weather, moved into a tense, dra-
matic scene:

Item One: A small, thin youth wear-
ing a marine private's uniform and a
ferocious scowl, with his fists cocked.

Item Two: A small, pudgy young man
in the uniform of a coast artillery pri-
vate, with his fists cocked.

Item Three: A beautiful, starry-eyed
maiden wearing an ethereal topknot of
sun-burnished hair—burnt-chestnut
color, to be precise—and dressed in col-
legiate sports clothes. Her fists were not
cocked. She stood wringing her hands
and looking right and left for help.

Tim Dunnevan stepped between the
Marine Corps and the Army.

"You want me to stop 'em, Miss?"
he asked politely.

"I definitely do!"

"No fight, you guys," said Fireman
Dunnevan.

It was said with authority. Marine
and soldier staggered back.

"Why, you—"

"What right have you—"

"The Navy! Butting in again!"

"So you're her hero, huh, sailor?"

These ripostes came so fast that Fire-
man Dunnevan blinked. The girl sprang
to his rescue.

"Thank you, Mr. Sailor!" she said.
"I'm just livid with shame. If Jeep and
Chubby weren't such unutterable drips,
they'd be ashamed, too. The idea of a
soldier and a marine fighting each other.
Isn't that simply putrid in the ex-
treme?"

"Now, Polly—"

"You shut up, Jeep Saunders! And
that goes for you, too, Chubby. Just
look at them, Mr. Sailor. If they act
this way, fighting among themselves,
who's going to defend us?"

Fireman Dunnevan had the answer
to that one. (Continued on page 57)

"To Tokyo, Dammit!"

—MAJ. GEN. BRERETON

By John R. Morris

FAR EASTERN MANAGER, UNITED PRESS

CABLED FROM NEW DELHI, INDIA

THIS boy with the pale eyes and stiff blond hair stood in the shimmering sunlight of India and listened to the hum of a Flying Fortress over America's principal air base, somewhere east of Suez and west of the bomb-splintered pagodas of Moulmein.

There was a streak of grease across his tanned cheek, and his fingers still were tight around a wrench that he had used efficiently on the big bomber a few minutes earlier. He turned to answer my question.

"Me? I'm from Missouri. And let me tell you, mister, a year and a half ago I thought that Indians lived in Oklahoma and that bombers were something you read about in the newspapers. Now I'm nursemaid to a Flying Fortress—and here we are in India!"

A hot cloud of dust swept across the airdrome—hotter than either of us had ever seen arise from the cornfields of Missouri—and he raised a brown arm to shield his eyes.

"I've learned plenty since then," he went on, squinting again at the bright wings overhead. "But there's one thing I want to know, mister: Where do we go from here?"

Standing there on the scorched airdrome with the temperature at 102 degrees, I realized that I had come a long way—Tokyo, Shanghai, Manila and Java—without hearing anybody put the question more concisely or dramatically than this tough young grease monkey from my own home state; this guy from Missouri whose job it was to keep 'em flying 10,000 miles from home.

There were various answers to his question, but the best one was in the words of his own chief, Maj. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton, commander of the United States Air Forces in India, whom I had seen in action in Java before I flew with his staff and Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell to India. Brereton's answer really is in two parts that illustrate the swift change in America's fighting forces in the Far East within a few weeks' time.

"The retreat stops here," Lew Brereton said, soon after he climbed from the LB-30 (Liberator bomber) that carried us to our new address at New Delhi. And he has been busy proving it ever since by offensive counterblows, including hard-hitting raids on the Japanese at Rangoon and the Andaman Islands, where the general himself handled the controls of his aerial flagship as high explosives were dumped on an enemy cruiser. The second part of his answer came weeks later as I was finishing this dispatch for Collier's.

"Where do we go from here?" is no thoughtless question. With our strength in Australia increasing and the Japanese flood surging over Burma, the United Nations began preparing early this spring to fight one of the great battles of the war in defense of India. India's defense against the Japanese now concerns our political and economic interests and our opportunities for winning this war against the Axis plunderers to a degree that may be difficult for Americans to realize. These interests were symbolized this spring, however, by the presence here not only of the United States Air Forces but of high American officials.

Col. Louis A. Johnson who, as the personal representative of President Roosevelt, carried authority transcending that of an ambassador, said that "we consider this a world war, not a European war with an Oriental sideshow. We are going to resist the enemy wherever he attacks and attack him wherever he is found vulnerable."

Ambassador Clarence Gauss, our envoy at Chungking, made a hazardous flight here to New Delhi late in April to confer with Johnson on military relations with India and our aid to China. "You may be sure that Chiang Kai-shek will continue the war against the Japanese aggressors," he said. "In this we are assisting and will continue to assist."

These men made clear the attitude of our government. But it remained for Brereton and his bombers to back up their words with high explosives.

So let me tell you something—as much as mili-



Major General Lewis Brereton is commander of the United States Air Force in India.

tary regulations permit—about the men of the American Air Forces in India, what they did over Bataan, Macassar, Malang and Jokyakarta and what they are going to do now.

To understand their mettle, it is necessary to go back a little. Anybody who has seen what our fighters have done against impossible odds can begin to understand what they are going to do when the odds are more nearly equal.

It was only the remnant of our Air Force in the Philippines that remained after the first Japanese raids. It was a fighting remnant, and Capt. Grant Mahony of Vallejo, California, who was then a lieutenant and is now aide to Brig. Gen. Francis M. Brady in India, was one of them. Mahony's good friend, Lieut. Robert Hansen of Oakland, California, had been killed during the bombing of Manila airdrome, and the Vallejo pilot was tight-lipped and sore when he took his reconnaissance plane up on the day before Christmas. He did his reconnaissance job and then decided, for luck, to take a whack at a number of enemy planes on the ground near Legaspi.

"They were sweet targets," he said later. But as he approached, nine Japanese fighters dived on him

from 15,000 feet. Mahony pounced on the planes, while bullets from the enemy came around him so thickly that they damaged his craft on the ground perhaps as much as in the air. Mahony streaked for the near-by mountains. The Japanese roared after him around the peak again, Mahony discovered he had some ammunition left, so he dove, grounded planes and swept on to the ground. He found that the Japanese had broken up his game, so he brought his plane down to a low level and got it back to Manila. A base in India now, available for our fliers the fine points of confusing the enemy.

About the time Mahony was over Bataan, Douglas MacArthur decided that he would withdraw from the Philippines to the Philippines, with most of the Air Force remaining. In Java, it was believed then, that the Air Force would be reorganized and get reinforcements for more effective operations. That was the beginning of a long retreat that imposed heavy losses on the Air Force. Ton, Brady, Col. Eugene Eubank and others. The three of them, with the late

who was then Brereton's aide, left Manila is Eve. They had to hunt all night for the plane as it was to take them to Java. When they found it, the plane was wrecked as they took it was not until the following day that they found another seaplane and flew to Surabaya, Java base.

Clark Field near Manila, Col. Emmett O'Donnell, Jr., of New York, succeeded Commander of the bombardment group, led the first squadron of Flying Fortresses to the Philippines in September of 1941. On his orders, Rosie O'Donnell moved his team peninsula because Clark Field was unsuitable, but there were no adequate fields and his show was over almost as soon as though the late Brig. Gen. Harold George with a few patched-up pursuit ships on bomb cradles were built.

Air Force in the Philippines literally was not a plane, men who had been trained to handle pursuit ships and bombers ifles to aid in the defense of Bataan when most of the personnel was ordered to. The transfer was made at night under Japanese dive bombers, which sank the ship as it lay at anchor in a cove between Mindanao. The second ship was not got through with the loss of two men. The airmen fell in alongside American soldiers fighting a kind of guerrilla war with the Japanese, until O'Donnell was ordered to skilled specialists and move them to Java. The order was simple to give easy to execute. There were thousands of men to cross, and the best plane available was a two-engine Douglas B-18, with fuel capacity to reach the nearest safe airdrome. That night, they called in Captain Brodine, a flight engineer who was later killed in Australia, and he went to work to make nothing of nothing. Six gasoline drums were in the cabin as reserve tanks. Somebody produced a pump, and an enterprising Filipino put up with a piece of garden hose. When he had it all patched together with the Filipino joint, baling wire and chewing gum, it looked like work, except for the fact that there were no tanks to be supplied and only one piece of hose.

Nothing so trivial as that was going to stop them. They hacked a hole through the floor of the cabin and looked around for their man. They found him in Lieutenant McLaughlin, who weighed 120 pounds and was built on the lines of a jockey. They lowered him through the belly of the plane and gave him the end of the hose. From the hills of Mindanao to the coast at Port Darwin, McLaughlin carried the fuel hose as needed from one tank to

McLaughlin played a weird role in a goofy flight. Maj. Clyde Box of Nevada, Texas, was

O'Donnell's co-pilot, and Capt. Edward Green, now in Australia, was navigator. (Box later came to India as aide to Brig. Gen. Earl Naiden, the chief of staff of our Air Force here.) The B-18 missed Japanese squadrons raiding the Dutch naval base of Amboina by a few minutes. Then a Dutch fighter pilot mistook them for Japanese and was about to dive on them when they fired an identity flare.

A West Pointer in 1928 and later on the school's football coaching staff, O'Donnell at 35 is now in G-3 at Brereton's headquarters where he lives for the big bombers and gripes loudly against flying a desk.

Brereton furnished the only heavy bombers—Fortresses and a few Liberators originally built to British specifications—in the Dutch East Indies area. The Liberators lacked the superchargers built into this type of bomber for the United States Army in order to make them suitable for daylight raids, and their fighter protection was always inadequate, compared to what the enemy soon had within striking distance.

With small Dutch bombers, they scattered the Japanese invasion fleet in Macassar Strait, but two of five Fortresses operating in the same area later were destroyed by enemy naval Zero fighters. The Japanese descended suddenly from three directions, concentrating first on one and then on another big bomber. Two went down but the other three jettisoned their bombs and escaped.

Protection for Bombers Lacking

The most disheartening losses were planes destroyed on the ground in Java and Bali because of lack of fighter-plane and antiaircraft gun protection. Sometimes it seemed that our big bombers which might have struck many more heavy blows at the enemy were merely pot shots for Japanese attack craft. But the American Air Force was always trying, regardless of the odds. And when the fate of Java appeared already sealed, the United States Navy dispatched the aircraft carrier Langley to Chilachap, on the southern coast of Java, on the obviously slight chance that she might deliver a cargo of pursuit planes. The Langley and her desperately needed fighter craft went to the bottom of the Indian Ocean under a rain of enemy bombs.

It may be revealed now that in the last days of the battle of Java, the decision to move the American Air Forces to India was made and almost completed before Washington knew about it.

Lieut. Gen. George Brett, now head of the United Nations Air Forces in Australia, and Brereton made the decision at Bandoeng and submitted it by wireless for approval by the War Department at Washington. Before they could get a reply, the situation became such that they had to act, and Brett told Brereton: "Move to India." The War Department's approval of the move was handed to Brereton later as he stepped from his plane at Dum Dum airdrome at Calcutta. The same message appointed him commander in India.

I came out of Java with the remaining Air Force that retreated to India. Two LB-30's carried most of us and General Wavell, too, landing at Colombo on the island of Ceylon, after we had made the acquaintance of Charlotte the Harlot. We had been scheduled to take a Flying Fortress from Bandoeng, in the Java mountains, to Jokyakarta on the south coast, but just before we went to the airfield a Japanese plane dropped a bomb squarely on our plane and blew it sky high. Unfortunately, that was the last plane at the airdrome at the time, and it looked as if we might wait there for the Japanese. But Brereton ordered a second Fortress in from Jokyakarta, and that turned out to be Charlotte, with her name emblazoned across her nose and a cocky, daredevil pilot at the controls.

Charlotte the Harlot came into Bandoeng in a hurry and paused only long enough for us to clamber aboard before whizzing away again down valleys and through narrow passes to the one remaining American air base in the East Indies. There were too many enemy planes around for time-wasting. Twenty-seven of us, including Brereton, boarded a Liberator at Jokyakarta for the flight to Ceylon. My seat was wedged in between the pilot and co-pilot, but we were so crowded that the only way I could get into it was to face aft. So by force of circumstance, I faced in the general direction of the enemy during the 2,300-mile retreat from Java.

There was nothing very exciting about facing the enemy at 200-miles per hour in reverse, and most of the exhausted passengers slept. But as we approached Ceylon, I lay down in the transparent nose of the bomber for a bird's-eye view of India. The co-pilot, his eyes red with lack of sleep, stretched out beside me, and we watched the shoreline of a great continent emerge in gentle splendor from the sea.

The man beside me didn't say much, and what he did say concerned the futility of hoping to hold back the Japanese with inadequate equipment, but what impressed me most was his willingness to keep on trying when his expert knowledge and experience told him it wouldn't work. I knew that, only three days before, this same ship and crew had dumped bombs on the enemy off Bali and that, after they landed us at Ceylon, they were going back to Java to do it again. These men, given such forces as we peace-loving Americans were willing to provide before Pearl Harbor, had done all that any men could have done and often more.

But here was India, a vast, restless, divided land of 350,000,000 rich and poor, potentially as great a bulwark against the enemy as the Chinese or as easy a victim as the Burmese. Could the young flier peering through the nose of a bomber and the half dozen generals dozing behind us find here the means of meeting the enemy on something like equal terms? Where do we go from here?

In the next few weeks, we began to get the answer. Scholarly Sir Stafford Cripps flew out from London to offer an independence plan for the greatest possible Indian war aid. But (Continued on page 61)

Captain Grant Mahony, who played hide-and-seek with Jap fliers around a Philippine peak while destroying grounded Jap planes





MAPS FOR A NEW WORLD

By George T. Renner

PROFESSOR OF GEOGRAPHY,
TEACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Here's a brave new world redesigned for lasting peace—a world from which war-breeding frictions are gone, where all nations live secure and unafraid, thanks to the new science of political geography

THE democracies are almost certain to win the present war but it is an unpleasant fact that they may lose the peace that will follow. Whether they win or lose the peace will depend largely upon what kind of new map of Europe they are prepared to draw at the peace table.

It is possible, of course, that through some stroke of fate, the Axis might win this war. In that event no one would pay any attention to our plans, and the German blueprints would be followed instead. What these German plans are like is no secret; they were shown specifically on a proposed map of Europe which was published and discussed recently in Collier's. They were also outlined in general terms in Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*. The German-made map

of a future Europe is to the democratic mind both nasty and unreasonable, for it is full of hates which would gnaw at the entrails of human society for centuries to come.

Any draftsman can draw a map if he be given an original to follow. But to construct an original which expresses the things we really want is a difficult scientific task. It requires an intimate knowledge of peoples, languages, cultures, resources, business, transportation facilities, and historical claims and priorities. It is certainly a task not to be entrusted to amateurs—not even to the amateurs of the state departments of the various nations of the world. Yet every map or blueprint for peace so far has been drawn by self-appointed amateurs. Even when the intentions in the

minds of the statesmen are good, there are always huge differences between the things in their heads as they sit at a peace conference and the lines which are finally drawn on the map. Such discrepancies may be the seeds of the next war.

So far, the only official statement about what kind of postwar plan the United Democratic Nations would want has been the Atlantic Charter—the eight points outlined at the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting. The Atlantic Charter is a noble statement but it is and will remain only an idea in a vacuum until it is translated into the form of a map. The process of translation from idea to map is a difficult problem in human geography.

The Germans take this problem seriously. Years ago they began the systematic study of the science of Geopolitik or—to use an American term—political geography. Germany has produced a whole line of able political geographers—Kant, Humboldt, Ritter, Maull, Sölch, Banse, Haushofer, and so forth. The Germans have left nothing to chance. It was the geographer Herr Doktor Professor Haushofer who drew the blueprint for Hitler's New Order as set forth in *Mein Kampf*. Moreover, he helped to draw up the maps of military strategy by which this New Order was to be achieved.

The result of using this scientific geography has been morally bad but it has been so good strategically that it has enabled an otherwise hopeless scheme to succeed pretty well so far. This does not prove that political geography is wicked; it merely indicates in one more way that the German state has used most forms of science for ignoble purposes. The strategy behind German successes has mystified and terrified some Europeans and Americans. Yet to the American political

MAP I. Europe divided into strong nations with clear lines of cultural lines, stability where political impossible—a long step forward for the bloody continent. It explains logic of the redrawing

geographers, the strategy through because it is based upon simple geographical principles and relationships.

American political geographers, the strategy through because it is based upon simple geographical principles and relationships. American political geographers, the strategy through because it is based upon simple geographical principles and relationships. American political geographers, the strategy through because it is based upon simple geographical principles and relationships.

The map of Europe has special attention because it has long been both the new and the trouble center of the world. Europe is not and cannot be sufficing; it requires Africa must be drawn. Consequently, a second trouble center as a source of materials and markets must also be drawn. This is a third trouble center to be remapped.

with this article are four of these shows prewar Europe. The others deal with the Pacific basin.

THE AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR—MAP II

squealed loudly, and Mus- thumped deafeningly that its present miseries to the Versailles. This is ninety per cent of course, but there is a cent of irritating truth in

In defense of Versailles did that never before was written which came as expressing the natural map of peoples in the form of an ideal map as did this one. There were features of Versailles map which made impossible in Europe.

about two thirds of Europe occupied by Slavic peoples, the third by Germanic and Mediterranean peoples. Peace was a ramshackle empire in Europe known as Austria-Hungary on an alliance of Britain, Russia, organized to keep an enemy. The first World War broke down to a pile of blasted

of Versailles did two lines were drawn from Petcha to the mouth of the Danube, roughly the longitude line of Russia. Russia was shoved eastward and isolated from European peoples. West of it were all those peoples—including millions—who were more or less Roman in their culture. Then, west of the political boundaries were to conform more or less to languages.

ling weaknesses existed in the Finns (Karelians) east

of the line were left out of Finland. Millions of White and Little Russians west of the line were included in other countries. Millions of French and German-speaking peoples were left out of France and Germany. The Austrian Germans were denied Anschluss with Germany, and Austria was artificially maintained as a puppet state. An insulting Polish Corridor was cut through Germany to the Baltic, although a much more reasonable corridor could have been cut around the eastern edge of Germany, via Memel.

The synthetic country of Belgium, comprising French, Dutch, and German peoples, was maintained in order to provide a pad or buffer in the west. France held the Italian island of Corsica, and Yugoslavia the Dalmatian Coast, rendering Italy totally insecure on either flank. Britain held the geographically French Channel Islands, the Norse Shetlands and Greek Cyprus. Italy held Greek Rhodes, and France held what should have been Italian Tunisia. Sweden had no northern outlet, and Russia was denied access to the Dardanelles by the device of maintaining a small piece of Turkey in Europe. The Basques were split between Spain and France, while many Spanish Catalans were included inside France. A more or less artificial Portugal, a vast Dutch colonial empire and Greece were maintained solely by British naval power. A whole flock of small new countries was created and released in the political and economic world, without even feathers of experience in political intrigue to protect them.

Post-Versailles Europe contained no less than 35 independent countries and five colonial dependencies—40 political units in all. The dependencies included one Italian and four British possessions.

For a time, it included three other artificial states—the Saar, the Zone of the Straits, and the city of Fiume—but these three died violent deaths along

the way. Obviously, 43 political units (or 44 if we include the Vatican State) in a continent the size of Europe, with no regulated relations among them, was a fertile breeding ground for war. And, sure enough, it did breed war.

A EUROPE OF LARGE BLOCS—MAP I

About one fourth of all Europeans are Russians. Aside from them, the Germans are the strongest ethnic bloc in Europe. The nub of most of the continent's troubles hinges on trying to ignore that fact. All European politics since the day of Napoleon have been based upon keeping these two strongest groups of people weak. This cannot be kept up any longer. Europe can go on warring interminably, but Germans and Russians will continue to breed their kind. An alternative is to form a United States of Europe but, in any such union, the Germans and the Russians and their allies would dominate it. Consequently France, Britain, Holland and the Scandinavian countries will have none of it.

Nevertheless, Europe as it has been during the last twenty-five years is so suicidal as to be almost unbearable. Recently it has become completely impossible. There have been two strong nations and many weak ones in western Europe to oppose Germany. The weak ones cannot be kept in line and are a constant bait for aggression. The two strong nations, Britain and France, have recently discovered that they are no longer strong enough to checkmate an aggressive Germany.

Twenty-five years ago, the British Overseas Dominions and the United States intervened to preserve western civilization in Europe. Today they are again compelled to intervene. Fortunately, a German error in timing involved Russia in the struggle, and hence the world's political structure may again be preserved. But the next time, nothing

on earth is likely to save European civilization as we now know it, unless a new type of political organization is set up after the present war is finished.

Europe, however, is not ready for political union. For one thing, England could no more afford to participate than we could. It would cause her to lose her overseas dominions if she were to join any such union. Without England, such a union undoubtedly would be dominated by the totalitarian countries and, consequently, might easily be led into a long world struggle with the Anglo-Saxon powers.

Fortunately, such a continental union is not at all necessary to achieve the desired goal. It is entirely possible to have a strong united Germany surrounded by eight other strong European nations, any one of which would be tough enough to discourage aggression. A Europe consisting of nine strong nations would constitute its own framework for achieving stability.

The first of these would be the Fenoscandic Union consisting of Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland and Estonia. All of these are culturally similar and have at times enjoyed union with one another.

A second bloc, a West Slavic or Czecho-Polska state, is already being planned by the Czech and Polish governments-in-exile. If this be expanded to include Lithuania, with which Poland has been associated in the past, a fairly compact state with ocean frontage would result.

In the southeast, the thoroughly chastened Balkan states are now more nearly ripe for a federal union than ever before in history. Such a state would unite the South Slavs, the partially Latinized Slavs of Rumania, the Albanians and the Greeks. Some trouble may be expected from the Bulgars but even they can be expected to fall in line if proper territorial redistribution is made and cultural autonomy is assured them.

Italy should be given Dalmatia, Tunis, Corsica and Nice, so that she would be made secure from attack within the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian seas. A strengthened French Republic should include all French-speaking peoples of Europe. An Iberian Union should be set up on republican principles. Russia should be compensated for losses of territory to Finland by an outlet to the Gulf of Riga on the Baltic and to the Dardanelles in the south. Germany should include all the German-speaking peoples of Europe, and its perennial ally Hungary should be attached to it. Hungary, however, should be accorded full cultural autonomy.

The new Dutch-Flemish state should be invited to full dominion status in the British Commonwealth of Nations. This would accomplish two ends: It would protect England's continental flank and would save Holland from German aggression. It is not at all incompatible with facts, either. For more than a century the British Empire has protected Holland's vast colonial holdings. Politically, religiously, racially and commercially, the Dutch are closer to the British than any other European peoples. Moreover, the Dutch have no close affinities with any other peoples except the Germans and do not want union with them.

A Europe of this kind would thwart no one, not even the Germans. It cuts across no major cultural lines. It would be a long step geographically toward peace on the world's bloodiest continent. It would be doubly successful if it were preceded by a redrawing of provincial or state boundaries and a transfer of minority populations. It would also provide the needed background for the settlement of the problem of colonies which is discussed on the following page.

MAP II. Post-war Europe as the Versailles Treaty left it consisted of 40 political units and made any lasting peace an impossibility





MAP III. Redrafting of Africa's present crazy-quilt keeps geographical as well as political realities in mind, consolidates colonial holdings and redistributes wealth more equitably

EUROPE'S AFRICAN COLONIES—MAP III

A glance at any political map of Africa should convince the average reader. It is a bigger mess even than the map of Europe. Grandmother's crazy quilt was simplicity compared to the results of Europe's scramble for colonies in Africa. The work system has four general faults: The small size of the colonies have been the cause of rivalries and frictions. The colonies are too expensive to administer, so that the natives' needs are neglected. Some weak nations, such as Portugal, have immense and potentially productive colonies, while others, such as Germany, have nothing. Lastly, Britain's Red Sea route has been constantly threatened by France's holdings along the coast of that sea.

In drawing a new map of Africa, there are at least four realities to be kept in mind: First, there is the reality of the present African nations. Liberia, traditionally the ward of the United States, should continue in that status; Ethiopia should be completely surrounded by British territory; Egypt should be organized as a sphere of British interest; the Union of South Africa should be extended northward to the Cunene, Cubango and Orange rivers.

The second reality is that Germany should receive territory in central Africa to include what is now the German Congo, Belgian Congo, Portuguese Angola, and Northern Rhodesia. This would yield her an immense tropical raw material, and the temperate highlands suitable for white colonization.

The third reality is that all colonial holdings should be consolidated into large units. Those of France should be grouped into French West Africa and Madagascar. Those of Britain should be consolidated into British West Africa, British East Africa, and Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

The fourth reality is that the Mediterranean power should have colonial control over the opposite sections of Africa. Spain should have control over the Mediterranean islands lying between Africa and America. France's domain should extend from Algeria to the Senegal River and all offshore; France's domain should extend from Algeria to Dakar and the Guinea Coast; Italy's holdings should extend from Bizerte to Bengasi and sweep southward to the Cape of Good Hope. This would render her secure in the middle Mediterranean and for empire-building in constructing a trans-Saharan highway. Greece should be given Cyprus (Cyrenaican coast) opposite Crete. Britain might have Malta and Alexandria as fueling stations, for in the future they will have no value as naval fortresses.

A NEW ORDER IN ASIA—MAP IV

The need for a new order in Asia is apparent to anyone who looks at the map. But the Japanese prescription written in blood and powder is no acceptable answer. Here again (Continued on page 17)



MAP IV. Rezoning of Asia gives Japan all lands in the Far East of Japan, establishes a Philippine Commonwealth and sets up quadrants of political control that eliminate friction

The Sweet Indulgence

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

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the prayers of a brave
recounted. He was
rewards were furious

ed one hot hand over the
nd sat waiting for Cousin
to speak. She could tell by
ck patient way he was suck-
nut juice that he was dis-
e bowed her small black
eek. It was better not to look
Cousin Gedog wasn't always
sometimes he let what he was
sho on his face.

to! Cousin Gedog cleared his
s coming now. He was going to

welling!" he accused. "The

valved respectfully before she
d: do what I can, Cousin.

are ate with it!"

ook for help in the sky. in the
a t hibiscus hedge beyond.

he nfessed.

we stands hand-high in the
dd' Cousin Gedog's uncouth
mned these facts like a mal-

N nodded, and held her

n antle covers the dyke

yes! Nia nodded, and then of-
an shamed to say it, but I am
now I do not move quickly,
or and so well—with the child

ls weeds," Cousin Gedog
the point.

are ght!" Nia was softly sure,
acag to this man who was the
in family now. "I will rise
ad work farther into the

Y would drink his second
f jupe and end his visit. If only
nd stand here looking at the
am looking at the floor cush-
ing the growing rice beyond.
gnd in his eyes. If only his
d we would not start jaying
arphigh voice of hers. But no,
we now, opening her peaked

are the paddy early, Nia."
d. "You work late. For with
s I've seen you. Yes, truly.
are strong, Nia, strong in the
ong the arm. You work well
ddy when you are there. . . .
us gng to shrines is not work,

g-gog eats time!" Cousin
i in the words as though they
lly rian fruit.

rea her hands, hoping they
ot fiter, hoping they would
le a her heart was trembling.
y tring for a son," she said.

Geg and his wife looked in
nuthell cups.

my husband dead," Nia rea-
m't do everything I can,
to make a man-child of this
child Else whose prayers will
spirative? Else where would
vis on its trip to earth each

Geg couldn't argue against
Continued on page 64)

are ght!" Nia was softly
y placating to this man
the only man in her
ly w. "I will rise earlier"

Eat and Look Young

By Henry Schacht

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

"What should I include in my diet to keep my hair from turning gray?" That's what people asked Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan. Here are the answers

Many nationalities are curious about the antigray vitamin. Queries come from Latin America, England, Africa and other lands



Doctors are sampling the new vitamin themselves—to improve their bedside appearance



One man asked if the vitamin would make his head look as young as his heart felt

WHEN gray hairs show up among the blond or dark ones, most people think nothing can be done about it. So it may surprise you to know that by choosing certain foods you have a good chance of preventing gray hair just as you can reduce your weight by cutting down on certain foods. Scores of people will testify that they've tried it and obtained surprisingly good results.

They trace their success to daily doses of a new vitamin. If your hair is gray or graying you'll certainly want to know about it. The story of its discovery starts quite by accident back in 1930. Dynamic, red-haired Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, head of the home-economics division at the University of California College of Agriculture, had obtained permission from the parents of 80 junior high school children to use them in a test of the value of wheat germ in child diets. She divided them into two groups of forty. Both received the same diet with the one exception that half of them also got daily doses of wheat germ. In six months they gained twice as much height and three times as much weight as the others.

Looking over these results, Dr. Morgan decided that if wheat germ was that good, more children should be eating it. Officials of a large commercial company heard of her test and agreed. They set about producing a wheat-germ cereal. Today that cereal is one of our best-known breakfast foods. Yet at first it caused trouble and more trouble. Three years were spent in preparing it for market. Then grocers complained that it spoiled in the packages. Company technicians went back to work and finally decided they'd have to toast the cereal. Then it occurred to them that heating might lower the food value of the wheat germ. They wrote Dr. Morgan for the answer to that one. She admitted she didn't know but promised to find out.

This was 1935. She put two groups of glossy jet-black rats on a delectable diet of washed casein, salt mixture, fat, sucrose, and cod-liver oil plus a daily dessert of wheat germ, heated for one group, unheated for the other. It was a simple experiment. Compare the growth of the two groups and you'd know how heat affected the germ. But after two weeks had passed, Dr. Morgan noticed a peculiar and unexpected development.

Patches of hair on rats in both lots were turning a mousy brown. Soon they took on a metallic coloring. In another month they were completely gray. Dr. Morgan was frankly puzzled. Nothing like this had ever been reported. Heating the wheat germ couldn't be the cause since all the rats showed the same symptoms. The only thing to do was go back over the experiment, step by step, looking for the clue that might break the case of the gray-haired rats.

Finally the chase narrowed down to the B vitamins. The rats were getting all the B vitamins in the basic diet. The only others they had were B-1 and B-2. At that time only B-1 and B-2 were discovered and they were both in white. "There must be something right," said Dr. Morgan, "there must be a vitamin we don't know about."

To prove this theory she cut wheat germ out of the rat diet and substituted an extract of wheat germ. She had used it before as a source of B vitamins. The rats had never turned gray. To her surprise, she found that it contained the missing vitamin. She should be able to bring the rats back to their original color. Sure enough, within a few weeks they were their normal glossy black selves. Dr. Morgan had discovered the B-vitamin group that in rats at least, kept hair from losing its natural color. It was enough for a scientist and for a time she called the antigray factor might do the same for humans. Just now there was other work to be done.

A Rats' Fountain of Youth

First she built up a list of other sources of B vitamins. This included rice bran, brewer's yeast, and unrefined cane molasses. Next she fed rats to determine all the symptoms of B-vitamin deficiency. She found that they fed on a pattern. In 1937 before the annual meeting of the American Institute of Nutrition she folded the whole amazing story.

She told her assembled colleagues about her new vitamin she called B-12. It turned out to be a month in life. In life, B-12 could produce thin and graying hair, wrinkled skin, as well as damage to the thyroid, and sex glands. She pointed out that all of these symptoms were typical of old age. Later, she actually aged her rats. Yet by giving them concentrated doses of it she could return them to normal color and thickness, put flesh on them, and repair the damage to vital glands.

Refusing to crawl out on any hands, Dr. Morgan said nothing about human experiments strictly to rats. But the listening scientists were so interested that many things first tested on rats proved effective on humans. Several and within a few months confirmed experiments of their own.

Meanwhile, she dived back into her work with used dogs and guinea pigs, getting the same results as with rats. A man gave her (Continued on page 19)



"Helen," Quayle said, "here is the squadron. This is Hickey, our C.O." Hickey smiled quietly and put out his hand

IGHT TO THE SUN

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

by Gus Far:

IS, not far from where the Greek-
r is going, Flight Lieutenant John
the Royal Air Force, meets an at-
tack on: Helen Stangou. She tells
he is working at a first-aid post, and
a few days, she will be sent to the
nning.
nds himself strongly attracted to
t the earliest opportunity he calls
he first aid station, takes her for a
unab to restrain himself, kisses
el—rejoicing that they will soon be
hat they may never see each other
ists that he "be sensible"; she does
age him in his advances. . . .

squadron ("80") is commanded by
Leader Hickey. Among Quayle's
are Jorell, Tap (an unusually
Finnish), Vain (an Australian
pilot), "Bussie" (an audacity and cour-
age), Clance, South, Brewer and
All ready for anything, at any
here. . . . relish the chance to get a

Quayle meets Helen Stan-
has a fight with a vast
Vain is killed. . . . Led by
on shifts its base once or
new field—a poor, bumpy
here they are greeted by a
ous Greek: Captain Alexander Mel-
here they take rooms at the Hotel

that Helen may have arrived,
to the hospital. The sympathetic
forms that Miss Stangou is ex-
the following day, or the day after.
puts Helen in a bus and takes them

out to the field, where he introduces them to a
laughing Greek flier—one Nitralaxis—and his
assistant, a small but very spunky little fellow
named Papagos. The members of the squad-
ron look on in amazement as Nitralaxis and his
small friend prepare to take off on a reconnais-
sance flight in a wobbly old plane—a 1918
model!

The Greeks complete their preparations.
They climb into the old crate. They start.
After a time they disappear in the mist that
surrounds the area.

"That is the end of them," Brewer says
quietly. The others are silent. They climb into
the bus and go back to the hotel.

III

JOHN QUAYLE went straight up to
the hospital and asked the girl at the
desk if he could see the matron. She
shook her head and Quayle guessed the
matron was busy. He was going out
when someone called. He turned around.
It was Helen Stangou.

"Hullo," he said. "You got here."

"Hullo," she said. "So it is you."

John Quayle felt the warmth already
when they shook hands firmly.

"You did get here," he said again.

"Was it you asking for me . . . from
the principal? Yes, I got here all right,"
Helen said.

"I came up here looking for you. I
got talking to the matron," Quayle said.

He was smiling at her because she
looked serious.

"You should not have gone to the
matron."

"Why? The matron's a friend of
mine," Quayle said. "Come on. We'll
go see her." He took Helen's arm and
walked toward the matron's room.
"Come in and meet her; she's all right."

He knocked on the matron's door. She
called "Embros," and they went in. She
looked up from a table full of large white
cards.

"Hullo, Matron," Quayle said to her.
"I have something."

"Ah. My *Inglisi* . . ."

"This is Helen Stangou," Quayle said.
He indicated Helen.

Helen said something quickly in
Greek and the matron nodded.

"Excuse me," Helen said. "I was
apologizing to the matron."

"She is a fine girl," the matron said
to him. "She apologized for you."

"Thank you. I hope you do not think
me impertinent."

The matron laughed and said, "Cer-
tainly not! Now go on out, you two,
and walk in the muddy streets."

"I am still working," Helen said in
English to the matron.

"Go on. I will explain," the matron

said in English. Then she said some-
thing in Greek. Helen replied in Greek
but the matron said something quickly,
and Helen touched Quayle's arm and
they went out.

"Goodby," he said to the matron.
"And I'll look after her."

"She will look after you, *Inglisi*. She
will. Goodby."

"*Au revoir*," Quayle said. They
walked down the passage and he heard
the matron laughing quietly.

There was quiet mist and darkness
making dismal the brown mud on the
streets. They walked slowly toward
the town. Helen had taken his arm—
the first time she had done it easily and
familiarly—but she did not speak.

"How did you get up here?" Quayle
asked her, to break the silence.

"With Lawson. He came up in his
car to see the front."

"I see."

She looked at him quickly. "What
do you see?"

"Nothing." He was jealous and felt
unfriendly.

"You take everything too seriously."

"I hope you do."

"I take the right things seriously," she
said. "Not these things."

"These are the right things," Quayle

said. He pulled her around and kissed her.

"We will get put in jail if anybody sees you doing that."

"Yes? What sort of people are you?"

"We are all right but our Fascisti are not. Please be careful."

"I apologize."

"Now you get serious. Please be with sense."

"All right," Quayle said; "I'll try to be good."

She leaned over and put full lips on the side of his unshaven cheek.

QUAYLE took Helen to the restaurant where the others had told him they were going. When he walked in he saw them make cracks to one another. They would meet Helen sooner or later, so it might as well be now. He took Helen's arm quietly and walked to the table. Hickey stood up first, after looking hard at Helen and noticing her pretty uniform. The others stood up too, so that they made her conspicuous in the whole room, and Helen did not feel comfortable about it either. Quayle could see the surprise on all their faces.

"Helen," Quayle said, "here is the squadron. This is Hickey, our C.O. This is Helen Stangou."

Hickey smiled quietly and put out his hand. Helen was used to Greeks, who merely bowed, so she was behind time in putting her hand out. But she laughed a little and it pleased Hickey.

Then Quayle introduced Tap, Hersey, Richardson, Brewer, Constance, Stewart who clicked his heels and bowed, Finn who said, "You surprise us, Quayle," when Helen smiled. Someone got a chair and they all sat down and there was silence.

"You speak English," Tap said slowly.

"Yes, in a strange way. I lack grammar," Helen said, and Tap was surprised and looked at Quayle.

"Are you a nurse or something?" Brewer said.

"No. I'm in a first-aid post here."

Quayle let it all go on because Helen would fit in her own place with them. It was no good his trying to tell them what and who she was.

John Quayle ordered something to eat through Helen, and she ordered something for herself and he knew it was merely coffee because she knew she was on exhibition, and eating would be too difficult under the circumstances.

"Do you live here?" Hickey asked her politely.

"No. I have been here only last night. I live in Athens."

"Hickey, I reckon she ought to be attached to the squadron, don't you?" Tap said.

Quayle knew something like that was coming and he knew Helen would not be pleased about it.

"Yes," Hickey said in his quiet voice. Quayle didn't like it at all.

"Miss Stangou, would you join our squadron?" Tap was being very jovial.

"What can a woman do?" Helen also was trying to be jovial.

"Can you cook? Well, we get shot up sometimes too. It would be a pleasure with you around."

"Then I will not come. I would not want to encourage you to be shot."

"We don't need much encouragement," Finn said. He was sitting next to Helen and was looking at her full in the face.

It went on while Quayle ate his dinner and Helen drank her coffee. Tap was the worst of them, because all women were anybody's property and had only one thing in mind, and Tap worked on it quickly.

"Where do you live?" Tap asked her.

"At the hospital," she said.

"May I come up and see you?"

She looked at Quayle. He didn't indicate anything. "It is difficult," she said.

"Well, then, you must have dinner here with us," Tap invited.

"I will try," Helen said. "And now I must get back."

Quayle stood up with Helen. He asked Tap to pay his bill. They all stood up when Helen left, and Tap shook hands with her and smiled carefully. When Quayle and Helen had said good-by and were outside, Helen said, "It is hard to believe."

"What?"

"They are young."

"The younger you are, the better the flier. You've got to be young."

They walked on through the yellow mud; light rain was making night more dismal. At the door to the hospital he stopped and asked, "Will you come out later on?"

"No," she said, "I can't. It is too difficult."

"Everything is too difficult."

"Some day you will see."

"It doesn't seem to do us much good up here," Quayle said.

Another war correspondent came down the small steps from the first floor and nodded to Quayle.

"This is Milton Woll. He's a correspondent," Lawson said.

THEY shook hands. Woll was a small dark American with Indian features and a vigorous body.

"Say, who did you lose that day when you got all those Italians?"

"Vain."

"Vain . . . the Australian?" from Lawson.

"Yes. Was he a friend of yours?"

"I knew him," Lawson said. "But I know a gal in Athens who is going to feel pretty bad."

"Wasn't there someone else?" Woll asked Quayle.

"South," Quayle told him. "He bailed out. We think he's all right."

"Is that true about back?"

"The last I heard the way to Derna," Woll said.

"I guess the Greeks it," Quayle said.

"The Greeks are about when they took Koritza."

"Did they take Koritza know what's going on?"

"Yes. That's the way too," Woll said.

"Well? What are the to do?" Quayle asked.

"Nothing . . . not yet."

"They'll wait for the spring they will invade England."

"I don't think they'll land," Woll said.

"I guess they'll hold on and went back upstairs tomorrow."

"Sure. Good night," to him.

"Good night," Quayle his room and undressed on the bed. He thought and he was sorry he had when they were on the And then he was wonder and little Papagos had old Bréguet.

NITRALEXIS and Pa all right. The war stopped if they had no cause it was the crazy the way they did it then them going. If it didn't was no continuation for because and only because things that they could k

The war went on like rising winter. It came w snow began early. It wet with snow and rain the squadron's patrols Lawson and Woll had go Only Nitralaxis and Pa to observe. When the staff told them to go out information, the weather do with their flying. The and got it—and came b tralexis came to live wi at the Acropolis and his for them . . . until on away and they did not had gone.

Everything passed th The wounded began to while. One night there the town when fifty a had once been busses ca lights and got jammed o streets, and the wounde ried from the ambulanc pital. And the hospital full, so they put them in twice when the wound carried around, the air- and everybody dropped were carrying and ran were certain that with there would be an air was none. . . .

THE front gradually f of stalemate with a b terattack, then a Greek No one knew how the Gr ing on, because the suppl scarcer. But they kept

The squadron was e week because it rained c day. Even Nitralaxis (not go the real was still es up to arachute to fly up left at It had flight as reser He was 28)

(Continued on p



"All right," he said. "Good night." He didn't touch her but turned and walked quickly away. He heard her open the big door and go inside and he kept walking into the now heavy rain.

WHEN Quayle went into the Acropolis Hotel he saw the newspaper correspondent, Lawson, who was standing with a pair of muddy boots in his hand talking to the porter in French.

"Hullo there," he said. "So this is where you got to."

"Hullo," Quayle said tersely.

"You certainly disappeared. We wondered what had happened to you all."

"We've been around," Quayle said.

"Was that your crowd that got those fifteen Italians the other day?" Lawson asked.

"Yes."

"They went mad down in Athens. You're heroes down there."

"That must be the guy we passed in Larissa," Woll said.

"Short, medium sort of person?"

"He had a beard. He was medium, though. He had bailed out. That was South all right," Woll said.

"Was he all right?"

"He had his arm in a cast. The Greeks had picked him up, I think."

"Will you tell our C.O. if you see him?" Quayle asked.

"Sure," Woll promised.

"Say, Quayle," Lawson said. "I brought a friend of yours up."

"I know," Quayle looked casually at Lawson and nodded. "I know."

"She was worried when you disappeared."

"We couldn't tell anybody about going," Quayle explained.

"I told her that. I thought you had gone back to Egypt for the new push there."

Trial by Marriage

by Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"new you were like that long
o," Lucie said. "I guess that's
ay I used to love you." Duff
opped rubbing Judas. "I'm
rry it has to be 'used to,' Lucie"

ry hus Far:

er suicide, his father a shiftless
Duff Webster leaves his home in the
and takes to the road. Soon he is
age starvation. But luck is with
aptly, a runaway dog ("Judas")
urn (which a reward is offered.
er of the dog—testy old Amos Haw-
has some dog kennels not far from
Tapon, Alabama—refuses to pay
heys that Judas is worthless, a
that no one can train. Whereupon,
on the boy, the old fellow's grand-
Lucy Sullivan—takes Duff under
ets him to work at the kennels.
ne likes the young newcomer.
er a few weeks) he learns the truth
he and Duff have fallen in love—he
the boy. He fails in the attempt;
rt later, he dies suddenly.
ile, Lucie (who feels that she is only
ing the life of the boy) has told him
ut herself and another man—that
ed to she does not care for him;
hurt—has turned to another
Phillip, and has married her.
wife of his hands, Duff takes Judas
he has given him the dog) and goes
chewy Canada, where he takes
a training camp for dogs owned by a
nam, James Lampley. There Duff
ch the on Judas; and gradually,
improve to a point that convinces
a coming champion.
es no more for dogs. Her life with
her. When she is forced to accom-
pany (and to a training camp in
(an old farm), she is furious; and
Duff has frequent bitter quarrels.
ed by Mr. Lampley, Duff goes to
old true, and he enters Judas in all
The dog has bad luck, however;
always happens unexpectedly to
s winning a first.
us, a victim person, Delia makes
misery. Then, following a quarrel
she goes to an old barn where Judas
samples dogs are housed, lights a
and releases Judas. The dog runs
Duff is after him. A few minutes
ushes back to the barn, which is on
e arrive Wesley (one of his colored
stages out of the barn with a
puts the animal down, and starts
the burning building. Duff runs
in. "Wesley," he calls, "wait!"

Conclusion

THE Negro stopped, and then saw
the fire climbing up his coat. He
tried to get the coat off, but it
seemed that in his excitement his hands
fumbled. Later Duff found out that
Wesley's hands were burned.
Duff threw his mackinaw around
Wesley, and bore him to the ground.
"Be still, Wesley! You're afire."
"Git de dogs before too late!"
"You be still," Duff commanded.
Above the crackle of the flames and
the howling of the dogs, he now heard
the hollow hoofbeats of Paul's horse.
"Stay here with him," Duff shouted,
as Paul sprang to the ground.
"Git de dogs!" Wesley said. Paul
knelt beside him. Duff could get no
closer than the door. Now the smoke
carried tongues of flame, and the heat
threw him back. He heard the rattling
of the chains as the dogs fought them.
He ran around to the back of the barn,
but this was no better.
The flames of the burning hay in the
loft now spouted geyserlike through the
holes in the roof, and the fire crept down
the frame walls, like a cat backing down
a tree, so that a pocket was left in the
center of the barn where the dogs were
—a pocket filled with heat and smoke.
Duff pried a board from a side of the
barn where was fire was thinnest—only
to have the opening immediately closed
by yellow flame. Farther down he pulled
off another board but the fire licked out
and singed the hair off his hands.
Finally Duff went to the house and
got his shotgun, and a box of shotgun
shells. He tore the box open as he hur-
ried back to the barn, spilling part of
them.
Standing as close to the big door as he
could, Duff unbreeched the gun and

shoved two shells into the barrels. He
fired both barrels through the door.
Then he reloaded the gun and fired
again. A dog's howl shut off abruptly.
Then another. Duff kept shooting.
Finally, except for the dull roar of
the fire, there was silence.
NEXT morning Duff called James
Lampley and told him what had
happened.
"You mean every one of them?"
Lampley said incredulously.
"Yes, sir," Duff said painfully, "I'm
afraid that's right."
"Tequila too?"
"Him too."
Except for the continuous hum of the
country phone, the wire was silent.
Then: "Webster, I can't quite grasp it.
You mean, my bloodlines that I've
worked on twenty years are completely
wiped out?"
"Yes, sir, that's the way it is."
Another silence. Duff rubbed his fin-
ger around the broken edges of the
mouthpiece.
"Well," Lampley said at last, "I guess
you're out of a job."
"I don't blame you."
"No, you don't understand. It's all
right. It wasn't your fault. Perhaps my
fault for not letting you build tempo-

rary kennels. It's just that I'm washed
up," he said heavily. "I haven't got the
heart to start over."
Duff paused. "I'd offer you half in-
terest in Judas, only I don't know
whether I'll get him back, or whether
he'll be ruined."
"No. He's a fine dog, and when I had
the others I wanted him. But he's not
my creation... like Tequila. I planned
Tequila eighteen years before he was
born. You see how it is? I made him.
Now... he's gone. I just haven't got
the heart any more."
Duff rung off, and walked slowly
through the house. Delia's trunk was
locked, and her things in it, except for
a piece of peach-colored underwear he
had overlooked hanging in the closet.
The smell of fire was thick in the
house. Duff stood on the back porch and
looked out at the smoking ruins. The
red cedar tree, thirty yards away, was
burned bare and brown. Stepping over
the rubble, he went to what had been
the entrance of the barn, and stood
by the heat-whitened well bucket Wes-
ley had dropped. Of the barn, little was
left, only the brick foundation, and the
iron supporting posts, and heaps of
charred, smoking rubbish and ash.
Duff slowly walked into the wreckage.
(Continued on page 40)





The grip shown at the left got Craig Wood nowhere—making him a right-to-left pull hitter. So he adopted this new grip (right), which enabled him to “fade” his shots with a left-to-right spin

Drive Does It

By Craig Wood

NATIONAL OPEN CHAMPION

Exploding the theory that “they pay off on the putt,” our National Open golf champion says the thrill is in the tee shots

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH



IF YOU hang around a musty locker room while nerve-jangled golf pros are dressing for a big championship, or if you hobnob with neck-craning spectators clustered about the green, you're bound to hear somebody say, “Pounding that pill a mile off the tee is exciting all right but, when all is said and done, they pay off on the putt!”

I'd be the first to admit that the golfer who can't get his club length putts down with reasonable regularity won't be up there on the red-carpeted dais when the glistening silver trophy is being presented by the U.S.G.A. president, but it doesn't follow that a hot putter is the open sesame to golf's hall of fame.

In any championship field, you'll find ten or more competitors who are holing 'em from all distances and angles but only one of these red-hot putters bags the title. As a general rule he is the guy who blends distance with accuracy on his tee shots.

Yes, sir, in my book they pay off on the drive. I'll string along with the fellow who is hammering 280-yard tee shots down the middle alley with the space-eating range and geometric precision of a siege gun. Such a man makes things easy for himself by reducing the average approach to a point-blank pitch. What my old friend Fielding Yost of Michigan said about football applies with equal emphasis to golf: “Position is the decisive factor.”

You hear golf critics talk about “the art of finishing a hole” but in my opinion it requires just as much art to start a hole properly. Well begun is more than half done, in this tantalizing game. It's a cinch that the golfer who sprays his drives promiscuously about the landscape won't be able to pull in the slack on the putting greens.

That bromide about “paying off on the putt” contains just enough truth to becloud the vital importance of driving. Time was—and not so long ago either—when putting did play a dominant role in the National Open, but the tightly wound “rabbit ball” of today, plus the vogue for power hitting, has distorted golf strategy and placed a premium on distance.

The comparatively short hitter—Paul Runyan for example—is hobbled on the 6,800-yard courses which are picked for championship play in this era of glorified slugging. Paul is like a man shooting a popgun against fellows armed with a cannon. Big hitters like Snead, Thomson and Nelson outrange him from thirty to fifty yards off every tee. That's a lot of yardage to give away, even for such a master of the high-soaring spoon as “Little Poison.”

Everybody loves a slugger. The desire to whale into a ball with a club is rooted deep in human nature. The thrill is in the tee shot, and that's what they pay off on in these days of high-compression golf balls and heavy-headed, power-shafted clubs. My friendly rival Gene Sarazen, whose competitive career links golf's “dead-ball era” to the modern free-wheeling game, shares this opinion. So does Tom Armour, former British and American Open champion,

“If the average duffer will analyze his game,” says Craig Wood, “he'll discover that his troubles usually start in that elementary phase of golf, overcoming distance”

and Jesse Sweetser, the first native-born Yankee to win the British Amateur. Though skill on the greens is a substantial part of a champion's equipment, putting is, after all, a namby-pamby, wishy-washy phase of golf suited to frail women and elderly men. Anybody can become a pretty fair putter if he devotes enough time to practicing this species of croquet.

But a thwacking drive is the high-tension missile that sends the ball down the fairway—bracketing man's sport! You've got to be weighing about 14 ounces an hour clip in order to slug like Snead, Little, I won't include Jamie Sparke, the burly Scottish-American class apart. Nobody ten yards of braw Jan into a typical Thon straightens out his chest.

Spark photographs of the flat show the hard ball like a hen's egg at impact, almost three miles a minute. That leaves the club head brute force plus hair-torn.

Now let's get down to broke the ice on the jur Country Club course at mer and won my first title because I hit the wasp-waisted fairways more than any other competitor.

Sure, I holed some pinches—and so did a lows. Those trolley-wheels but they wouldn't have the bacon if my putt hadn't softened up the par-4 holes.

The Winning Formula

The fairways at Colonial were narrower than a snake's hide. Standing on a tee, you looked down a creek formed by pecan trees, and sagebrush jungles. I can't say I was a golfer, but I was a slugger.

Just to make things higher, a hearted tournament on the hog's-bristle rough the right of way, so from the tee. Thus the bottlenecked at precisely where a long driver's lands. Thanks to this the big hitters were p heavily than short drive and Metz, who couldn't rows.”

Distance plus direction is the winning formula down there. Cause of my left-to-right technique, I hit the jack right-to-left power hook Hogan, Sam Snead and wound up among the pe the brook that chases puppy across the sun-baked flats.

No hooker will ever wish ship golf, for my money, for pinch-bottle fairways. Hookers of the Hogan every ball with a right clean up on the sprawling courses which are as w gold-rush mining town, it's another story when is tossed onto one of the National Championship where the fairways resemble streamers rather than pools.

Glance down the list of champions since 1930 and that most of 'em were ma Bill Burke, Gene Sarazen, Tony Manero, Ralph G Nelson, Lawson Little, these blushes—yours truly Johnny Goodman and I. (Continued on page 54)

her exploded in the
a house; blew three
it out through the
h didn't get a scratch

BY MARIO COOPER

Take the Day Off

by Mario Dorrance

Mr. Whippy Mullins,
newshawk. If you
in the same busi-
ness you'll be safe—

It has been just as easy for
me to go to Wilgate myself. Long
decided there must have been
some low barometric pressure in
the air that particular day.
I never have sent Whippy
off to Wilgate and spent the
day wondering what might
have happened if I had gone myself.
See, I'm state editor of The
Herald. Whippy once was my assist-
ant editor for a hundred and twenty
years. They call themselves corre-
spondents scattered across the state,
from two-family villages
to towns like Randall Falls and
Condon.
Correspondents send us per-
sonal news notes, but mostly
letters, I'm sorry to say. The
rate is two cents a line for every-
thing. Most of it's deader than
a whip catalogue, but folks
in these towns like to read about
the Herald picks up extra
on the way. You should see the
wallow through, though,
out the meat.
This tasty item from Lyndon-
ville. Mr. George Coombs gave me
a letter yesterday evening at her
new white house she and her
husband built next to the one that
belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Vlasek.
They got a job in the blanket mills
in Ludlum. The gracious hostess
baked cakes to her neighbors.
The piano selections Miss M.

Nickerson was prevailed on to play
was . . .

See how it goes? Words by the
pound. Then I boil them down into a
compact, gooey mass, keeping all the
names and not much more. The Herald
carries a full page of out-of-town per-
sonals every morning.

Most of my correspondents would put
a sensitive newspaperman into a psy-
chopathic ward within a year if he didn't
have a spot-welded constitution like
mine. But one of them did almost suc-
ceed in making me bust open a bit
around the seams, which is an incredi-
ble feat. I shall never forget E. Matti-
son, the most startling puffwit who ever
dropped a batch of unintelligible per-
sonals into a mailbox.

Usually the stuff arrived on old scraps
of brown paper—people are frugal in
our state—composed with a limping
typewriter that didn't have any "h."
That's a fact. The letter "h" was just
missing. E. Mattison used to go over
the pages afterward and write all the
"h's" in with a pen, which made the
final product look like a page from
Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Day after day, this E. Mattison beat
me back to the ragged last ditch of san-
ity. I remember vividly the time we
had a report on a church supper at Wil-
gate. In the last sentence it said that
the organist played Onward, Christian
Soldiers. At eleven o'clock that night,
while I'm down in the composing room
watching Whit Noble lock up the out-
of-town page, in rushes Whippy with
a collect wire that cost The Herald
seventy-two cents. "Please correct my
story on church supper," it said. "be-
cause the organist didn't play Onward,
Christian Soldiers at all like I wrote. It
should have been Lead, Kindly Light,
and Rev. Belcher will be put out if story
in The Herald isn't right. E. Mattison."

I groaned. Whippy looked pale. "I



didn't know," he said. "I thought it might be important, so I accepted it."

The pay-off blossomed a few nights later. I was at the Starlight Tavern, leaning over the bar rail in a familiar pose, and gabbing with a friend of mine who's district supervisor for an oil company. This keeps him out on the road five days a week. "Gee," he said, putting his glass down on the stain-soaked mahogany, "I sure saw a funny thing last week."

"Yeah?" I murmured, without any burning interest.

"Passed through Wilgate," he went on. "Little burg no bigger'n a matchbox. The whole place was in a lather. Seems an oil heater exploded in the basement of a house and blew three people right out through the walls. Greatest miracle I ever heard of. They didn't even get a scratch and yet the house was ruined."

"Yeah?" I said again, this time with the rising inflection of conventional surprise. "Where was this?"

"Wilgate."

The landscape began to glow red in front of my eyes and I wanted to put my fist through the top of the bar. "That dope," I shrieked. "That colossal and unmitigated..." The rest was robust, unkind and strictly categorical.

Doubling back to the office, I sent off a smoking wire that night. The answer came next morning, collect as usual.

"Did not think explosion worth a story. No one got hurt. E. Mattison."

The iron was white-hot and ready for striking. "That guy," I informed Whippy, "is probably an ape. He's a leftover from the paleolithic age. His arms hang down to his knees. And I'm firing him right now!"

"Sure," said Whippy. "Sure, Chief." He knew I hated to be called "Chief," but Whippy was just fresh enough to have the makings of a good newspaperman.

"We're not gonna hire any more lunkheads by mail, either," I went on. "Somebody ought to go up there and find a smart correspondent who has all the letters on his typewriter. I'm getting old, Whippy. I want peace with my age." Actually I'm just in my mid-thirties.

WHIPPY chewed at the end of a copy pencil thoughtfully. He was a good-looking kid with a thin face and dark eyes so bright that sometimes I thought he must be burning up with fever. His hair was curly and soft blond, and more than once I've seen the girls in the business office downstairs follow him with their eyes as he went by.

"Look," I said, dipping into my battered card file, "here's a letter we got from a guy at Wilgate the other day. He wants to know if we plan any change of correspondent and suggests it might be a good idea. Sounds okay to me. His name's Morgan Olney. Maybe we better look him up."

"Okay, Chief," drawled Whippy. "How long will you be gone?"

This was something I hadn't yet thought about. It's a short trip to Wilgate, and I saw no reason for not going. I'm single, no home ties, and often go junketing across the state, covering various stories.

"I don't think it'd be safe, kid," I decided. "One look at this Mattison dope and I'd commit an exquisite job of mayhem."

"Okay, Chief," said Whippy, in the same monotone. "How long will I be gone?"

I could see now that he'd been squirming to make the trip. Wilgate is about fifty miles upstate, and over into the hills. Whippy's a good youngster, I told myself suddenly. He'll appreciate the change of scenery.

"I could do the job in a day," he de-

clared, almost pleading. "Easy in a day. Can I go?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure you can go. Take the day off."

And that was where I changed his life for him.

WHIPPY MULLINS used The Herald's car, a tired-looking coupé with a clutch that made it lurch off like a kangaroo. He arrived in Wilgate about noon, which means he must have taken all the turns at a good clip. Wilgate is a small town with a village green and ten houses sitting around it like people at a dinner table. Presiding is the white steeple of an old Congregational Church.

There are no paved roads in Wilgate. Just dirt and gravel, rolled flat. "Hey, bub," yelled Whippy, addressing the first person he saw, "where do the Mattisons hang out?"

The man was standing by the corner of the green. "Yonder," he said, raising his arm. Whippy saw a small house

into four. "Just read a magazine or something," the woman had suggested. "If you'll pardon me, I have to look at some pies in the oven..."

Then he heard footsteps on the stairs and E. Mattison came into the room.

"Hello," she said. Whippy admits he never knew which harpooned him more, her figure or her face. Even in the dim light of the parlor he could see enough of both to put his heart into a spin. She was trim with incredible perfection, and her blue eyes had a playfulness that was almost a challenge.

"Hello," said Whippy. It wasn't the voice he had planned at all. The two syllables bounced around in his throat before they broke clear. "Are you... Miss E. Mattison?"

She glided across the room and sat stiffly on the edge of the sofa. "Yes," she admitted. "Yes, I am. You're from The Herald." It was a positive statement, not a question.

"We... we didn't know," began Whippy. "I mean, down at The Herald

"Wilgate?" I reached for my file, and then remembered to," I told Jerry. "Mullins went there this morning to let me try and reach him on the phone?"

Jerry looked at a sheet of paper in his hand. I could see it was a type from the state capital.

"The governor's going to rest for a few days," I said. "There's something in the air in Washington."

"Sure," I said, learning the first time.

"There may be a good break," went on Jerry. "The Globe-Press got it." The Globe-Press petitor. "Give Mullins a call. He's still there. Tell him and cultivate the governor's sister. Gail Mrs. Emma Mattison."

I wrote it down. "Emma Mattison..." somebody had pushed into a storage vault. "Holy Cow, turning the color of a f..."

"You bet, Jerry," I yelled, reaching for the phone. "That I turned over the phone smiled. 'Hangin' around again, I see,' he said, to..."

"Look," I growled at him. "I want to talk to Mr. W. Mattison. See if you can reach home of Mrs. Emma Mattison. Quick, sister..." I felt inside at the quaint sight of the Herald firing the governor's sister. "Our state, anybody who crosses a Republican bigwig like me might as well go live in a cave surrounded by poison."

That wait was an awful experience.

WHEN the operator's voice was cool and calm, "Mr. Mullins is not at the house, sir. He is expected later. They didn't know how to reach him. There was no point in calling Emma Mattison. Maybe she told her yet. I was in with a jittering dither."

"Well, keep trying," I said. "For Pete's sake."

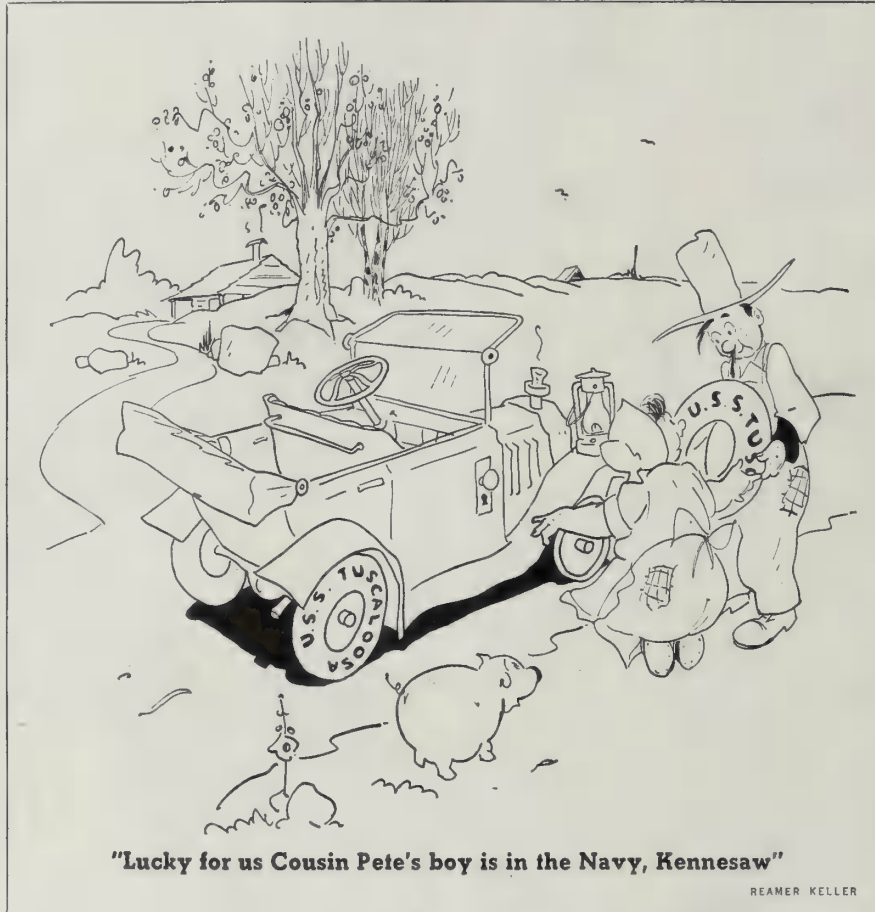
What I didn't know, that Whippy and the governor's niece of the moment whirling around in The Herald's coupé, magnificent moonlight and ing boldness, each other.

What Whippy did not know, Miss Edwina Mattison who was both her mother and the governor of the state, was blandly certain Morgan Olney, made as much headway as he desired, possibly and a potent right.

And Miss Mattison, too, had no idea that her local swain, had received The Herald asking for a theory that if she lost it, an annoying yen to be a woman. This career-striver told him, stood irrevocably of marriage, kiddies and round the door.

But Whippy measured in her eyes. Whippy of and piercing eyes was newspaperman whose in at the moment giving harrowing, if fanciful, news. Edwina Mattison reacted stirrings in her bosom.

What happened or where ride in The Herald's car. Herald's gas, I shall never know. (Continued on p. 46)



"Lucky for us Cousin Pete's boy is in the Navy, Kennesaw"

REAMER KELLER

with white pickets and a green lawn. It had a front porch and the Spartan architecture of straight lines, softened by curving rose bushes up trellises. "Thanks, bub," said Whippy, and the coupé leaped up to the house in three quick jerks.

The front door was open, but he knocked with a shy restraint that I can't quite imagine in Whippy.

A smallish woman came to the door, wiping her thin hands on an apron. A wisp of graying hair passed in front of her eyes, and nervously she smoothed it back.

"Can I find Mr. Mattison here?" asked Whippy.

"Mr. Mattison?" asked the woman. "Yes," insisted Whippy. "E. Mattison. I'm from The Herald."

"Oh!" The woman smiled. "Won't you come in?" She went ahead of him into the front parlor, fussing at inconsequential things like imaginary dust on the slip covers that shrouded sofa and chairs.

Then she went to the foot of the stairs. "Eddie," she called. "Eddie, there's a gentleman down here to see you. From the Herald."

Whippy waited. Two minutes merged

we thought you were... that is, we didn't know you were..."

"A girl?" supplied Miss E. Mattison. "No, I always felt that women should compete equally with men, and I wanted you people to think I was a man."

"Sure. Well, sure," agreed Whippy, still in the stratosphere. "We... we always enjoy reading your stuff, Miss Mattison. Down at The Herald, we always read it."

"Please call me Eddie," she asked softly. "It stands for Edwina, Mr..."

"Mullins. Oh, call me Whippy."

Eddie smiled. "Wouldn't you like to stay for lunch?" she asked.

"Well, gee," he stammered in ecstasy, "gee, yes—I would."

THAT night, while I was sitting at my desk rewriting some of the double-jointed sentences from my dear correspondents, Jerry McConnell came out of his office. Jerry's the managing editor. In addition to a youngish, fresh Irish face, he has two very admirable characteristics. Jerry's a born newspaperman and he can put away a pint of rye with all the dignity of a grain elevator. "We got a correspondent at Wilgate?" he asked me.

Fighting Men

board the U.S.S. Kearny
ight of last October 16th.
hizzle is falling, the wind
e sea is subsiding, the
about 40°. The east-
oy, making six knots, with
up of American and Can-
sh. The Kearny is on the
of the convoy and Chief
larence E. Mann, 23
vy, is on the fantail in
estroyer's depth bombs.
had fallen at 7:30 P. M.
pack had moved in for
s just past midnight. . . .
trikes. The flame in the
it of a flaring match in
he Kearny peels off to
ks up speed; the other
are racing in circles,
charges. When he gets
nce Mann lets one go
eay's fantail. The fantail
t rays does when an "ash
oard. A minute later it
in but more sharply this
destroyer lurches to port,
sly, settles a few feet in
Atlantic. Through Mann's
es e thought: "We must
ove someone else's depth
he ship's whistle and siren
afeningly, incessantly.
Mann shouts above the
ce comes back faintly: "A

LAND, radioman first
n the charthouse talking with
dioan. The deck comes up
almost breaks the chief's
and ars the captain telling
ge n touch with the main
es no power and Bland
val the emergency trans-
Carliian ship mistakes the
a submarine; it is challeng-
ing ready to open fire.
Ft Class Frank Bern-
nble down from his battle
the machine guns above the
his and is a lantern. Some-
brige grabs it, begins fran-
igns the Canadian ship. It
e.

H DAIR, gunnery officer,
o the bridge and tries to talk
dr. L. Danis, the skipper,
S. Sheffield, executive officer.
y the explosion and the noise
med whistle and siren, none
stan what the other says.
s at the deck and realizes it
shel but a torpedo that hit
. Al he ship controls on the
but; is the fire-control sys-
dair puts the guns on local
ords a spread of star shells
he tells burst 5,000 yards
e gniers search hopefully
lehouette between them
eat white magnesium flares
wly toward the sea beneath
hute. But the submarine is

ELTRICIAN'S MATE
ARL W is in the small ante-
to the plotting room. A big
omes one corner and blows
the steroom into the mess
ests here, dazed. When he
e to ide he sees the main
ptur and steam billowing
e crals. He walks along the
ting or life jackets. "I'm
an els to him and Barlow
Ch Boatwain's Mate
rontowski. The starboard
has been blown to pieces al-

most in the mate's face. He has a
broken leg, broken hand and severely
cut face. Barlow drags him to the execu-
tive officer's cabin and tries to make
him comfortable on the floor. Fronta-
kowski's face and jacket are covered
with blood. "My chest hurts," he says.
Barlow looks at the man's chest and
finds a fragment of the whaleboat
wedged between the injured man's chest
and his life jacket. "Now, how the hell
did that get there?" Barlow says, pull-
ing the piece of wood free. Fronta-
kowski breathes more easily. "That's
better," he says.

L T. (JG) REUBEN N. PERLEY is in
the director room. His first job, as
damage-control and repair officer, is to
go below, find out how much damage
there is, judge if the ship is sinking and
if she can be kept afloat. He rounds
up eight or ten men and goes down to
the total darkness of the ship's interior.
The torpedo hit on the starboard side
between the bridge and the forward
funnel. Perley finds four feet of water
in the plotting room, but the maga-
zines below it, and the forward engine
room, are all right. The bulkheads
forward and aft of the forward fire
room are holding but need shoring up.
The men get to work. Ensign Roy
A. Norelius, assistant gunnery officer,
comes down. "The captain wants to
know if we can stay afloat," he says.
Perley answers: "I'm not sure yet. The
damage looks terrible. But the ship
feels good. She's almost cut in two—
still, she feels good." You can tell some-
thing about a ship by the way she feels,
the way she rides the waves. You keep
close watch on her; on the bulkheads
and on the bow and stern to make sure
they're acting together. Any time you
see the bow begin to rise while the stern
stays put you know the ship is coming
apart.

THE Kearny is crawling at three knots,
trying desperately to get beyond the
light from burning ships, star shells,
signal rockets. There are eleven dead
(seven were killed in the forward fire
room) and eleven injured. Down in the
forward engine room, Chief Machinist's
Mate Aucie McDaniel is working ex-
pertly with his crew, winning himself
the Navy Cross. He cuts off broken
steam connections, and in half an hour
he has steam up. The forward engines
are cut in and the Kearny speeds up
to ten knots. Hurrying aft, Radioman
Bland bumps into another radioman
coming forward from the emergency
transmitter. "I can't get on the air," he
tells Bland. "All the antennas are
down." Bland rigs up a transmitter and
gets it working. There is no doctor
aboard the Kearny and the first mes-
sage he sends out is a request for one.
Word comes that a destroyer is on her
way to meet the Kearny, bringing a
doctor. The pharmacist's mate thinks
he can take care of the wounded over-
night, so the Kearny's officers decide
to wait for the doctor and not hold up
the escort. They signal her to never
mind. The chief steward gets coffee and
sandwiches together and everyone be-
gins to feel better.

When the doctor gets aboard next
day, he is worried about Torpedoman
Third Class Samuel R. Kurtz, who was
standing on the starboard side of the
bridge and had both legs broken. The
doctor asks for blood plasma and a
Navy plane brings it out, drops it by
parachute to the sea. A boat from one of
the destroyers picks up the package and
a blood transfusion saves Kurtz's life.



A SWITCH IN LULLABIES

"Some flew east—some flew west—
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest."

—(Old nursery rhyme)

Somewhere beyond the Southern Cross above the Seven Seas,
Along the bitter far-off roads, their pinions catch the breeze.
Their wings are black against the sky, by desert, surf and dune,
The ancient lullaby is lost against a rougher tune—

Some flew east—some flew west—

And some will fly no more;

Far, far out from the eagle's nest

Their mighty motors roar.

And wing by wing their rule will grow

Above all sea and sod,

Until they strike the final blow

For country and for God.

Faintly, I hear the old, old song when golden dreams were young.
But louder still I hear the wings where sudden death is flung.
Bravely the eagle rides the air, but in my fading dreams,
The dim, lost lullaby returns—how far away it seems—

Some fly east—and some fly west—

They take an endless track.

Through flame and steel they face the test

Around the world and back.

Their golden youth blots out the sky,

They let the comets plod,

As each one flies to live or die

For country and for God.

GRANTLAND RICE

The Army Needs Your Skill

The pay problem has been keeping men out of the Army who should be in—men who have made good at their civilian jobs, whose skill is badly needed, but who have families to support. And this mechanized war requires skill as no past one has. New, complicated methods of communication, transportation and attack put the premium on the man who has years of civilian training.

For that reason, the Army is working constantly to see that the experienced electrician doesn't spend his enlistment baking bread. For that reason also, the man who has special ability that earns him a living in normal times will advance rapidly in the Army. He may soon replace a good part of his former salary with a technician's or a sergeant's pay. There is no minimum time before advancement; and a private can become a sergeant without ever having been a corporal.

Figure it out with the table on the right. If you have what is needed (see partial list) you'll probably find you can do your duty by your family as well as your country by getting into this fracas. But whatever your job, be sure to notify your local draft board of any intention to volunteer in the Army.

NOT many days ago, Chief Electrician's Mate Barlow leaned over the side as the Kearny—speedier and stronger than it was before—slid out to sea again. "We have a score to settle," he said. "They got the first round, all right, but we'll see what the judges say when the fight's over."



CAMP CROWDER, Mo. Car-bines are to replace pistols here before long. The Signal Corps boys aren't expected to lead in offensive fighting but they'll be able to take care of themselves. One recent arrival, who said his shooting had been confined to a news camera, ran up a 93.5 over-all average firing score, and the first picture he sent home showed him wearing a marksman's medal. Another newcomer balked at the idea of even holding a pistol. Said he was scared by a gun when he was a kid and was allergic to them. One day on the pistol range cured his allergy.

FURLOUGH applications at Crowder, and requests to the Red Cross for loans to go home, frequently relate to deaths of "kin." When that word is used and a Southern address is mentioned, further inquiry ensues. Sometimes the deceased proves to be a third or fourth cousin once or twice removed, and the recruit is advised to wire his regrets.

PVT. A. JUSTMAN, Co. A, 32d Bn. (Barracks 647) at Crowder says the boys are having a fierce time furnishing their day room and wants to know if any civilian reader of this column would be interested in sending Co. A a used radio. Would any?

GOWEN FIELD, Boise, Idaho. Pfc. Woodrow Watson, base headquarters information clerk, was talking over the phone to Pvt. Harry R. Taylor on

sentry duty. Watson suddenly heard a loud crash and Taylor's shout: "Call the guardhouse!" The guards found Taylor's sentry house slightly off base and the sentry lying in the road still clutching the phone. Seems a civilian driver (we won't mention her sex) swerved to miss two soldiers and smacked into the sentry house. When he came to Taylor admitted he thought it was a tank attack.

FORT DOUGLAS RECEPTION CENTER, Salt Lake City. When a local radio commentator sounded off with the assertion that some of the noncoms at the center were "trained in vulgarity and subjected the men to a type of language and treatment that leaves many a scar on a newcomer" he really kicked a hornet's nest. The draftees themselves held a protest meeting and said all they'd heard was a little well-placed cussing but nothing abusive. One private, not so long ago a civilian, complained that "Civilians don't understand Army life; they take everything they hear too literally." Officers quietly pointed out that the Army doesn't tolerate abuse; that noncoms who try to pull any are busted pronto; that only 10 per cent of the permanent personnel at the center is made up of Army Regulars; and that, after all, the Army is no young man's finishing school. One citizen wrote in to say he hoped the Army was as tough as pictured. A bunch of aviation cadets who happened to be going through the center at the time found the noncoms to be reasonable human beings and took the opportunity to lay out the radio commentator with several well-chosen words, none profane.

PAINE FIELD, Wash. Allen Nehrboss started Army life in the comparatively easy capacity of a bugler ("You (Continued on page 45)

Here's How You Fit

A FEW OF THE SEVERAL
HUNDRED OCCUPATIONS
CLASSIFIED BY THE ARMY

ACCOUNTANT

Clerical or bookkeeping is not a great need in the Army, but some statisticians and accountants are finding places in the Army.

ADMINISTRATOR

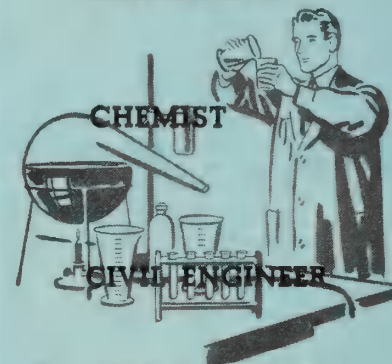
A degree from a high-grade college—plus experience—leads toward a commission in the Army.

*AUTO (TRUCK) MECHANIC

Present demand is for 18 of each 1,000 men, but only 14 have been entering the ranks.

BLACKSMITH

Small need nowadays, only 7,000 currently enlisting, but that many are getting into the Army.



CHEMIST

Chemical Warfare service is relatively small in numbers, but positions await some graduates.

*CIVIL ENGINEER

Plenty of work for qualified, experienced engineering school graduates.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

The Army needs two every year; is getting; this need may later after rush of new buildings.

*DENTAL LABORATORY TECHNICIAN

Enlisted men with some experience in dental work will get fine training. Currently 3 out of 10 are men, one-sixth that number are women.

*DIESEL ENGINE MECHANIC

Requiring 1.5 per 1,000 men, the Army is getting only 0.5 per 1,000. The need for them will increase.

DRAFTSMAN

Various specialized opportunities for those with some training.

*ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

Only 1 out of 10,000 enlistees come in as electrical engineers. Army needs 4 in each 1,000. Civilian engineers should present data to Corps Area Headquarters.

*ELECTRICIAN



Shortages in several positions of electrical workers now exist. The Corps and other branches need more trained men than are enlisting.

*EXPLOSIVE OPERATOR

Experience as hoist operator, stationary engines, traction engines, etc., is a big aid in advancement.

INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER

A limited number find work in the new "industrial" branch.

*Currently among the most needed in enlisted ranks.

MENT MAKER,
IRIAN

Only one comes in where three are needed. Rating as technician is a good prospect if you have the skill.

TH

A big demand (13 per 1,000 men entering) and small supply (0.5 per 1,000) make locksmiths welcome for service.

ST

Also on the Army's wanted list and most popular with recruiting officers.

HAIC

They need two and a half times as many as they are getting. General, all-round training is most acceptable.

HAICAL
NR

Particular types of experience interest the Army greatly. Submit qualifications and see if you are the right one.

ALURGIST

Education and experience are valuable in many duties concerned with procurement of weapons, equipment.

CE MACHINE
AOR

The Army needs 1.5 card-punch operators per 1,000 new men, is getting 0.5 per 1,000; needs 1.2 tabulating-machine operators, is getting 0.5 per 1,000; needs 1.3 card punching and sorting specialists, is getting 0.1 per 1,000. New men are quickly trained.

ONEL
NIAN OR
SUTANT

Experience in this field is highly valuable as the Army works hard at finding its right men for the right spots.

ICT
CTONICS)

Specialists in electronics are currently rare and badly needed; submit data.

HAING EXPERT

Background in this work puts a man in a strategic position for key work in the Army—today's biggest buyer.



ICIAN

The need—15.5 per 1,000; the supply—0.5 per 1,000. Either amateur or professional skill interests the Army.

Needing 3.5 and getting 1.5 per 1,000, the Army wants to see you if you have this training in the radio field.

VEYER,
RUMMAN

Special skill of this type may interest any of several administrative and supervisory departments in the Army.

EEH

Eleven times as many are needed as enter the ranks. The lack is made up through training, but previous experience is most valuable right now.

PHNE AND
GRPH REPAIR-
INSTALLER

The Army needs 1.2 per 1,000 new men, gets 0.5 per 1,000 now entering.

Demand outweighs supply by 6 to 1, with good prospects ahead for the skilled man in communications work.

FIK EXPERT

Transportation problems are among an army's greatest. Specialists in traffic work should submit qualifications.

ly among the most needed in enlisted ranks.

New Rates of Army Pay

Men with dependents	Base Pay	If serving abroad	If serving abroad on flying duty	Rental and Subsistence Allowances
CAPTAIN	\$200.	\$220.	\$300.	\$132.
FIRST LIEUTENANT	166.67	183.33	275.	117.
SECOND LIEUTENANT	150.	165.	247.50	102.
WARRANT OFFICER (JUNIOR)	138.	165.60	248.40	102.
MASTER SERGEANT	138.	165.60	248.40	*
TECHNICAL & FIRST SERGEANT	114.	136.80	305.20	*
STAFF SERGEANT				
TECHNICIAN, THIRD GRADE	96.	115.20	172.80	*
SERGEANT, TECHNICIAN, FOURTH GRADE	78.	93.60	140.40	*
CORPORAL TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE	66.	79.20	118.80	*
PRIVATE, FIRST CLASS	48.	57.60	86.40	*
PRIVATE	42.	50.40	75.60	*

*All food and lodging supplied.

These rates are soon to go into effect. Higher rates for privates were under consideration at time of going to press. In addition, a bill now going through Congress provides payment to dependents of enlisted men in this way: the soldier allots \$15 monthly out of his salary; the government adds another \$15 if he has a wife but no children; \$30 to a wife and one child; \$40 to a wife and two children; \$5 a month extra for each additional child. Another bill with the same purpose provides slightly more liberal allowances.

SUBMIT qualifications, get information, at Office of Commanding General, First (Second, Third, etc.) Corps Area Headquarters, using these addresses:

First Corps Area Headquarters, Boston Army Base, Boston, Mass. Area includes Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Second Corps Area Headquarters, Governors Island, N. Y. Area includes New Jersey, Delaware and New York.

Third Corps Area Headquarters, United States Post Office and Court House, Baltimore, Md. Area includes Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

Fourth Corps Area Headquarters, Post Office Building, Atlanta, Ga. Area includes North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi.

Fifth Corps Area Headquarters, Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio. Area includes Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and Kentucky.

Sixth Corps Area Headquarters, Post Office Building, Chicago, Ill. Area includes Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Seventh Corps Area Headquarters, New Federal Building, Fifteenth and Dodge Streets, Omaha, Nebr. Area includes Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming.

Eighth Corps Area Headquarters, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex. Area includes Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, New Mexico and Louisiana.

Ninth Corps Area Headquarters, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif. Area includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, Nevada and California.

Here are the averages a man with special skill can beat. What happens to 1,000 soldiers in their first year of training . . .

417.3 remain privates; 582.7 move higher
307.0 become privates first class
94.9 become corporals; 275.7 go into positions of command
88.0 become sergeants
46.4 become staff sergeants
22.4 become technical sergeants
9.0 become master sergeants
5.0 become warrant officers
10.0 become second lieutenants

1,000.0

Maps for a New World

Continued from page 16

there are unpleasant realities which must be faced by the mapmakers of the democracies: Japan feels insecure within her own Sea of Japan. Russia is cut off from a warm-water port. China is weak. India is rebellious.

Japan should be given *all* lands about the Sea of Japan. In exchange for this concession, Russia should receive a warm-water outlet through Manchuria and the addition of Outer Mongolia. China should be strengthened. Thailand should be expanded to include all of Indo-China except Tonking which should be returned to China. Thailand should also receive part of Burma in exchange for the Kra Isthmus. India should be divided into the two self-governing dominions. Northwest India should be joined to Baluchistan to form a Moslem India. The remainder should constitute a dominantly Hindu-Buddhist India. A strong Jewish commonwealth should be set up in Palestine, and a Christian state in Syria. The formation of a strong Moslem confederation, extending from Moslem India to Egypt, should be encouraged in the interests of order in southwest Asia. A Philippine Commonwealth must be continued. The Malay-East Indies area should again be a British-Dutch colony.

A map of the Pacific basin shows the same familiar pattern of interlocking colonial fragments making for friction and rivalry. It would be a comparatively easy task to zone this great ocean into quadrants of political control.

Draw a line following the Equator from the Galápagos Islands to a point just north of New Guinea. The United States should own all islands north of this line as far west as the International Date Line. Japan should control all west of that line except for an international zone extending from north of New Guinea to the Formosa Strait and northward along the China coast to Port Arthur.

South of the Equator, Chile should control the area westward to the 125th meridian. West of that line, Australia and New Zealand should own all the islands save those of the international zone. This does not mean abandon-

ment of freedom of the seas; it simply means a natural division of colonial ownership and it should go a long way toward stabilizing Pacific politics.

NO COLONIES IN THE AMERICAS

A last bit of geographical housecleaning is in order. European colonies in the Western Hemisphere must go. The Falkland Islands must pass to Argentina, their naval base being transferred to the United States. British Honduras, Bermuda, Trinidad, the Bahamas, Jamaica and the British Antilles must be transferred to Canada. The Dutch Leeward Islands must go to Venezuela. The

French islands must be attached to the French-speaking province of Quebec in Canada. Our own dubious possession Puerto Rico should be induced to become a state in the Republic of Cuba. Greenland should be annexed to Canada. The Guianas should be jointly administered by a Pan-American Commission. Thus the decks would be cleared for a badly needed new order.

BY WAY OF RESUMÉ

Europe can and must be stabilized by the formation of nine great nations. These must not be set up arbitrarily on politico-economic or military premises,

but must be constructed from cultural groupings of each with its own speed fully safeguarded. The cleaned by the transfer. Russia must be given to the ocean. The pattern must be reestablished.

The political control colonies must be reorganized.

Colonialism must be abolished in Asia and strong China, a secure Russia, a strengthened state, two Indian a Jewish state, a Ch Syria, and a strong nations in the southwest.

At present there is the British Empire is for world peace. For a maintained world peace of us but it was unable in 1914.

The other Anglo-Sax forced to intervene to peace and the British E ent we are again compelled even though ultimate v off. Certainly neither t nor the dominions inter definitely, intervening save the British Empire too costly and inefficient world order.

An entirely new set bilized Europe, a sta zoned Pacific, an Americanism, and a repartit the only alternative. In der, a round-the-world will no longer exist. Br colonies will consist of rican and East Indian p nected by a line of fuel this is not enough for a dominated British gover not help it. We will by busy paying off our ow worry about a Britannia wears a world crown.

THE EN



"We have an arrangement in the neighborhood and each takes turns doing the whole batch"

CHON DAY

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 20

hospital in Athens and he wrote a letter to Hickey thanking him for bringing him back and asking what was going on. And they were saying he was being sent back to Egypt.

Mellass kept them amused with his stories about when he was in exile, though they didn't believe him. He told them too about the special squad of raiders he had, that dressed up as peasants and went behind the Italian lines and set fire to camps and stores. He would disappear for days and when he came back he would tell them he had been on a raid. But they did not believe him. He seemed to be answerable to no one and he had a fine time with Nitralaxis, who laughed at his stories and said he had never heard such stories even in Baron Munchausen's biography. But he went away, too, and they didn't know where he went.

It was a good letup. They shaved every day and got clean for the first time since they had been in Greece.

John Quayle went up to the hospital every day. When Helen was not busy they would walk through the mud and

snow behind the hospital and through the village out toward the high Mitsekli range. They did not argue very much now. They were very gay instead.

Quayle and Helen were very fine with each other during that time. He still avoided being clumsy with her and not once did their reserve break down.

They were very fine days . . . and both of them were relaxed.

THE peacefulness ended with the bombing raid on Ioannina. Quayle heard the siren about five o'clock in the morning. He did not get up because the sirens went every time there was any plane in the vicinity. He drowsed off but the hotel shook with the first bomb and he heard Tap in the next room shouting to Brewer to put his boots on because there was a raid. Quayle pulled on his flying suit over his pajamas and put his flying boots on, as the hotel felt the shake of bombs. He could hear the planes now and wondered how far away the bombing was.

They got out on the open field toward the hospital. He could see the bombs

spilling out of the first plane that was high in the new light. He flattened out with Tap and tall Richardson as the bombs came down and burst somewhere in the village. He felt the noise and the earth shake . . . and then came the rest of them. He turned on his side to look up and saw the whole flight of Savoias and the small fighters winged on top of them, and Tap said, "This is going to be a dose!"

It had come down thick. The string of bombs came right along near the hotel, and a hundred-pounder hit the mud between them and the hotel. Quayle felt the whole earth heave up and its mess come down all over them; he heard only the earth shake in its tracks and the end of silence forever, until there was the individual sound of shrapnel winging off the cement front of the hotel and coming around in great high cries.

It moved forward from them toward the hospital, and another bomb landed farther up and then farther as the earth shook again. He could see the hospital through mud going up and coming down,

and he saw green grass c in the air, with the boom cry of shrapnel.

The next lot of bomb right, and pieces of tir from some of the build ing around in the air Quayle pushed harder int felt the continuous move its reception of the noise mission through itself t til it quieted. He look or forty planes were win the airfield and he saw cluster of bombs come field. He knew they had British had not, in any flaged the planes or the the ground crew lived, camouflaged. In the brig Italians couldn't help see

"They finally know the Tap said.

"They didn't drop muc ardsen said. He was laug bing the dirt out of his he

Quayle turned around ward the village but th



How about a nightcap when the final's put to bed?



MANAGING EDITOR: A highball? You bet I will! The minute the last edition goes to press.

US: Fine—and we'd like to propose something *very special* in the way of a nightcap. Which brings us to a question: have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MANAGING EDITOR: As a matter of fact, I haven't—though I've been meaning to for a long time.

US: Then tonight's the night—and we promise you one thing: As a newspaper man you've known plenty of thrills...but you're in for still *another* when you discover what wonderful things have happened to *today's* Four Roses. You've never tasted such full, rich magnificence...such mellow softness...such glorious flavor!

MANAGING EDITOR: Are you by any chance trying to hint that today's Four Roses is sort of a seven-star final in the way of perfection?

US: *We are—and it is!* What's more, when you taste it, we're certain you'll agree that the virtues of Four Roses should be praised in the biggest headline type there is!

MANAGING EDITOR: If you're right—in fact, if you're only *half* right—what a whiskey it must be! Where's my hat—let's go!



*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

**YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY
AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!****

"In two shakes of a Swan's tail
—loads and loads of baby-gentle suds!"

Gentle? Yes, baby-gentle!



SWAN'S PURE AS IMPORTED CASTILES! So mild—it's just what the doctor ordered for Junior! And when you suds up—what a surprise! Oodles of soft, baby-gentle suds—quicker 'n you can say—"Well, I Swan!"

Baby-gentle and savin'!



THE BEST FRIEND UNDIES EVER HAD! Want to keep stockings alive and kicking—give undies a long lease on life? Swan's got the baby-gentle suds that can do it! Good news these days—for precious colors and fabrics!

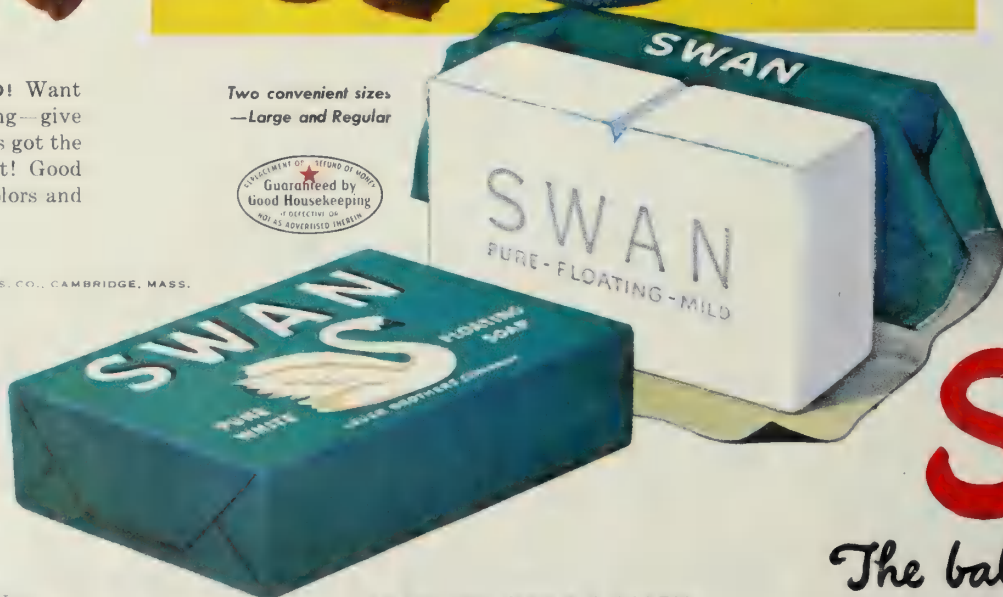
LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



SNAP! SWAN IS THRIFTY TWINS! Use half in the kitchen; half in the bath.

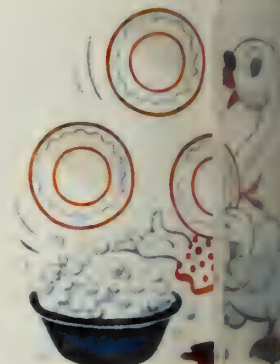


Two convenient sizes
—Large and Regular



TUNE IN: GRACIE ALLEN
GEORGE BURNS • PAUL WHITEMAN
See your local paper for time and station

Baby-gentle and gentle!



WHIZ THROUGH DISHES! Give Swan a swish—rich suds billow out! Suds that come fast and plenty! Baby-gentle hands as if they loved easy-to-waste packages!

Baby-gentle! and gentle!



LAUGH AT HARD WATER! in "water as hard as nails." Sw gives you an extra day's soap per penny! Get Swan today!

Swan

The baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin whiz!

and still the same lines, was a lot of damage. The lot of new scars on the black powder mark. Looking dilapidated.

about the field. I hope the of that tent," Quayle said. s coming out of the hotel. got up during the raid and came out, "It sounded as if it dropped near the field." he middle of it," Brewer s red with the earth from farther down, where he ing in the field.

etter go out," Hickey said. in the station wagon and around the craters and saw ing carried out of some of the buildings. Some were cry- were mad with anger and n unknown direction for sons. Twisted wrecks of ed high over a wall, and d from a burning white restaurant which had two ere la posts blown away and in was smashed. It was like he way down and there were lo the empty road to the

o was the flight sergeant, Hickey when the car "you all right?" he asked. right. Did anything hap-?" Hickey asked him. ot it and looked around. up came pretty near. They ros the field and we got a few s i the tent. But we're okay. t the side of a barn."

could see the black craters th field but the Gladiators y the right of them, scat- ot a couple of sheep out of it." aid. They killed a couple with an they landed almost in our in shepherd here nearly cried so we bought the carcass and drachmas."

are you doing out here any- ick asked.

ght. We could do with some en are those stores com-

prised them today." hey coming up by plane?" t think so," Hickey said. "Are

ave any. We've got to buy d a meat from the village." s no good," Hickey said. "I'll the about it today."

deert sores are giving Mas- e trouble," Whiter said.

ard now?"

sr. Sergeant Whiter called Hevas a pale boy with lank air and quiet features. He ery k. His hands were band- ghly and his movements with re as ward as though his whole affed.

do you feel, Masters?" Hickey m.

ght. I can't move my arms l," h said. He was a cockney. ou want to come in and see Doc n?"

will get back here?"

get you back. I'll see about res. Mr. Whiter," Hickey said t bas into the car.

they ot back to the town An- was at the hospital, and a eople were stringing their way oad toward it. They took Mas- here and tried to find Anderson e met that was going on as the d from the town were brought aid of the floor at the entrance. and he working on a Greek and a abo Masters.

t what'm in," he said. "Bring k aft breakfast."

They left Masters in the restaurant and went with Hickey to headquarters—a cave—to get the orders for the day. The orders were waiting for them when they got there.

The squadron was directed to head for Elbasani and wait around there for bombers. Reconnaissance showed that Italians were operating from there and had brought up about three new squadrons for a big counterattack they were starting on the central front. Actually it had already started and the bombing this morning was part of it. The Italians seemed to be going about this one in a big way.

THE squadron took off in between the bomb craters and climbed into an easy stretch, heading north into the high sky that was without cloud except the white around the peaks caused by the sudden rising warm air.

Brewer and Finn were in John Quayle's flight, and Tap was tailing the squadron because he had done a good enough job in the last dice, when he had waited and come down when they were all lying around. They were at fifteen thousand when they came over Elbasani, which was in the neck of a deep river gorge and in deep shadow of a

bomber and it was Constance hitting the pilot that crashed the Savoia. It went straight down without any preliminaries and crashed.

The Italians had come in close and the tracers from their guns amidstships were wild because they knew they were trapped since they were so low. They were less than a thousand feet when Richardson came beam on into a bomber and almost cut it in two. It stalled as the nose went up and it fell quickly away. Quayle got onto another one but the pilot was smart and side-slipped away. For a moment Quayle thought the Italian was going to crash into another Savoia, so he pulled hard on the stick and right ruddered so that he banked in a half rolling climb and got away, but the Savoia straightened out.

The Savoias were waiting desperately for their fighters to come up and help them. The Gladiators were waiting for them too because it would be no fun scrapping at this height. Quayle was less than five hundred feet, and with no pull left in his climb because Hickey had not climbed. He had winged around and at the bombers again as Brewer and Finn came down in their initial dive on them.



"A short refresher course and she was ready for action again"

GEORGE PRICE

wide U-shaped mountain. It was a small place and the airdrome was about the first thing Quayle saw. There were so many Savoias and smaller fighters on it that it was like a flag waving them to it.

There were about twenty bombers and a group of fighters lining up to take off in groups. It was miraculous that nothing came up at the Gladiators as they swooped lower over the town. They were at eleven thousand before anything started, and then the black anti-aircraft started bursting around them. Between Hersey's wings Quayle saw Hickey shake his plane and nose over. Quayle took a quick look below and saw the first flight of bombers just leaving the ground.

The Gladiators came down through the black anti-aircraft which twice was near enough to bump Quayle's plane, but Hickey was leading them carefully and they were down through the barrage. Then they headed steeper, and Hickey pulled out right on top of the first ten Savoias that were climbing desperately and firing wildly at the Gladiators even before they were in range. Hickey held his fire until he was right on the bomber, then gave it and held it in a long wide burst of fire. Constance came after him, attacking the same

Tap was on top waiting for the trouble to get to the others. But Hickey came right around in the middle of the climbing Savoias, who were firing everywhere wildly and dropping their bombs on their own airfield to get rid of weight. One Savoia climbed a hundred feet over the others, was escaping when Brewer and Finn both went after him, came at him from both sides and poured everything they had into him.

By this time the Italian 42s had left the ground and were in among the squadron. The first to be attacked by them was Finn, and Quayle came around and shot a 42 away from his tail just as he was about done. Quayle could feel another 42 on his own tail as he leveled out—the most dangerous moment in a fight—to get at the 42 on Finn's tail.

QUAYLE saw two 42s go down, and about all he could see were 42s. When Tap and the other two came down to help them he knew it was time to get out. Quayle climbed as Tap came in a wide bank almost straight down. He was waiting for Tap's leading edge to peel off when he leveled out and he could see the terrific wide burst of Tap's 303s flying around everywhere. But he could only see Italians when he banked

... until he climbed two hundred feet; then he saw even more.

It was strange to see so much level flying in a scrap because everybody was so low. Two Gladiators were out of it above Quayle and another one was a way off to the right. Tap was coming up after his dive with his flight still hanging on to him.

Quayle could only see one Gladiator down there after that. The Gladiator was trying to get height but there were at least fifteen 42s around him and two on his tail. Quayle started out in that direction but they were all flat out and he pushed on the throttle. He saw Hickey streak by him as if he had got some human element into the plane so that he got extra speed out of it.

But Hickey was too late.

The Gladiator suddenly turned over and fell in a left spin—quickly, then wildly. Quayle waited without breath for whoever it was to jump but there was no jump. He saw it hit the ground and the black smoke and red flames spread over it.

Quayle pulled up desperately because it was time to get out of this. He kept pulling around until he could see three Gladiators which he thought were Tap and his flight. Then Hickey came in over him and they all started for home. Quayle had not seen any other Gladiator go down but he could only see five besides himself around and he wondered who had crashed.

IT WAS always slow getting back. John Quayle called into his phone a couple of times but no one replied, so he did not try again.

There were four Gladiators in when he got down... Hickey, Constance, Hersey and Richardson. None of Tap's flight was back—Brewer, Finn and Tap himself.

"There was quite a mess when I left," tall Richardson said.

"Who went down?" Quayle asked, as he came to the four of them. They were sitting on the running board of the station wagon with Anderson, the doctor.

"We don't know. Richardson says it was Tap," Hickey said.

"Tap!" Quayle was surprised at the big feeling within him.

"I saw him come out from about twenty 42s and when I turned around the next time I thought I saw him caught again, and then he went down," Hickey said.

"Did anybody else get it?" Constance asked.

"I didn't see anybody," Quayle answered.

"Was it you that came on the 42 that had me?" Constance said to John Quayle.

"Yes."

"That's getting to be a habit of yours," Hickey said.

"I just run into it," Quayle told him.

"Here's somebody now."

"His flaps have been shot away," Hickey said.

The Gladiator came low very fast and hit the field. It bounced. The earth splashed from its wheels. It floated high and fast. The nose dipped a little. It came down again and slid very swiftly across the field. Quayle could see the pilot was afraid to put his brakes on in case he should tip, nose down. The Gladiator stopped just at the beginning of the rough area. The pilot climbed out... undid his parachute. Quayle saw then it was Finn. That left Tap and easygoing Brewer still away.

"Was that Tap that went down?" Quayle asked Finn.

"I don't know... I didn't even know anybody went down. Who's not back?"

"Brewer and Tap."

"I didn't see anything of them," Finn said. "I got my port aileron shot off

Straight from the Tiger's Mouth

North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"



Bell Airacobra U. S. and
British designation



Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"



THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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J. C. WILLEVER
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

SYMBOL	
LC	Deferred Cables
NLT	Cable Night Letter
	Ship Radiogram

WU BA156 VIA RCA=F LEIYUN APR 21 NLT
OTTO T KREUSSER ALLISON DIVISION=

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA USA=

KUNMING CHINA CABLE DATED APRIL EIGHTH GREETINGS TO ALL
ALLISON ENGINE PLANT WORKERS FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER AND
FIGHTER PILOTS AND GROUND MAINTENANCE CREW OF THE AMERICAN
VOLUNTEER GROUP OPERATING IN CHINA AND BURMA STOP OUR PILOTS
FLYING CURTISS P-40 PURSUIT AIRPLANES EQUIPPED WITH ALLISON
LIQUID COOLED ENGINES HAVE BEEN EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR
FLIGHT OPERATIONS AGAINST THE INVADING JAPANESE AIR FORCE
YOU MEN AND WOMEN OF ALLISON HAVE DONE AN OUTSTANDING JOB
IN BUILDING THE ALLISON ENGINE WITH SUCH FINE PRECISION AND
CAREFUL WORKMANSHIP WITH THE RESULT THAT THE PERFORMANCE OF
THESE LIQUID COOLED ENGINES HAS BEEN ABSOLUTELY AMAZING
UNDER THE MOST GRUELING WARTIME FIGHTING CONDITIONS
EXCELLENT QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP AND MATERIALS HAVE
MADE POSSIBLE THE OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF THESE ENGINES
IN THEIR DOGFIGHTS WITH THE ENEMY OVER THE RICE PADDIES AND
JUNGLES OF BURMA AND CHINA IN WHICH WE HAVE DESTROYED OVER
TWO HUNDRED JAPANESE PLANES IN THE AIR AND ON THE GROUND
WITHOUT TO OUR KNOWLEDGE LOSING A PILOT OR AIRPLANE DUE TO
ENGINE FAILURE
QUOTE YOU KEEP PRODUCING EM AND WE WILL KEEP EM FLYING
DASH LETS GO AMERICA END QUOTATION VERY SINCERELY YOURS=
COLONEL C L CHENNAULT CHINESE ARMY, COMMANDING AVG.

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE



NOTE: The American Volunteer Group, popularly known as the Flying Tigers, paint their planes as shown here to simulate the snout of the deadly tiger shark. The Allison engine, which permits that lethal shark-nosed streamlining, also powers thousands of other United Nations craft.

ger and to look after you." Hugged without thinking

the first time I have heard e that," she said. way she treats everybody on. Is she like that with is very kind. Everybody d you get somebody shot n did somebody get shot er. Got caught in a swarm e very young one."

i. You never know who know about you. . . ." y. Don't think about it. u get it, you get it. Say, n to you if the Germans said. now. We'll probably be t Athens." alid down to a field not far did not talk much—then id I'll have to go—we've got said.

ging worse. Please come p to the hospital when you k. I'll keep anxious until you

me straight up. I like you to

John." It was one of the s used his name.

k arm. "We'll have to do out this, Helen."

no. . . . about us. . . . We d mile off like this for long. rried about it."

g John. I am afraid you go way. And then what will

you're coming with me." h he was saying.

thick that," she said. "It is mphas that."

n if I go, you go too. It is now."

id. . . . We will not talk Where would we go? No."

e to go now anyway." Quayle a hiccup and they walked up

ospin. He left her there and e held. The others were wait-

ing for him. They got into the station wagon and drove out to the field.

When the flight was almost over El-basani village, Quayle began to feel sick. His stomach was tighter than usual. They were cruising above the cloud at twelve thousand feet and it was not bumpy. Hickey had warned them about being surprised, but Quayle was very surprised when he saw the swarm of 42s coming in from about fifteen thousand feet on their starboard in a sweep.

"Hold it," Hickey yelled through the phones.

WHEN the 42s came close, Hickey pulled away up and the others followed. They had been struggling to get height. The 42s met them almost head on because Hickey had pulled them up and around. As the 42s came in their sweep, Quayle could see the wing shadow of two 42s straight before him and could see the white flame spurting from the machine guns in the wing stubs, and the tracers coming over his head. Then another 42 came at him from behind. He tight-looped out of the way and looked around for Gladiators. He saw two of them in a mix-up with about twenty 42s away off to the right. He pushed the throttle wide open and went out to them.

Quayle got in an initial attack on a 42 that was following a Gladiator down in a spiral spin. The 42 pulled out of it and kept going flat to earth and burst into flames. The Gladiator was flat-spinning too. Suddenly Quayle saw the pilot hurl himself out of the cockpit like a black ant and the white burst of his parachute spreading in a puff.

Quayle looked around and then he saw a 42 diving toward the parachute. He saw the white burst of the 42's guns and the tracers. . . . He saw the parachute collapse and its slow speed become a lightning streak; he saw the figure of the Gladiator pilot hurtling two thousand feet down into the black earth. . . .

Quayle winged over and put the Gladiator into a straight drop. He didn't take his eyes from the 42 that had shot at the parachute. It had pulled out and was climbing. . . . Quayle straightened out a little so he would meet it head on. As soon as he saw it in his level sights, he pushed on the gun button hard.

He kept it down and kept the plane

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Siegel



Mrs. A: I should have known better than to let you go to the party as a clown! Clowns, my love, are supposed to make people laugh.

Mr. A: I know, I know. I was a first-class flop. But, gee, I just don't have the old yen for parties any more.



Mrs. A: "Yen," my eye. All you lack, my unhappy husband, is your quota of pep appeal. My hunch is that you're not eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And right now is a good time to start getting them. Let's go raid the pantry.



Mrs. A: Just dip your spoon into this bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP! It's a crunchy, toasty cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. And in it are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins, you know!

Mr. A: Ummmm! Why didn't you tell me how swell-tasting it is? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as this—say, I may turn out to be the life of the party yet.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/3 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE



"Look, Myrtle—let's do it this way instead"

JOHN F. KAPPA

ON THE historic walls of the entrance hall of the Cadet Gymnasium at West Point these brilliant words are etched where all West Pointers can see them—"On the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds which, in other years on other fields will bear the fruits of victory."

This quotation was written by athletic-minded General Douglas MacArthur, today's number one American Soldier, while he was Superintendent at West Point. It could have been conceived only by an *American* who believed in athletics and who recognized the importance of the American way of *sports* to the American way of *life—and of WAR*.

On gridirons, baseball diamonds, cinder tracks, tennis and basketball courts, and many other "fields of friendly strife," our American boys develop the strength and stamina,

the speed, the coordination, the fighting spirit and the "will-to-win" that make them great athletes and the world's finest potential soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Without our vigorous competitive sports, America *would* not be and *could* not be the *fighting* America it *must* be to defeat the legions of Democracy's enemies.

★ ★ ★

For many years it has been the privilege of Wilson Sporting Goods Co. to provide for America's athletes and sports lovers, the most advanced types of playing equipment. Leading stars of tennis, golf and other sports have used Wilson equipment exclusively for years.

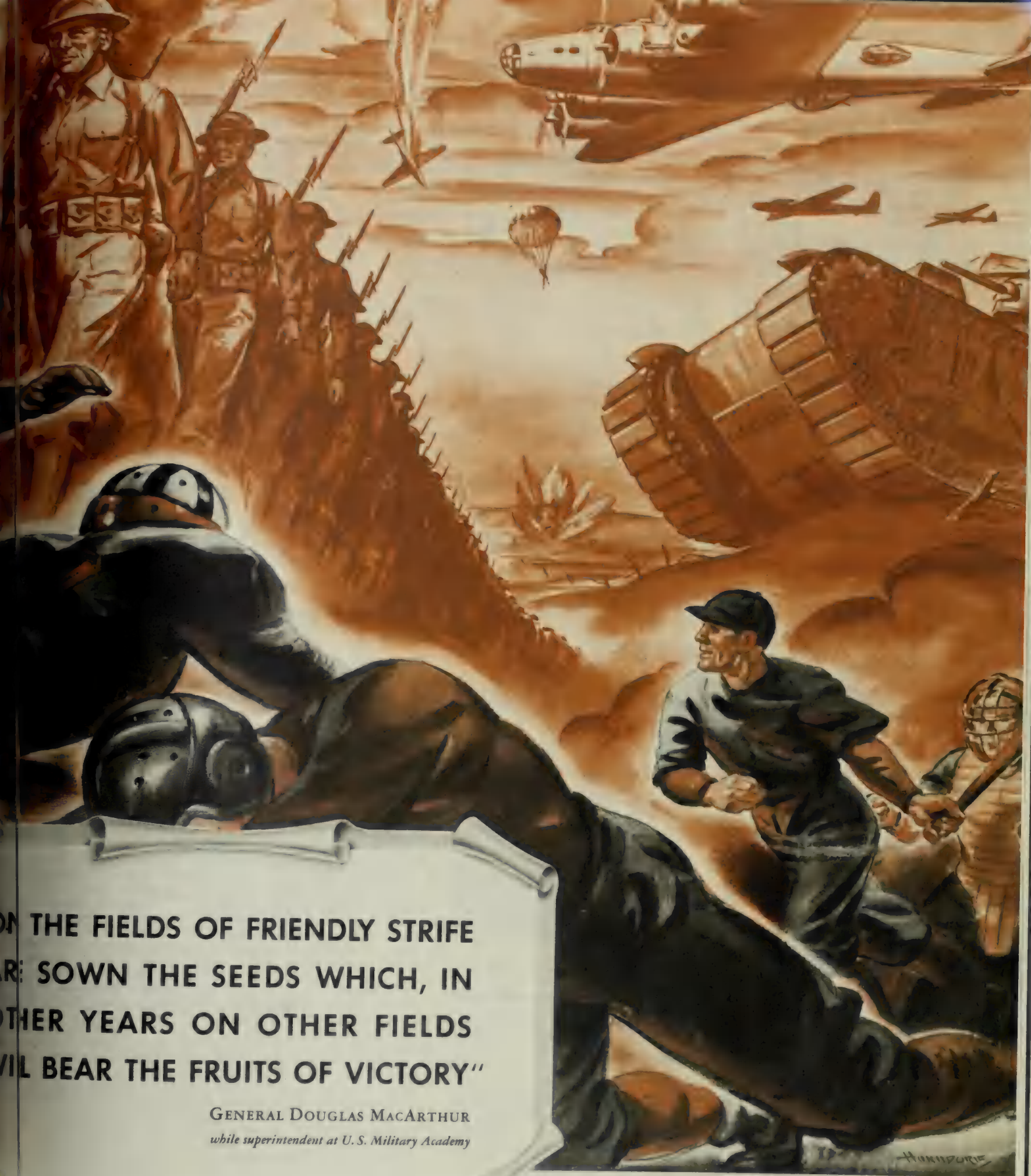
When buying new equipment, specify Wilson quality. It not only insures *better* play but *longer* play.

Thos E Wilson
Chairman of the Board

Lo J Gerly
President



IT'



ON THE FIELDS OF FRIENDLY STRIFE
RE SOWN THE SEEDS WHICH, IN
OTHER YEARS ON OTHER FIELDS
WILL BEAR THE FRUITS OF VICTORY"

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
while superintendent at U. S. Military Academy

on

TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



cool shaves

Score a Direct Hit!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

IF CLOSE, hedge-hopping shaves and high-level skin comfort are your objectives—try Ingram's! Ingram's wilts your beard so fast, your razor clips through like a propeller through fog. And there's no ceiling to Ingram's COOLNESS. It helps condition your skin for shaving. And your face feels fresh and refrigerated long afterwards—looks smoother, happier, younger-looking. Get Ingram's Shaving Cream today—in jar or tube. Expensive? Not by a bombsight. A little goes a longer way.

Product of
Bristol-Myers



INGRAM'S

shaving cream

heading at the 42, shaking under the gun vibration. He kept it heading toward the 42 until his madness relaxed and he pulled up over it and tight turned around and came in fury to get at it again. But the 42 was a black flame, on the way down . . .

The 42s pulled away and Quayle saw two Gladiators heading homeward . . .

Quayle wondered who had gone with the parachute. He had been too far away to see what had happened to the others. He tailed the two Gladiators who were far ahead of him. He was so mad about the 42 shooting down the parachute that he had tears in his eyes. He felt helpless that he had only shot at the plane to bring it down. It was not enough. He wanted the personal death of the 42 pilot. If only I could have seen him close up and got him, he was thinking.

QUAYLE was the last to land. He came down after a tight loop over the field and doubled up with stomach pain when he got out of the plane and stepped on the ground. Rutger and Williams, the rigger and the fitter, took hold of him.

"Are you hit, Mr. Quayle?" Rutger asked.

"No. I've just got a bellyache. I'm okay."

"Fine. We thought you were gone this time," Rutger said.

"You did? Who isn't back?"

"Mr. Hersey. They say he went down in flames. And Mr. Richardson."

"Richardson bailed out and an Italian shot his parachute up," Quayle said.

He walked to the bus where the others were sitting inside waiting for him.

"We thought you got it, John," Tap said.

"No. Did you see what happened to Richardson?" Quayle said.

"Hickey saw it. Was it you got the hound that did it?"

"Yes."

"Fancy doing that! Fancy shooting up a parachute. The bloody skunks." Young Constance felt madder than Quayle. He spoke in a wide Oxford accent and it was absurd to hear him as he added a few stronger words.

"How did Hersey go down?" Quayle asked. Hersey—it would be strange without old Hersey.

"Just got too many around him . . . Was I surprised when they came down on us?" Tap said, as the bus lunged over the bad road.

"I'm sorry, fellers. . . . We should have been up top, too," Hickey said.

"You warned us, Hickey," Quayle said to him.

"How many did we get? How many did you get, Quayle?"

"I got two for sure. Maybe another one."

"That makes a total of six altogether—all 42s," Hickey said. "HQ is going to feel fine when I tell them."

"HQ? What are we supposed to do? What if the bloody Germans come in?" Tap said. "Fat lot of good we'll be."

Quayle was looking at Stewart, Constance and Finn. They were the only ones left of the new batch. He felt awkward thinking of it. With Hersey gone, it left himself, Hickey and Tap as the only long-time members of the squadron.

"Did you get any today, Finn?" he asked the blond boy, who smiled at him.

"One."

"You've broken your duck, then."

"Yes. So did Stewart."

"You did?"

"Yes," Stewart said.

Quayle thought that must have been the first time he had ever heard the boy speak. "How did you get him?"

"Came up from under him," Stewart said. "I was surprised to see him, as a matter of fact."

"I think you always are," Tap said. "I am . . . I'm always surprised."

"I'll shoot every bloody Italian that bails out from now on," Finn said. "Fancy Rich getting it like that!"

"It won't help to do that," Hickey said quietly. "This Italian is an exception. We don't want to start a feud like that."

"I suppose you're right," Finn agreed.

Hickey got out at the headquarters cave, and the others went on to the hotel. Quayle took his flying gear into his room, then went straight out and walked up to the hospital. It was getting toward the long light of evening. He was not going up to see Helen because she had asked him. He was going up because he wanted her now . . . when he thought of Richardson and Hersey and the conversation in the bus. It was catastrophic . . . He wanted something that would absorb what was in him. If he could yell his head off and eat the earth madly, that would be it. He had read that somewhere, and it would be fine . . . But he wanted Helen now . . . just to know she was there as something real. He found her in the common room, packing bandages in a small first-aid kit.

"Helen," he said abruptly, "can you get away? I want us to talk." He took her overall in his fingers and tugged it quickly.

"Just a minute." She went into the small room at the side. She came out with her overall off.

"Come on, then," she said. "I've only got a few minutes."

They went outside. It was automatic that they walk to the field where they always went.

"We've got to get married," Quayle said.

She only looked at him.

"It's the only thing. I know what I want."

"Yes?" she said slowly. Then she smiled at him.

"We've got to, Helen. You know we have . . . I don't care what you say . . . I know it!"

"You just can't say it and do it," she said. "It's very difficult, John."

"Why not? I don't care. We will. Why not?"

"We just can't, John . . . When you leave here . . ."

"We'll be lucky if we ever leave here," Quayle said viciously.

"I have a family . . . You forget. I want to, but I cannot."

"But why let moralizing hold it up? I love you . . . I want to marry you now."

"I want to marry you, John. We should. It is right. But it is not simple. Let me think about it . . . please."

"Haven't you thought about it?"

"Yes . . . but let me think about it . . . now that you say you want it. Please, John!"

"Till when?"

"I don't know . . . tomorrow . . . tonight . . . just until I think it out."

"Tonight . . ." Quayle said. "I want to know, Helen."

"All right. Please, we will go back now."

"Yes."

They turned from the field and walked apart up the muddy path to the hospital.

"I'll come tonight," he said, as she opened the big door.

"Yes . . . but think about it too, John."

"I have," he said. "And I know . . . you think about it."

"Yes . . . goodbye."

"Goodbye," he said and turned away.

QUAYLE knocked on Hickey's door and walked in without waiting for an answer. Hickey was getting undressed to have a bath.

"Can I talk with you a minute, Hickey?" Quayle said to him.

"Sure. Sit down. Say, that was bad business today."

"Yes."

"I didn't think anybody would ever do that."

"Tough on Richardson," Hickey half frowned. "You're pretty good too. You depend on him."

"Yes. Say, Hickey," Hickey said, "I came in to see Helen."

"What about her?"

"Just formal. Is it all right if we get married?"

Hickey looked up quickly. "Well! Who would have thought of that?"

Quayle smiled too. "I thought it was indicated the way you were with them, and the similarity of Hickey as a mixture of serious and wild actions. Hickey always careful and always half-smile of Hickey's thing that went with his eyes, and there was Hickey."

HICKEY could see Quayle too. Their thought was almost identical. Hickey did not do anything the air, that he was serious on the ground, that he was his years.

"I know," Quayle said. "Do you?" Hickey said.

"Sure. It amuses me."

"Well. You didn't have it in the book of reference?"

"Do you always stick to them?"

Quayle laughed at Hickey and they both felt very good.

"When are you getting married?" Hickey said.

"I don't know. Tomorrow."

"We've been ordered tomorrow," Hickey said.

Germans are expected in Hurricanes have moved.

"What are we going to do?" Quayle asked.

"I don't know. We'd be up here. Six Gladiators."

"Will we get replaced?"

"We're talking easily and Hickey said."

"I don't think so," Hickey looks like the end of the world."

"You mean we'll get replaced?"

"I suppose so," Hickey know, I'll be sorry, John."

"Why?" Quayle looked surprised.

"So will you be. Hickey speed and no aerobatics. on every turn and you take a loop."

"Don't be romantic. Hickey's at it."

"I know," Hickey said. "I know as well as I do that Hickey is about the last fighting there is. I'd so want. Flying scads of Hickey being second pilot in a battle."

"I suppose so," Quayle said.

"Yes. I'll be sorry," Hickey won't be sorry for this. They're better off in fast."

"Who?"

"Oh, Finn, Constance, seems funny without Hickey these new ones."

"Yes," Quayle agreed. "I don't see."

They were quiet for a moment.

"How are you going to Athens?" Hickey asked.

"I don't know," Quayle somehow. Can you do anything?"

"I might be able to. I pose I ought to congratulate you."

"Thanks. When is the back . . . if it's going back?"

"In a couple of days, it will go after us."

"Maybe she could get it?"

"I'll see."

"Thanks, Hickey."

"That's all right, John. Hickey smiled broadly. (To be continued next week)

Roll Call of American Four-Engined Land-planes and Flying Boats of 20 Tons or More

	Gross Weight (Pounds)	Day Passengers	Night Passengers	Wing Span (in feet)	Length Overall (in feet)
Douglas B-19 Large Bomber	160,000			212	132
Martin Mars Page Patrol Bomber	140,000			200	117
Boeing 4 American Clipper	82,000	72	40	152	106
Consolidated Patrol Bomber	66,000			115	79
Boeing DC-4 Army Troop (passenger)	65,000	42	20	138	98
Sikorsky Export Flying	60,000	38	16	124	79
American Clipper	52,000	46	22	130	91
Boeing B-17 (fortress)	47,000			104	68
Boeing 7 Airliner (passenger)	45,000	33	25	107	74
Consolidated Bomber	40,000			110	64

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

another development of the two-engined PBY which the Catalina. Fully loaded 6,000 pounds.

Recent aeronautical scientists tell us that we have not yet entered the ultimate form of the aircraft.

Portrayals of future aircraft designs familiar to most Sunbeam readers, have included designs along with blown-up of present familiar types. The designs lean in the direction of

no fuselage, no tail. On a small flying wing airplane recently being pursued by

Boeing Aircraft, Inc., of Hawthorne, Cal., as things are being learned

the appeal of the big airplane in the number of swimming

how baths, cocktail lounges under domes along with travel in

cabins), 10,000 feet above the earth to five hundred miles per hour.

the airplane people think in more terms. They discuss such things

and eight engines, buried out of the wings or located at some

powerplant station as in a ship, connecting shafts driving propellers

the trailing edges of the wings and known as pushers. One great

to all the possibility of having power or spare engines to be

others are shut down for re-flight. New sources of power

are also fingered lightly. At the moment, these same

are working overtime endeavoring to another mile or two

sand miles of range in our best combat aircraft of today. And what we have, has come about through a long, slow process of trial and error. So, think many close to the subject, the big airplane of tomorrow will develop about the same way.

Private flying? Returned airmen, thousands and hundreds of thousands strong, will determine the nature of private flying of the future, just as they did at the end of the last war, but with much more encouragement. While they are now at the front, a few persistent people are at work on helicopters and other vertically rising and descending aircraft, notable of which is Mr. Igor Sikorsky, who, with iron hat firmly fixed on head, hovers low and slow over the countryside in his helicopter, all the while reliving again his pioneer flight in his native Russia to convince the world that his big 1912 model multimotored bomber was sound in theory and fact and that bigger airplanes were surely to come.

Some day, these helicopter-type craft, which can stand still in mid-air, move forward or backward and go up and down like an elevator, will grow up and transport great loads of people and merchandise with the speed, range, and comfort of the modern luxury liners of the skies. But most likely, they will come from the fertile minds of our younger generation of aircraft designers and builders.

So brace yourself for the radical and freakish stuff which will be just as radical and freakish as the original Kitty Hawk model of those irresponsible Dayton boys almost forty years ago.

F. R. N.

"Robert, leave the Table!"



Careful there, mother!

You're snappish because the day's work has left you tired and nervous. Make home a happier place, and evenings the Best Part of the Day for all the family, by getting into the tub with a cake of Ivory Soap each afternoon.



Bask in an IVORY BATH

Baby your weary body by smoothing Ivory's lovely lather over every curve, into every muscle. Your nerves relax, your skin feels new beneath the caress of New Ivory's extreme mildness. A lazy bath with that big white floating cake leaves your muscles feeling slim and light and supple. You step out soothed, smooth, and smiling!

A Fresh Start for the Day's Best Hours!

You have new energy for fun with the family after your Ivory Bath. That fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you so delightfully dainty, too. And Ivory lathers faster than any other leading bath soap! For a Fresh Start, baby your body every afternoon in a luxurious velvet suds Ivory Bath!

99 1/2% PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE



For a FRESH START... Take an IVORY BATH

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 21

Here was a chain, and at the end of it a pile of bones. This was Nate, who had sat tirelessly watching the door for someone to take him afield. Now he was dead without ever having got enough hunting to suit him. But then Nate never would have got enough hunting to suit him.

The next pile of bones was Preacher, and near by his battered, tooth-marked food pan. Next, Fred, with a buckshot hole in the top of the well-shaped skull. Then Tequila, the hunting heart burned out of him, nothing but leathery cooked skin and whitened bones left of twenty years of scientific breeding.

Duff stood in silence. There was his kennel—nine chains, nine piles of bones.

Washed up. Yes, that was the word for it. Duff looked at the road that ran in front of the house. Somewhere down that road, perhaps, was forgetfulness; no memory of a ruined marriage and a burned Negro and a gun firing buckshot and a fine, reclaimed dog turning outlaw again, no memory of a girl who had lied to set him free. . . . Down that road, maybe things were different. He recognized the road—it was the one he used to travel, before he had got the idea that he might make something of himself. Now the idea was dispelled, and the only thing to do was to travel that road again.

He went inside and began packing his old suitcase. When this was done he went outside and set it down on the steps. And there on the front porch lay Judas, asleep. Not running wild, but come home of his own accord, asleep on the porch!

"Judas!" Duff said, in quick exultation.

The dog raised his head. Without thinking, Duff reached out to stroke him. Judas bit him through the hand.

Duff swore; the blood unhurriedly rose in the bluish tooth holes. Judas watched him placidly.

Slinging the blood from his hand, Duff straightened. "If I've put up with you," he said slowly, "I guess I can stand anything."

He took his suitcase back into the house.

AT ELEVEN o'clock, a small blue coupé drove up outside, and Lucie Sullivan, close-wrapped in her tweed coat, got out. She unfastened the gate, and strode down the walk.

"I just heard about it, Duff," she said. "I had to come see you."

"Wasn't any need for that," he said. "I had to come, Duff," she said simply.

"To see me on my back?"

"No," she said. "I wanted to help you."

"I'll make out," he said.

"Duff, don't be so darned stiff and stubborn. I know you're hurt, bad; I see it in your face. Please let me help you. Let me do something."

"There's nothing to do that I can't do."

"Oh, you're just crazy."

"Can't you understand anything? I don't need any help. I appreciate your coming, and that's the truth. But I'll make out."

"All right," she sighed. "Will you take me to see Wesley?"

Wesley lay in bed, wrapped to the chin in white bandages. Paul stood by him, attending him, and following the doctor's directions as carefully as any nurse.

"Miss Lucie," Wesley said, "I can hear 'em right on, just howling and crying for me to come git 'em out, and

I couldn't do it, Lawd, I just couldn't git 'em out. The closest was old Babe, and I got her chain undid, I can feel it hot in my hand right on, and I drug her out but she was done too far gone." He lay still, his jaw slack. "De first time, I never even got in good, had to crawl out and lay dere, coughing and spewing, and my clothes had cotch, and I beat dem out, and chokedlike, couldn't do nothing else."

"Next time," Duff said, "you keep your fool self on the outside."

"Yes, suh, dat's de troof," Wesley said. "Only de good Lawd knows how long dey had been a-barking and a-crying when I look back and see de fire. Maybe not so turble long, but when I come a-running, de fire was just a-going at it, mostly in dat hay in de loft. Den I run to de well and drawed water, and

"Stay wid me, son."

"Right here, Papa."

"Stay wid me."

When they got back to the house, the phone was ringing Duff's number, four longs and one short. He picked up the receiver.

"Mister Webster?" the operator said, above the buzzing wire, "Hold the wire for Grand Junction."

Then came the voice of the field-trial secretary. "Webster? This is Scott. Sorry to hear about your misfortune. All of us here send sympathy," he said. "I called to tell you the judges want your dog Judas here day after tomorrow at eight-thirty."

"What for?" Duff said stupidly.

"To run in the second series, what you think?"

"I can't run. My dog's been out on

"I can tell you exactly McGinnis will think. He'll had your share of bad break help you can get will be ok. He'll think it's okay for r win with a dog my grand. The others may think it's not Teague McGinnis."

"Maybe."

"Suppose you let me han of it."

IN the first series, four dogs and it seems to be a unanim that the judges were in calling back these four: Pineview Sue, the spectator, Hotfoot, and the mu Judas. Of these, Judas has bird score, but the judges into consideration that he when the birds were not out quarreled with this fourth.

Almost as soon as the series dogs were announce became leaden and by night before Daydreamer and P were to run snow began fall day, the temperature had degrees above zero. But judges deemed it satisfactory and Daydreamer and Sue were given their chance two dogs ran industrious quate heats. It remained to superdogs, Judas and Hotfoot what a championship heat like. . . .

About dusk, Duff went to market and supervised the a pound of steak for Judas the butcher put it in an ice ton, because wax paper some integrated and got mixed up. When he fed Judas, he saw there was adequate straw, cold and the wind was blowing.

There was considerable town, with more cars arriving cars with steamed windows, ing to see the champion run holds of Grand Junction there was not an empty bed.

AT THE drugstore, the night was on. The young men their heavy-handed kidding play out of their systems week. But the older ones of recalling the great dogs, ers had not tired of listening.

"This weather," one of the minds me of that 1915 ch Lucie, I guess you heard yo ther Amos tell about it man; Besita was one of his real i think he would have given have been her handler, tho less not even little Bee could planted Ambling Sam in hi She was a Llewellyn, the fifth Champion sired by old Co stone. I remember her clear once you ever saw this fir setter bitch, you never forg was just about medium-siz and white, and she acted li full of steel springs all the

"Well, that 1915, the something like this has turne The dogs in those days, the just wasn't any quit in the all in this little Bee. After s her heat through all the ice everybody figured she had w the judges didn't make any ment until that night. Me Hochwalt and Fred Stephe up to the room of her handle zell. And there on the floor Beazell, tears streaming dow

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



dey just kept on yipping and barking, and I hollered at 'em, 'Jes' a minute, Preach, old Wes is coming; jes' a minute, Mary; jes' a minute, Teak.' But I knowed dey couldn't hear me; for all dey knowed I was asleep in de bed widout caring where dey was afire er not.

"I poured de water, and it didn't do nothing but say 'psht.' Ev'y now and den I let out a holler, so maybe somebody happen to hear me and come he'p . . . but didn't nobody. Den I went in, and drug old Babe out, only she never even had de strenk to stand up."

"You stay on the outside next time," Duff said. "We can raise more dogs, but they've quit making your brand of feller."

"You reckon I'm got to listen to 'em fum now on?" Wesley said. "Barking and barking and barking. Den Mister Duff shooting and shooting and shooting."

"No. You'll forget it after a while," Lucie said gently.

"Just can't believe my dogs is gone," he mumbled. "Paul?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wid me, son?"

"Right here, Papa."

an all-night hunt. And neither one of my scouts can come."

"Somebody here will scout for you."

"It takes somebody that knows this fool dog of mine," Duff said, sweat standing on his lip. "I just don't see a chance."

"You don't want to scratch the National Championship, do you?"

"No, but . . ."

"Well, work out something, boy."

DUFF stood staring at the broken mouthpiece of the telephone. He gave the crank a turn to ring off; the last note of the bell faded away.

"Duff," Lucie said, "I could scout for you, if you'd let me."

"What?" he said uncomprehendingly.

"I could help you run Judas."

"Where did that idea come from?"

"Listen, Duff—and try not to be so all-fired stubborn. I can ride a horse as good as anybody, and I know Judas. Is that true or not?"

"Maybe so, but you're—"

"That's all there is. No maybe to it," she said determinedly.

"You wait. Teague McGinnis is the man you're going to marry. What'll he think?"

WASTE CAN KEEP A THOUSAND BOMBERS GROUNDED



GALLANT MEN died today—fighting your fight. Died in steaming jungles and arctic wastes—died in fox-holes and flaming seas. Because we—arsenal of democracy—have thus far sent them too little—too late.

Could you have made it different? Could factories straining every effort in America's behalf have turned out more planes—more guns—more shells today—if you had let them?

Did you keep a bomber grounded—lacking just one vital part because of something you had wasted?

CARE OF YOUR CAR IS A PATRIOTIC DUTY

It's un-American today to say "Maybe they won't let me drive much longer, so why spend money keeping up my car?" America must have transportation to keep our war effort going. Don't let neglect of your car waste the precious miles built into it.

Do you know that there are more than 30 points that may be overlooked in lubrication by someone not trained to give you a proper job? Get lubrication regularly—and get it from someone who knows your car.

Do you know that there are at least 5 places where too much grease or oil can do as much harm as too little? Go to an expert!

Do you know that your engine "manufactures" acid which collects in the crankcase and corrodes parts unless oil is changed regularly?

Do you know that even top-quality oils and greases like Alemite are cheap compared to repair parts? And that shipping repair parts steals transportation urgently needed for war materials? And that a well-lubricated part lasts almost indefinitely?

Do you know that lubricants that were "good enough" in peace-time when you could replace your car may be all-too-costly luxuries today! Only the best can be counted on to see you through.

Today, waste has become treason. Because it can cost the lives of fighting men and postpone victory. Because it steals production time from busy machines—robs us of materials essential to the grim needs of war.

How much waste goes on, unnoticed and unchecked, in your own home today? Are you wearing out parts of your refrigerator faster than need be—through sheer neglect? Or in your car? Or washing machine?

Remember that the machines that once made Alemite systems and fuel pumps and other parts for passenger cars are now working night and day at grimmer tasks . . . as are the machines of every other maker of cars and accessories and scores of other peace-time products.

And a repair part for your car is steel that could have been a shell. Even getting spare parts to you takes shipping space desperately needed for guns and bombs and tank parts.

Will you help the enemy by such waste . . . when a little oil and grease—a little care—a simple adjustment by a service man, made in time, could easily make the old parts give the longer service they can give?

Find those unread instruction books—on your car and every other machine you own. Take the simple precautions they suggest. Give the service man a chance to prevent damage instead of repairing it. Every hour you save our hard-pressed industries brings victory an hour closer.

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THIS MESSAGE is published by Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Ill., solely in the interest of speeding American victory. We have no ax to grind . . . our machines have been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production. We hope that we may soon serve civilian needs again. But until this war is won, those needs must wait. There's a bigger job to be done.

holding La Besita in her lap. Bill could hardly speak, but finally he managed to say, 'Bee's got pneumonia.' About that time somebody knocked on the door and told us, 'The judges called back four dogs. La Besita's to run against Lewis C. Morris, tomorrow afternoon.' Bill said, 'We'll be lucky if she's alive tomorrow afternoon.'

"They sat up all night, swathing that little bitch in hot lard and turpentine, and giving her stimulants—not thinking about the championship any more, just trying to save her. Well, next day Bee was better, and it looked like they had stopped the pneumonia, if that's what it was, before it really got her. For the first time they began to wonder if they mightn't let her run. Beazell was against it, but Stephenson, who owned her, said to try her, and if she didn't go right they would take her up.

"The morning dogs didn't do anything much, so they knew the championship was still open. Well, they put her down, and from the way that little bitch started out, she could have run all day. When they had been down a half-hour, Bee made a spectacular find of a covey Lewis had just passed by without scenting, and the judges ordered the dogs up, and announced that La Besita was National Champion."

"From the way the weather looks outside," somebody said, "tomorrow might be another pneumonia day. Them pointers will be wishing they was setters."

"I wouldn't worry much about the two that's running tomorrow, if I was you. That Hotfoot, he'll be too busy bird hunting to notice the weather, and that damn' outlaw of Duff's is tougher than harness leather."

DURING the night Duff heard the wind blowing against the pane, and he put on his sheepskin coat and went downstairs. When he flashed the light into the woodshed, Judas was curled deep in the straw; the dog raised his head and his eyes caught in the light and blinked coldly. Duff went back upstairs. He looked at his watch, 3:14. Before getting into bed, he went to the bathroom to get a drink of water, but the faucet was frozen.

He looked out the window to see if he could tell anything about the weather. The sky was black. He got under the thick covers, but no sleep came to him. At six o'clock Duff rose, shivering in the cold room, and dressed. He put on heavy underwear, a sweat shirt beneath his whipcord shirt. The boots were stiff as he pulled them over the woolen socks.

The kitchen was even colder than the bedroom. He was looking for the coffee when Mrs. Tufts came in, squinting her eyes. She wore an old robe and a nightcap.

"You're starting mighty early," she said. "I'll make you some eggs."

"I didn't go to wake anybody up. Just thought I'd fix a little coffee."

"I was about ready to git up," she said.

When he had eaten, Mrs. Tufts said, "I wish you luck, Duff," and he went out to the woodshed to get his dog.

Judas apparently guessed what was up, and he shivered with nervous impatience, and Duff knew enough to be careful about handling him. When he had the leash on him, Judas walked on his hind legs all the way to the car. Duff put him on the back seat.

The starter turned the motor heavily, and finally it caught. Duff switched on the lights, and backed around. The wind blew a paper across the street. At the corner house he saw Lucie's light on. She came out, running for warmth, her breath frosting.

"Hello," she said, climbing in beside him.

"Hello," he answered.

Daylight was showing above the bare treetops when they got to the field-trial grounds. Judas kept yawning nervously on the back seat.

"It's sure going to be a rucktious day," Lucie said. "What are you going to do with that check cord, Duff?"

"I'm going to let this dog take some running behind the car."

"Right before he's due to start?" Lucie asked incredulously.

"You look at him and see," Duff said. "He's hot as a mail-order pistol."

"Aren't you afraid it'll take too much out of him?"

"He's got to have some of that taken out of him, or we'll spend the first hour hunting for him."

"You're the boss."

After tarring his feet, they put the long leash on Judas, and Duff leaned out the back window and held the other end of the leash. Through winding sand roads Lucie drove at a speed to keep Judas running. Not that Judas seemed to mind. Once or twice Duff said, "Better go a little faster. He's got the line slack again and liable to get tangled in it." Finally Duff decided that Judas'

wanly at him. "Duff, I wish you luck."

Duff felt a sudden warmth for her that almost overwhelmed him. He said, "I wish us luck, Lucie."

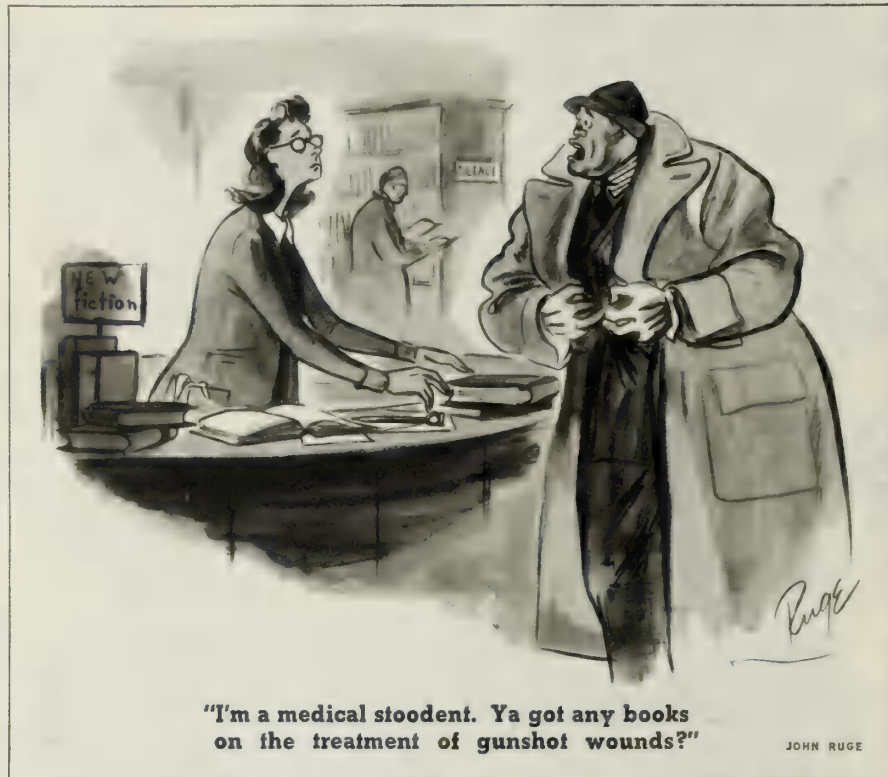
Now they were ready, the judges waiting up front. Judas dragged Duff through the gathering gallery, while Lucie followed with the two horses. Teague McGinnis, leading Hotfoot, muttered, "Hope it don't take 'em long to make up their minds. This ground's froze enough to cut a dog's feet plumb off."

THE judges looked at their watches. Time, 8:49. Temperature, 28. Sky overcast, variable winds shifting to the southwest.

One of the judges blew his nose, and said, "All right, let them go."

Duff unsnapped the leash, and Judas jumped away. Both dogs ran hard, straining to outdistance the other. Then they broke apart and swung out bird hunting, but without slowing. In a few seconds Judas disappeared over a hill, and to the left, Hotfoot disappeared too.

"Them dogs might as well be running on the pavement as this froze ground,"



wire edge had been run off, and he stopped the car. Judas breathed rapidly but without laboring. "I'll walk him around and let him blow a minute, and then we'll go on back," Duff said.

As Duff allowed Judas to pull him around, he listened to the gusty winter wind that rattled the stiff bare trees. He looked at his watch: 7:44. They were due to turn the dogs loose in forty-six minutes. Day seemed only halfway there; no sign of the sun. Judas was walking on his hind legs.

"Well, I see we didn't run him too much," Lucie admitted.

"He pulled me at a trot all the way up that road and back."

WHEN they got back to the starting ground the hostlers had come with their bunches of horses, and had fires going. The cars were arriving. "Here you go, boss, best saddler in Lardermore County. Just git on him and take a try, Cap'm; he's a Tennessee-walking scoun'l."

Lucie and Duff supervised the unloading of their horses from the truck. They minutely examined their horses' feet and legs, and bridles and girths and saddle billets.

"Okay?" Duff said.

"Okay," Lucie said. She smiled

a man said. "And for all the birds they'll find, too."

The horses' hoofs struck with a hollow clapping, and their breath fogged from wet nostrils. Duff and Teague sat loosely in their saddles, occasionally passing a casual remark to show the judges they had complete confidence in their dogs' willingness to stay on the course; but their eyes were sharply searching the terrain ahead. Hotfoot appeared momentarily. "Yon's my dog, Judge," McGinnis pointed out, and his confidence became genuine, while Duff's eyes narrowed. Lucie looked at him questioningly, but Duff shook his head.

They surmounted the rise, and Hotfoot could be seen skirting the woods line off to the left. Somebody whistled softly, and told his neighbor to look at that dog go. Duff now rode erect, and made no remarks, casual or otherwise. Then, incredibly far ahead, he made out a spot of white. It might have been a log, because it didn't move; or it might have been a dog.

"Yon's my dog, Judge," Duff said, "and he's on point."

The judges stood in their stirrups and looked, but they could see nothing. "If you see a dog," one of them said, "you've got better eyes than I have."

"Well, he's there all right."

"I see him," said a man suddenly. "Before God, where he is at!"

Duff spurred his horse, long squall of assurance Judas. There was a minute to traverse the and arrive at the patch cedars where Judas stood high and his head back cracked in a cocky grin. In one hand and his quirt Duff waited until the judge then he strode rapidly knowing by the elevation head exactly where the bird was. They rose close-bunched yet left their roost place tilted out and back, and over Judas' head. Judas about-face, but didn't check.

There's the dog they break, Duff thought, as he of Judas' collar. With a bling threateningly, Duff pads of his feet; they were

Now Judas was away again in that carefree, tail-Ahead was a cornfield along a branch swamp, a edge of it was a continuing weedy cover. Running followed this all the way to at the far end of his cast whirled and darted back and abruptly stopped, on They all saw it, and looked other significantly when Judas wing and shot. Two covey minutes of each other, or morning when the birds posed to be moving.

Hotfoot's groundwork fully capable, and there was about his manner of running the illusion of tremendous disappeared behind a roll swung back in beyond it. later Hotfoot made his find Judas crossing the field, a hundred yards away and back. Duff looked at Duff and thought, *There's the boy going to break.*

THE sun came up, and the ground had thawed. In ad of there was a coating of cold mud upon the earth, and places the horses sank over terns. The wind rose, burned faces of the men. later, as if the day weren't enough, a thin, stinging sleet, half rain came with it it grew colder again. The looking at each other. But gradually the sleet that seemed to settle the. Not that the dogs mind them ran with the air of bright fall afternoon, and difficulty of finding birds well have been. But after his third covey, Duff saw were now cut and slightly half-frozen mud matted toes. *I guess now's the time some of the guts you're so full of.*

Instead of slowing his seemed to quicken it, through a cold branch back around and then lev the fields ahead; and pointed, he did it with such intensity that even the ten novice was jolted up saddle.

"You reckon the judges to put a stop to it?" one asked, after a while.

"Mister, if them judges a same dog race I am, you c 'em with a blizzard."

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that great open flat, Judas soon demonstrated that he was at his best, for he smashed across those vast lespedeza fields, his great mottled form silhouetted on the gray background of trees and sky, always appearing somewhere ahead just when the judges would begin to wonder. . . . In less than twenty minutes he had the entire gallery with him. Not that Hotfoot was outclassed, for this dog is hard to beat any time, and impossible to beat some of the time. His work was done in his usual scintillating fashion, and the mistakes he made were negligible. But the weather seemed to hamper Hotfoot somewhat; not much, but a little. On the other hand, Duff Webster's fiery pointer seemed contemptuous of the killing weather, contemptuous of the gallery, and even contemptuous of his handler.

As this heat wore on while the judges were trying to find enough difference in the dogs to reach a decision, it became apparent that in this mighty pointer we were seeing one of the great dogs of the year, possibly even of all time. . . . Just when we were deciding this about Judas, he cast over some hills and in a little hollow Hotfoot was seen to flash into point. As McGinnis came up, the dog seemed to realize that he was pointing downwind, and then he did a piece of work very much like an expert chicken dog will sometimes do. He made a swift dash downwind and came back with the wind in his face, not in a crawling, creeping manner, but with snap and decision; in another moment he froze. The birds were there, and he was steady to wing and shot on this, his fifth covey.

Judas retaliated a few moments later, with his superb, inspirational handling of the covey in the gully. . . .

Occasionally both dogs were out of sight for several minutes, and the scouts rode out wide, searching. At first Duff had been doubtful about Lucie's ability to keep up with Judas; but she soon proved that she knew what she was to do, and more important, that she knew what Judas would do.

SHE rode back in and joined the gallery, and whispered to Duff, "How are we doing?"

"All right."

"Just all right, huh? You're crazy." She said it with the old lilt, and Duff liked it.

The course became almost serpentine, and every time they made a turn Duff was in a nervous sweat until Judas, guided by the rolling *Ha-a-ay, Jude!* bent around and appeared ahead again. Once, after a five-minute absence, he showed again at exactly the right place, and a man rode up to Duff and said, "If he wins, I'll give you five thousand dollars for him, and you to campaign him for me and take the winnings."

Duff said, "I'll think about it after he wins."

The man turned his horse, then came back, and said, "I'll pay it whether he wins or not."

"I'll think about it."

"Boys," an old man said, "you watch this race and remember it, and tell your children, because you've never seen one like it before."

"I saw Doughboy run in 1924," another answered.

A lawyer from Cincinnati said, thoughtfully, "Gentlemen, you take a careful look at that dog, Judas? Take a look at him. That's no Judas. That's old Ambling Sam come to life again!"

They looked, even the judges; and they saw it. For it did seem to be a reborn, rekindled Ambling Sam.

"You see it, Miss Lucie?" someone asked. "Isn't it so?"

Lucie said, "Yes, it's true!"

"Look at him hit those birdy places. You remember his crossing over to find

that last covey in the briar patch in the middle of that cottonfield? When he did it, I said, 'Now what dog was it used to pick out places like that?' and it came to me. Then I could see it in that short-coupled gait, and the way he cracks his tail."

THEY watched Hotfoot across an opening grass area where a covey had flushed wild, and saw him cast nervously about several times before going on; then Judas swung over and passed the same place and gave the lingering scent only one fling of his head, knowing the birds were gone. Five minutes later Lucie found Judas pointing on the edge of a series of gulleys. On the other side, where the dog was looking, was a weed patch which conceivably held the covey.

Well, you've picked a damned good place to cut your throat, Duff thought uneasily as he drew his gun from the

drawn in close. As he got back to his mount Lucie was grinning and winking at him, knowing, as he did, that the judges were on the verge of telling him to take his dog up, and that he had won. Then a long halloo reached them. On the far hill was Teague McGinnis, and McGinnis' hat was raised high—signaling a point for Hotfoot.

After that there was nothing to do but run them longer. Now the sun was out, and there was no wind. Both dogs reached out to the horizon in their casts, and the day had suddenly, now that the race was in its last stage, become almost pleasant. Quail were moving—the gallery rode up several coveys.

The course made another right-angle bend, and the handlers squalled at regular intervals. Five minutes passed and neither dog showed. Far out to the side, Lucie could be seen riding hard, searching and calling. Duff signaled her farther out to the left.



saddle scabbard. Judas stood as if on tiptoes, his nose high, his breath sounding audibly, the cold, wet hide of him stretched tight over his flared ribs. Duff skidded down the side of the gully.

As he started up the other side, a shadow flickered across his vision, and he looked up to see Judas pass overhead in a great leap. "Hey!" Duff yelled, and swore in bitter anger. But there was no whirr of wings. Duff climbed the wall of the gully, and there stood Judas. He had landed on point in the patch of grass.

There was hardly room for a covey of birds, but Duff kicked around in the cover. Nothing happened. Puzzled, Duff gave a sharp blast on the whistle. Immediately Judas leaped, as if touched with a hot wire, across a second gully. He landed in a half-crouch, tail-up, frozen. And this time Duff knew the birds were there. He crossed the gully and flushed them, and they boiled up from all sides of the motionless dog.

Out of the corner of his eye, Duff saw the judges conferring, their horses

"Durned if I ever seen two dogs have the pure hair run off of 'em, and still be tough enough to get lost!" somebody said.

THE judges and the gallery stopped and waited. Another five minutes passed, and still no sign of either dog. Duff and Teague now rode the surrounding woods desperately, kicking their horses without mercy; all of them knew that, in all likelihood, the first dog found would be given the stake.

Then, in a heavy cover beyond a chill branch, Duff saw something white. As he approached he knew it was a dog. The horses splashed through the branch and galloped up the hillside; and there, half-hidden in the brush, stood Hotfoot, pointing birds.

Duff rode back out into the cornfield and held up his hat. The gallery broke and came toward him. To the right of them, Teague McGinnis appeared, and Duff motioned to him.

"Yonder's your dog, pointing," Duff said to Teague.

"My dog?" Teague said, him.

"Right yonder," Duff said on out to continue the search but there was no hurry, for was over and Hotfoot was champion.

A few minutes later Lucie found Judas nearly a mile away, on the course, on point. Now the gallery, Duff walked up to Judas a moment he stood there beside watching him. A big drove passed overhead, swerving a bare treetops. Somewhere in the distance a crow cawed. Duff walked front. The covey whirled up and leveled his gun and pulled the trigger and a cock quail fell out of the flight. Judas retrieved the quail and Duff let him eat it.

"Duff, you told me to go left," Lucie said.

"It wasn't your fault. I was wrong, I reckon. All we need was follow the course; he was where he was supposed to be

WHEN they got back, most of the horses were gone. The hostlers were waiting. Two men were getting a rearing horse into the corral. Fires smoldered here and there, and the hostlers had waited.

Duff took Judas' muzzle out of the trunk of the car and put it so they could dry him off without being bitten. Lucie while Duff rubbed him with a sack. She stroked the dog's head. Judas didn't like it.

"Duff," Lucie said thoughtfully, "just had to report Teague's dog didn't you?"

"Sometimes I think I don't have a sense."

"But you had to do it. You simply ride on past and keep looking at your own dog. No, not you, Webster," she mused. "That's right. But I knew you were long ago. I guess that's why you love you."

He stopped rubbing. "I'm sorry, Lucie. I'm used to it."

She answered, "It doesn't hurt. It isn't."

"Honest, Lucie?"

"Oh, Duff, you know it as well as I do."

He kissed her hard on the cheek. All the months of missing her were consummated. "I thought I'd never see you once, Lucie, but I'm different. Things have been different, but they're straight now."

Lucie suddenly took his hand and kissed the back of it, in the way she remembered. She said, "Duff, think things might be the way to say they would? About such a Canada on the prairies, and calling the dogs round the circuit that you used to tell me about table and the amber studs?"

"Yes, that's the way it will be. Then he added, "And now we'll win this championship."

Lucie looked at him. "What's that, Duff?"

"Next year," he said determinedly, "we're going to win this championship."

She smiled softly and sadly, remembering that her father, Amos Hawthorne, had every year. "Yes, Duff," she finally, "next year we will win it."

Duff said, "Hold him still and dry him under here."

Judas stood still while Duff rubbed his belly and legs with the crock. The dog was growling, but in a sent-minded sort of way, for he was looking out toward the sedge that bordered the pond and the sedge that bordered the pond.

THE END

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 26

minutes earlier and go to minutes later, but most of the week you just blow Reveille (en loaf in between"). He camp Dix and during the maneuvers, then landed at where, first crack out of the y tossed a rifle at him and making ruts on guard duty. n explained itself next ys he: "I wake up when inds and can't believe my ugler is hitting all those notes in there easily—and of the morning! I decide p and am disappointed to one of those canned bugle ficers say the only thing his system is that Taps ly everybody on the post.

s've noticed the number of s no've taken the bands out

s Loaded,
r Bauer

up P. Marquand

s Simpson was too
pls for the Ameri-
colony at Boca
d, but the Ger-
had a job all
dy for her. A rous-
e of Nazi in-
ue outh of the sun

INING IN NEXT
EK COLLIER'S

aps, us permitting the tops
sual on the brims. It's the
r influence.

RNOS ISLAND, N. Y. On
rst light of the East Coast
one Pvt. Stuart Young, on
detail decided too much light
ing from a window in the resi-
Lt. n. Hugh A. Drum. He
dodell and . . . well, it
be much of a story if anyone
general had answered. Awed
ments, the soldier delivered
age. Was the general put out?
e the ghts? Yep.

ORT BRAGG, N. C. Every
ne wears his medals. Sgt.
James Maloney, of the Ninth
Division medics, gets arrested
.P.s. when he leaves them off,
calls n down. The sergeant
ran of the last war and earned
f badge, including the Verdun
and the Order of the Purple
ut who he sticks them on his
d wall around near-by Fay-
M.P. regard him with fishy
the he generally winds up in
charged with decorating him-
embellishments bought at an
ore. "I'm getting on my nerves,"
Maloney.

ENID ARMY FLYING SCHOOL.
Okla. To keep the Air Corps cal-
isthenics program distinctive. Capt.
Charles Marr, officer in charge of physi-
cal training for the Gulf Coast Training
Center, B. E. Phillips, civilian member
of the toughening-up department, and
Dr. P. V. Karpovich, of the Research
staff at Randolph's School of Aviation
Medicine, put their heads together and
cooked up an imaginary airplane flight
of seven exercises for the daily warm-
up.

Exercise No. 1 is known as the Motor
Warm-up in which the cadet swings his
arms in imitation of a spinning prop.
No. 2 is the Take-off, chiefly a leg work-
out, ending with a leap into the air.
Twisting the body in imitation of a
Climbing Turn is No. 3. The infantry's
side-straddle hop—a jumping and arm-
swinging exercise—is No. 4, the Strato-
sphere Hop. No. 5, Power Dive, is a
quickly executed body bend in which
the head is thrust vigorously toward the
ground. Blackout, No. 6, is a squat-
ting exercise in which the cadet yells
while grabbing his knees hard and press-
ing them against his abdomen and chest
(actually recommended to pilots for
fighting off the blacking-out effects of
power dive pull-outs). No. 7, Landing,
is a forward lunge with a bouncing mo-
tion that stretches muscles in legs and
sides. They're good for you—but watch
out for a crack-up if you should happen
to be soft.

CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral Wells,
Tex. One guy who isn't grouching
about the uniforms now being handed
out is Corp. Ed. Baxter, 43, back in the
Army to finish a job he thought was
done in 1918. "In 1917," says he, "we
wore hobnail boots with so many studs
attached you could skate from one end
of the barracks to the other. They felt
like a ton of scrap metal and if you got
'stuck in the mud somebody had to pull
you out. And the dog tags—round, and
a quarter-inch thick. Coupla millstones
around your neck. Our raincoats were
also our shelter halves—square pieces
of tarpaulin with a hole in the middle
for your head. We never could decide
which was worse—a raincoat without
sleeves or a tent with a hole in the
top."

KELLY FIELD REPLACEMENT
TRAINING CENTER, San Antonio.
The Civil War may have been called
off on December 7th but there's still a
lot of good-natured guerrilla warfare
going on in the Lone Star State. When
a new arrival from Yankeeland checks
in at this field he's generally snared by
a Texan upperclassman who demands
to know: "Why did you come here, Mis-
ter?" Only approved answer is: "I came
here, sir, to be a Yank in the T.A.F.
(Texas Air Force)."



CAMP BARKELEY, Tex. Sec-
ond Lt. W. M. Blanchard, Co.
A, 57th Bn. Medical Replace-
ment Training Center, isn't sure
whether he's a poor teacher or whether
circumstances were to blame. Anyway,
in a class in scouting he had 13 men
stand in the classroom aisle and pass a
message from one to the other for the
purpose of seeing how well it would be
translated and transmitted. The origi-
nal message read: "The enemy is on
hill 30, north of the old school." It came
out: "The enemy is in hell, 30 miles
east of the old school."

WISHFUL thinking, no doubt.

G. W.

EVEN THOUGH YOU INHALE. NO WORRY ABOUT THROAT IRRITATION!

SURE you inhale. All smokers do—some-
times. So play safe with your throat.

Look at this . . . a vital difference found
and reported by eminent doctors who com-
pared the leading favorite cigarettes:

**SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING
POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE
THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—
AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE
THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE
STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!**

This exclusive, proved protection is a plus—
added to your enjoyment of the superb-
quality PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos. Smoking
that's a lot more fun—and no worry about
throat irritation—even when you do inhale!



BECAUSE YOU DO INHALE

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *Finest* CIGARETTE



Take the Day Off

Continued from page 24

both of them came back with eyes soft and shining, and stood an unnecessarily long time in the porch shadows before entering the house. Whippy Mullins, with hospitality due an important visitor, was put up for the night in the west guest room, which connected through a bathroom with the east guest room wherein, tomorrow, would be the governor.

"The Herald was trying to reach you, Mr. Mullins," said Mrs. Mattison, "but I'm afraid our local phone operator has gone to bed by now. Wilgate is a pretty quiet place after 10 o'clock."

"That's all right," declared Whippy with the breeziness of a big man. "Just a routine call. Probably checking to see if I got here. A newspaper always has to know where it can reach its men."

"I want you to make this your home," continued Mrs. Mattison. "My brother will be coming tomorrow to spend a few days with us, but I do hope you can stay until tomorrow evening and have one of our real old family-reunion dinners."

"That's swell," said Whippy, thinking of the phone call from The Herald, of me, and of his job. Then he looked at the blond sleekness of Edwina's hair and that it-can't-be-true shape. The scales just didn't balance.

"Gee," grinned Whippy. "I'd love to stay. . . ."

ABOUT eleven o'clock I knew there wasn't much point keeping after the phone call. People in places like Wilgate use party lines, and a call to Whippy at that late hour would bring every ear into action. And they'd hear plenty—mostly that The Herald was telling its man to spy on the governor.

"Yeah," said Jerry. "You're dead right. Better send a wire and have him call us first thing tomorrow. This thing could boomerang if the Globe-Press ever got their mitts on it."

So I sent a telegram: "Please phone office at first opportunity. Need you for assignment."

That was a bad choice of words, but then how was I to know that Edwina Mattison was enough to make even my tough old heart turn over like a flapjack on a hot griddle?

The wire was at his plate when Whippy came down for breakfast the next morning. He ripped it open and read without emotion. Edwina watched apprehensively, her blue eyes wide, because a telegram is still an instrument of dire news in places like Wilgate.

"Nothing," said Whippy, pocketing the yellow paper. "Mere routine stuff." Yet something told him inside that he was flirting with unemployment.

The governor arrived at 11 o'clock, accompanied by two motorcycle troopers and a cloud of fine, white dust. But about a quarter-hour before his whirlwind entrance, Whippy met Morgan Olney and a scene boiled up that might best be described as dramatically tense. It was so tense that Morgan popped Whippy on his thin, sensitive nose and Whippy popped Morgan into the fine, white dust which, up to that time, had just been lying in the road minding its own business.

From all symptoms this Morgan Olney was, to phrase it in the vernacular, a louse. Usually he divided his time between Wilgate and Bellington, which is where the Globe-Press is published. He lived with his mother in Wilgate but, like Edwina, Morgan Olney also had a distinguished uncle, albeit a Democrat. This uncle owned the Globe-

Press. Morgan's excursions to Bellington invariably eked petty loans from his mother's well-heeled brother, although "loans" is a weak description. Morgan never had anything to pay them back with except further loans from the same uncle—an obviously unsatisfactory arrangement for the Bellington publisher.

Edwina, as certainly indicated by her writing prowess, was no mental marvel. This was undoubtedly why she committed the volatile error of introducing Whippy to Morgan when they met him walking down a gravel path near the one-room post office. Whippy didn't quite catch the name.

"HOW are you, Mullins?" asked Morgan, lurching forward to clasp his fingers in a hydraulic-press handshake. Whippy never liked people who called him by his last name. "It's okay if they want to say Mr. Mullins. They can call me Whippy or Snooks or any obscene but friendly thing they want," he once told me. "But, gee, how I hate to be called just plain Mullins."



"Well, dear, how did the war go today?"

BARNEY TOBEY

"Oh, a reporter, eh?" said Morgan. "Pretty dull place for The Herald to send a reporter, isn't it? I don't suppose the governor's visit could have anything to do with your staying at the Mattisons?"

"The governor?" asked Whippy, with authentic surprise. "What do you mean?"

Instead of answering, Morgan Olney laughed. "A very naïve chap, sweetheart," he informed Edwina. It was her turn to be surprised.

"But Whippy—didn't you know? I mean, about Uncle coming here for a few days?"

Whippy felt something mounting up inside that seemed suspiciously like the fumes of anger. Probably more than anything else, they were generated by hearing Morgan call Edwina "sweetheart." "Listen," he said pugnaciously, "I don't like your hint. I knew nothing about the governor coming to Wilgate. The Herald doesn't have to sneak its news."

His final slam had an instant reaction: "What makes you think the Globe-Press does, chump?" Morgan Olney's jaw was as far out as Whippy's, and they looked like a couple of school-

boys fighting to decide who'd carry the little blond girl's books home. The quick defense of the Globe-Press gave Whippy a flash hunch and for the first time he realized that here was the writer of that letter I had taken out of the files—the one applying quietly for Edwina's job.

"That comic sheet!" snorted Whippy. Morgan Olney's right hook went into motion. "You can't talk that way about my uncle's paper," he said calmly. It was all rather unexpected. Whippy, although not going down, definitely lost ground. Edwina gave a funny little squeal like a baby puma.

"It won't do you any good to start pumping the governor," added Morgan. "He isn't going to tell you a thing about that federal highway until he's ready. The Globe-Press has all the facts, anyhow."

"Now," declared Whippy, retaking the ground he'd lost, "I'm quite sure I don't like you. Quite sure." It was over in about three seconds. Morgan Olney sat straight-legged in the dust, and watched Whippy take Edwina's arm

Washington? The cigar snuff. Besides, I can never the taxi drivers are gyp-

Morgan Olney was insistent. "Governor," he argued, "the the Globe-Press are citizen state, and entitled to know not the federal government build that superhighway."

Whippy sat on the porch listened hostilely. Edwina him. The governor had cl out on the porch in his favorite chair, and there was no word from Morgan from leaning over the rail except with a burst of. Unfortunately the Mattison friends of the Olneys.

"What superhighway?" as with blunt curiosity.

The governor took his pipe pocket and knocked it again. "It's a new project, Mr. N explained. "The state wants to cooperate with the federal government federal funds—to build highway, the length of the the spine of the mountains provide a valuable transport for national defense."

Whippy whistled softly. The Herald, eh, Mullins?" said with ostentatious glee.

"We've tried to keep it private said the governor. "I guess I been up to some detective work in Washington, Morgan. Since you been a reporter?"

"Uncle sometimes calls me special stories," replied Morgan. "Now, look, Governor, I want you to say is yes or no. Washington okayed it?"

THE governor held his tongue in one hand and was filling meticulously, paying almost no attention to what had been said. "What do you say?" urged Morgan.

"Look," said Whippy, finally. "Go peddle your papers elsewhere. You oughta be able to doesn't want to talk."

The governor shook his head. "I'm afraid the answer's no, son."

Morgan's face lit up as the one had built a bonfire inside really mean it's no, sir?"

"You heard what I said," nor was concentrating on that flickered over the bowl.

"Well, say, thanks a lot Morgan Olney. "Thanks a vanished like a snowflake breaking into a run at the end."

Whippy watched him go with resentment. All he could think the Globe-Press is an after giving it a clean twelve-hour The Herald. Besides, the state on the press wire out of capital tonight if the Globe-Press it.

That was a consolation. Criers were always getting excited nothing. Sure, The Herald to have the whole story by time. Whippy looked at weighed duty against devotion once in his confident youth without an answer.

It was right after I'd sent wire and put in another phone Wilgate that I saw Jerry come out of his office like a on its way to an oil-tank explosion. "Where's that guy Mullins screamed at me. "Where is headed moron?"

"What's the matter?" I ask

patronizingly. "Come, sweetheart," said Whippy.

"You shouldn't have hit him," she protested.

"He shouldn't have hit me," tallied Whippy, and Edwina found his logic sound. "Morgan has a terrible temper," she explained. Whippy's interest was mounting like an August thermometer. This had the smell of a good story. Why should he go back to the office for some midget assignment? He could always pretend the wire never came.

And about that time the governor skidded up in front of the Mattison house with all that inexplicable haste that governors usually exhibit, even when they're just going somewhere for peace and a little rest.

THE governor was a large man with a frankness that had won him both friends and the election. When he looked down at Morgan Olney, who had come to interview him, there was a keen twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Look, son," he said, "I've come up here to Wilgate because I've had a tough week in Washington and I need a rest. Did you ever spend a week in

do of a trapped rabbit. "Mattered Jerry. "Matter? Look came in on the evening plane ington." He waved an after- of the Globe-Press in front and I saw it had "EXTRA" in caps up in each of the ears. was an eight-column streamer across the front page, and a subdecks hanging from it. ys No to Highway Plan," it (with the brashest, blackest e in the whole Globe-Press room.

you something was cookin'," r. "I told you we should cons- ns and have him watch the And what happens? The ss makes us look like a bunch farmers!"

working himself skyward with "nd me Mullins!" he yelled. im chopped up on a plat-

in the phone rang. It was a scape and I felt a good deal le toward that usually ob- trument. "Hello," I wavered. r call to Wilgate," cooed the or "Mr. Mullins has left. They i, returning to his office."

and the phone back into its an looked up. "He's on his way les."

's roar was like that of a lion be living on a coral reef for ves without fresh meat. "That ne pronounced, "is hereby fired."

PE came up the stairs to the wsum about eight o'clock. I was to like him dead. The pleased on is face did nothing to culti- any nerosity.

ere he hell have you been?" I was the same roar, almost, rried. Mentally, I had been ing "Why didn't you answer my ippose you know that you biggest story of the year! anody ever tell you we some- push extras?"

ppy stood a moment in the door- Everyone stopped what he was and aed. "Kid," I declared, my un- consciously lowering itself, e ju plain fired. Through. We wan you."

ppy came into the room, and for at the I saw what everyone was at, he moved lightly as a fawn, r big eyes looked back at us in bewilderment. For a second I t by anything. I don't think ver on a girl more beautiful, and ing at struck me most was her you and fresh and so com- y natural.

n, behind the two, appeared a man with oddly familiar features. emedo be out of breath from the up to stairs. It hit me with the mnes of a screen door slamming his was the governor! He looked ke h pictures, only maybe a lit- der.

ief," said Whippy, speaking for first time, "I want you to meet E. son—the loveliest correspondent ur whole card file." Her smile was y incible, and I would have felt dizz old fool if the governor's ne han't already made me dizzy. and, Chf," added Whippy, "this is overna."

ow at you, sir?" I muttered in ent toes. "Whippy, you better e Jerry." My voice was sugared cumstance.

led to pair across the newsroom rry's face, and I noticed that ma's head was tightly in his. The nor ead his heavy frame through ttle do way, and a silence settled us all e an arctic winter. Down- I cou hear the matrices clicking e linopes.

Then about three of us got the same idea at once and tiptoed over to the water cooler that stands just outside Jerry's office. I fumbled the first paper cup onto the floor and had to take a second one. You could hear the conversation inside plainly.

"And I'd appreciate it, Mr. McConnell," said the deep voice of the governor, "if The Herald would give the people of this state the real story. I have been grossly misquoted by the Globe-Press and, as this wire I received tonight shows, Washington has granted full approval of the highway project. Contractors' specifications will be issued next week."

We all reached for a second cup of water and nodded smugly.

"You see, Jerry," piped up Whippy's younger voice, "the governor said no to this Globe-Press man, meaning that the federal approval hadn't come through yet. But the dope thought that no meant the project had been turned down. That's how it happened."

Then we heard the governor speaking: "When the State House called me late this afternoon at Wilgate and said the Globe-Press was out with the exact opposite of the truth, why, Mr. Mullins—I mean Whippy—persuaded me that I should come down here and give you the real picture."

Before we had a chance to get back to our desks, Jerry was at the door. His face was transfixed with the beatific smile that only a newspaperman can have when he's up to his armpits in a hot story.

"Everybody hold up what he's doing," bellowed Jerry. "We're puttin' out an extra. Pat, I want you on rewrite. Jim, go get me everything on the governor that's in the morgue." The room whirled with action. Jerry sat inside his office, beating out a lead story on his typewriter and interviewing the governor at the same time.

After the excitement had bubbled down to routine and we had the front page all redummed, the governor and Edwina left. Whippy vanished with them and was missing maybe five minutes. When he came back, I was in Jerry's office getting my out-of-town page revised to take care of some of the runover from page one.

"Whippy," I said. "Two things: First, get that lipstick off your right cheek before someone less understanding sees it."

He blushed gracefully. Jerry was smiling.

"Second, Whippy," I said, "how did you ever persuade the governor to come down here from Wilgate with you?"

HIS grin was moronically happy. "And why," he asked me, "shouldn't the governor do a little thing like that for his niece's fiancé?" It left me with as little wind as a hot August night.

All I could say was, "Well, kid, I hope you'll forgive my nasty remarks. It'll be good to have the governor's nephew-in-law working with me."

"Working with you—my hat!" snapped Jerry. "Whippy's going to the state capital. He's our new correspondent there."

But Whippy Mullins, who married the governor's niece and got his picture in every paper throughout the state, including the Globe-Press, was too smart a youngster for plain newshawking. By now he's worked up to be state road commissioner, and that's only a start. The kid's going to the top, wherever it is. But sometimes when I'm down lifting an elbow at the Starlight, I get very philosophical and begin to wonder what would have happened if I'd gone up to Wilgate myself that time instead of giving Whippy the day off. E. Mattison was sure a pretty girl.

THE END

IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN AND A FAVORITE ON THE FARM



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idle attic space into comfortable, livable quarters since this versatile insulation can be applied to roof rafters from the inside, bringing the attic within the insulated area.

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LIGHT WEIGHT . . . EFFICIENT . . . PERMANENT

This blanket of feather-light Cellufoam comes in easy-to-handle rolls. Quickly installed—just cut, apply and staple it to studs, joists and rafters. No settling, shrinking or sagging. Cell-U-Blanket has sturdy water-proofed coverings—provides a positive vapor barrier, is wind-proof, moisture-resistant and permanent.

The lumber dealer in your community who handles Masonite Presdwood Products has Cell-U-Blanket Insulation or can procure it for you. Secure his advice on your insulating problems or write direct to Masonite Corporation, Dept. C-6, 111 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., for FREE sample and further details.

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Radio's Hawkear

By Frank J. Taylor

Noyes McKay, new kind of detective, started correcting radio speakers when they murdered the King's English. Now his roster includes the names of most of the big-time broadcasters

NEXT time when you catch President Roosevelt or Raymond Gram Swing or your favorite newscaster murdering the King's English over the air—something the best of them unwittingly do, it appears—don't dial him out in disgust. Instead, put Hawkear, the Radio Detective, on the trail. All it takes is a penny postcard.

"The Hawkear," in case you don't know him, is Mr. Noyes McKay, a stoutish, graying, voluble scholar with spectacles and a goatee, residing in Berkeley, California. There he spends most of his waking hours in front of a small but highly selective radio receiving set. His other sleuthing props are dictionaries, gazetteers, assorted handbooks, a midget xylophone, a stop watch,

a telephone, a letter file, and a card case known as "the spook file" and filled with evidence of assault and battery on innocent radio listeners' eardrums by some of the biggest shots on the air.

Ordinarily, Mr. McKay is a mild, affable person, but when some broadcaster, announcer, or radio star begins butchering words and diction or using his mike for a tom-tom, Mr. McKay sees red. He has seen red so much in the two years since he took up radio bug catching that his ire has smoldered into a one-man, nationwide crusade to "fumigate the nits and lice out of broadcasting," as he puts it, and make it easier for the millions on the receiving end of the barrage of words from newscasters, commentators, announcers, speakers, and preachers.

An odd angle to McKay's sleuthing is that he is paid, not by the radio listeners who benefit most by his work, but by the very men he is on the alert to catch in error. They include such top-flight broadcasters as Raymond Gram Swing, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and H. V. Kaltenborn in the East, and on the West Coast such radio personalities as Bob Andersen of KSFO, Phillip Stearns of KFRC, Bob Garred of KNX, Hollywood, and dozens more. Most of them just wouldn't believe they were butchering language until Hawkear caught

them cold in from thirty to forty errors of pronunciation or diction per hour. Some newscasters even ran over sixty "boots" an hour, at which point Hawkear refused to clock them any more.

McKay contends that though the average listener may not be able to put his finger on boners of speech, he recognizes and appreciates smooth, easy-listening language.

"Suppose someone handed you a magazine or newspaper with all the capitals, commas, and periods put in the wrong places," he exclaimed. "You'd have a tough time reading. In radio, right pause and inflection are the punctuation of broadcast speech, and the secret of easy listening. The air audience is entitled to look to our broadcasters as a source of correct pronunciation, too, and not of more bad habits. Johnny Q. Public may not know why he doesn't like your speech, but he can shut you off in a hurry with the twist of a knob; and those twistings make or break radio reputations."

Brooklyn born, McKay has been a linguist since his Harvard days. His sensitive ear catches the slightest deviation from the right sound in English words or names, and in foreign names in French, German, Spanish, Russian, and nearly twenty other languages found in the war news.

Noyes McKay, doctor of diction, lectures to a group of pupils: (left to right) Bob Andersen, ace air salesman of KSFO; Yvonne Peattie, "Adrienne Day" of "House"; Willard Homan, manager of the CBS West Coast Bureau; and Bob Andersen of KSFO, whom McKay considers the most accurate speaker

"No broadcaster needs to be a foreign tongue," says Hawkear. "He needs to do is find the a and learn how to read diacritics."

During his years as a broadcast efficiency engineer, the Hawkear's mission was language. Words were sheer beauty; words were monstrosities.

With time on his hands in the Berkeley home to which he retired, McKay turned his old pump got fancy, "McKay" for amusement to a study of international affairs, relying upon his keen ear to keep him abreast of events every time he tuned in a news analyst or a public speaker, the

(Continued on page 51)



"Remember the days
before you went away?"

"Lonesome for you—Ginger"

SIT HIM EVERY WEEK IN *SNAPSHOTS*

WHEN he's away from home—snapshots fill a need nothing else can fill. So tuck a bunch of them in your next letter. Make a practice of sending them every week. They'll put a big wallop in his mail. To him they're the next best thing to a visit from the home folks.

And because these are mighty important snapshots—don't take chances—load with Kodak Verichrome Film. The great majority of snapshooters all over America prefer it.

Verichrome's tremendous popularity is due to its remarkable "range." This great range takes care of reasonable exposure errors—

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SEND ALONG THAT EXTRA ONE OF YOURS

Cameras are a big "want" among Service men. If you have an extra Kodak or Brownie, even an old one—make some soldier happy by sending it to him, with some film. Every camera Eastman makes is designed and built to last for years.



Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

Send him Snapshots every week

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Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

in the pronunciation and diction of commonplace words and names stung his eardrums. The weak confusion of inept delivery and the negligent butchery of foreign names exasperated him.

McKay clocked and recorded the errors of radio speakers for weeks on end. His study showed that each broadcaster hit about the same percentage of boners, program after program.

"Somebody ought to tip the boys off," he said. "No one can correct what he doesn't know is wrong."

But when he tried to tell them, he found there existed no means of scoring these mistakes scientifically. Whereupon McKay worked out his own rating system, the first evolved for measuring speech efficiency. It worked in this manner:

When a broadcaster mispronounces a word, McKay scores one error against him; for using a second-choice pronunciation, he scores half an error. Repetitions of an error in the same program are overlooked. Then McKay scores one error for each law of right delivery broken by the speaker during his program.

The total faults and the minutes talked are entered in the "spook file," and the broadcaster's speech efficiency rating is his average number of errors per hour of solid speech.

When the Hawkear consulted the speech savants of near-by universities to obtain the accepted laws of delivery: he was informed, to his utter amazement, that no such thing existed. So he researched them by listening for wrong effects, and set down the simple laws his findings evolved. "But when anyone disputes one of these 'laws' he doesn't argue with me," says the Hawk. "I step aside and let him fight it out with Old Man Logic—and nobody has been able to dislocate one of them yet."

McKay found that only five basic elements are used in oral delivery: pause and inflection, the verbal punctuation; emphasis; and changes of pace and pitch. Mishandling these, he says, results in only about six different mistakes, aside from the faults of swallowing syllables and slurring-in-the-joints which exist in the no man's land between pronunciation and diction. These six delivery faults are: Wrong or omitted pauses and stresses, and the mistreatment of four kinds of word groups—series, parentheses, appositions, and the source-lines which tell where facts or quotes come from.

McKay found that the right or wrong handling of these few dictional elements determines why, irrespective of good pronunciation, some broadcasts come over the radio clear, vibrant, and colorful, while others are "so befogged and monotonous that you can use them to put babies to sleep."

McKay's Report Cards

With this simple technique worked out, McKay scored dozens of unsuspecting broadcasters, one after another, recording their errors on cards kept in his spook box. From time to time, he mailed these spook cards to the men behind the mike. Along with the critique invariably went a letter, explaining modestly what McKay was up to, no less than a one-man campaign to eliminate bad English from the ether waves.

"It was the first time they'd had pictures taken of how they really sounded at the mike," laughed McKay. "At first they thought I was a new kind of nut. When they tried to smack me down, they found I had the goods on them. We

settled all pronunciation arguments by the dictionary."

McKay had a naive idea that radio stations might jump at the chance to use his scoring and correcting system for their announcers and broadcasters. They didn't. Next he propositioned the broadcasters themselves. Some were not interested; some were too busy. But one up-and-coming newscaster, Phillip Stearns, of the Mutual network's station KFRC in San Francisco, a former actor who had always worked on the stage with a coach, engaged McKay to "catch bugs" during his two daily turns at the mike.

Stearns soon interested others in the critiques, and before he knew it, without leaving his den in Berkeley, McKay had become a professional radio Hawkear whom his victims dubbed "The Hawkear of Berkeley Hills."

Then troubles began piling up. Jawbreakers like von Brauchitsch, Dnepropetrovsk, Svobodnyi, Saracoglu and van Leeuwenhoek were creeping into the daily newscasts. Since pronunciation of many of these tongue twisters was not in reference books McKay enlisted the aid of foreign-born experts, in more than twenty languages to solve the problem. They were exchange students and professors from the countries involved, whom he located at near-by colleges and at International House on the University of California campus. Now McKay has a volunteer staff of nearly forty that can, in a two-minute telephone huddle, handle the name of any town or general turned into news by the war-mad legions of Hitler or Mussolini or the Mikado.

Next McKay organized a volunteer corps of two-score skilled auxiliary listeners—professors, writers, radio speakers—all intrigued by his pure-speech drive. They listen in their own homes as deputy-Hawkears any time McKay calls on them for a corroborative opinion.

War in the Pacific has kept the radio sleuth on the alert from seven A. M. until after ten at night. The newscasters have been having a bad time with Far

East names. McKay catching Hi-rohito, when the en's name is He-Ro with a faint guttural KI Lin-GAY-enn, when the pine battle ground is L. They spoke of smiling, Kurusu as though he were the singer, when his name just as the ex-ambassador NO-mura; and the Japanese YAH-wa-tah, not Ya-Wa ear's authority on Japanese Chitoshi Yanaga, of the California faculty.

Another jawbreaker is coglu, the Turkish prime name, the radio sleuth he isn't pronounced SOO-kr glue, as most of the radio but Shü-CRÜ Sir-Roge lieve it or not, with two the first name.

Newscasters' News

Hawkear has the news themselves to sleep at night the Russian names, even such as Moscow, which the bovine ending, but while Budenny is, or was, ny. Sevastopol isn't Se but Sye-vas-TAW-paw. RZWAWFF; and Ore is like Max O'Rell. Among shots, little Joe Goebbels Hawkear says, and Goerin both the GAY's being sared, whistling lips; while general is VAHL-tair faw itch, with the first syllab. the German Reich or the Over in the Chinese the CHUNG-king ought to be CHOONG-KING, with stressed like Hong Kong Kai-shek is nothing DjeeAHNG-kye-SHEK, a

By the end of the current McKay hopes to have the reeling off with the greatest such jawbreakers as Dn which, incidentally, is sim



-Peh-TRAWFFSK. Try it sober.

present baby xylophone in r's radio den always fasci-llers. McKay added it to kit when he found there n way to describe an inflec-ly in written words. Now, newscaster goes haywire in is, McKay taps out the on the muted xylophone, c notes under the syllables ends them to the language h a memo, "Try this on the and see how funny you ew minutes of chopsticks easter gets the idea.

to find out just how accu-peech could be under pres-engineered a friendly radio t between Mutual's Phillip FRC, San Francisco, and a of KSFO, then the Co-rk's station in that city. dcasters, each man han-e newscasts every week, hot-nes, the toughest chore be-me. When the race started, bled around fifteen errors an in, a district average of close As e contest developed, these off until Andersen actually xcessive broadcasts, total-ty minutes of speech, without ro. He won the contest with 4 faults per hour of speech. nised right on his heels with me broke all existing records auracy, and today McKay's, which covers mike-men from oad shows Andersen Number ear: Number 2 in accurate ech for the entire country.

his time, another ally came to keas aid. It was the Hooper oll, which is taken daily and ean month, to tell sponsors yople out of a thousand tel hone are listening to each e air at any time. This ed decided increase in listen- wsters with the best speech y McKay scores.

olls prove that the radio audi-gniz's good English and likes nin' explained McKay. Im-Dc Forbes, the Richfield Bo Garred of KNX, Holly-oss toward of KQW in San e Sparks, the University e Ware, the noted free-adio actor; Austin Fenger, Rad Rancher; and a dozen cific coast radio voices asked o can their bugs, too.

Dicta—Tailor Made

Raymond Gram Swing, whom rates ne of the smoothest and urate speakers on the American d th group, as did H. V. Kal-and ulton Lewis, Jr., whom had a break of a slap-dash to w "Thatsthetopofthenews-fromreladiesangentlemenun-owewinggoodnight." "Now," Kay, Lewis bows himself off stag like a Barrymore." With ng, o averages only about s in ch 2,000 words poured mke nder pressure, the Hawk-er interesting arguments aim. Swing prefers the Ox-tiona as an authority and stander falls by the Merriam-for fit reference.

r, McKay is the critic for college ts, leurers, campaigners and figur, as well as for news-and anysts. He coaches public akers y telephone.

ay has ound that his fees for hing ust vary with the broad-ability to pay. One of his pet s the or wages the radio sta-ay to many of their hard-

working announcers and newscasters. If a radio artist, or even occasionally a be-ginner, looks like a comer, McKay con-siders his income and budget, decides how much the client can afford for self-improvement, makes a deal whereby the fee goes up as the salary increases.

McKay did some of his best bug catching, he thinks, during the Roose-velt-Willkie presidential campaign, when the Baltimore Sun assigned him to compare the radio efficiency of the President and Wendell Willkie. This turned out pretty badly at first for Willkie, who was no match at the mike for an old campaigner like F.D.R. In his acceptance speech at Elwood, Indi-ana, Willkie stumbled and booted him-self into the ranks of McKay's "minute men" with the phenomenal gross score, including duplications, of 88 errors in fifty-five minutes, an hourly total rate of 96. This included 38 mispronuncia-tions and second choices such as "me-DEEeval" (for "medieval"), "sacrifiss," "owepressed," and "awratory," and nearly 50 bad slurrings. One of Willkie's prize slurs, says McKay, was the very job he hoped to land, the "Prezthiny-nitedStates."

McKay Clocks F. D. R.

In spite of his experience and his mel-lifluous diction, President Roosevelt scored a net rate of 20 errors per hour in his acceptance speech. However, Mc-Kay found that Mr. Roosevelt was something of an in-and-outer, and in a later Fireside Chat, Hawkear chalked up 34 total mistakes on the President for a gross score of 54, and a net rate of 26. Typical Roosevelt radio bugs are "a-gayne" and "EYE-ther," which Mc-Kay calls Britishisms, "uhfficiency," "my-nority," "moe-rale," "duh-tail," and "uhmergency." Once, McKay cas-ually mailed a critique on F.D.R. to the White House. Missy LeHand, the Presi-dent's personal secretary, acknowledged it with thanks. McKay doesn't know whether or not this was the reason, but in his next speech at Charlottesville, Mr. Roosevelt bettered his batting av-erage by over fifty per cent. It didn't last, however.

Even so, it was Willkie who made the really amazing improvement in radio style. When the defeated candidate de-livered his Armistice Day farewell talk to his supporters, the most Hawkear could detect was five net faults of lan-guage and diction for a net hourly score of 12. On the same day, F.D.R. batted 14 net errors an hour at Arlington.

Another McKay gripe is radio preach-ing. Every Sunday McKay listens to as many sermons as he can stand without swearing, and just about wears out his xylophone scoring what he calls the whining twang of the radio ministers.

The Hawkear has some results to show in this field, too. Dr. Chester C. McCown of the Pacific School of Reli-gion has invited McKay to help on a program for turning out a supply of cheerful preachers.

McKay is also scheming to enlist the high schools of the country in his cru-sade to purify the language. He has several near-by California high-school English classes already monitoring local announcers by his scoring system. "Ra-dio is the magic microscope for studying English," he says. "Simply turn a knob and you can bring in cross-sections of speech on all manner of subjects by all types of speakers from everywhere, for comparative study and analysis. Teach-ers using the method say it is the first time their classes have taken a dynamic interest in correct English. I hope to place our school system in the position of the policeman of radio. Then watch our studios touch up their sallow speech complexion!"

THE END

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Brood mares and their foals at the government Remount Depot at Front Royal, Virginia. Covering 5,000 acres, this is the Army's principal Remount Depot.

A FOAL AND HIS MOMMY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

MODERN war needs the horse almost as much as it does the jeep. There are still some things a horse can do, places it can go, ditches it can jump, that a jeep can't manage.

The Russians recognized the value of the horse in their war machine. Their counteroffensive against the Germans, big horse-users themselves, was carried

on horseback as well as tanks.

One of the Remount Depots at Front Royal, Virginia. It was set up in purchase of 5,000 acres of land. The primary function of the Remount Depot is to receive and issue horses as



Hutwick with her foal, born March 21st. The sire was the track-famous Battleship, whose services were donated to the Depot by Mrs. Marion Dupont Scott



General Pershing's two famous old mounts: at the left, Iron Horse, by the French Government; at the right, Jeff, a gift to him



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Royal are two former mounts of Gen-
eral Pershing. Kidron, aged 33, was
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Government and ridden by him in the
Paris victory parade; Jeff, aged 32, a
gift of the A.E.F., was ridden by Pershing
down Fifth Avenue in the great New
York parade. The old war horses, long
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the only hookers to win the big prize in the last decade but it takes an exception to prove any rule. Goodman allowed for his roundhouse hook at North Shore in 1933 by aiming his drives toward the rough on the right, but this oblique sighting method let him down badly early on the last lap and he barely staggered home ahead of the fast-closing Guldahl when the intended hook didn't come off.

I was a hooker once myself—and how! From 1933 through 1939 my permanent address was "somewhere in the rough on the left." That's where golf architects with a grudge against hookers stick most of their traps. I visited all of those bunkers.

After failing to qualify for the 1938 Open, I went into a huddle with myself and decided to revise my whole golfing technique. That took considerable courage. It isn't easy for a 37-year-old golfer to ditch a habit-formed swing and revamp the mechanics of his game, but desperate situations require drastic remedies. As a right-to-left pull hitter, I was going nowhere fast. Sports writers had tagged me "the great runner-up." That sarcastic label rankled. Nobody ever remembers the guy who finishes second.

Now, mind you, I never felt sorry for myself nor did I share the rather general opinion that I was a victim of fate. If a golfer is honest with himself he knows it's his own fault when he repeatedly misses major victories by one thin stroke. I didn't deserve to win the close ones because I wasn't hitting the ball soundly enough. That rabbit's-foot stuff is just a pride-salving defense mechanism.

Well, when I changed from a hooker to a fader, my luck changed too. Whereas I had formerly opened my club face at the top of the swing and shut it at impact by rolling my wrists, I now reverse this process. Today my club face is shut on the upswing and slightly open as the ball is contacted, producing a left-to-right spin.

A fade is more easily controlled than a hook. In the lingo of the dice shooter, I had my rivals "faded to a frazzle" on those pinch-bottle Colonial Club fairways. If I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget the last drive I hit at Dallas with some eight thousand excited spectators milling along both fringes of the 18th fairway.

Resisting an Impulse

Standing on the final tee, I was comforted by the thought that a bogey 5 on this 427-yard hole would beat Denny Shute's posted figures of 287. Nobody else out on the course had a chance to tie that total.

How narrow that 18th fairway looked, framed as it was by a human border! I was tempted to ease one up there, but I resisted that safety-first impulse, remembering that a steered ball seldom obeys the rudder.

The moment called for devil-may-care abandon—what Tom Armour so pungently terms "the full treatment." I decided to shoot the works and throw everything into one explosive smash that would leave me merely a mashie flick to the green. Because I let myself go with no hint of flinching or any mental reservations, that was the best drive I've ever hit in tournament golf. My caddy paced it off later and told me it measured 306 yards.

The friendly Texans cut loose a rebel yell when that tremendous tee shot split the fairway. I was in—after all those

years of frustration. Dick Metz, my playing partner, was 50 yards behind me on his drive.

A half flip with a number 8 iron left my ball twenty-five feet from the flag. The mob stampeded toward the green like a herd of longhorns before a dust storm. Their example was contagious. I found myself running too.

For twenty years I had dreamed of standing on the final green in a National Open Championship with three putts left to win the title. Now that dream had come true. Shouldering a path through the tightly packed crowd, I said to myself, "Craig, this is it!"

But I didn't need those three comforting putts; nor the conventional two, either. The knowledge that I had a safe margin encouraged me to go boldly for the back of the cup on that twenty-five-foot gobble. "I'll finish this job with a flourish" was the thought which flashed through my mind as my blade rapped the ball. Well, that putt was in the cup all the way.

The ball had scarcely clucked in the tin before I snatched it out again. No souvenir hunter was to get his paws on this pill. It had a rendezvous with a glass case in the Winged Foot Golf Club trophy room.

As long as I can remember, I've wanted to be a golfer but, unlike most of my colleagues, I didn't get the chance to play regularly until I was twenty years old. My dad, who supervises Adirondack timberlands for a large paper-pulp mill near Lake Placid, New York, wanted me to be a civil engineer. Father frowned on golf as a trivial pas-

time for chronic invalids or retired businessmen.

Dad did his best to make thumber and tripod squint I attended Dean Acaden Clarkson Tech, but I'm afi was on bunkers, divots rather than on integral calc mechanics and quadratic e stead of boning up on tri used to sneak away Sund and carry clubs on a near-

Relying on Snap Ju

If I do say so myself I caddie. Caddying, incident me how to gauge ranges of the moment and how to pi club for a given distance. is a real asset in playing golf. I rely a lot on sna You'd be surprised how ma fessionals underclub or ov selves.

At college I was a bet hockey player. Kids reared Placid cut their teeth on may explain why I made hockey team as a sophomore Academy I dabbled in basel ball but golf was always heart. Dad finally gave in regarded as my perverse curt, "Well, Craig, since yo on being a professional g got to be the best in the b old world has no use for in any walk of life."

I never forgot dad's word lost faith in my golfing abi



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destiny, even when my
ur at the relatively ad-
irty-six—which so many
rd as the time to retire
ent play.

hat twaddle about fate
g and giving me a smile
eer. I ceased being "the
p" when I learned how to
d direction off the tee.

nature to blame the
lf-pity doesn't get you
lf or in life. I won the
I served to win it and not
ere. Sympathy may salve
o, but a 280-yard poke
le alley puts iron in the
roes in the cupboard. I'll
ts straight, thank you, or
sh of fade, and let the
go on a double portion of

an idea of what a big
ht time can mean, take
my Armour, who though
wide as "the great iron
won the National Open
eng of his woods. Back in
the championship was held at
Hay Cooper seemed to have
e up with a score of 301.
tenders were still to be
ad one of them was Ar-

Tommy scanned those 457
e line green and realized he
a bit 3 to tie, he knew that
as long to help him but a
ive. He had to get up there
head to get close.

atter of record that the Black
mighty ball off that tee. It
ards if an inch, a masterful
sma down the middle. On
foundation, Tom could bring
to lay and hit the green
e di holed a pretty fair putt,
Coop and, the following day,
a 76 win in the play-off by
tes.

June on Inwood's 18th in
a similar experience. A tre-
drive on the 18th hole of his
gain. Cruickshank was the
stroke of young Bobby's early
at ove was the shot that
champion for the first time.
on 1930, when he ceased
on, his driver (and, of course,
may him the most feared
lf. He could finish what he

Tales of Mighty Shots

story full of tall tales about
e sho in a pinch. It is also
with tales of colossal failures,
tragic of which were Roland
collapse at Olympia Fields,
recently, Sam Snead's blow-
ng M. In either case, a good,
e in the tight spot would have
Roland and Sam victory. Back
myself might have been British
mpion. I hadn't sprayed two
the la nine holes.

se the are occasions when

Lady Luck can intervene. Naturally, it
was Walter Hagen who figured in one of
these strange occurrences.

This happened on the very last hole
of the 1926 P.G.A. championship in Dal-
las. The Haig, trailing one down with
only two holes to play, got a new lease
on life when slim Joe Turnesa three-
putted the 17th, the 35th of the match.
Then The Haig strutted to the tee—and
got away a soaring slice that curved
around the barn into what everyone knew
was knee-high rough. Turnesa coasted
his drive superbly down the middle.

The Pay-off Stroke

For about four minutes Turnesa
thought he had Hagen in the bag, but
when the march around the barn was
completed, the marchers had no trouble
finding Hagen's ball. There it sat, bright
and bold, on a lovely little patch of grass
in a turf nursery. The Haig had sliced
onto the only spot where he could get
a good lie. In fact, he had a better lie
than Turnesa and, to prove it, he
slammed a spade shot onto the green
and holed about a 12-footer for a win-
ning birdie 3.

Yes, the drive is the pay-off stroke.
This should be good news for three mil-
lion Sunday golfers who enjoy clouting
the pill. If your drive is properly placed
and long, the play on any hole is made
relatively simple, but if your tee shot is
a dribble, a slice off into the rough and
wilderness, or a hook into a bunker,
you've got two strikes on you right
there.

People talk incessantly of putts as if
putting were the all that counted in golf.
But since the ordinary week-end player
is not a bad putter at all, since he'll get
around a course taking only 34 to 38
putts, and since the topnotcher can't
depend upon averaging any better than
30 putts (when his putter stroke is
whetted to a razor edge), there is a tre-
mendous gap between the star's low 70
score and the ordinary player's middle
90, that isn't explained by the difference
between their putting.

True, the average duffer sprinkles his
shots helter-skelter about the course
but if he'll stop kidding himself and
really analyze his game he'll discover
that his troubles usually start in that
most elemental, that elementary phase
of golf which is overcoming distance.

I'll go even further and say that if
the average player had a dependable
drive that would put his ball 200 yards
out from the tee and somewhere on the
fairway, the day would be rare when he
didn't break ninety. Give him a drive
of 220 yards consistently and he gets
down in the low eighties. Give him an
average of 230 yards off the tee and he'll
score in the seventies. One whose sole
skill lies in putting just doesn't get any-
where in golf.

People seem to overlook the fact that
a fairway 50 yards or less wide is a small
target. Except on full brassie or spoon
shots, the normal-sized green is rela-
tively easier to hit than the fairway,
from the tee. A green 20 yards wide and

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Like Byron Nelson, I started driving with an iron. When the chips were down in our caddie vs. caddie battles, I'd use an iron in a pinch off the tee.

One day at Rumson, Tim O'Brien, who was having me test some shafts, asked, "Can't you fade one out there? Those hooks are horrible."

As a matter of fact, my hooks were bad. At the time I was controlling the ball but it was apparent that control would depart at any moment. On this type of hook, the club head comes in extremely late with a closed face. By dint of sheer labor, the player freezes his body and sort of pushes the ball out away from him. The shot starts on a direct line to the right of the intended mark and then curls in swiftly toward the left.

For a while I counteracted a tendency to get off quick, scooting hooks by using a brassie off the tee. The three degrees extra loft, which is really all the difference there is between driver and brassie, got the ball up in the air. I was using the brassie-and-push method as late as the championship of 1936 at Baltusrol, the year that fade player Tony Manero won the Open and set a new scoring mark of 282.

It really wasn't until 1938, when I was thirty-six, that I made up my mind to work out a dependable drive that, no matter how great the pressure, would stand by me. Here's how I worked it out:

I'm rather a big man, you know—weigh around 190 pounds. I've got fairly large, strong hands and I've always known how to make them work. So I decided to try out the idea of lining up my shot with the club face square with the hole.

The next thought was to take the club head back on a straight line—back away from the ball; not up and away, but back and away. When well back from the ball, the club head naturally rose and as it cleared the ground the face of the club opened.

How to Test Your Swing

Instead of taking the half swing that I had once used, I got to a position that was fully three quarters of the limit swing. Once the club head got that far back I concentrated on nothing but throwing that club head through on the path on which it had ascended.

There's no precisely similar motion in any other game. The nearest to it I can recall is the throw a shortstop uses in whipping the ball over to first for a put-out. It's an underhand movement. It's got no jerk in it. It's a whip motion.

And, by the way, if you try it, here's a way of testing the manner in which you are swinging. If, at the finish of your swing, your right hand seems to twist and lock over the left wrist you haven't got the idea. But if, at the finish, everything seems so smooth that the follow-through is made subconsciously—well, then you have it. A follow-through is a result. It's not a cause.

You've doubtless seen ballplayers hit and, seemingly, let go the bat the very second the ball is struck. The swing is finished, the object is hit, and there's nothing left to do but dash off for first base. Anything that encumbers you, like a bat for instance, is just so much excess baggage. Well, a forced follow-through in golf is also excess baggage. It gets you nowhere. It doesn't mean a thing.

I really labored on this idea of keeping the club face square with the objective as long as my hands could keep it that way without getting cramped. I

had to put that labor into the job for, remember, I'd been using my other method of swinging for practically twenty-five years. Muscles pick up habits in that time and cling very tenaciously. Try changing your natural walk and you'll get the idea at once. You can do it but it takes effort.

At no time did I stretch for the ball. I maintained my old idea of addressing the ball as near to the power center as possible, and that center is the very end of the shaft you're swinging. This reminds me of one of the little tricks of a great putter, Tommy McNamara, twice runner-up for the National Open championship.

Tommy Mac always struck his long putts toward the heel of the club, to get the maximum force with the least amount of effort. For short and downhill putts—the trickiest type, the kind that demand almost a tender stroke—he struck the ball off the toe of his putter. He did that because he could then apply the minimum force with the maximum effort.

I point this out because so many ordinary golfers think that by backing away from a drive and applying the utmost leverage they can get the greatest power into a shot.

By the way, here's a good time for a sidelight on driving that may at first seem extremely discouraging but really isn't. The amount of power used in hitting a golf ball with a 200-yard carry is equivalent to lifting a 180-pound weight a foot off the ground. Since in golf, the

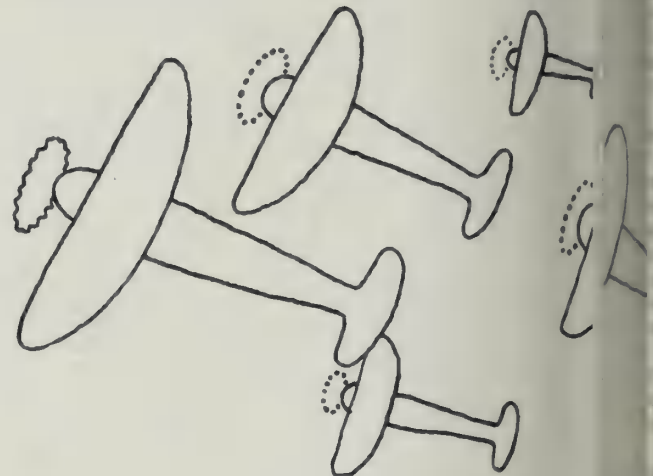
point at which the driver delivered is about two player, the weight lifting distance.

So, if you come home tired from a round of golf, and you to mow the lawn—and of her see why you should all you've done is walk and a half of golf ball a ered landscape—just to did that weight-lifting That should stop her— onds anyway.

Power Means I

Oh, don't get the idea the ball with 200-yard the same as weight lifting said, "It takes the same power." In weight lifting pull. In golf the force is secure this blasting power shaft is the longest of a bag. For the same reason the club is actually the and this explains why the fullest.

All three reasons stem the desire to make that club head—that's what explosive force that means without adequate length go far as a tournament this high-compression rivals are pounding the THE END



"Don't go too far away from Auntie, dear. One might fall over you."

Unity or Else

Continued from page 11

Navy, Miss!" he said.

n looked rapturously at n. "Will you and your e back to the hotel? It tting gesture of my con- liers and marines!"

, Polly—" s to you, Jeep! Bring me n filled with strong dis- ould wash my hands of by!"

known as Chubby turned Dunnevan and Seaman s nonchalantly rolling a

is fond of melodrama," ttle disagreement doesn't lows at all—"

aphatically does!" Polly ted. "A couple of gnat- anford may not be con- winning this war, but I titude—and Jeep's, too—is b. And I'm joining the

od with great dignity and

question a lady's taste," he v. you to the Navy. And I nd our boys in blue will al- ryappy."

on Chubby turned on his alk off.

e marine, was belligerent. iev. I'm husky enough to e an," he said angrily. wilg to take on little Joe

Dunnevan snorted. "Benny!

gently shook his head, i Peters: "I an' Tim has marines unless attacked cal force in the interests of nity an' so on an' so forth." sea lawyer!"

-yo! gonna take that? All jest " wn, im!"

with our permission, I'll—" tie the girl was peace-

ep," he said, stepping be- and Jenny, "I'll never speak aga! Do you want to force the feze-o on you, too?" ou're really through with

ely all irrevocably. Further- eel oother blizzard coming

illy! ou win!"

well. et yourself retreat,"

s sai

But rely you don't intend

n wi these—oops, I won't

ters picked Tim and Benny

ves o their blouses. "We are

ight t the sea wall in front

el," s! announced. "I have a

astly oblem to discuss with

Show off, Jeep!"

a Dunnevan grunted his dis-

ent. "n't you gonna attackt

he aski.

st now Jeep said.

eters ld the last word: "Not

dear J.p. His arm feels like

gnarle old English oak. I've

u from complete disintegra-

lled T. and Benny rapidly

he sea vil.

the girl leased them and an-

with ramatic abruptness:

putrid medicament!"

what?"

ected ne chairman of the

dance committee—and it's just too loathsome because, look, Chubby wouldn't bring the soldiers if I let Jeep bring the marines. And Jeep said he wouldn't invite any marines if the soldiers came. That's what started the fight—and it's all so piteous. What am I going to do with a hundred and sixty girls on my hands?"

This question alarmed Fireman Dunnevan. He took several shuffling steps away and said, "I an' Benny gotta see a guy, so we'll be shovin' off ourself. So long, Miss."

"Hold it, Tim!"

"The Navy wouldn't leave a poor but honest girl in the lurch?"

"Naw. Supposin' we discusst the matter. I an' Tim might be able to help you out."

"But, Benny—"

"Listen, Mr. Sailors, this is deeply significant. I go to Miss Widdicomb's College for Women. We've had a spiritual renaissance—I mean but actually! About the terrible plight of all these poor boys in camps and barracks around San Diego. Grim is a weak, puny word for it! So we voted to give a dance. We practically had to wake the dead, persuading Dean Widdicomb and the chaplain. They thought we should have officers. I ask you—isn't that a revolting idea? Is this a democracy we're fighting for, or isn't it?"

"Yerse, but—"

"Quit interruptin', Tim!"

"Thank you. So I said, 'How would it look in print to have it appear that Miss Widdicomb's girls wanted enlisted men and the school authorities insisted on officers?' So Dean Widdicomb, the dear old dribble puss, said, 'Oh, but it won't appear in print,' and I said, 'It might, darling!' You see, my dad owns seventeen brazenly gossipy newspapers!"

Seaman Linn grinned. "You got a brain, Miss Polly," he said.

Polly Peters sighed. "But I'm practically in a suicidal position now. I'll have to go crawling back and admit that my boy friends in the Army and Marine Corps couldn't get together—"

"Yerse! You do that. Blame it on them—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Uh . . . lemme think—"

The maiden smiled charmingly. "I somehow have the feeling that you can perform miracles," she said. "How's about finding us two hundred nice sailors?"

"Ner, Miss! Y'see—"

Seaman Linn jerked his thumb groundward. "When do you want 'em?"

"Friday evening at eight o'clock."

"Okay. It's a deal."

"**SAVED!** I love the Navy, I love it, I love it! Come straightway to our halls of learning. I want to introduce you to Dean Widdicomb. She's a dear old relic—I mean honestly. Died in the nineties and just lingers on here below. Come along—my car's on the drive!"

"Benny! We gotta rent 'at motor-sickle—"

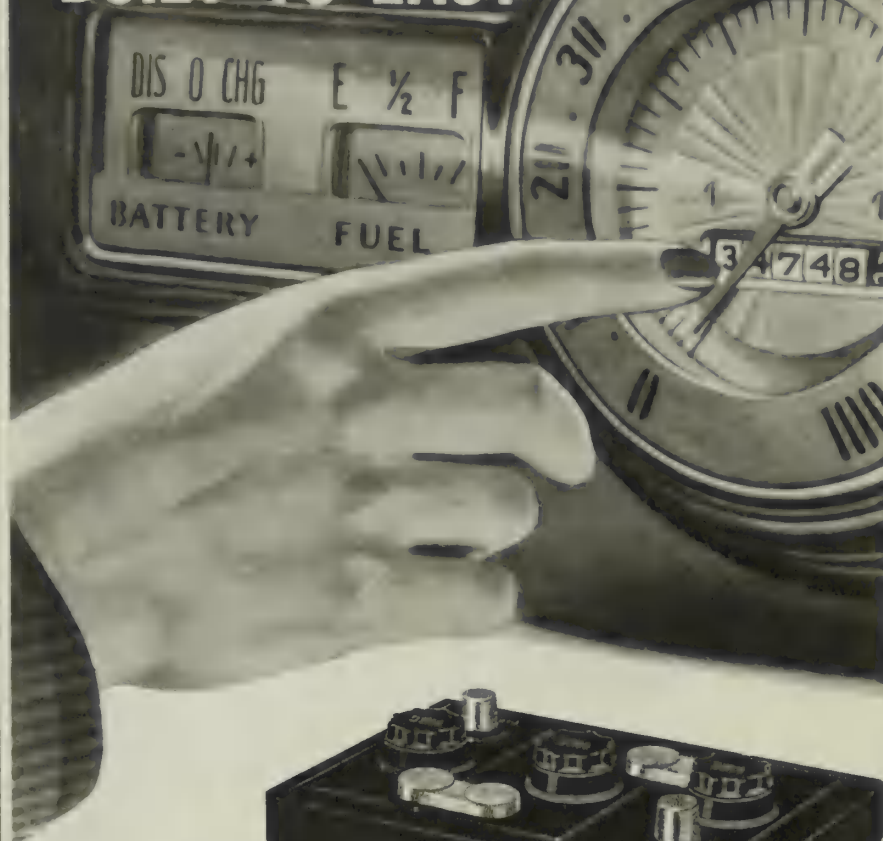
"Get goin', Tim!"

In Miss Peters' expensive sports roadster, the girl said, "By the way, I ought to have your names. It makes for easier conversation, you know?"

"I'm Tim Smith from the Saratoga—ouch—"

"His real name is Timothy Dunnevan, fireman secont, Destroyer Trimble—an' I'm Benny Linn, seaman first, off'n the same ship. Holy Joe McCabe, the base force chaplain, knows us. Our skipper is

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Lieutenant Commander Herrick. Anything else, Miss Polly?"

Miss Polly thought a moment, while the roadster yanked itself around a corner, all four tires howling from pain. "Yes," she said. "You're my Cousin Benny and you went to Dartmouth—just in case Dean Widdicomb gets nosy. Right?"

"Yes'm."

THE appearance of Miss Peters at Miss Widdicomb's College for Women, accompanied by two sailors, created only a mild sensation. A girl dawdling along a walk near the entrance to Dean Widdicomb's quarters looked up from a bag of popcorn and said, "Hi-yah, Polly. My, my, how many little playmates!"

"It's sailors, Friday night," Miss Peters said. "Pass the word."

"Sailors? Oh, goody!"

Miss Peters hustled Tim and Benny into Dean Widdicomb's living room, but not before three other girls had giggled and made remarks which reduced Fireman Dunnevan to agonized speechlessness.

"Dean Widdicomb, this is my cousin, Benny Linn, a perfectly charming Dartmouth boy—and this is his friend, Timothy Dunnevan."

"Glad to know ya," said Seaman Linn, with perfect poise.

"Yersee, howdy," said Fireman Dunnevan, "but I sure don't think you folks wants us sailors—ouch."

"Mr. Dunnevan is very shy, Dean Widdicomb," put in Miss Peters, hastily. "He's been at sea a good deal. Our original plan was to have soldiers and marines, as you recall, darling?"

Dean Widdicomb, a maiden lady about eighty years old, peered dubiously at Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

"Oh, dear—you've changed the plans?"

"Friction developed between the Army and the Marine Corps, darling. Cousin Benny says we mustn't think of mixing the branches of the Service. The dance committee agrees with him unanimously. Cousin Benny can supply two hundred sailors—boys from the very best families."

Nervously plucking at her lace fichu, Dean Widdicomb frowned.

"Friction—oh, dear. And now—sailors. And this labor trouble, too. I'm afraid—"

"Labor trouble, darling?"

Dean Widdicomb nodded vaguely.

"Between Mr. Sheehan and Mr. O'Melveny . . . some argument about Ireland . . . so they all stopped work and the lights and plumbing in the new gymnasium aren't in . . . so I fear we shall have to postpone the dance—"

"Oh, don't worry about that, Angel. We'll get it straightened out. I just wanted you to meet Cousin Benny and Mr. Dunnevan and approve our invitation to the Navy. Okay, darling?"

"But, Polly—I think we should settle this dreadful dispute between Mr. Sheehan and Mr. O'Melveny—"

Seaman Linn cleared his throat. "I could look into that matter, ma'am," he said. "Fact is, Tim here . . . Mr. Dunnevan is an Irishman himself and knows how to handle Irishers."

"Yersee!"

Miss Peters did some very fast talking. Before she was halfway through, Dean Widdicomb had begun occasionally to nod. Miss Peters got her to agree that Cousin Benny was a dear; that the dance could be held in the old assembly hall and that Mr. Sheehan and Mr. O'Melveny could be reconciled, whatever the cause of their silly dispute.

As a climax, Miss Peters gave Dean Widdicomb a kiss and a hug, exclaiming: "There! You decide everything. I don't know what we would do without you, darling."

Then, accompanied by Tim and Benny, she left the reception room.

An hour later, the motorcycle deal having been successfully closed at a garage in La Jolla's business district, Seaman Linn returned from several telephone conversations to discover Fireman Dunnevan glooming in the sidecar.

"Snap outa it, Tim! We got business!"

"Yersee?"

"A hundred an' sixty college gals to sell, with all expenses paid in advance. God loves U. S. sailors if their hearts is pure, Tim."

Fireman Dunnevan climbed out of the sidecar. "I ain't in on this, Benny."

"W-what?"

"Ner, I ain't. Them college people is outa our class. We shoond't have no truck with um. Besides, that Miss Polly is a screwball that you can't understand half she says."

Seaman Linn looked hurt.

"I'm s'prised at you, Tim, I certainly am. So you want Hitler to lick us, hunh?"

"Hitler? Whut's he got—"

"You're against national unity an' defense?"

"Now, whut they got to do with—"

"No brains, Tim, no brains. Do we get national unity jest talkin' about it?"

"Ner, but—"

"When Miss Polly an' them kids up at the college voted to give a danst for enlisted men, they acted a hundred per cent, didn't they?"

"Yersee, but—"

"They done their part. So it's up to I an' you to do ours, ain't it?"

"Yersee, but—"

"This is big, Tim! It's the biggest thing we ever tackled. A swell unity ball at the college! Get it? Tickets sold for benefit of the United Service Organization. With a hundred an' sixty classy college gals, we can sell at least six hundred tickets—"

"Sell tickets?"

"Yeah—dollar apiece—easy—"

"But Miss Polly dint say nothin' about—"

"Does she know sailors? We couldn't give fifty tickets away. But at one buck per, the guys will know it's legitimate. Right?"

"Y-yersee."

"Okay. Climb aboard. We gotta work fast!"

SHORTLY after ten o'clock the next morning, Private Chubby Chalmers of the Coast Artillery was summoned to the orderly room of his barracks at Camp Callan.

A grim sergeant pointed to two sailors.

"Major Holmes said these guys could talk to you," the sergeant said. "Hold onto your watch."

"Yersee?"

"Yeah!"

"Pipe down, Tim. We got a important an' confidential matter to take up with Mr. Chalmers—"

"Ha! I'll bet!"

"It concerns a certain young lady, so that no names had better be mentioned—"

"Oh . . . all right. Come on outside."

Withdrawn to a discreet distance, Seaman Linn unwrapped a small brown parcel.

"It so happens that Miss Polly Peters ast us would we help her with 'at little dance at the college, Mr. Chalmers. She don't like details."

Mr. Chalmers sniffed. "Sounds just like her," he observed. "Has she put you on the faculty too?"

Seaman Linn smiled tolerantly.

"Miss Peters decided she would only invite marines to the dance, on account she's off'n you. Here's the tickets I an' Tim is supposed to take to Mr. Jeep

Saunders at the Marine Base. He's a s'prise because he off'n him, too. Dean V. Miss Peters set a limit tickets. So these is all

Chubby looked at the "And sailors dearly love said slowly.

"Ner! I dern't love

"Pipe down, Tim. I mers is getting a brig two hundred soldiers instead of marines. Of course would hafta tell Miss delivered the tickets might work an' it migh Peters is so busy I don't think to check up—an wise it'd be too late—"

Mr. Chalmers nodded. "How much for the 'em?"

"Fifty bucks, soldier to sell 'em for a buck ap to go to the U.S.O. like

"Fifty dollars to you timing, gold-bricking—

"I dern't love soldier "Forty-fi"—take 'em the marines," Seaman ily.

Chubby Chalmers pe

HALF an hour later, ders, the marine, w a glass of beer at the El Marine Base in San D ows fell across the table

"Mornin', Mr. Saund

"Yersee . . . hi-yah?"

Jeep got slowly to sailors were out of bou fingers to his mouth to Marine Corps. But thin fast—

"Easy now, Tim . . . d tight . . . we're his be only knowed it . . . see t Saunders? They's a fu 'em. Maybe you'll see t

At long last, Jeep sa

"All right, you rats," pay the thirty-five d over the tickets. But Peters wrong. She care ever about Chalmers.

warmhearted and imp on her sympathy. I'm save her from herself, u

Seaman Linn nodded "We figured you'd ta he said.

Marine Private Jeep agely.

"Not one word of th Get me?"

"Yersee."

"I'm glad Polly ha not to invite any sailors

"Not invite no sailor

"Come 'long, Tim. Saunders. It sure oug party."

Jeep's voice was c dumbjohn soldiers or gobs there, it will be!"

FIREMAN DUNNEV mildly, had qualms.

when Benny engaged Y to distribute two hundre the Destroyer Base. Y an obnoxious youngster power complex, gladly for the privilege.

"We shoond't do this man Dunnevan moane nert soldiers, two hunn two hunnert sailors—it cree. They'll tear d Maybe twenty or thir get kilt. You know whi

pen to us, Benny? W Portsmerth for a hunne Seaman Linn made a

"But how, Benny?" The light of patriotic

Pour it with Pride...



Drink it... with Pleasure!

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any other reason explains why
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in his bright blue eyes, Benny pocketed eighty-five dollars collected from Chubby, Jeep and Yeoman Webster.

"The way to get unity amongst the armed forces in this war is to show 'em a bad example. Remember them Irishers Sheehan an' O'Melveny that Dean Widdicomb told us about? I done a little askin' around about them guys. You know why they been fighting?"

"Ner. Why?"

"Sheehan don't want Ireland to get in the war on our side an' O'Melveny says Ireland should get in the war."

Fireman Dunnevan gulped. "Why, Benny, you nuts? Erland is in the war. I'm in the war. Chief Mulcahy is in the war. I can name you—"

"But Ireland ain't in the war official yet, Tim. They got a guy named Deeverleery who won't even lend us bases in Ireland!"

Breathing stertorously, Fireman Dunnevan shook his head. "I dern't believe it, Benny," he said. "It's jest German propagander." . . .

Dean Widdicomb of the College for Women felt quite bewildered—so she told reporters later—when Mr. Sheehan and fifty rough-looking men arrived to picket the school assembly hall forty-five minutes or so before the big Unity Ball was to start.

Her first act was to send Mr. Drumwalt, the janitor, for an explanation. Mr. Drumwalt returned with a preposterous report. He said that Mr. Sheehan told him word had reached the Keep Ireland Neutral Committee that Mr. O'Melveny was about to hold a big rally in behalf of the Irish Bases for The Allies Committee in the assembly hall.

"I fear you have been drinking again, Mr. Drumwalt," Dean Widdicomb said.

Dismissing him peremptorily, Dean Widdicomb summoned Miss Teasdale, her secretary. She instructed Miss Teasdale to obtain a correct estimate of the situation. Miss Teasdale came back with an even more astonishing report.

"I took Polly Peters with me," Miss Teasdale asserted. "Mr. Sheehan was extremely rude to us both. He refused to believe me when I said we were merely giving a dance for the sailors. He said we were all schemers trying to get Ireland to fight in England's war. He said that if Mr. O'Melveny dared to show his face near the school they would fix him!"

DEAN WIDDICOMB, now thoroughly alarmed, was trying to reach Judge McKinley, the school's attorney, by telephone, when Polly Peters rushed in.

"There's going to be a riot!" Polly Peters said. "Those crazy Sinn Feiners are threatening to fight Mr. O'Melveny—and Mr. O'Melveny has sent out a call for his committee. I'm going to call Daddy!"

This, Dean Widdicomb refused to allow. It would be, she said, most unfortunate publicity. Failing to reach Judge McKinley, Dean Widdicomb telephoned Dr. Hurlburt of the Board of Regents. Dr. Hurlburt was very soothing and helpful in the crisis. He said that the Irish controversy was a historical one which needed cool heads and tolerance on both sides. He advised Dean Widdicomb not to call the police. He would come right over and mediate.

Taking her cane, and accompanied by Miss Peters, Miss Teasdale, Mr. Drumwalt and Dr. Rowell, Dean Widdicomb started for the assembly hall. Then, without warning, a weird and staccato sequence of events fell upon Dean Widdicomb:

1. Mr. O'Melveny's men charged Mr. Sheehan's men yelling: "Get the pro-German renegades!"

2. Mr. Sheehan's men charged Mr. O'Melveny's men yelling: "Erin go bragh! No quarter to British imperialists!"

3. Fists flew.

4. Polly Peters yelling, "We're saved! Navy!"

5. Two huge trucks rolled down the street the main gate of the college.

6. A big sailor and a small one out. The small one guys—lookit them Irish our national unity!"

7. Just as this show more large trucks rushed the gate. The first two marines. The second packed with soldiers.

8. A marine yelled: "Stop 'at scrapping, y start!"

9. A dreadful scene Dean Widdicomb, pale, was heard to remark: "I fear violence—"

She marched straight and closed the door.

IT WAS past midnight in a room brig of the Dean Fireman Dunnevan's of badly puffed knuck moodily fingered several tusions on his face.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Was it you that shot O'Melveny?"

"Yeah."

"That was smart, shoon't 've brung so didja see how quick together an' fought us 'Yeah."

Fireman Dunnevan slapped Benny sharply.

"It's okay, pal. You amongst them Irish unity on our side, too rines give us a hand. sods would ever help brawl. But it was u like you said, Benny."

Nodding, Seaman chewed a match.

"I guess the skipper for this. We're shovin but I an' you won't be one."

"Miss Polly—she's"

"No chanst. We me She's prob'ly askin' th us."

A key rattled in the swung open and Yeoman there.

"Chief Mulcahy told He's too disgusted to A big war on and you ashore. We had a the cops took you a gave me this letter certainly carry horses"

"Scram, Webster!"

Benny tore open the it over his shoulder:

"Dear Cousin Benny"

"It was excruciating the girls vote it the especially the riot swell-o. Poor Chubby jail, too. But I met th—a darling sailor fi talked with Daddy an get you all out of jail. Daddy says you have can opinion. I feel th ineffably symbolic. F me. I love you both Remember Pearl Har"

"She loves us, Benn Seaman Linn folded ently. "That ain't so he said. "The mai loves us!"

THE E

"To Tokyo, Dammit!"

Continued from page 13

ed distrustful of Britain, ed . . . well, almost un- anese bombs banged into east coast. Cripps went from an agreement than arrived. Wavell worked marshal the defenses of ent. And Brereton chose ne on which to stand in merican interests in the preparation for a coun- against the Japanese. ver has to order anyone can't handle himself. He a new air force around veterans he brought from s and Java. He believes defense is a strong offen- necessary, the best of- n manage. He is out to mes over the Japanese is planes on the ground

Can Be Smashed

ing progress in India for s and accompanying Brere- nfection trip that included alase, I feel there is in- nce that the enemy jug- n e pounded until it is Th was the feeling around rs when the big ships re- s their first raid on Port Blair an to say, "Now we're vere."

subeats down with burning Ching dust swirls along the he tent camp. In the hot- th thermometer mounts to dees even in New Delhi at ts longer than the nor- America. But Brereton, v hundred smart-looking u on the field where our ed, raised them for the speed a ty had adapted them- rane conditions.

a wit kind of boys America d wily. But it also showed ful reparations had been are or them in India. The ere tick and span and care- ned. The equipment was ex- the food we ate at mess was than many hotels in India. a knew that there is a long tas ahead. The death of Cap Elmer L. Parsel and a pom r crew in a take-off ac- hasid how costly. Lewellyn, office, left his stock-brok- nesses in Louisville, Ken- Cincinnati, Ohio, for active 40. H jokingly called his job Brereton being "housekeeper mar. Another reserve offi- Lee Hobbs of San Antonio, ceeds Lewellyn as aide, and Office Jack Felton was pro- be a lieutenant and a junior

active gures at headquarters V. (Sunny) Whitney, a pilot he lay war and now a liaison ween the U. S. Air Forces and l Air Force; Captain A. I. oyer, who sentimentally wears of the Royal Flying Corps to belong before we entered 1917 and Lieut. Col. Harold y, of 2, who writes Holly- rpts between wars. General he chi of staff, is the man twenty-three years of age went d organized the flying which ale and Harvard vol- earned a chauffeur Capronis. administrative side at head- two aid keep track of a paper

torrent that flows over Brereton's desk. They are Mrs. Doris Jepson, wife of a Firestone Company representative at Ceylon, and Mrs. Lee Spencer, whose husband, a General Motors engineer, was lost in an aviation accident in Iran in March. A score of other American and British girls have come out from New Delhi to serve in other depart- ments.

The American "invasion" of India was not without moments of interna- tional tension. The government of India requisitioned a large hotel building to serve as headquarters for Brereton and as quarters for most of the officers and newspapermen attached to his outfit. There was immediate and great indig- nation among the residents of the hotel who were ordered to move out of quar- ters that some of them had occupied for years. It was touch-and-go for a while, and it looked as though the Battle of India might start with an anti-Amer- ican uprising, but firmness and dip- lomacy found solutions.

The next move of the American in- vaders was to install in a few weeks more air-conditioning apparatus than New Delhi had ever seen before. These machines began replacing the primitive Khaskhas method of making interiors livable in the hot season, but not even the Americans could suddenly bring about such a transformation in the hotel dining room. It is still darkened throughout the daylight hours by thick straw mats over its few windows. A sprinkler system keeps water dripping constantly over the mats (in many places urchins with buckets of water replace the sprinklers) and the conse- quent evaporation reduces the tem- perature inside to a marked degree.

A Question and Some Answers

The Americans are well equipped against the heat with enormous pith helmets, shorts and short-sleeved shirts, open at the neck. This is now the day- time uniform for the outfit and old stuff, although some of them felt a bit queer in their newfangled garb at first. Major Ed Backus now likes the uniforms so well that he is going to introduce Indian styles in his home town of Vernon, Texas, when he gets back there. Backus, incidentally, has seen a great deal of action in this war and led our dive bombers in their first operations off Bali in February.

So they're getting along fine, these fighting men from America. They know where they're going, as do all of the American leaders in India. When I was finishing this dispatch I asked the four men quoted at the beginning of this article to put down in plain words for Collier's what they would answer to the question: Where do we go from here?

"I'm returning to Chungking," Am- bassador Gauss replied. "I work there, you know."

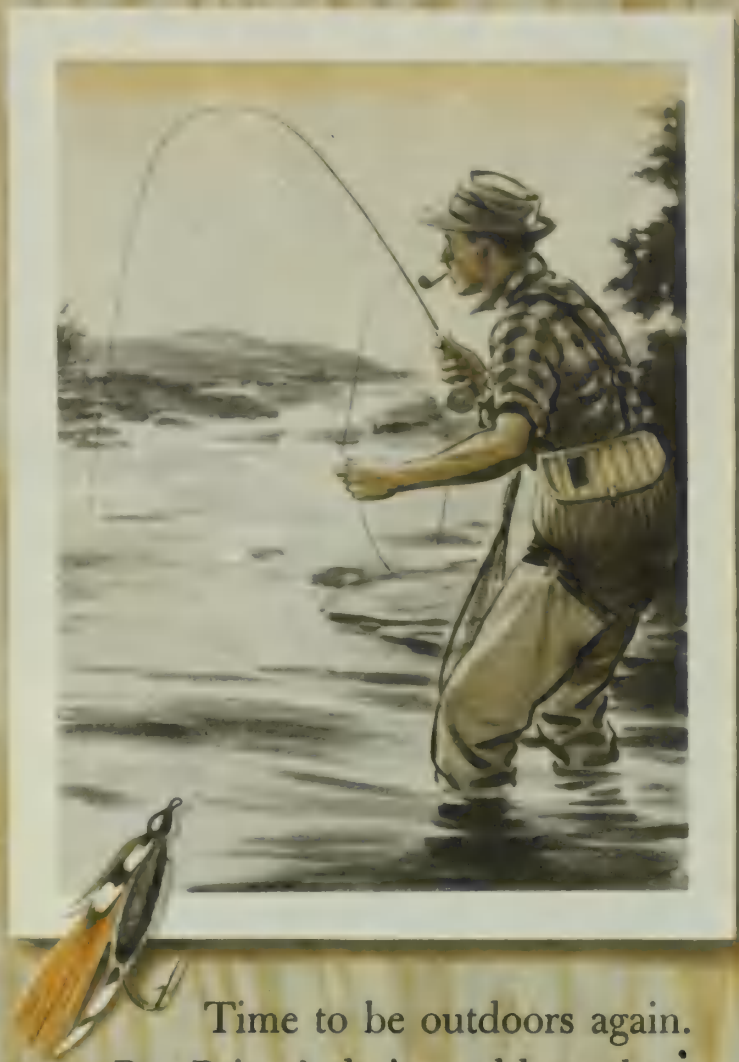
Brady said emphatically: "I'm going to stick right here until this job in India is finished."

Johnson's big fist crashed down on his desk to emphasize his reply: "We are going to victory sooner than at first seemed possible. It's time to quit re- treating."

I found Brereton just as he was finish- ing reading a report on a raid his boys had made on Mingaladon airdrome, out- side Rangoon. It was good reading for the general, and his reply was short and snappy and very à la Brereton:

"To Tokyo, dammit! Where did you suppose we are going?"

THE END



Time to be outdoors again.

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Water Witchery

By Bud Sawin

TOP honors in U. S. women's swimming belong to this eye-filling collection of kids who constitute the 1942 Official Women's All-America Swimming Team selected by the Women's Swimming Committee of the National A.A.U., whose job it is to follow closely the performances of every American woman swimmer. Selections were made strictly on the basis of competitive performance. This is a champion team, each member of which is a champion in her own class, and ten of the twelve are still in their teens.

They come from New England, the

Middle West, California, the Northwest. The outstanding quartet in the center are pool swimmers from Indianapolis, a city where water is available mostly for drinking purposes.

Their honors sit pretty lightly on these lissome kids. Their interests are still normal young-girl interests: boys, clothes, movies, dances, school activities. They're pretty well traveled, too; at one time or other each has visited practically every big city in the U. S. for competition or exhibitions, and each of them averages 4,000 miles of travel a year. ★★★

Dorothy Leonard of Worcester, Massachusetts, high point individual scorer at the 1941 Buffalo Indoor Championships, and present holder of the indoor 220-yd. free-style title



Anne Ross, Brooklyn, is a newcomer in national women's swimming. She won the indoor low-board diving event at the Buffalo indoor meet



Chieko Miyamoto, Maui, Hawaii, is 14, the youngest All-America, excels in individual medley and is already a superb breaststroke expert



Ann Hardin, Patty Aspinall, Betty Bemis and June Fogle, all from Indianapolis. Miss Hardin is a distance specialist, holding the national championship; Miss Aspinall holds indoor and outdoor breaststroke titles; Miss Bemis is a free-style specialist, Miss Fogle is a consistent marathon winner





Lorraine Fischer of New York is the fastest breaststroke sprint swimmer in the country, prominent in medley relay swimming for the past two years



Gloria Callen of Nyack, New York, a former free-style swimmer who turned to the backstroke. Holds outdoor title in the 100-yard backstroke. Miss Callen has broken many of the famed Eleanor Holm's records



Helen Crlenkovich of San Francisco is the present champion in outdoor springboard and high-platform diving. Many coaches consider her one of the best divers America has ever produced



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY
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SMITH AND OKANO

Close harmonizers are Brenda Helser and Nancy Merki. Former is 100-meter champion, a free-style specialist; Miss Merki holds American 400- to 1,500-meter records. Both from Portland, Oregon

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FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

the fixed logic of this. Cousin Gedog drank his coconut juice. The wife drank her coconut juice. Cousin Gedog put his coconut down with a click. The wife put her coconut down with a click.

"Eh to!" Cousin Gedog cleared his throat to warn Nia that he was about to speak.

"With war over and around us here," Cousin Gedog said, "a man is needed on each farm."

"Yes, a man is needed," Nia agreed.

"You have prayed for a son at Magic Bird Shrine?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You have prayed at Man's Hill Shrine?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You have spoken to the Merciful One?"

"Yes."

THE prayers sounded so much, portioned out in sentences this way. But Nia knew they weren't—not in asking for a son instead of that sweet, sweet luxury, a daughter, who, after all, is only a pretty visitor in her father's family until that day when she marries. But a son is a permanent possession—giving hand service and prayer service even after death, as do his sons and the sons of his sons through time.

"You made five-candle offerings at each shrine?" Cousin Gedog wanted to know.

"Yes," Nia said, wondering what he would say if he knew they had been ten-candle offerings.

"Quite enough for a dutiful wife!" Cousin Gedog pronounced.

"Quite enough!" his wife quacked.

"What of the crop you owe your son?" Cousin Gedog went on. "And if—the child should be a daughter, and I inherit the land and live here as I will, what of the crop you owe me?"

"Yes, what?" the wife demanded.

Ah no, not that! Nia's heart begged. Not them living here. Never this greedy cousin walling these high-stepped dykes, working this hillside paddy. Never this bird-faced woman pecking out the day's measure of rice, and roosting on the soft mattress-beds at night while she, Nia, and the girl child slept on the floor, carrying water, threshing rice, grinding sago flour, to earn their food as maidservants. All through the kindly, the benevolent, the paternal generosity of Cousin Gedog, naturally. . . . No, dear Buddha! No! No! Give me a son! Give me a son!

"Oh, I will weed well," Nia promised, smiling so earnestly, smiling so fixedly, to keep from crying. "I will not let the crop fail. No, never!"

COUSIN GEDOG'S feet were heavy with importance as he walked the veranda to leave. He stalked across the yard with no extra words, and then, suddenly, he waved his arm affably. "M'm-mh!" he said. "That is good ginger you have in the house patch, Nia. Good enough to eat, I expect."

"Only ordinary," Nia deprecated. "Only ordinary. But perhaps you would deign to carry some if I pulled it for you?" Nia asked it knowing full well Cousin Gedog would say yes the shortest way.

"Well! A little, a little," he deigned. Nia waded waist-deep between the bright rows of brittle leaves until she found the biggest. Three fat stalks she pulled, then four, and five, and still Cousin Gedog didn't say "Enough!" Longer than her hand, those pink roots were, and as big around as her wrist. Grated, or even sliced on rice, one would

do a family for a week. What, then, did Cousin Gedog want with six?

But Cousin Gedog's eyes were busy measuring the patch from end to end. "It sits well for ginger," he said out loud to himself. "Holds the rain. Holds the sun. The best ginger patch I know, by far. A man starting early—say, in First Spring—ought to take two crops easily, and still have sun enough for drying before the rains."

"M'mh! M'mh!" his wife agreed, but she was looking at the soft veranda cushions.

Six stalks were all Nia could carry in her arms. She tugged them through the soft ground and set them carefully by the well. They had to be washed. Cousin Gedog couldn't carry dirty ginger, could he?

Maybe two drawings would be enough, Nia consoled herself, as she lowered the rope. The buckets got heavier each day now—lifting them all that long way started the pain in her back until, some days, she had to sit for an hour before she could walk again. She closed her eyes and pulled the wet rope.

She didn't know how it happened, just her clumsiness, she guessed, but the first bucket splashed as she set it on the ledge. "Be good enough to forgive," she said quickly.

Cousin Gedog wasn't cross. He smiled a remote forgiveness, stepping away from the well to brush wet drops from his jacket.

Nia scrubbed, hauled water, fetched straw for the tying, and made the root string. "Forgive me that I give you this burden," Nia said, handing him the string. "May you eat it with good relish!"

Cousin Gedog was at the gate. Nia bowed heavily. "Be careful of your health," she urged. "Be careful of your health," she bowed and urged of the woman.

Cousin Gedog and his wife bowed a short little bow together. "Praying for a son!" they said with their lips. And then they were out the gate and walking the road to the village—Cousin Gedog taking his long man's strides, and the wife hopping along beside him.

Nia had never sobbed in daylight. She had never sobbed outdoors. So she didn't now. There was the blue sky for comfort, and the warm yellow sun. And there were the flowers she had planted around behind the godown. She walked to them now—her dancing bluecups, the hedge orchids, the crinkled silk poppies

—feeling their petals with feeling their color with wonder what a widow

She heard a step behind her, heard a man's voice saying, "A man needs flowers, doesn't she?"

It was Sagung, the stranger helper to the rajah's post there looking at the flower at Nia, and smiled that his. He wasn't a count wasn't strong and bustled like the men Nia knew. thin and long, with big eyes—and the city paler. He was a poor sort of mender if that was why she him, why she could speak out that aching breathless ways felt when she talked even to the husband, dear her parents had chosen for her.

SAGUNG was still a stranger, because he had lived in the village a year, a man from Batavia, who lived in the country because of sickness of his; a quiet, always fixing and mending where he took letters. I to farm.

No one knew the other him—whether he had a tooth, whether he flew in he dressed in the morning he ate himself sick over roast seacoast, or whether he tormented him at night for Sagung lived alone with folk to tell these things naturally want to know. I him often, only at the s and the three or four brought the tax papers.

He handed her one no "You have arrived," greeting, thanked him, a did not get enough to eat jacket needed mending.

The man stood looking his eyes roving over them were books and he was re

"They have good col wanting to talk to him.

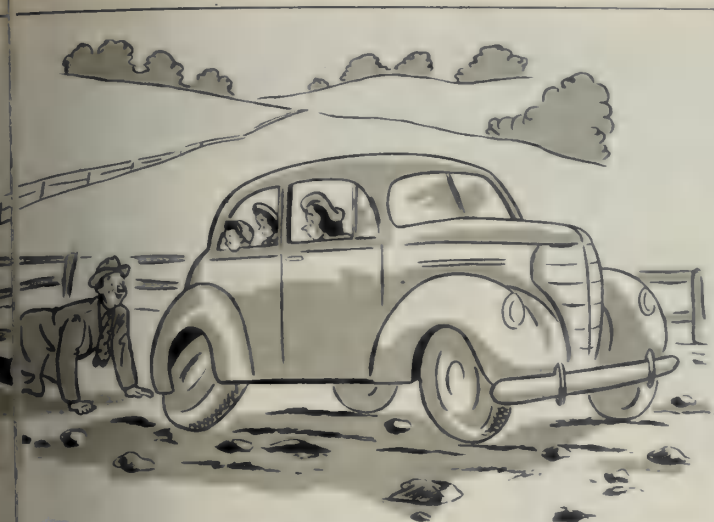
"Comforting color," understanding.

"I look at them in the again in the evening just closes." Nia, a farming fessed this weakness, because city man, because he was

"But a seat for you?"



"Mr. Stern, which shortage is more acute so I'll know whether to use an eraser or take a fresh piece of paper."



"She sounded like a blowout, but it's only a broken axle"

H. MIDDLECAMP

g asked, "where you can
a thinking?"

er head.
nced about the yard,
th his eyes, the acacia
th tool shed, measuring the
poles lying under the
a minute, he was rolling
mp to the place by the
ge He sat upon it, moved it
h, sat upon it, and moved

He said, satisfied, "the flow-
se, Mistress!" He made a
al went to notch bamboo
fit them into a seat.

his jacket was lying there on
an edge, Nia picked it up
vit to her needle. It wasn't
mend, just little frayed
theuff, frayed places on the
th a man without women-
ha. She pushed the stumpy
d forth, and thought of

remembered the roasted sweet
n the cupboard, and the cold
ey would go well with
ce f a man. "You will take
ink cooling drink, I hope,"
to Sung.

le, little red in his cheeks.
e is me," he laughed softly,
her with his eyes. "No one
ous for the mail in my bag
hou two hours later, or even
is right for those tax pa-

ate, he man looked at her
he pldy, at the shed with its
tool, and had something he
say. The words did not come
ugh, and he seemed to shift
his rod, practicing this way
And then, his cheeks red, he
d wet back to the seat-mak-

ng the?" he said later, cross-
curty to the well, asking a
rmison.

dded. Only it was not for
e dre the water. It was for
s. For full buckets he poured,
y as painstakingly, about
boring the wet earth, and
away low weeds. Nia stood
wondering a little at a man
d women's work like this,
strangely content.

ught might speak the words
dge of his mind when he had
eady and she was sitting on it
the listening flowers and he
ing bide her. But no, a mist
o com his eyes, and he only
uecup like moss. I'll bring
m South Hill the next time
etter ere." Then, before she
y to hie him go, he picked up
bag, and bowed to her.

"Wishing you a strong son," he said.
The words came from deeper than his
lips.

NIA walked all that night to reach
the Nursing Tree. It was better that
way. It got her past Cousin Gedog's vil-
lage without being seen, and it got her
to the shrine before sunrise. She was
afraid of the night air, she was afraid
of snakes in the deep *alang-alang* grass,
but she was more afraid of not having
a son. The Nursing Tree was so sure.
A woman could depend on it, if she but
drank the dew dripping from it at sun-
rise, and said her prayers often enough,
devoutly enough, the rest of that day
and night. The Nursing Tree . . . why,
the Nursing Tree had been granting
women sons since time itself.

In the pale moonlight of dawn Nia
pulled her heavy body up the last stone
steps, and looked for a place to kneel.
The tree was so monstrous, knotted and
twisted and grossly pendulous the way
it was, and yet the ground under it was
alive with bending heads and upheld
cups. Nia walked this way and that to
find a place to kneel, a place close under
the low-hanging air roots, a place where
she would be sure to catch the magic
drip. She went almost around the tree,
stepping between and around and over
those other kneeling women, before she
found a bare spot.

Quickly Nia prepared. There wasn't
much time before sunrise. She opened
her piece of matting and spread it on
the ground. She tugged the knots on
her bundle open until she had un-
wrapped the wooden plaque. There on
the matting she set it, face up, the quick-
painted picture of a young woman
holding a man-child in her arms—just
so the Nursing Goddess would be sure
what she, the widow Nia, wanted. She
straightened her jacket, smoothed her
sarong, her hair, her sleeves, and then,
composing her face, she gravely and
solemnly and momentarily knelt.

SHE said the begging prayer distinctly.
She said it through twice before she
raised her cup and held it under the
branch. After a while she drank. Then
she said the prayer again. It was this
way—prayers and drinking, prayers and
drinking—until a window opened in the
gray sky and an immense gold blaze
shone forth. Nia closed her eyes in
weary supplication. She had said her
prayers before sunrise. She had drunk
of the Nursing Tree drip.

"Help me! Help me!" a city woman
kneeling next implored.

"Help me! Help me!" a woman ahead
and a woman behind Nia pled.

"Help me! Help me!" the chanting
murmur sifted and rose round the mon-
strous tree.

Would the goddess hear them all? Nia

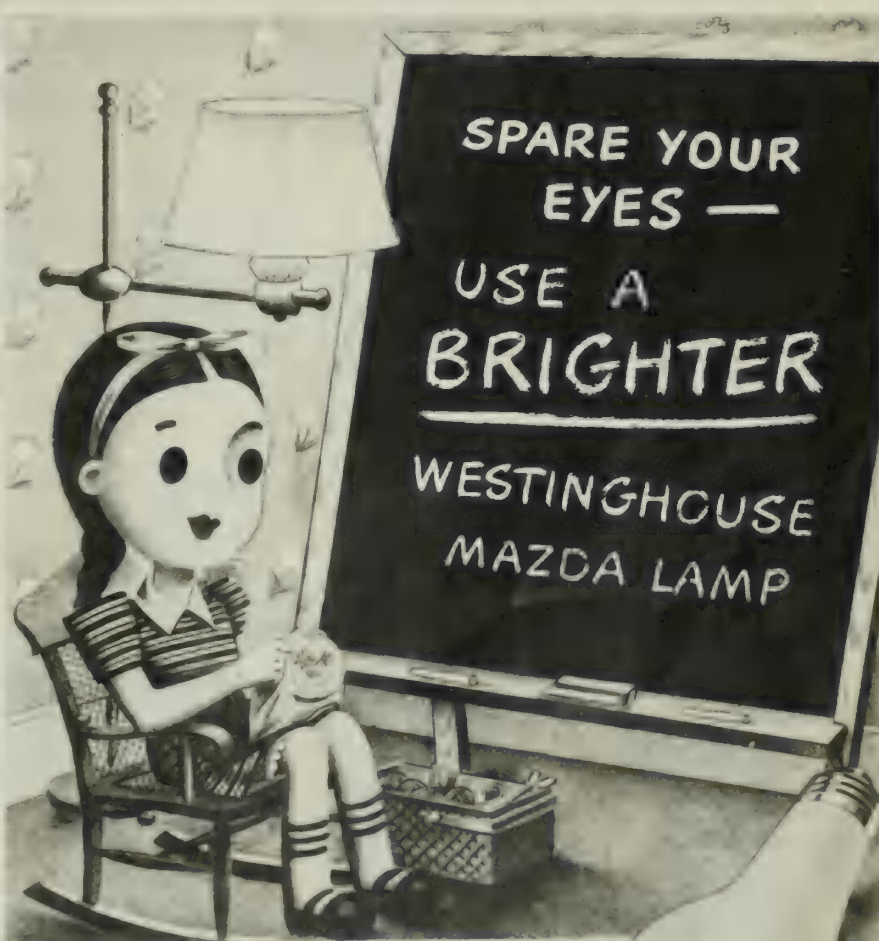
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I would there be sons
kettle over under the
s boiling now. Nia went
and drew it full. Then
kneeling again on her
e sipped her tea and bit
she smiled at the woman
the woman smiled back.
er a broadcake. The
; and, with a city bow
offered Nia a beautiful,
of cold rice, wrapped so
er slices of raw fish, with
in the middle.
omfortably, and settled
les. Oh, the gossip and
etween prayers—would
And she would learn
oman here about word-

ddha, what was that?
pain! No, not yet; not
didn't prayed a day un-
She hadn't learned city
Vait! Wait!
ame again. And again.
he time had come, that
be a daughter, born
ie pilgrim shed of the
hrine. She bowed her
olized quickly to the god-
ing her serenity with a
oo late; then Nia rolled
and walked, as best she
grim shed and laid her
the women who were
ay, gathered to help.

na sat in the shade gar-
rd, on the flower-view-
at her baby girl, smiling
niling at the baby girl.
Ts thing for love!" she
e sea-shell face! The
ose eyes! That tuft of
Ah, the sweet indul-
swt, sweet indulgence!
het and my hands I must
er that she has no fa-
and coddle her, that she
to keep the home for

her, this Beautiful One! With my heart
and my hands—"and then Nia looked
at her hands and into her heart, and
wondered what they could do.

Cousin Gedog would inherit the day
this daughter was a month old, when it
was politely, formally, obvious that a
woman and a baby alone could not farm
a paddy in these war years. Cousin
Gedog...

There he was now, striding in the
courtyard gate with sure, sure steps.
He didn't come to speak to her: he didn't
even bother to bow. After all, she
would be his serving woman in another
week. He flipped the lid of the bean
bin down. He stood the mattocks up
straighter, with a lingering possessive
touch. He walked on his heels across
the courtyard, humming, with the air
of an heir. . . . H'm, his eyes said plainly,
new and heavy thatch on the wide eaves.
Good! Yes, the ridge tiles were solid.
Good! And the size of the godown. . . .
Cousin Gedog stood stone-still.

"Beli!" he exclaimed as though his
eyes were playing tricks. "Beli!"
Nia knew what it was. He had seen
the flower patch beyond the godown.
She gathered her daughter closer in her
arms.

"Beli!" Cousin Gedog went on ex-
claiming. "Flowers in land that would
grow sweet potatoes! Or beans! Flow-
ers instead of a money crop!"

"Such a small space. Such a poor
space," Nia said in her smallest and
poorest voice. "Nor did I spend money
for the seeds! Oh, no! A New Year's
present, they were."

Cousin Gedog paced the ground. "Not
so small!" he contradicted. "Three rows
would go in here. And three rows is
three rows!"

"Yes, Cousin, if you say it," Nia
nodded.

"Eating things!" Cousin Gedog
shouted, his black jowls quivering. "I
want eating things on my land!"

Nia bowed her head.

"Take them out," he cried, snatching
a dozen flower heads in his hand and

throwing them under his stamping foot.
"Clear the patch! You, sitting there
idle in the shade as though you were a
man's wife!"

Suddenly, there was another man
there. It was Sagung, with long wands
of gray moss hanging out of his mail
bag. He was a little out of breath, as
though he had been running. He did
not look at Cousin Gedog.

"Congratulations!" he said bowing to
Nia. "Congratulations on this sweet in-
dulgence! A daughter is good, isn't she,
for she is there to teach sweetness to the
men children that come to the home!"
Did Sagung glance, ever so slightly, at
Cousin Gedog? Nia thought he did.

Cousin GEDOG made a face like a
barracuda snapping on bait.

"I present myself, if you will excuse
the liberty," Sagung said bowing and
speaking quickly, "as husband material
to the widow Nia, so that in these days
of war she will have a man on her land.
I will let her adopt me, to make it right
and proper. I will take her dead hus-
band's name. I will pray to his ancestors
and keep their tablets bright. This I can
do, for I have no land and no family of
my own. I am the younger son of a
younger son."

Cousin Gedog opened his mouth to
speak, to shout, to scream—Nia never
knew which, for Sagung went on quickly.

"Oh, I will ask my go-between," he
said, "to call upon your go-between, in
the formal manner. This is just our be-
hind-the-gate talk." He turned to-
ward Nia, saying to her, apologizing to
her: "The thought is not new to me.
Once before I almost spoke it to you,
and then I knew I must wait to see if
your child was a son—to see if you
wanted a husband."

Nia looked long at him. A poor man
he was, yes. A weak man. A man who
could never plow and plant and hoe and
weed and thrash like other men. But
looking at him there, standing next to
Cousin Gedog, Nia saw, suddenly, that
he was a bigger man, a more important
man—more important than any other
man in that whole valley.

"Yes," Nia said, not frightened, not
fearful now, and wanting to say this
thing that was in her heart now. "Yes,
I want a husband. I need a husband in
these war years. And in choosing, I
would choose you to—to keep this home
a home, to pamper and coddle this sweet
indulgence I hold, to . . ." but her tongue
tripped. She couldn't say out loud "to
father the sons I shall bear."

Sagung seemed to hear, though, for
he smiled and nodded. "Yes," he said.
"Yes, I can do that for you." He took
the moss from his mailbag, put it
around among the bluecups, patted it
with a serene dignity, and then with
both feet together, he bowed formally
to Cousin Gedog, bowed formally to
Nia. "My go-between, the rajah's
postman, will call upon your go-between
immediately," he said, and walked out
of the yard.

Cousin Gedog stood there staring,
grinding his heels hard into the court-
yard earth. He chewed his tongue. He
squeezed his hands and squeezed them.
He looked as though he were going to
cry.

NIA turned from him and sat herself,
dreamily, on the flower-viewing seat,
smiling at her daughter again, smiling at
the flowers again. A long minute after,
when Cousin Gedog said "Goodby"
as though he were tearing a piece of
cloth, Nia didn't even hear him. She
was wondering about the wedding feast.
Could she, could she possibly have for
the main dish those beautiful, beautiful
balls of cold rice wrapped so artistically
in raw fish, with the purple pickles in
the middle?

THE END

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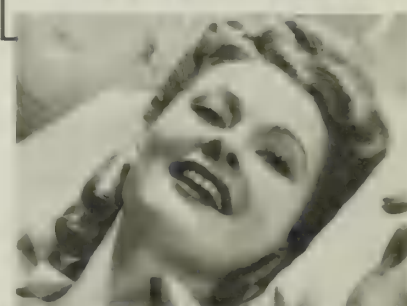
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IRVING ROIR

Bill had talked too much and too long about himself. He was so tremendously interested in his work he hadn't noticed that, but others had

There'll Never Be Another

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

THREE months ago Bill Kirk would have laughed in the face of anyone who told him he would be standing there watching Carol coming down the aisle on her wedding day. It wouldn't have been a nice laugh because he was carrying the torch with both hands then and, up to a month ago, he had still been carrying it in one. When two people loved each other as much as they had they can't end it easily or even nicely, and there had been none of those fine false smiles and assurances that of course they would always be friends.

It was a high-noon ceremony and the church was crowded and Carol, clinging gently to her father's arm, was coming nearer and nearer. Beneath the bridal veil her face was pale and lovely and her eyes were the same soft blue as on the night when she had first told Bill she loved him, too. She had meant it so that it was still hard to believe that anything could have ever broken them up.

The muted tones of the processional music swelled into something that made Bill look away when she was almost beside him. Carol didn't glance at him and it was a good thing. For a man who had had to do so many things the hard way, this was the worst moment of all. Perhaps it was because his whole life had been far from easy that he hadn't known all the little things you're supposed to do and say when you've finally fallen in love with the right girl.

It had been so easy and so wonderful at first. He was a civil engineer, and a good one, and he had been back from South America less than a month when he met Carol. It was at a cocktail party where she was wearing a gay and foolish little Tyrolean outfit, and he had asked to take her home.

They had their first real date the next evening. They went dancing at a smart hotel and the piece they had liked best was *Piano Concerto*, which was certainly a strange name for a dance tune. But there had been so much to talk about in that tender and exciting discovering of each other that they hadn't danced much.

Later, when he had learned that different backgrounds and values can be far more deadly than any competition, he had wished he hadn't fallen in love so soon and that on their first date his head had been listening as well as his heart.

The reverend's full and solemn face was looking out over the audience and Bill became aware that the minister had something of the dignity that distinguished Carol's father. There was a quietness in his face, too, strangely like the one that had come over Carol the night she had told him it couldn't possibly work out. They had been sitting before the fire in the living room, and he had known that something was awfully wrong.

Their last few dates hadn't held that fine warmth and understanding and Bill had begun to wonder if every couple went through some sort of let-down on finding out they were really in love. Some of the fun was gone then, replaced by the knowledge that love meant marriage and when you thought of a lifetime together, you became sharply aware of what had once been only little differences between you. That lack of similarities in backgrounds and friends had made each other that much more exciting at first but now they were disturbing and to Carol, at least, they had become frightening.

"Carol," he had said, worried and a little bewildered, "let's not think about it too much. Let's just let it handle itself."

She tried to smile but it wasn't any good, and he did a very foolish thing then. Because he was Bill Kirk and liked things as straight and orderly as a project blueprint, he had to lay it on the line.

"I keep wondering if I've done anything to upset you. If I have, Carol, it would be better to tell me."

She tried to tell him, and at first the things that had been bothering her had seemed so minor that he wanted to laugh. Then he realized how serious and how frightened she was, and the laughter had gone out of him. She had mentioned the night of the Reynolds party when some of the men had wanted to know all about South America, not only about the Axis' chances there, but about his own work. Apparently he had talked too much and too

long about himself. Because he was so tremendously interested in his work he had but others had. He had been a and a little too sure of himself.

The slow color came into his face at her. "I wasn't trying to be the big," he said unhappily. It hurt him to let that much about others' opinions. I was on exhibition as a prospect thought that was between us, and

He had thought later that it was better if she had been angry. Instead, trying to pretend that what didn't really matter, but the more more it became apparent that she had up to regard herself as a part of a picture he didn't fit. To her, all the little as important as being honest and sincere. That didn't make sense to him; he

Carol stood up, her slender silhouette warm glow of the logs, her eyes bright tears. "I guess there isn't any more she said unevenly. "You're so content and your life that nothing could ever The things that have happened to me to me, too. Maybe we had just broken the whole thing."

He never even remembered walking out of the house. Nor could he recall anything that followed, except it had been work hadn't held him in the city he from her and the telephone that near, and all the places that reminded him of her. But he had lots to do before he could air bases now being built in northern

He hadn't begun to win his battle suddenly, and with some shock, realizing he had been entirely wrong. He had been painfully honest with Bill Kirk, and honesty came to his aid, relieving the tension within him. It took two to make well as a bargain, and, by the time he resolutely turning his mind from the terrible weeks, he began to feel better

HE HADN'T known he was practicing when he discovered that if he only remembered the last awkward dates, when their misadventures widened into a breach Carol didn't filling, he didn't care whether he ever Those last few dates hadn't been fun wasn't all his fault. Until the very last had been silently condemning him for without ever giving him the chance to break the patterns of his life that didn't

He had so mastered himself that coolly logical about everything that Carol was like a lot of people, he liked the bright and shiny medals times won through coming up the they didn't like the scars you might in winning those medals. They liked est and understanding and possessing sureness but, if at the same time robbed you of some polish, making you pined with some of your life and people like that at all. There was, he thought, the disadvantage in such a complete reliance could get over someone like Carol, ever be in love again, knowing that you could get over this new love, too

The reverend cleared his throat, and the church was suddenly painfully silent as he was smiling and he repeated the ring, Mr. Kirk."

Bill numbly took the ring his best He almost dropped it but then he held it between his thumbs for the last month anyway that way ever since the day he had watched Carol on the street and one of the did remember which—had said, "Carol wrong!" As he slid the ring on Carol alized he had been right about one He had always told himself in those when he was having to get over it, that be Carol, there would never be another



Eat and Look Young

Continued from page 18

for her experiments. into an interesting side

foxes turned progres- deciding they were dis- and, Dr. Morgan then with rice bran. She to grow new coats of Instead they com- er up, grew new coats and became real plati- starting pelts of the same oling as the fabulously on gian platina, or plati- ese platina pelts had tion on the New York rs before. They had ces ranging from \$850 p. In Norway they had eds accidents. Dr. Mor- that a long-term slight y may have taken the of hair, leaving the tin blond. Her own roced pelts were not o the platinas. Never- manipulation of the diet ay produce the same quity fur. If so, platinas ded to sell at popular

to say hair: Every day for ars has brought Dr. rs om people in all parts ed tates, Mexico, South ana, England, Africa, ve India. Most of them equits for samples of the mi One woman tendered en hat she would rather org's line than be Presi- Yker wanted to know if wo d make his head look art felt. Several doc- ir mples to use on pa- tinted they might take a lve if it would help their earce.

ters didn't ask for aid. Via D Morgan learned that r fit announcement peo- ted right in dosing them- breer's yeast, liver and n Foods. Many reported as longer turning gray.

Dr. Morgan is Conservative

Dr. Morgan refuses to be stam- d arousing false hopes, eth stay away from the ank instead about her mes. These have shown a th antigray factor, the om p x contains a vitamin gro h of animal hair. The ow vitamins are present food.

vitamin, pantothenic acid, help out the antigray fac- ere long the line. In her Dr. Morgan has shaved e bas of rats grown gray antigray factor deficiency. othe c acid in their diets new lack hair to grow in whil the rest of the hair gray. Eventually the new also m gray. This has led to be ve that pantothenic mideman that mobilizes plies of pigment, however urnishes them to new hair. ntly r. Benjamin F. Sieve City hospital has reported kenir of gray hair in fifty nts died with para-amino- and, ancer B vitamin found owever, in twenty cases the no we given endocrine- acts. What else they ob-

tained in their own diets at home Dr. Sieve did not say. Possibly they were eating the antigray vitamin.

Dr. Morgan believes firmly that gray hair is simply an outward sign of internal changes taking place as old age creeps up on us. Pigmentation of hair is supposedly controlled by the thyroid and adrenal glands. Lack of the anti-gray vitamin damages these glands. Both gray hair and gland damage are signs of old age. It all adds up neatly and has convinced Dr. Morgan that the vital adrenal, thyroid and other endocrine glands are made relatively inactive by dietary deficiency. This failure of the glands, she believes, brings on the gray hair, skin disorders, and other symptoms we group under the one collective term of old age.

Refined Foods Hasten Old Age

For additional proof of the value of vitamins in preventing old age she has produced a strain of super-rats. Since birth they have eaten a balanced ration plus a daily supply of yeast filtrate containing the antigray and hair-growth vitamins. At two years of age, the equivalent of 60 human years, when ordinary rats lose weight and show signs of senility, these rats are of near-giant size. They are physically and sexually active. Only a slight graying has appeared in their hair.

Old age certainly cannot be staved off forever but modern living seems to bring it on more rapidly than necessary. Dr. Morgan lays much of the blame on modern cooking methods, our desire for white sugar, white flour and other refined foods, and the leaching, scouring, and blanching our foods receive in being prepared for market. If she reads the evidence correctly, our purified foods, their vitamin contents largely removed or destroyed, are hastening the day when old age grays our hair, stiffens our muscles, and mists our eyes.

The remedy seems to lie in isolating and identifying all the vitamins and including suitable sources of them in our diet. By suitable sources is meant primarily *natural foods*. They are the best and *least expensive*.

Natural food sources of the antigray factor are liver, several brands of brewer's yeast, whole wheat, wheat bran, brown rice, rice bran, rice polishings and unrefined cane molasses. A cheap and effective source is black-strap cane molasses with wheat bran added.

Good sources of pantothenic acid in addition to the foods listed above are egg yolk, split peas, peanut butter, whole grains, legumes such as peas and beans, salmon and even the much-maligned potato.

Like all other vitamin deficiencies, however, deficiency in the antigray vitamin cannot be cured completely by use of natural foods. Some more concentrated source, such as brewer's yeast or rice polishings, can be purchased at most drugstores and should also be used at first. Don't expect quick action.

This is one diet in which you don't have to worry about the size of the portions. You can't eat enough of any B vitamin to do you harm and they're all a cinch to do you good. If you're like millions of other people you'll feel better for taking them. And if the anti-gray vitamin keeps those gray hairs away or banishes the ones you now have, that's profit. Either way you can't lose.

THE END

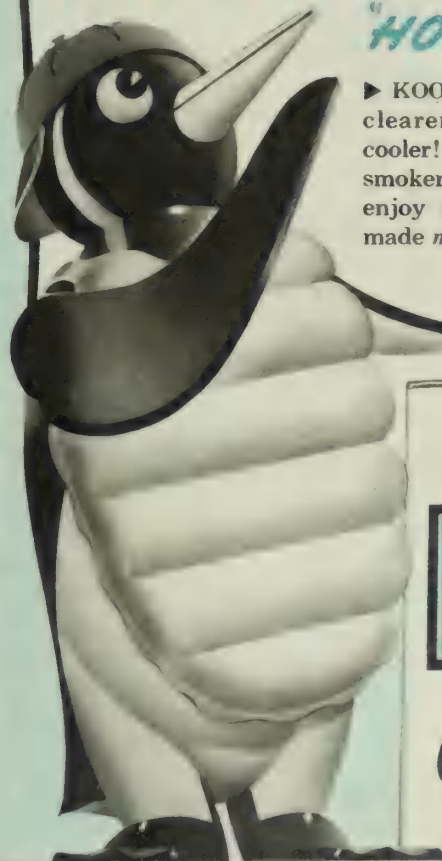
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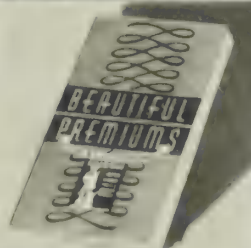
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WHO'S GOT THAT EXTRA CASH?

AS MR. LEON HENDERSON never wears of telling us, the war is forcing a lot of extra money into American hands and at the same time is cutting down the volume of consumers' goods which that money can buy. Hence, the government hopes to drain off this excess buying power in various channels, so as to keep prices of available goods from being blown sky-high by surplus-money pressure.

Okay; but who has the bulk of this new buying power?

The white-collar workers in stores and offices haven't it. Many if not most of the concerns that employ these people are being squeezed by goods shortages and price ceilings, so that it takes a nervy white-collar worker to ask for a raise and a lucky one to

get it. Our horde of civil servants aren't getting raises except sporadically—a \$2 word signifying that as a group they are lumbering along on the old salaries while the cost of living climbs. The well-to-do and the wealthy are being hit by stiffer and stiffer taxes—no trouble for the politicians to cut down *their* excess buying power, if any, since they haven't the votes to prevent it.

Well, then, who has all this extra cash, or all of it that counts as a stimulus to inflation? Just two groups: labor and the farmers. Labor is getting it because the Administration hasn't the courage to freeze wages. The farmers are getting it because the farm bloc in Congress up to now has proved stronger than the Administration.

Are we doing anything to drain excess buy-

ing power from these two en-

The answer at this writing is n-

The most direct and one of the most effective ways would be a general sales tax of 4%, 5% or more on consumer goods. This would really hit the mark; would brake on unnecessary buying, would raise heavy revenues to help pay the war. Surveys indicate that most people favor this.

Yet the Administration has frowned on the general sales tax. It has yet to get to first base in hearing a good deal about how this is far, far ahead of the people's opinion about this war. In the matter of raising money as an obvious and equitable means to help up excess buying power, it looks as if the people are far, far ahead of the government.

FIGHTING MEN'S VOTES

WE'RE scheduled to elect a new House, one third of the Senate, numerous state officials, etc., next Nov. 3d. How about the votes of men in the armed services, now fighting all around the world?

In and after the last war, considerable discontent was kicked up by the fact that scrambled state laws on absentee ballots made it hard for many service men and impossible for others to vote in the elections back home. This discontent was capitalized afterward by politicians who found frequent chances to scream that if Our Boys had had anything to say about such-and-such it wouldn't (or would) have happened. The thesis was at least arguable that federal prohibition was put over because 4,000,000 young and youngish men were under

arms at the time and couldn't register their sentiments in ways that would count.

The prospects this time are considerably better, we'd say, but still not good enough.

All but three states (Louisiana, New Mexico, Kentucky) permit absentee voting by service men in some way; but there are many and various ways. Fighters from Connecticut, Iowa, Maine, North Carolina and Ohio, for example, have to apply for absentee ballots by affidavits attested before commissioned officers. New Hampshire permits absentee voting in Presidential elections only, and then only for Presidential electors. Fighters from Oklahoma have to vote by proxies in their home districts. And so on.

The National Association of Secretaries of

State has met and duly deliberated on the matter, but has decided not to try to make uniform state laws on it till the next state legislatures' sessions.

That looks dilatory to us. Have we taken vigorous steps to get this business out in all states now lacking satisfactory absentee ballot laws, before the next elections?

If any considerable number of men are prevented from voting in the elections, ammunition will be furnished to the enemy which keeps saying that we're going to ruin our own democracy while fighting it all over the world. That will be either for unity during the war or for building afterward.

THE BLACK MARKET

INEVITABLY, with rationing and price control coming in for the duration, black markets will develop in this country as they have done in other warring nations. Not pretty; but some people just aren't going to stay away from the black market.

We think, though, that it is in order to point out that the situation now is different from what it was under prohibition. The alcoholic black market was a sporting proposition, by

and large. An impossible law had been nailed into the lawbooks, and a law whose violation hurt nobody but the violator and sometimes his dependents. Such laws are destined to be broken.

These wartime restrictions are something else again. They are clamped on for two main purposes: to keep our fighting forces adequately supplied, and to deal the available goods for civilians around as fairly as may be.

Hence, when we patronize a peddler of essential goods, we are doing something smart or humorous, and we are doing something which has sense and justice.

If we'll all bear this difference in mind, the black market problem can most likely be a minor one. If we take to the streets and patronize the carnival spirit, the entire war effort grave if not in

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as if I'd blasted a Jap out of the sky, every time I see one of these cannon!" That's the way one Oldsmobile worker describes it, and that's the way all of them feel. *They're mad—fighting mad!* They want to do it, and they're doing it with *work*—but with a lot of "fight" in it. They're fast, and they're working well . . . Shift

after shift . . . 24 hours a day . . . 168 hours a week. Some of these men have been in arms production for well over a year. Long enough so that they frequently hear that the cannon and shell they've been building are already "dishing it out" to the Axis. And that makes them work faster still. No, America *can't* lose. Not when our great armed forces are backed up by men like these.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

PUBLIC APOLOGY: A few months ago we selected "Mrs. Miniver" as the Picture of the Month. We had seen it in a Hollywood Preview, but the producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, kind of left us holding a bag. They changed the release date after we'd gone to press. Well, no matter, the William Wyler production of "Mrs. Miniver" is good enough to be the Picture of Two Months. As a matter of fact it will be the Picture of the Year. Maybe—who knows—The Picture of All Time.

GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON
in
"MRS. MINIVER"



CAPSULE COMMENT: It's rare entertainment. Its cast is headed by lovely magnetic Greer Garson and handsome Walter Pidgeon. Its direction is by the inimitable William Wyler. "Mrs. Miniver" was born to be great, has acquired greatness—and is destined to have greatness thrust upon it by the acclaim of audiences and critics alike.

"Mrs. Miniver" pictures the stirring days of the Dunkirk rescue that will be hallowed in history, the swift-moving pace of love under the "blitz". It mirrors the importance of simple, little things and the drama of action-filled hours.

Whether it is in the appealing revelation of such incidents as "Mrs. Miniver" shopping for a silly, extravagant little hat, or in those high moments of breathless excitement when she captures a Nazi aviator over a cup of tea—"Mrs. Miniver" has an inimitable way of telegraphing life and living; love and hate; and fear, straight to your heart!

Some pictures are "maybes" but "Mrs. Miniver" is a "must".

SUPPORTING PLAYERS: Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon. Produced by Sidney Franklin. Screen Play by Arthur Wimperis, George Froeschel, James Hilton and Claudine West, based on the book by Jan Struther. Directed by William Wyler.

ITEM ABOUT MR. WYLER: The director of "Mrs. Miniver" has made more good films in the last five years than almost any other director in pictures. Maybe the "almost" should be omitted.

NOTE ABOUT MR. FRANKLIN: The producer of "Mrs. Miniver" has had a hand in some of the finest films that have ever been made. He is really tops.

NOTE ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE: "Till You Return", the theme of the William Powell-Hedy Lamarr film is due for the hit parade. Words by Howard Dietz. Music by Arthur Schwartz.

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ANY WEEK

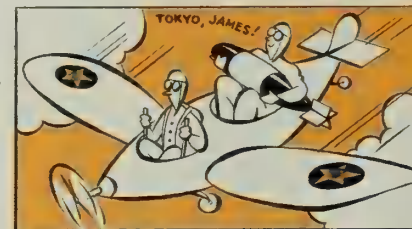


THE young man in the Flash Gordon helmet and horsehide suit on this week's cover is finding out how airplane controls behave at extreme altitudes. His headgear is of spun aluminum, welded to shoulder pieces of the same material, and he's in the "cold room" of the Douglas Aircraft Research Laboratory at Santa Monica, California, where conditions of cold and pressure at altitudes as high as 55,000 feet are reproduced, in order that scientists can learn how men as well as materials behave when they really get upstairs.

WE HAVE had a number of requests for reasons why no person with so common a name as Jones or Smith manages to get into this column. The latest, we regret to tell you, is from a fellow named Wandpflug. Christian Kidney Wandpflug. This one came just as we were riffling through our mail for a Jones or a Smith. You see what happened. So we shall go ahead with Mr. Wandpflug of Kokomo, Indiana. He is about to go to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where his grandfather lives and where, too, his grandfather is in more than a trifling quandary. The old gentleman is eighty years old. Ten years ago he struggled out of a sickbed convinced by his doctor and himself that he could not possibly live beyond the age of eighty and that it was extremely likely that he'd not make that. Thus convinced he cashed in all his insurance, divided the money into ten equal parts and was then equipped to live comfortably for exactly ten more years. If he died in the meantime—well, his relatives, including Mr. Wandpflug, would inherit. But now Grampaw has reached the age of eighty and is immoderately hale and hearty. Never felt so well in his life, he says. Feels as if he might go on another ten years. But he's broke—flat. He has applied unsuccessfully for

several jobs. Too old, they told him. So Mr. Wandpflug is going to call on his grandfather and see what there is to be done for the wastrel. Which is all we know about it except that Mr. Wandpflug's grandfather's name is Smith.

AND even if this hero's name was Jones or Smith we wouldn't be at liberty to tell. His first name is Dave and that's as far as he'll let us go. Nevertheless he's an Englishman, the writer of two novels which, in the early thirties, were in the best-seller lists in England. For several years he has been a waiter in one of the creamiest restaurants on Park Avenue, New York City. He was a waiter in England when he wrote his second novel. He was a dining-saloon steward on a Cunard liner when he wrote the first. He has had the pleasant experience of listening to people discuss his books while serving them food. He had offered himself to the British and American navies and armies in all sorts of capacities and had always been rejected, chiefly for physical reasons. We know all this to be true. Well, we've just heard from him as he was leaving a Canadian port with a convoy of munitions and food ships for England and Russia. He's very happy, he says—happier than he's been for years. His job? Oh, mess attendant. Waits on the officers' table.



IN THE meantime we've been galloping around the country trying to find out what this nation is doing to bring around the speedy and lasting defeat of our enemies. We're doing all right, but nothing compared with what we'll be doing a few months hence. We met and talked to a number of interesting people. One of these was a bombardier with a job on a Flying Fortress. Very absorbing work. We were discussing the duties of a Flying Fortress crew and asked him who, among them, was the real number one man. "The pilot?" we asked. "The pilot," he scoffed rather loudly and indignantly. "No, brother, the pilot's nothing but an ordinary chauffeur."

BUT a California journalist has just been telling us that the managing editor of the paper he works for is pretty difficult these days. The editor, (Continued on page 39)

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENE
CHARLES COLEBAU
THOMAS H. BECK

THIS WEEK

JUNE 1

SHORT STORIES

MONA GARDNER

Wife Material. I
cestors would he
her.

DOUGLAS RUTH

Twin Booms. Pr
shouldn't run he
ness.

HANS RUESCH

Mission. A stud

THE SHORT STORIES

Last Time Around

SERIAL STORIES

JOHN P. MARQUAND

It's Loaded, Mr.
eight parts.

JAMES ALDRIDGE

Flight to the Sun
parts.

ARTICLES

RUTH CARSON

Pull Yourself Toget
military inspectio

JIM MARSHALL

War in the Wood
of fire fighters ta
tions.

JOHN D. WEAVER

Missouri Master.
ton, the painting
Middle West.

DEVON FRANKLIN

We Win Our V
rigorous training
Americans super

DAN PARKER

Crazy Over Ho
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DR. JULIUS HIRS

Why We Wor
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OUR FIGHTING

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the

WING TALK

EDITORIALS

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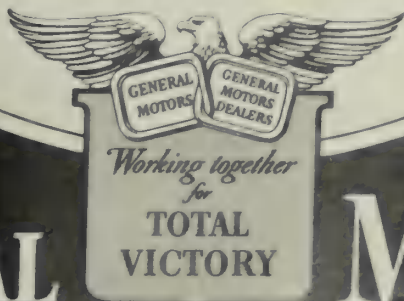
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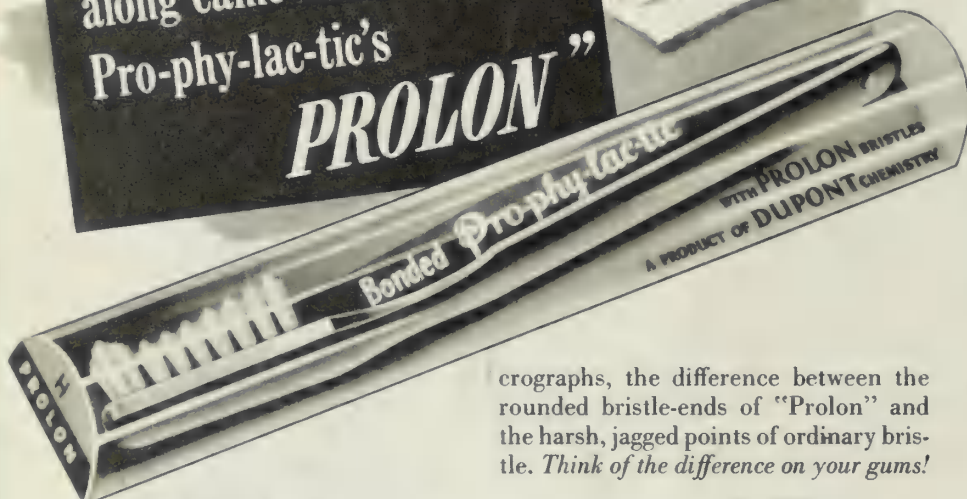
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When you hear competitive tooth
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thetic bristle! And "Prolon" is Pro-phy-
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So, how can the same du Pont bristle, in
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longer than under the name "Prolon" in
a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?
You know the answer—it can't!

"Prolon", on the other hand, has a
mighty important *plus* over any other
synthetic bristle sold under any other
name... only "Prolon" is rounded at the
ends! See for yourself, in the photomi-

crographs, the difference between the
rounded bristle-ends of "Prolon" and
the harsh, jagged points of ordinary bris-
tle. Think of the difference on your gums!

The only Tooth Brush in the World with

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE



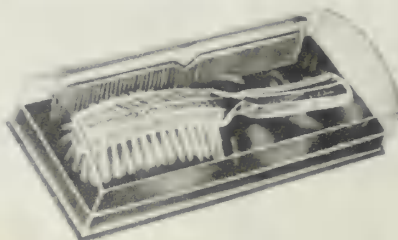
PROLON "ROUND-END" ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs

**2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK
GUARANTEE**

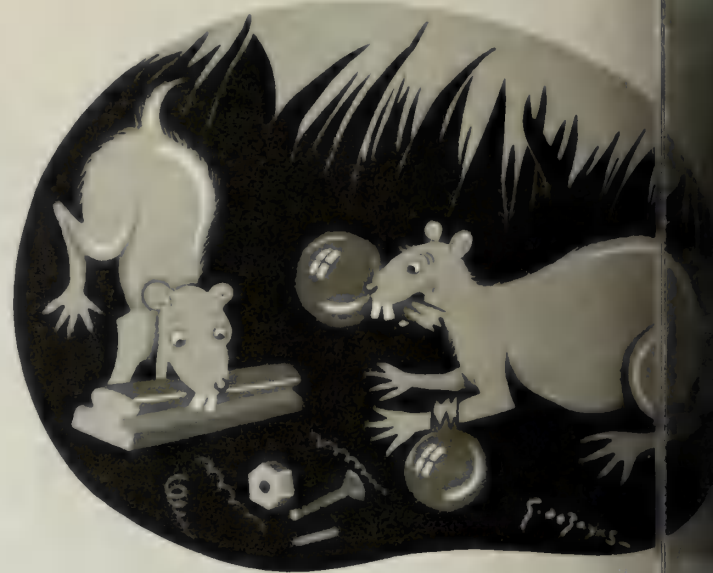
We have no way of telling how long
a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
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6-months *guarantee* of service. That's
how sure we are of its dependability
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brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleam-
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a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush... with comb, \$4.50



Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORK By Freling Foster

The capybara, largest of all liv-
ing rodents, has teeth powerful
enough to cut corrugated iron. The
Steganopodes, an order of birds in-
cluding pelicans, cormorants and
gannets, have no nostrils and
breathe through their mouths.

When a person can "hardly get
his breath" in a hot and badly ven-
tilated room, his pores, not his
lungs, are affected. The discom-
fort is caused by the stillness of the
air, which prevents his body from
losing its excess heat. Persons in
such rooms have felt no relief after
breathing fresh air through tubes,
while others on the outside have
felt no distress after breathing such
"foul" air through similar tubes.

New York is believed to be the
only city in the world in which a
certain personal name is not per-
mitted on a theater. In 1937, when
the Commissioner of Licenses ruled
that the word "burlesque" could no
longer be used, he also included the
name "Minsky" in the ruling be-
cause the Minsky brothers had op-
erated burlesque houses there for a
number of years.

Millions of people, particularly
the Mohammedans, still use true
solar time instead of mean solar
time and, consequently, their clocks
and watches are correct, or agree
with standard time, on only four
days of the year—April 15th, June
14th, September 1st and December
24th. The maximum difference be-
tween them occurs on November
2d, when it amounts to sixteen min-
utes and twenty-one seconds.

Many of the pipes of manual
organs, visible to the audience in
churches, auditoriums and other
places, are merely dummies, in-
stalled for display purposes. The
real pipes, made of wood or metal,
are in such a variety of sizes, shapes
and groups that they have to be
concealed.

Every spring, from three thou-
sand to seven thousand huge rafts
of logs are floated down the Yalu
River, which forms the boundary
between Manchuria and Korea. So
they will be well fed during the
journey that takes many weeks, the
Chinese who handle these rafts
usually carry along a patch of earth
and raise a variety of vegetables.

The leatherback
mochelys coriacea,
seas, is unique in two
three hundred spec-
tacles, it is the only
encased in a shell,
leathery skin. Sec-
largest animal of i
measuring nine feet
tail and weighing ov-

Although tooth de-
the human race mo-
than any other disea-
ship afforded the c-
acquiring a knowled-
until 1839. In that y-
first dental college,
College of Dental
established in Baltim-

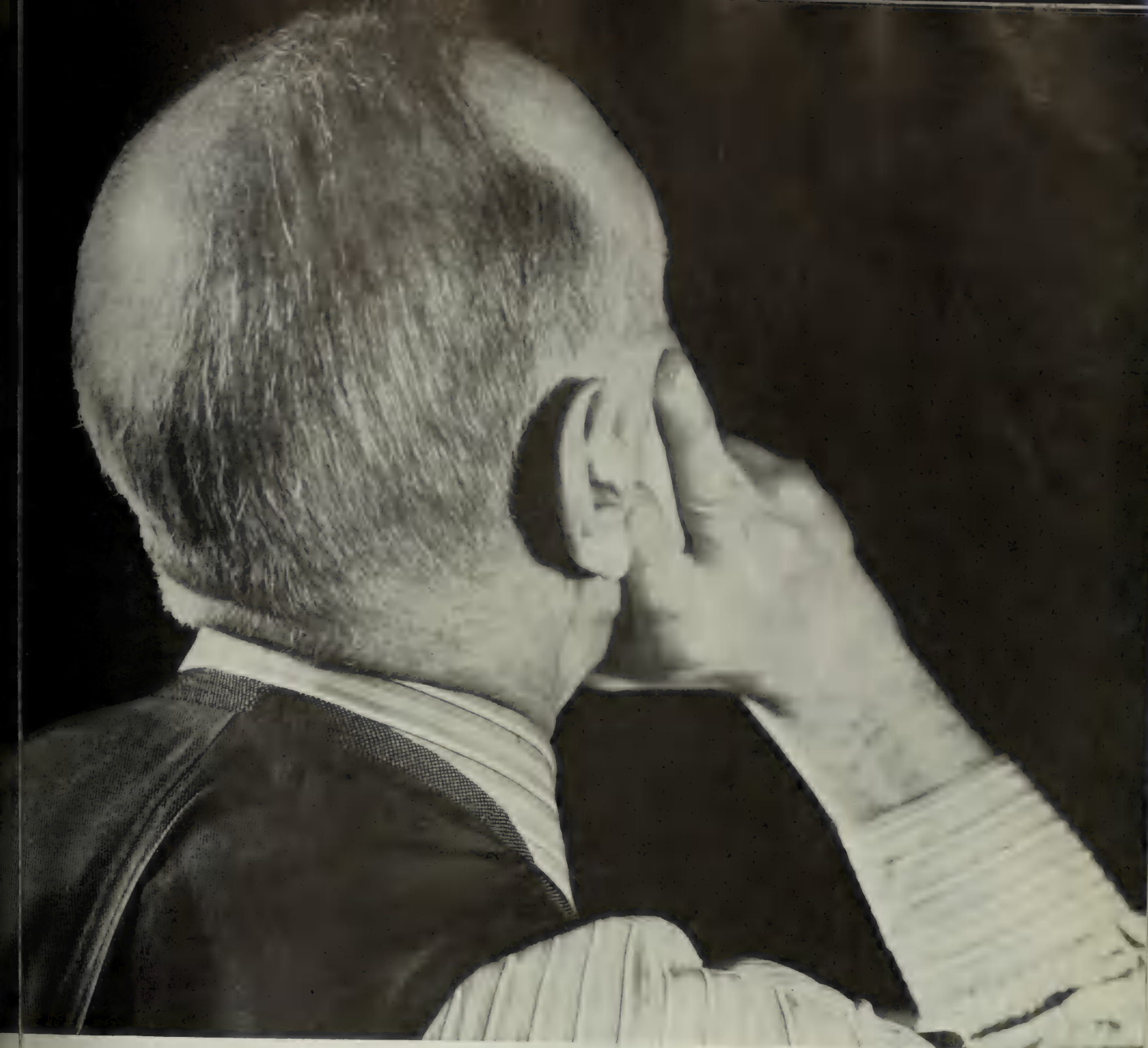
So many saws an-
during the process of
cutting up whale bl-
ing ships that most l-
ing companies first p-
magnetic separators
hidden hardware.—E
Centerville, Iowa.

Among the histor-
Skokloster Castle in
number of parchm-
which the Swedish an-
in Prague during the
War. Having been
the miry roads for t-
way home in 1648,
the mud tracks o-
wheels.—By Ulf H-
Stonington, Connecti-

Chow dogs and p-
the only animals th-
tongues; frogs and
only animals that c-
without closing the
minks and weasels ar-
mais, other than sku-
a malodorous fluid w-

All persons in ti-
Navy of the United
use the official title
when addressing hi-
sioned and noncom-
rant officers, howev-
addressed as "Miste-
Frank Storm, Washi-

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"What Can I Do To Schickelgruber?"

U CAN DO PLENTY! Nobody needs to hope today because he's too old for at service.

ducers are as indispensable as fighters in this struggle. Supreme effort will be required from all of us to supply the necessities of victory.

Every man, every woman, needs to be on a fighting pitch for this do-or-die national condition is of the essence—condition of mind and body.

Most important, your eyes, which control 50% of your actions.

Good eyes perceive quickly, guide

hands nimbly and surely, conserve nervous energy, keep you producing at tops.

Defective eyes tire fast, see double, cause fumbling and accidents, lose time, destroy material, soon exhaust nerves, brain and body.

If you really want to do things to Adolf Schickelgruber and Hirohito the Wasp, check up first on your eyes. Nearly one-third of all Americans have *uncorrected* faulty vision.

Don't experiment with slipshod eye care. There are truly capable men in your community to whom you can trust your

precious eyesight. Select one of them. He will make a scientific analysis of your individual defects of vision and provide professional correction and care.

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VISION FOR VICTORY



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Miller

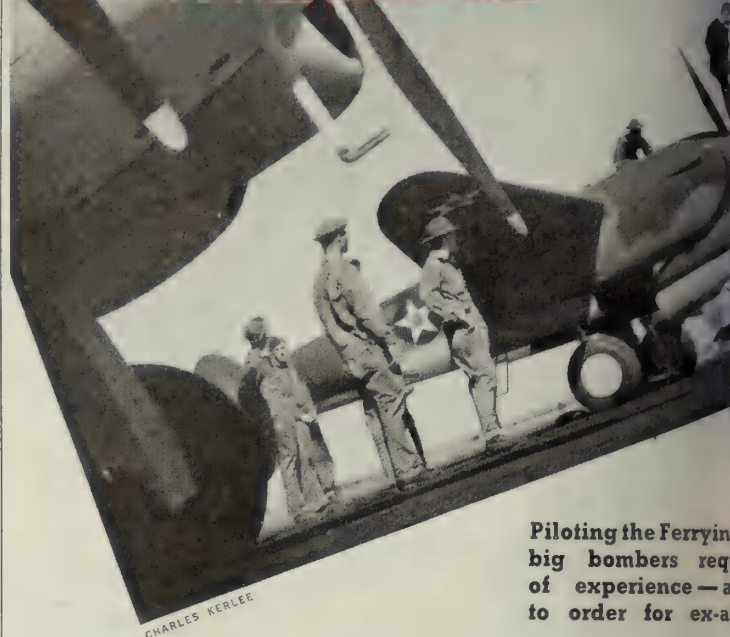
HIGH LIFE

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MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

WING TALK



Piloting the Ferrying Command's big bombers requires a lot of experience—a job not to order for ex-airmen.

IF THE air-line pilots being taken into the Army Air Forces Ferrying Command were evaluated by their log books, most of them would have a starting rank of at least brigadier general. Particularly true is this of the boys who have been pushing air liners across the country day and night for the past ten or twelve years. They have really piled up the time, in terms of thousands of hours and closer to ten than one, too.

Broadly speaking, an airman's ability is measured by his time in the air. Specifically, you've got to find out on what types of ships he has spent that time and the nature of his flying. It is perfectly possible for a primary instructor in the Grasshopper class of aircraft to build up a big log book without knowing what the countryside looks like a hundred miles beyond his operating base. That would not qualify him to fly multimotored ships for the air lines, for the Army and Navy air-transport services or long-range heavy bombers. But an air-line pilot, with 10,000 hours of day and night and instrument and ice and multimotored equipment experience, does get the high rating. He is the master cross-country pilot. But as a combat pilot, he's out of practice.

Many of these pilots far exceed Army and Navy airmen in cross-country flying experience. And at this point we rush to the defense of the latter. In peacetime the service pilots were terribly neglected for want of aircraft and sufficient fuel appropriations to build up experience in the air. Furthermore, to train for executive and administrative posts, to groom themselves for positions of high command and responsibility, the service pilots had to hold down ground jobs of such a nature that they were lucky to acquire 300 hours in a year. Meanwhile, the air-line pilots, whose job it was to fly passengers, mail and express on fixed airways, and nothing else, were clicking off an average of 1,000 hours per year. But whenever an earthbound air officer of the Army or Navy could find time to fly, his cross-country trips were seldom twice over the same route.

We like to think that the boys in the Ferrying Command, the branches of the Air Force, by Capt. Jack Zimmermann, a 10-hour master pilot who has relinquished his post as Eastern Chief Pilot of TWA. Jack is flying air liners between Kansas City, Pittsburgh and New York, and like the conductor of a favorite railroad, has built up a clientele. Tall, handsome (natural) blond hair, no glasses in his dress, his uniform an Admiral Jellicoe angle, always with kid gloves, Jack is responsible for happy landings, fair weather and foul, and will for his company.

As an instrument or blind pilot, we hand him the honors, demonstrated his ability to regard on several occasions back in the cabin and vice versa that our fate was in his hands, versed happily with the host.

And you should be glad to see the task of moving men and our battlefronts is in the hands of capable men as these.

BY NOW, we are in the thick of the season again and this is the time to pay attention, whether pilot, passenger or landlubber, to the wisdom of cumulo-nimbus clouds. The Federal Aviation Authority for this warning is the Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics, which, for the third time in its history, is officially notifying all pilots on inside of what we some call thunderhead.

In turn, the Safety Bureau is the findings of Robert Stanley, a noted engineer, test pilot and records for soaring (careful gliding). Bob Stanley has penetrated the recesses of thunderstorms in his sailplane, brought back what the scientific data. For one thing that even in a mild cumulo-nimbus cloud, the rate of climb is (Continued on page 9)

CORY

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In Action on every Front!

America's bombers and fighter planes roar across the sky. Our Navy's battleships seek out and meet their enemies. Our Army's tanks and trucks and artillery wheel forward. On every front, the handiwork of Bendix craftsmanship! These thousands of Bendix men and women and thousands of sub-contractor personnel behind them—are America's tools of victory: carburetion, ignition, landing gear units, instruments, signal equipment, radio, brakes and controls. Their level-best goes into each . . . for America. Men and women are meeting the tremendous production demands of our Army and Navy. They have multiplied their efforts, and are increasing it steadily, day by day.

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This man is looking for Trouble

THIS MAN'S SEARCH for trouble on a rush construction job has carried him from the bottom of pits to the top of water towers.

Specifically, he has found that lumber piles were leaning and improperly braced; that cement was being loaded on both sides of a highway, thus exposing employees to traffic while crossing the road.

Being sharp-eyed, he has spotted dangerously low electrical supply wires at the pump station, and loose planks on a water tower erection job. He saw wall board piled too high and being worked stack by stack, rather than by the safer method of working down all piles uniformly.

He came across a good many exposed rails in boards; discovered that the dynamite house was built too close to a garage. He also noted that some of the dynamite

workers were leaving their sticks and caps unattended.

He detected scrap lumber and nail kegs being left around on slanting roofs, and found excavations that were not braced. He noted that employees in the cement plant had neither respirators nor goggles, and that the saw operators were without goggles.

All these things, which could be the cause of so much pain and disaster, are taken from the actual report of a man whose experience and training have fitted him for this particular kind of work.

He is a Travelers Safety Engineer.

He looks for trouble so that there won't be any. His job is to reduce accidents by seeking out their causes and eliminating them. His efforts increase production by decreasing the time lost from jobs. Frequently he is

able to cut production costs by helping
duce the cost of its casualty and fire i

It has always been important for A to pare accident losses to a minimum vital. Now, when there is not an hour's idle production, this man is of inestimable value to the industry.

There is a Travelers agent or insurance company in every state. An easy call of every manufacturer and contractor will put these Travelers Safety Engineers to work for you.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All
ance and fidelity and surety bonds. I
surance Company, The Travelers Inde
The Travelers Fire Insurance Com
Connecticut.



RONALD LEED

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Bauer

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for the jealous
the mining settle-
Boca Grande. So they
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age and the Ger-
d her beauty well

I

THE sun was just rising when the shallow river boat tied up at the wharf, and the mist from the river was rising with the sun. Already Winslow Greene could see the buildings by the water front and the elaborate but crumbling façades of Santa Rosa's buildings with their tiled roofs and their balconies and their arcades, designed to protect the pedestrians from the heat. He could see the royal palms and the plantains and the traveler palms that rose above the walks of Bolivar Park, and he could see the statue of the great general himself, South America's liberator and man of dreams, standing high on his pedestal, facing the Avenue of the Twenty-fourth of September. The dampness and the cool of the river were vanishing already, and in their place was coming insupportable, enervating heat. Winslow Greene shook hands with the captain and the pilot.

"Tomorrow morning," he said, "you will be taking back the American lady, and Señor Bird should be going back. They will tell you the time at the office."

"There should be whisky for Señor

Bird," the captain said. "A successful trip, señor."

Winslow climbed up on the wharf and told a boy to carry his bedding roll. He would walk to the hotel, but before he started he took off his glasses and wiped them carefully. The ship of the Pacific Mail Line was already in; he could see her anchored in the canal perhaps a mile downstream. Her high black hull and superstructure spelled the power and security of home. The idea that he would go aboard her in a little while and see the fresh linen in the dining saloon and ice in the water glasses gave him a sense of pleased anticipation.

"The Hotel Continental," he said to the boy who was carrying his bedding roll, and he began to walk slowly. It was important to walk slowly, even in the early morning, if you did not want to feel the heat.

The Hotel Continental was new and modernistic. It represented Santa Rosa's hope for the future, although it was hard to believe that the seaport could have much more of a future than it had a past. The chromium frames of the chairs in the hotel lobby reminded him vaguely of dentists' chairs.

She was not the kind of person who should have been sent, but it was up to Winslow to look after her, to see about her baggage—her clothes if necessary

The elevator took him slowly to a room on the fourth floor, and one of the room boys appeared dressed in a white flannel jumper that made him look singularly like a little boy in pajamas. He pushed back the shutters, and Winslow Greene took off his coat and ordered coffee. He was standing looking over the tiled roofs and listening to the gradual increase of sound in the streets outside when there was a knock on the door.

It was Milton Bird, the metallurgist of the Boca Grande mine, who had come down to Santa Rosa a week before on some complicated piece of business which Winslow had forgotten. Whatever Bird's errand had been it was clear that he had not been giving it his undivided attention. He was in his dressing gown and he was holding a whisky bottle and a glass.

"Hi," Milton said. "I thought you

might be in. How was the trip down? How about a drink?"

Winslow said that he did not drink in the morning. He tried to say it like a man of the world but he was afraid he sounded like a prig. Milton sat down on the edge of the bed, poured some whisky and gave a deep satisfied sigh when he had swallowed it.

"How's Jane?" he asked; he was referring to his wife back at Boca Grande. "Just as well she isn't here," he went on, and Winslow was sure it was just as well. "So you're going into the bush, are you? I'm glad I'm not going with you."

"I'm glad you're not, too," Winslow said. "You couldn't take it."

"All right," Milton said, "all right. Don't start giving me a calling down. Jane'll give me the devil at Boca Grande. She always knows when I've been drinking."

Winslow did not answer. There was no use giving anyone like Milton Bird a lecture.

"There's been a lot of celebrating around here lately," Milton went on. "There was a British destroyer in, and maybe those boys can't drink."

"Oh," Winslow said. He remembered he was not much interested. "What were they doing here?"

"After a raider," Milton told him. "There's a German raider named the Sieglinde hanging off the canal. She's sunk two Britishers and a Dutchman."

"Oh," Winslow said.

Without desiring to be rude, because he never liked to be rude, he wished that Milton would go away.

Milton poured himself another drink. "The trouble with you—" he said, "you don't get any fun. You want to be careful in this country. If you don't relax, you may go native."

Winslow considered for a moment. "I always thought you went native," he answered, "if you had too much fun."

He thought there was a flicker of embarrassment in Milton Bird's eyes as he watched him, and also a faint light of resentment.

"I don't mean raising Cain," Milton said. "Now take me: I make friends every time I come down here. For instance, did you ever hear of a man named Martinez?"

Winslow shook his head.

"Well, now, there's a fine boy. One of the first families here, and I just picked him up at a café. That's the way you learn about life."

Winslow did not answer. All he wanted was for Milton Bird to go away.

"And then there's a man named Gruber," Milton went on, "a great boy, Gruber—the best two-fisted drinker you ever saw."

"Gruber," Winslow said. "You ought not to play around with Germans, Milton. The company doesn't like it."

MILTON BIRD began to laugh, half vacantly, half boisterously. "I suppose you think he's a spy," he said. "But Hitler doesn't want to fight us, and the Japs don't want to fight us. Why, the Japs are in Washington now trying to make up."

Winslow rose and put on his coat and picked up his hat from the bureau.

"Where are you going?" Milton asked.

"Down to the customs dock," Winslow said; "out to the ship."

"What for?"

Winslow winced when he heard the question. "I have to go down to meet a girl," he said, and he winced again as Milton whistled elaborately. "Jim Walters told me to meet her. She's going up to Boca Grande to work in the office, you know."

Milton sat up alertly. He was always alert when women were mentioned, and it was clear he did not know.

"Who is she? Is she pretty?"

"Her name is Simpson," Winslow said.



"How should I know pretty? Frankly, I don't care."

Milton gave a disgusted look. "Haven't you got in you? I care if she's to go upriver with her, why didn't Jim ask through the customs?"

"Maybe he knows you," Winslow said.

Milton's eyes narrowed. "Could not rely on Milton was in Santa Rosa."

IT WAS half-past seven out to the ship, but it was there early than to talk. It pleased Winslow to tell other day he would be personalities. He would be the jealousies and gossip people in a little mining Grande. He would be vines dropped from the tall trees. He would be which very few white followed. He would stop and talk to the men guns and their poisonous parrots would be flying. The monkeys would be treetops. There wouldn't be birds or any bickering where he was going.

When he stepped out and walked past the chairs toward the front he noticed that a man in the chairs was staring at him. He always self-conscious stared at. It made him quickly and when he saw up he walked more quickly when he heard his name stopped. The stranger was an American in spotless white of the most beautiful Panama had ever seen. It was the arrested Winslow's attention his scientific curiosity, the fineness of those woven ways thought, made them wonderful objects that came from America. That Panamanian stranger was holding a feather and woven so could have been passed ring. Even in Santa Rosa hats were common, that have been worth well over dollars.

"Pardon," the stranger said, "am I speaking to the low Greene?"

Winslow's eyes moved. The stranger was slight, delicate, and very handsome. Winslow thought disappeared the grace of a professional—black hair, wide black teeth and a quick bright suspected that the man had something until he saw that hat put its own unknown category.

"How did you know?" He spoke stiltedly, using conventional phrases of politeness. "I don't think I have had the sometimes forget names."

The stranger drew an object from his inside pocket. He held it very gracefully and quickly, showing a visiting card which Winslow could not read. On the card was the name Ardo Lopez.

"I see," the stranger said. (Continued on page 67)

"It was rude of me to take your hat," Winslow said. "Take it from it," replied Señor Lopez. "It is yours. I beg you."



A matter of morale: free after their day's work in an airplane plant, these girls are as trim and fresh as soldiers on inspection day

Put Yourself Together

by Carson

...ps from the men
...aned forces. It's
...ng that counts if you
...bwell turned out

it from the Marines. They
to now. They have toiled
their own washing, ironing,
and pressing. They have been
on and off duty, and reported
just late in perfection. They've
ness distilled into them as a
virtue. It's no wonder, look-
the rest of us, they say in their
mand: "Military uniforms
guish! from civilian clothing
act that they are worn at all
a prege manner and with ex-
tidiouness."
be fit to shame in this fash-
can pruce up and be a match
boys instead of a let-down.

Fashion, that fickle charmer, won't come to your rescue any more. Clothes are becoming shorter, straighter, simpler, to conserve material. This summer, buying clothes already in the market, you will have your last wartime fling with swishing skirts, brilliant colors and flattering frills. The next clothes from the factories will be muted in color, simple in line, giving you a chance to relax and look like everybody else or be distinguished as never before, with nothing to distract from the simple perfection of well-fitted clothes and immaculate grooming.

Perfection is your solution to a lot of problems. Talk about shortages can send you rushing out to buy so that you won't be caught without warm and decent coverage. Lectures on hoarding can make you curl up in your old clothes for the duration. But fashion, actually a sound stabilizer instead of a frivolous wench, will make you unhappy either way. Even in the limited range ahead,

there will be changes. Fabrics out of soy beans, handbags out of wood, lacy twists of cotton in stockings that will make your hoarded cobwebs look passé. You don't know what you'll be wearing next. But when the time comes, you'll prefer the clothes that come with it. Your cue is shopping as usual. Buy what you need and make the most of everything you own.

What you need most is a suit. Always the backbone of a sound wardrobe, it can now be practically that entire wardrobe. Suits are so popular that summer dresses are being cut in two pieces to look like them. A recent fur show for manufacturers starred as important only the fur coat roomy enough to go on over a suit; most of last season's remodeling was to that end. Furrers, looking ahead to a wool shortage, expect to put more of us than ever into fur coats with accent on natural furs to conserve dyes.

If you're buying a wool suit now for

wear the year round it may still be one hundred per cent virgin wool or it may be part reused wool. Don't fret about that. There are many grades of wool, and some of the reused wools are better quality than some of the virgin wools. Your suit may be part acetate. That's all right, too. Even when materials were no problem, acetate was frequently mixed with wool to give a pleasing drape and texture. Natural undyed colors are a good idea in your suit, also. They look right at any season.

To make a whole wardrobe of your suit you'll concentrate on variety with it—sweaters, shirts, frilly blouses, hats from sports to pretty. Dickey fronts, those conservers of laundry and materials, have blossomed anew.

But you won't be making the most of these feminine tricks unless you endow them with the immaculate perfection that is habit with the boys in uniform.

Take the fit of your suit—and be
(Continued on page 66)

War in the Woods

By Jim Marshall



Along a 2,000-mile battle-front patriotic women, children and old graybeards guard America's war-vital timber against forest fires

BEHIND the gray ships and planes ranging far to the westward, behind the khaki-clad legions guarding the Pacific Coast, the Far West has built a third defense line—manned largely by oldsters and kids and women—against forest fires. From southern California to northern British Columbia this line is more than 2,000 miles long, from fifty to a hundred miles wide. Today, as the dry season gets going, this strip of country becomes potential dynamite.

Because nature and a foreign foe have combined this year against us, thousands of men, women and children have been mobilized to fight the greatest timber battle in history. Weather conditions in 1941 make 1942 the most dangerous year of a decade in millions of acres of Western forests. Last fall it was too wet to burn the accumulation of trash left by logging operations on the forest floor. These carpets of trash now have become tinder, ready for a spark—and it takes only a spark to set a million-dollar fire going.

Today, our state and national forests are patrolled by the new army of citizen volunteers that has been created and

trained in the Coast states for just this emergency.

Almost every mile of timber, from the redwoods of the south, up through the Douglas fir and hemlock and tamarack to the northern spruce and pine is being watched today from planes and from mountaintop lookouts. Crews of trained men and boys are ready in strategic spots. Equipment owned by states, government agencies and private timber concerns has been pooled, standardized and assembled for quick transportation. In many lookout stations, wives of fire spotters are working twelve-hour shifts, spelling their husbands in the never-ending watch for that telltale wisp of smoke down in the green sea of trees stretching toward the horizon.

There's still a shortage of manpower. Army and Navy and industry have looted the country of its huskies; the CCC is almost out of existence; there are few transients this summer to be pressed into service on the fire lines. That is why old graybeards are ready to march into the battle; why women are working alongside their men; why boys of teen age are organized into crews and trained to stop the enemy.

People living in cities and unforested areas don't realize how devastating a timber fire can be. In August, 1933, one spark fell in some tinder-dry brush near Tillamook in northwestern Oregon. It started a fire that burned over 244,706 acres; destroyed \$275,000,000 worth of trees—enough to build a million homes; washed out jobs for 14,000 men

Smoke billowed up as high as 8,000 feet from this tremor which raged over the Toandos Peninsula, Washington. A thousand were called out to halt this fire, which destroyed 6,000



Young huskies learn the rudiments of fire-fighting in the Guard Training School, Tollgate, Oregon. Forestry schools are being raided for young men to man the fire line



A smoke jumper of the Chelan National Forest in Washington, wearing a full protective outfit used by aerial fire fighters in trial demonstration. His equipment includes a 3-pound, 13-ounce radiophone



Smoke jumpers getting into their suits in preparation for a practice jump. In an actual fire, a few minutes after the first smoke has been reported, the planes are away to drop their chutists before the fire gains momentum



Building a fire line with a bulldozer. Such firebreaks save time and can be used on grades up to 35 per cent. They work best in the open or in young stands of timber. The bulldozer will handle trees up to six inches in diameter



Smoke jumpers strain to hold the main fire line along a heavy road in Washington. Because forest fires move with the wind, firefighters can't always count on water being available

for six years. The amount of wood destroyed in that one blaze was three times the amount of timber cut on the West Coast that year. And that was just one fire!

New York had its record fire loss in 1930—but it totaled less than \$20,000,000.

Today the lumber country, North, South, East and Far Northwest, is knee-deep in sawdust, turning out lumber by the billion feet for the Army and Navy, shipbuilders and plane plants. Getting out the timber has become a panzer operation in which only the heaviest and toughest machinery can stand the gaff. Motor-driven saws bring down 200-foot firs in twenty minutes; it used to take a couple of experienced fallers two hours or more. Big brute caterpillars smash through "brush" forty and fifty feet high to yank out logs ten and twelve feet in diameter.

And up on Puget Sound is the Big Blue Ox—Babe to the loggers—the granddaddy of all trucks, rolling timber to the mills. Babe is 85 feet long, has 28 wheels, eight speeds forward and totes 150 tons of logs at a crack.

All this high-speed machinery is necessary in the woods because in the fire season it's unsafe to work in the timber except in the cool, comparatively

humid hours from early morning until noon. This is the Hoot Owl Shift—and during its eight safe hours all the logs needed by Army and Navy and war plants have to be cut and transported to the mills.

It's figured that three tons of wood will save a ton of steel—which is why the Navy is building wooden ships and the Army wooden bridges. One Navy order, for example, is for 200 slivers of fir, ten inches by eighteen, by 110 feet long. The Army Engineer Corps is getting bridge timbers capable of standing the impact of a fifty-ton tank going forty miles an hour, as another example. In one month this year the Army alone bought enough lumber to fill 300 freight trains, each a mile long. It figured that would last two or three months.

This demand for lumber and more lumber is one reason both Army and Navy are having headaches over the fire situation.

Soldiers can't be used for fire fighting for two reasons. One is that if saboteurs start fires to cover an attack, it would just be playing into enemy hands to use a lot of warriors in the timber instead of on the firing line. The other is that soldiers—through no fault of

(Continued on page 62)



COURTESY ABBOTT LABORATORIES

Thomas Hart Benton's indignation over the complacency of Americans toward their danger resulted in eight blistering paintings depicting the horrors of total war. This is one of them, entitled *Invasion*

Missouri Master

By John D. Weaver

WHEN Tom Benton went to war he went by himself and in his own way. The scrappy little Missouri artist didn't write to his editor, his congressman, his draft board. Fighting mad, he stalked into his studio, cleared it of the Missouri landscapes and still lifes he'd been working on before Pearl Harbor, and then set to work on eight paintings which he hoped would "scare hell out of people."

For months, Benton had been like a dormant volcano, smoking a bit, rumbling now and then, spurring an occasional snort at art critics and museum directors, but generally remaining fairly quiet. Missouri neighbors knew it wouldn't last. They wondered when the next outburst would come, and who would be buried beneath the seething lava flow of the Benton wrath. The explosion came on Easter Sunday, when eight new Benton paintings blistered the nation's front pages and rotogravure sections.

Easter art in American journalism traditionally features the lily, the silk topper, the goofy bonnet and the shy four-year-old twin girls skipping down the church steps with their egg baskets.

Benton, in eight canvases to which he gave the general title, *The Year of Peril*, roared out against the bloody consequences of indifference, bungling, hesitation, dissension, of not doing quite enough, of not believing it had to be done—and done now. Benton's Easter message spoke of death and brutality and waste, of skulls and broken

bodies, of vultures, burning ships, rape, starvation and a mad delight in killing.

"There are," Benton wrote in a foreword to the pamphlet presentation of the pictures, "no bathing beauties dressed up in soldier outfits in these pictures. There are no silk-stockinged legs. There are no pretty boys out of collar advertisements to suggest that this war is a gigolo party. There is no glossing over the kind of hard ferocity that men must have to beat down the evil that is now upon us. There is no hiding of the fact that war is killing and the grim will to kill. In these designs, there is none of the Pollyanna fat that the American people are in the habit of being fed."

The painting reproduced on the cover of the pamphlet is called *Starry Night*. It shows the bug-eyed face of a drowning sailor floating in oil-flamed water, his hands reaching up to clutch the night air as his ship sinks in the background. Benton's terse caption expresses the theme of his paintings: "The stars that look down on the seas of the world in this Year of Peril see men die grotesque

For more than six years Thomas Hart Benton has been putting on a great show for his home state, Missouri—a three-ring circus of painting, writing and talking—and talking is his hobby

and horrible deaths in order that their brothers may hope to live in freedom."

The paintings were first projected last winter. Benton had been rattling around the country on a lecture tour. Disgusted with what he calls "the Pullman optimism" of smoking-car strategists who were winning the war at every way station, Benton abruptly canceled his speaking engagements, put aside his current painting commitments and wrote his agent that he planned to devote all of his time, energy and talent to making the American people realize that they are "up against the greatest evil that has ever come to them."

Washington Pricks Up Its Ears

The eight paintings, begun around Christmas time, were made entirely on Benton's own initiative. His first impulse, he says, was to hang them in the Union Station of his home town, Kansas City, so that travelers shuttling back and forth across the country would see them and then go home and tell their families and neighbors. After his agent

flew out to take a look the word got around, and Washington showed keen interest. Photographs of the paintings were sent East, and stories announced that the paintings and give the government for any use. Want to make of them. Philets, post cards and letters made from the painting. ment officials say they widest possible distribu abroad."

The debut of the war Fifth Avenue gallery of American Artists brought a variety of people. Drafts mingled with Austrians, sailors, Chin publishers, actors, column artists. Tom Benton moved amiably through laughing and chatting questions. That morning British official had called ask if the opening were affair. Tom happened phone.

"Oh, no," Tom said; women too, you know." The first reaction to the one of terrific shock. The tality is painful to see, as to draw back from it. Bu impact, the effect of th much the same as the rea personal tragedy. The i followed by a realization



travels all over the state sketching the Missouri country-
ne draws the lean, weathered face of Henry Look of Chilmark

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN



unch. Around the table are Mr. and Mrs. Benton, Jessie the
omas Piacenza Benton, and Collie Banks, maid of all work



is something to be faced and endured. The evil of this war, Benton says in his paintings, is also something that must be faced and endured.

National response to the paintings was overwhelmingly favorable. Many preachers based their Easter Sunday sermons on Benton's message, and almost every major newspaper and magazine featured reproductions of the pictures and editorials about them. Letters flooded in from factories, business offices and defense plants, asking for reproductions to hang on prominent walls for war workers to see.

In the last seven years, Missourians have become familiar with Artist Benton and his ways. So they weren't at all surprised at the spectacular ferocity of his war paintings. In the old days before Benton came home to paint his famous Jefferson City mural, most Missourians thought of art only in terms of barroom nudes and post-card hayfields. Old Missouri families would have a Bingham lithograph on the parlor wall and a feed-store calendar over the kitchen range. That, they figured, was enough art for anybody. But Benton has made art as important as politics, and when Missourians talk about it, they usually have their fists clenched.

The Artist at Work

In the summer of 1936, when Benton was plugging away at his Jefferson City mural ten and twelve hours a day in the stifling Missouri heat, the home folks packed a lunch, piled in the kids and headed for the State Capitol, curious to see an artist at work. The only one most of them had seen before was the man at the state fair who did colored crayon portraits for a dollar. The gaping Missourians filed into the Statehouse staring up at the small, wiry man in baggy trousers who stood on a high scaffolding, smoking a briar pipe and daubing at the walls bristling with the life of their state, its lynchings, politics, horse-trading, slave auctions, its steamboating, pioneering and barroom legends.

One leather-faced Missouri farmer shifted his quid, coughed and corrected the artist's treatment of a plow ("The hind part's too short, and the handles don't have enough turn to 'em"). A reporter pointed out that Kansas City's Boss Pendergast never smokes cigars, as shown in the painting, so the cigar came out and a cigarette was popped into the boss' pudgy hand. While the tourists rested their feet, and the up-state families ate sandwiches, the small, dark man on the scaffolding went right on mixing his paints on the porcelain top of a kitchen table. He didn't look arty at all; he looked like a courthouse loafer, perched cross-legged in front of the county recorder's office, talking crops and politics. And when he knocked off to eat lunch, he talked and laughed (he laughed loud) like anybody else. He was, one admirer said, "just down-right common."

Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri has discovered, is a small man with a big punch. His paintbrush packs more of a wallop than a whole green acre of Missouri mules. In the seven years since he settled down in his home state he has been in one row after another and he's usually come out on top.

First, the Capitol mural. Missouri legislators, Chamber of Commerce spokesmen, women's patriotic groups, civic leaders, plain opinionated letters-

Saturday night at the Bentons' often finds an impromptu concert, with musicians ranging from neighbors to members of the Kansas City Philharmonic

to-the-editor Missourians, all thundered their fury at paintings which, they charged, disgraced Missouri, made it appear to be nothing but "a houn' dawg state."

"Those walls seem to be shouting at you," one legislator said.

"Ought to be whitewashed," a Kansas City businessman said, and offered to head a band of masked riders to storm the Capitol.

Benton didn't duck. He met the storm, and weathered it. Today, most Missourians laugh sheepishly at the rumpus they kicked up. Guidebooks list the paintings alongside Mark Twain's boyhood home in Hannibal, Eugene Field's lover's lane in St. Joseph and the old farm home of Jesse James near Excelsior Springs. Missouri children study the mural in school, and make Saturday bus excursions to Jefferson City to see it. The artist himself has become a familiar sight, bumping along country roads on sketching trips.

After the mural storm began to die down, Benton cut loose again. He brought out an autobiographical book called *An Artist in America*, and shocked Missourians demanded that the Kansas City Art Institute, where Benton was the \$3,000-a-year head of the painting department, oust the artist-writer for using words nice people didn't even think, much less put in print.

Then came the Benton nudes, *Susanna* and the *Elders* and *The Rape of Persephone*. From the *Apocrypha*, Benton borrowed the story of *Susanna* and retold it in modern terms, portraying the girl as a quite attractive young woman with red-tinted fingernails and high-heeled slippers, dipping her toes in an Ozark stream while two leering Missouri farmers peeked out from a background which included a country church and an old jalopy. St. Louis gallery officials tried to block *Susanna's* debut, but were laughed out of it. A prominent Missouri clubwoman complained that *Susanna* was "just too naked," which struck Benton as "funny as hell."

Next was an interview, front-paged throughout the country, in which Benton turned his panzer phrases loose on art museums. Benton, whose work hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in other first-rate repositories of American art, said he would rather see his paintings brightening the walls of a saloon, a privy or a bawdy house than a museum. People go to saloons, he said, but never to museums, unless they happen to be tourists anxious to "do" the place and get it over with.

Mr. Benton Lets Off Steam

"The typical museum is a graveyard," he said, "run by a pretty boy with delicate curving wrists and a swing in his gait. You've got to have a sort of an undertaker's psychology to go into the museum business."

That was too much. Staid, Benton-hating trustees of the Art Institute forced his ouster over protesters who argued that Tom, as usual, hadn't done anything except say out loud what many other artists had said in their studios. "But," the trustees complained, "he says it so loud."

Benton was born fifty-three years ago in a small Missouri hill town, Neosho, of a family as distinguished in Missouri as the Cabots in Massachusetts and the Cabells in Virginia. His grand-uncle, also Thomas Hart Benton, is the biggest name in the state's political history, and the artist's father served six terms in the national House of Representatives, where he was noted for his roistering stories, his spectacular use of profanity and his red-bearded homeliness (he was reputed to be the ugliest man in

(Continued on page 30)

We Win Our Wings

By Devon Lancia



As punishment for taxiing on the ramp with flaps down after landing, a cadet (above) carries one arm in a red sling

At left, Cadet Rodrigues from Brazil at controls of a "Think Trainer" mock-up, being taught by Com. G. C. Wilson

Curious to see what a parachute will do when dumped on the ground, these cadets tried it—and they found out



fighting forces really
jackpot when they
ed the American
of training fight-
ts—80,000 of them
and more if neces-
ere's how the cream
ica's tough-fibered
earns its wings

l with the propeller insignia
service cap was slumped on ■
n the ready room. He was ■
out twenty, with that indeli-
Keokuk or Kalamazoo about
id a good chin, blue eyes and
in-bleached hair which tum-
over his forehead to become
e sweat. He was a nice kid
ible kid. The misery stuck
like spines on a cactus.
n't bust me out of here," he
ing, sucking in his breath in-
"They just can't do it."
he far corner of the ready
s Air Corps' primary train-
t kid's instructor was watch-
t of the tail of his eye. It
olatory to the instructor. Kids
ids went in this grim busi-
wtime air training. Some of
ot through and some didn't.
f m were graduated to basic
e they really began getting
et into flying. Some of them
ir arts broken.
s gh, breaking their hearts.
nod around, like grammar-
yngsters racked by their first
ppy love. But it was better
a l out in primary stage than
im on hoping. It was better,
ident who didn't have what
a liability to himself and ■
more talented classmates.
ha to know how to keep in a
tation on a field where a hun-
rplies trailed one another's
ash

A Lesson to Remember

structor left the cadet on the
n t depths of his misery for
nre minutes. That was part of
ning technique. This boy had to
ht he would remember. He
n or confident before his check

ms! he instructor called finally.
rid nped up. "Yes, sir."
nstructor sauntered over. "I had
you out up there," he remarked,
suggestion of a yawn, "but it
bad, today's ride."
ns' he was that of a man who
t been reprieved as he was walk-
t las nile to the gallows.
skiled a little on that last
the instructor added; "and the
as on edge in your glide. Watch

ng Adms is both man and idea
y's dye for adequate air power.
ne o he scores of thousands of
no constitute America's burgeon-
Ford Yesterday he was a per-
oday e is a symbol, because air
or a ck of it will win or lose
r.
ns is e Jones kid next door with

oks Field, Texas, cadets make a
e corner" on the double to for-
—a 90-degree turn while on the
lanch-yle building at rear is
e use for their barracks. On
te pas, cadets in AT-6 planes
eling at of echelon formation

peach fuzz on his cheeks, starting off to
one of the scores of air-training cen-
ters thrown up in ■ miraculously short
time by the Army and the Navy to meet
the threat embodied in Hitler's march
into Poland and Tojo's attack on Pearl
Harbor. He is the Smith kid down the
street who yesterday was holding hands
with Mary Lou at a double feature
and tomorrow will be roaming the skies
in ■ 400-mile-an-hour pursuit, aching
to tangle with ■ Messerschmitt or ■
Zero fighter. The Army and the Navy
are talking about processing 80,000
Adamses and Joneses and Smiths a
year to give nerves and sinew to our air
power. Before our armed services fin-
ish cleaning up this world military mess,
they are more likely to be training 100-
000 each twelve months.

We are going to be concerned here
only with pilot training, with teaching
men to fly under ■ system which is as
tough, as rigorous, as exacting as any
employed by a major power. It's bet-
ter than most systems and it may be
the best. It's tough because it takes a
tough man to fight aloft. If Willie has
always had his mother around to re-
mind him to put on his rubbers he had
best report to his local draft board with
his nose drops and paper hankies. He
won't be able to stand the gaff at an air
school.

Pilots are only part of our air army.
It takes methodical meteorologists, re-
sourceful engineers, hard-boiled crew
chiefs and meticulous mechanics as
well. It takes bombardiers, gunners and
navigators. And here's ■ word of cau-
tion: Don't make any disparaging re-
marks to a graduate navigator about
the relative importance of his duties in
a bomber crew. He is touchy on the
subject and may plant one on your
bottom.

But most of all, an air army re-
quires good pilots, and training ■ man
to be a good pilot is akin to training
him for expert surgery or quick-witted

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON JR.

argument before the bar. It isn't done
with mirrors. It means ■ lot of hard
work.

Much mystery has attached itself,
barnaclelike, to what Lieutenant Gen-
eral Henry H. Arnold, now commanding
general of the Army Air Forces, calls
this flying game. Part of this mystery
is legitimate. Part of it isn't. We know
a lot about flying and we are gradually
learning a lot more but we don't know
enough yet. What we don't know con-
stitutes the mystery. We didn't know
until ■ short time ago why some ac-
complished pilots working "under the
hood" to pile up instrument flying time
would roll out of a turn into a spiral in
the opposite direction and come dan-
gerously close to disaster before they
recovered.

Solving Air-Crash Mysteries

The Army searched for and found the
answers to fatal crashes on two succes-
sive nights at Craig Field, Alabama, as
students in advanced trainers were
coasting down to enter a traffic pattern
for landing. It is still investigating the
crash of four Airacobra pursuits in an
Ohio snowstorm. Mysteries are not
supernatural. The answers to them
merely elude for the moment the cun-
ning of man's mind and senses. So-
lutions to the mysteries of flying are
being found.

The important thing to a young man
flirting with the idea of learning to fly
is the safety of flying behind the battle
front. Accidents not associated with
combat flying are no more numerous
today in the midst of the intensive war
effort than they were in yesterday's
peacetime, in relation to the number of
hours flown. The Army and the Navy
have charts etched with eloquent curves
to show that.

At Cochran Field, Georgia, during a
period of five months a fatality occurred
only for the equivalent in flying time of

every seven-odd round trips to the
moon.

"That's too many fatalities," re-
marked ■ major on the staff of the com-
manding officer when he was told of it.
"One would be too many."

Practically any youngster with ■ good
body, clear eyesight, sharp reflexes and
horse sense can learn to fly an airplane.
That doesn't necessarily mean he can
fly a winged monster with ■ thousand
horses up front and eight guns blazing
from the leading edge of the wing. Even
so, from 55 to 60 of every hundred men
who think they can fly military planes
come out of the training wringer with
gold bars on their shoulders. Civilian
pilots with iron-gray hair, battered felt
hats cocked over one eye and a wad of
chewing gum lodged in their jowls are
ferrying Army pursuits from factories
to tactical fields these days. Until this
war began, many of them hadn't flown
faster than a sleek automobile travels
on ■ straightaway. It surprises the
Army some. Up to May, 1940, when
the Dutch burghers woke up to find the
panzer divisions at the door, the Army
promoted the fiction of the superman
in aviation. Congress was niggardly
with appropriations, and the Air Corps
had nothing else to sell.

True, ■ sizable proportion of aviation
cadets fail to win commissions. Why
they fail is no mystery. Some can't
co-ordinate. It takes a nice muscular
and nervous balance to fly. Some don't
have the stomach for it. Some are too
cocky. There was the student at a pri-
mary school in Avon Park, Florida, who
rolled his airplane into a ball in ■ land-
ing maneuver. The instructor wasn't
surprised. The boy had been courting
trouble for days. He knew too much.

"I suppose," he said ruefully as he
disengaged himself from the goulash of
fabric and framework, "this busts me
out."

"Not if it has taught you anything,"
(Continued on page 58)



Crazy Over Horses

By Dan Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



Horse racing suffers from the operations of a few unscrupulous men whose methods are as cruel as they are crooked and whose motto is "Never give the sucker an even break"

SEVERAL years ago, a great public benefactor, who adopted the trade name of Theodore Hayes, came to the conclusion that not enough people were getting rich by betting on the races, so he decided to do something about the situation. This benefactor, whom certain unappreciative individuals insisted upon calling a tout, bought a mailing list, referred to by cynics as a "sucker list," which contained the names of persons known to bet on the races. Thus equipped, he bombarded horse players with circular letters which informed them that he could fix claiming races at Saratoga for a stipulated fee.

One of the recipients of Mr. Hayes' proffered beneficence, being skeptical about the whole business, sent the circular to his favorite sports columnist who, in language that burned a hole right through his column, exposed Mr. Hayes as a typical mail-order tout, who couldn't fix a parking ticket, much less a claiming race at Saratoga.

"That will fricassee Hayes' gander to a tempting russet, egad!" said the sports columnist, vastly pleased with himself as he read over his tirade in print. Imagine the shock to the columnist's ego, not to mention his belief in the intelligence of his public, when the morrow's mail brought him a shower of letters, each containing money, with a request that it be forwarded to that nice gentleman, Mr. Hayes, so that he could fix a claiming race or two for them.

Although the sports writer's exposé of the spurious Mr. Hayes eventually led to that rogue's conviction, in absentia, by the New York State Attorney Gen-

eral's office in its drive against touts, the wholly unlooked-for reaction of the public cured the columnist of the urge to be a crusader against the evils of betting on the races. Like eating and drinking, too many people enjoy the habit to make it a popular one to knock.

Trying to cure race-track addicts of their vice is like making an unwilling horse drink after driving him to water. They don't want to be cured; they resent all efforts to save them from themselves. Furthermore, statistics on betting and attendance at race tracks not only show that they aren't being cured but even prove that more people are contracting the disease every year.

That suave scholar, gentleman and connoisseur of three-year-olds, Herbert

Bayard Swope, put a well-manicured digit on the nub of the situation in one of his annual reports as chairman of the New York State Racing Commission when he announced:

"The Racing Commission feels required to say that it is not in agreement with those critics who consider that wagering at race tracks is a custom to be deplored. The present pari-mutuel law has served to make legal and legally supervised an inclination for wagering, which has always been conspicuous in the American people. Since the people will bet, nothing could be more beneficial to themselves and sounder from a sociological and economic standpoint than that they pay a tax to themselves out of money spent for relaxation and

Unfortunately, the home isn't provided the nags which let

receive their own money by expenditures."

What Mr. Swope means in language is that the state money it gets from horse racing goes to building better roads, thereby providing a union ease for horse players to walk home after an after lightful relaxation with the ing which they had the money to lose the rent money. Unfortunately, (Continued on page 6)

A discreet shot of the right kind of stuff in the hip of a thoroughbred has accomplished more than generations of selective breeding





I feel like the Mother of the Regiment," giggled Elsie

"It's easy to see that your reputation is well deserved, Elsie," said the corporal with a sharp glance at Elmer.

"I am proud of my reputation," Elsie admitted. "But I'm even prouder of having so much of my Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk used in our



army and by our allies. Good cooks and good soldiers everywhere know it makes perfectly scrumptious cream soups and mashed potatoes. And it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D!"

Elmer shook his head disgustedly. "Talk, talk, talk!" he snapped. "I don't see where you get the energy."

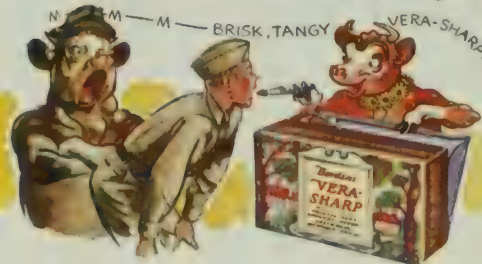
"Lots of people find energy they never dreamed they had," said Elsie serenely, "in HEMO — Borden's



new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em! And do stop glaring at this nice soldier."

Elmer started menacingly toward the corporal who stood his ground. "Stay where you are, bully," warned the soldier. "I know a big cheese when I see one."

"One of the very finest cheese treats I know," Elsie said quickly, "is Borden's Vera-Sharp. Folks just rave



about its keen, tangy cheddar flavor. I must say it's one of the most distinguished of the distinguished family of Borden's fine cheeses."

"Distinguished, eh?" bellowed Elmer. "Well, with all due modesty, my record in the last war . . ."

"Oh don't bore the corporal with your war record," said Elsie. "He knows you're part of Borden's."

"I get it," laughed the corporal. "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

it's made from such fine milk and cream."

Elmer sniffed. "You may not be aware," he said



proudly to the corporal, "that my great Uncle Hector was the original Sitting Bull!"

"Sitting Bull was an Indian," objected the corporal frowning suspiciously at Elmer.

"Speaking of Indians," Elsie interrupted hastily, "most boys at camp whoop like Indians when they open a box from home and find cake frostings, can-



dies, and cookies made with Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. So wonderfully smooth and sweet, you know."

it's fine for EVERYONE!

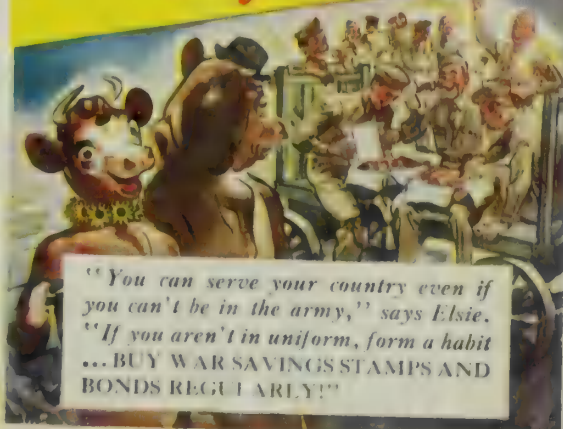


the grand things that are made

Elmer, turning to the corporal. "I suppose you never heard of the Battle

rather hear about my smooth, Borden's Ice Cream," Elsie broke in. "Everyone comes on the run for that—

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good



70 MILLION DOLLARS SAVID

on a grocery bill!

Seventy million dollars! This vast sum would go a long way toward filling the wants of countless American families! And it probably did—for last year, more than that amount was saved for customers of A&P Super Markets . . . because the food they bought would have cost that much more if these stores operated on A&P's cost rate of a few years ago. But A&P has steadily reduced its cost of selling food through new efficiencies—bringing amazing savings to its customers. Get the real significance of these savings. Millions of families not only saved by changing to A&P Super Markets from other food stores . . . but they made additional savings as A&P found new ways to do business at less expense. A&P carries on relentless war on needless expense in distributing foods. And each time it succeeds in saving money, you share in the savings.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

Shop any day
SAVE
every day on your
ENTIRE
FOOD BILL



SUPER MARKETS

WITH living costs rising, now is the time to challenge your food shopping habits . . . to examine into what you buy, how much you pay, what you get for your money.

Try shopping at your nearby A&P Super Market for just one week . . . for your usual 7-day supply of food and household needs. But first, jot down the prices you have been paying for various things. Then go to your A&P Super Market and compare prices. In the Grocery Department, shop from shelf to shelf, examine brands, read their labels . . . you'll find you save a penny or two per package on many things you need, of the quality you demand.

In addition to the famous brands all grocers stock, you'll find additional savings in many nationally known foods sold only by A&P. These are quality-renowned brands like the 33 Ann Page Foods; White House Evaporated Milk; Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees; Marvel Bread; Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts. These and scores of other foods are brought by A&P direct from factories, roasting plants and bakeries with many usual in-between costs eliminated—and the savings are shared with you.

Visit the Dairy Center (the spick-and-span department complete with creamery

butter, selected eggs, fine cheeses and fresh milk). Here again you've a store in store . . . in quality and low prices. Spend time in the Meat Department . . . in the Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Department. Note the goodness of everything you see . . . and the reasonable prices asked. As you jot down your savings, remember these are savings you can make at your shop.

Go to your A&P Super Market. You'll find profit in your visit . . . more for your money . . . a saving in shopping.



Better, more nourishing meals for your family in times like these.

Save
UP TO 25%*

ON MANY FINE FOODS

* Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our—

Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees
White House Evaporated Milk
The 33 Ann Page Foods
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls & Donuts
34 A&P Canned Fruits & Vegetables

Sunnyfield Butter
Mel-O-Bit Cheese
12 White Sail Household Products
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Sunnyfield Hams & Smoked Meats
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

A&P PLEDGE

A&P pledges all its experience, all its skill resources to the job of providing you with the possible foods at the possible prices.



He knew he was crying; it was his life that was crying. "Inglisi! Inglisi!" he said, and his hands were in the air

Flight to the Sun

James Aldridge

Illustrated by HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Very Far:

LIEUTENANT JOHN QUAYLE, of the 1st Air Force, is awaiting orders in a room where the Greek-Italian fighting Will Lawson, an American pilot, introduces him to a beautiful woman, Helen Stangou, who tells him she is a first aid post and expects soon to be moved to a hospital in the town of Ioannina. A girl are strongly attracted to him, but she discourages his advances at his "be sensible." When the squadron ("80") are ordered to Ioannina, he is elated at the prospect of being near Helen. He is a gallant and experienced pilot and the command of Squadron "80." Among Quayle's fellow fliers are Finn, Hersey, Vain, Stewart, Sou, Brewer and Richardson. In the air battle from this base, the squadron is shattered by the Italians, the squadron's plane is shot down, and the hospital matron at Ioannina enters the romance between Quayle and Helen. A week of bad flying weather, the squadron is grounded, and Quayle makes acquaintance of Nitralexis, a fearless,

laughing Greek flier and Papagos, his spunky little assistant.

Clear weather brings a heavy bombing raid to the town. Next morning the squadron is sent up with orders to bring down as many enemy bombers as possible. In the air battle that follows, Brewer is shot down while trying to help Tap out of a tight spot. That afternoon, the squadron again engages the enemy. Quayle observes Richardson bail out of his flaming plane, is horrified to see an Italian strafe the parachute so that Richardson plunges to his death. White with fury, Quayle shoots down the cowardly Italian and flies back with the others to their base.

Realization comes to Quayle that he loves Helen. He asks her to marry him. She loves him but is reluctant, speaks of "the difficulties," and finally says she will think it over and let him know that night. Quayle immediately calls on Commander Hickey and, in accordance with the regulations, asks if he has any objections if he, Quayle, gets married. Hickey, a true and warm-hearted friend, is delighted with the news. He asks Quayle when he intends to get married and the latter replies: "Tomorrow."

Hickey then answers slowly. "We've been ordered back to Athens tomorrow." But then he promises Quayle that Helen may ride back to Athens in a couple of days in the Bombay, the supply transport plane. "Thanks, Hickey," Quayle says.

IV

QUAYLE went out and up to his room. He slept until after eight o'clock, then dressed and went downstairs. Hickey had ordered the table set up again in the hotel hall, and the others were eating.

Again, Quayle was struck by the fact that there were only six of them. He ate the hard Greek bread and drank the thick Retzina wine that tasted like violin strings because it had resin in it. He walked out of the broken entrance to the hotel and up to the hospital.

There was no moon and the streets were hard from the two days' sunshine. He waited in the common room for Helen to come. She was dressed in a long yellow coat with a small yellow first-aid cap on her head.

They walked down the steps and through the village out toward the bombed bridge at the foot of the lake. They were silent through the village but on the white misted road he spoke to her.

"Do you know now?" he said. "Be-

fore you say anything, I'll tell you. I think I can get you back to Athens in the Bombay—that's the transport plane. We've been shifted back to Athens."

"You are going back? You're going back to Athens? When?" she said.

"Tomorrow or the next day, I don't know. But you can get back in the Bombay. What have you thought about?"

"I don't know," she said. "It's different, you going back. . . . It's different now. . . . What will happen at Athens? I don't think I can go. . . . I can't leave here."

"I'll fix that. . . . the matron will. . . ."

"But even then, what is there ahead?"

"Not very much. Nothing definite. If I leave Greece, you would come too. . . . it looks as if I'll be here until the Germans come in. Then we'll go back to Egypt. You can live there or go to England. . . . just so long as we're not split by a war. What do you expect?"

"It's going to be difficult leaving," Helen said.

(Continued on page 44)



My Lady Buxton thinks
of simply Everything.
See—I take it with
me wherever I go!

Here's an extra bit of Magic. No wonder it's called Magic Purse. I love it "solo" when I want to carry only small change, because it's so ingenious, practical. When I want to carry my change and notes together, I just lock it back into the billfold. It fits perfectly and stays put.

\$5. "Three-Way" with
Magic Purse in selected
Goatskin—others from
\$3.50 to \$7.50.

\$2.00 Magic Purse
model with open window.

\$3.50 Zip model with
removable Magic Purse.

Other Lady Buxtons from \$1.

IT'S THE ONE BILLFOLD that can boast of always looking young! Know why? Because it's made in a unique and patented way. No buckles, no bulges, as in ordinary billfolds. There's a grand "give and take" tailored into Lady Buxton. It expands smoothly when you cram it; eases into place again, when you lighten the load. That's why women insist on Lady Buxton by name!

Free! GRADUATION AND OTHER GIFT IDEAS, from small remembrances at 75¢ to lovely matched sets at \$25. Gift-wrapping directions; information on leather. Just write Buxton, Inc., 4276 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass., or Dept. K, 47 W. 34 St., N. Y. City.



I'M ALL FOR THE
GREAT OPEN SPACES

There, I carry the Magic Purse "solo" for my small change. I just unsnap the purse, lift out the clever "flaplock." To replace, I reverse the motions, press down the cap. It's double locked into place.



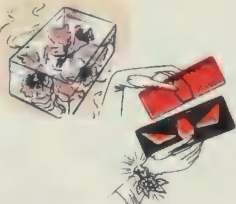
I GET
THE WANDERLUST!

And then I need a special hideaway for important bills and papers. The inner partition, reversed, does the trick! It locks itself in. Keeps things safe; out of sight!



I'M IN AND OUT
OF THE SHOPS

And here my Lady Buxton "Three-Way" scores again! Always keeps my keys, cards, license, shopping lists, money in shipshape order and where I can reach them in a jiffy!



I'M A
GLAMOUR GIRL, TOO!

With a "formal"—I need a sleek, wafer-thin billfold. Lady Buxton's inner partition, removed, is just that! It's attractive, a complete fold, and adds a dash of color to my ensemble.

Crazy Over Horses

Continued from page 22

public-spirited senator has yet offered to amend the racing laws to provide free transportation home for losers on the backs of the nags which let them down.

The extent to which horse racing has gripped the country is partly indicated by the race-track betting and attendance statistics for 1941, when 15,000,000 went to the races in 16 states where racing is legal and bet a total of \$517,382,107. However, these figures don't begin to tell the story. An incalculable amount of money is bet illicitly with bookmakers away from the race tracks. Early figures for 1942 indicate that all records will be smashed to atoms this year. No statistics are available on the number of form players who will trudge over the hill to the poorhouse when their infallible systems for beating the races turn out to be slightly less than fool-proof. Such figures as these would hurt the game by seriously interfering with the improvement of the breed and, therefore, aren't compiled by racing commissions.

When Phineas T. Barnum coined the slogan, "Never give a sucker an even break," he unwittingly wrote the platform of the crooked element in the horse-racing industry. Horse players are tossed around like a pair of dice at a Harlem rent party, yet their gratitude for this treatment knows no bounds. They live in fear that reformers will step in and spoil the game.

You can drive a horse to water, some great mind has pointed out, but you cannot make him drink. Conversely, the races make many a horse player drink but at the average track you cannot drive him to water. There's none for drinking unless he visits the stables over behind the backstretch. Nor is this an oversight. All the New York tracks have been so burdened with excess profits that they had to spend hundreds of thousands on improvements. One of the improvements long sought by race-track patrons has been public drinking fountains. But, with the exception of Belmont Park and Aqueduct the track owners didn't get around to installing them along with the much less-needed renovations. To furnish free drinking water seems to be too much to ask.

The Great Outdoor Sport

Racing, as Mr. Swope has pointed out, is a healthful sport. It gets one out in the open and that goes for everything including the pockets. Race tracks are beautifully landscaped. Their majestic trees and well-kept shrubbery (clipping is really an art as practiced at the race track) make losing one's bankroll such sweet sorrow that the delighted victim returns again and again and again. Thus, his health is bound to benefit if his wealth doesn't.

Nor is fresh air the only healthful concomitant. No racing fan over-eats, for any length of time, at any rate. And at this very moment, hundreds of thousands of race-track addicts would be walking around the streets and lanes of America, stoop-shouldered, if it weren't for the kindly interest the state and track owners take in their comfort. To save their patrons from the necessity of carting around tons of copper coins in their pockets, most tracks graciously agree to shoulder this burden by retaining the odd pennies after paying off winners to the nickel or dime as the case may be. The technical name for this act of benevolence is "breakage," although there are several less euphemistic terms for it.

In New York State alone racing fans were relieved of the burden of carrying 443.43 in one-cent pieces. a total of 101,044,343 pennies placed end to end, would reach heaven whence pennies are showered every time it rains.

Race-track owners usually exasperating by-product with the state, which practice gave rise to the saying that falls on the just and the unjust. When it is revealed that for the entire country amounting to \$3,000,000, it doesn't take a figure out who got all the

The Ten Per Cent

The state and the track operate in lightening the burden of the players by extracting a pot bet as their fee. In most cases "take" is ten per cent whacked up evenly by the players in the pact. When a ten per cent is cut out of the same pie times in the course of an evening, it usually is, the player's share is over. He may not have a lot of money, but he knows his money is in good hands. Half of it goes to the track, some of it to be used for more trees and shrubbery, stands and more prizes for breeders to encourage the breed.

Neither is anything special about a few public telephones. When you enter a race track, you lose contact with the outside world, which is a good thing. There is nothing so relaxing as a horseman as subjecting himself to annoyances from the outside world concentrating on his vocation of breeding the ponies without the aid of a telephone.

Improving the breed, of course, is the sole reason for the existence of horse racing. The pillars of the industry stated so, time without end. Unesthetic folk prefer to medium for indulging their gambling, it isn't the fault of the industry. People behind the scenes should let racing die out, happen to the thoroughbred Army horses in time of war. Betting at race tracks was a New York State during the time of Governor Hughes. Two years ago, the tracks did close for two seasons and didn't open until the reform wave had passed. The betting system had been in place for a long time, this is probably the exception that proves the rule. Just the same, to know that a group of men are making sacrifices to improve the breed.

Improving the speed, of course, is the chief object of improving the breed. Sometimes the speed is improved by methods not entirely altruistic. Why the quaint custom of a saliva test was introduced is now in general use. This is the presence of narcotics in the system. A discreet shot of a horse in the hip of a thoroughbred known to accomplish a way of increasing his speed. Depressant drug will slow a sprinter to a jog. One of the most common methods of doping race horses that is known to the public doesn't know the name. It is running W.H. (meaning W.O.H., meaning with

years ago, Alfred G. Vander-
g racing magnate who, un-
y enlisted in the Navy, was
ont Park as well as Pim-
ie revolutionary suggestion
horse owners be compelled
bly before a race whether
ld be trying to win or just
ercise. To nonracing folk,
ake sense. They naively
every time a race horse
ost, he was trying to win.
belief, held also by many
the races, is erroneous, of
times, a race horse is just
r up and sometimes he's
good price for himself for
y by throwing the handi-
a slow performance.

rbilt, whose great grand-
said, "The public be
cussed out by more than
for suggesting that the
sidered to the extent of
n the secret of whether or
it is betting on is giving
ege try or just taking a
rop. Nothing ever came of
elt's suggestion, and the
"alifying," as this form of
is uphemistically termed by
ill one of the ivy-covered
s of racing. It is now sug-
at vners be compelled to an-
e the returns are in from
x, whether their bag of
ing with or without bene-
of the coca leaf.

How to Beat the Races

are probably more persons in
who have discovered the secret
be the races than there are
in the U. S. Army. Every sports
man with the type. Usually,
who has discovered the secret
ricks is an undernourished,
ad individual with a strange
ing in his eyes. A generous lot
tick Columbuses are, too,
covers of gold mines jeal-
rd their secret from the world
be me misers. But the man
our out how to beat the races
always willing to share his
unwith others. If the other
ll finish the dough, he will
he rains—and I don't mean
lf, a plate.

ces can be beaten; make no
about that. Insiders who have
information have done it and
nue do it. They know when
is lady, when the heavily
vove has a sponge tucked up
to inbed its breathing or when
d a low pill mixed with its
carrs. They have inside in-
a who a horse has gone lame
erve unsound. Sometimes
eve be so well informed that
ow then the jockeys have
o something good among them-
California some months back,
s' rg confessed they fixed
a gambling syndicate at the
000 horse pulled. At River
oon er this, it was discovered
a horse race, five of the
d ben sponged or otherwise
with

the y-products of horse race-
e pudo science of handi-
It is based on the erroneous
on the thoroughbred horses
in tre to form. Statistics com-
or a long period of years show
run form only about once
starts. Thus, a handicapper has
es on him at the outset.

gentlemen who follow the noble
n of handicapping hasten to ex-
at you can beat a race but you
at the races. The trouble with
aments that nobody wants to
ace, whereas almost everyone

wants to play the races. And no one
ever stops on his way to a pari-mutuel
window to reflect on the great obvious
truth that if professional handicappers,
who bring into play whatever skill and
technical knowledge there is in connec-
tion with their calling, still cannot beat
the races, what chance has the average
man who trusts to luck, a hatpin or the
dream he had last night?

The Sport of Kings, which is really the
sport of deuces for the average player
since two-dollar bets are the most com-
mon, flourishes in times of great unrest
and social upheavals. When people be-
come discouraged after years of fruit-
less effort to keep that old curly wolf
away from their threshold they are ripe
for plucking by the benevolent gentle-
men who have put themselves in charge
of the improvement of the breed. A visit
to a race track, an afternoon of begin-
ner's luck, and the prospective victim
says to himself: "And to think I've been
foolish enough to work for a living all
these years with this going on right un-
der my nose!"

From that point on he starts talking
to himself regularly. Then he subscribes
to one of the racing sheets (25 cents per
copy because the firm that prints these
journals has a monopoly and can name
its own price). Inside of a week, if he
hasn't discovered an infallible system
for beating the ponies, he has at least
found a sure way to reduce his bank
balance while paying a tax to himself
out of money spent on relaxation, which
he will receive back in public expendi-
ture, as stated by the New York State
Racing Commission.

The thoroughbred race horse furnishes
employment for many but causes un-
employment for many more. Millions
are invested in him by those who can
afford to make horses their hobby. And
millions are lost on him by those who
can't afford to have even hobbyhorses.
A thing of beauty, nevertheless, the
race horse is about as useless a creature
as there is in the whole pattern of civil-
ization. As a medium for betting, he
serves no purpose that a nannygoat or
a fine, fat sow wouldn't fill if the emer-
gency required it. As a saddle horse, he
is too flighty and, besides, is a runner
and not a several-gaited steed such as
gentlemen prefer, along with blondes.
Behind a plow he would be a complete
flop since he is built for speed, not pull-
ing strength. As the motive power of a
vegetable wagon he would be a menace
to traffic, not to mention the vegetables,
because of his high-strung nature. In
times of famine, his flesh would be not
only inferior in quality but also in
quantity to that of the dray horse, as a
substitute for beef. Roast tenderloin of
a 6 to 5 favorite is reported to be too
stringy for the palate of a beef-eater.

As a sire for Army horses, the thor-
oughbred is desirable but again there is
a catch. The requirements of the Army
and those of the race track don't seem
to jibe. Not long ago, an examination of
the "score sheets" of Remount stallions,
kept over a period of years at the Army
Remount Station in Front Royal, Vir-
ginia, revealed the surprising, and to
race-track men, disappointing, informa-
tion that the best Army horses were
sired by the two least prepossessing stal-
lions of all the hundreds bought by the
Remount Service. These ungainly
beasts, Majority and Breast Plate, had
more things wrong with them, from the
point of view of the professional im-
prover of the breed, than a couple of
hucksters' spavined nags. Yet, they
produced the exact type of horses the
Army wants.

It's all very discouraging to those
who thought racing had a mission to per-
form besides its traditional one of guar-
anteeing that all horsemen, except
track owners, of course, will die broke.

THE END

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



The Boss: Sorry. Can't use it. That song's got no whoosh! No bang! No pep appeal!
Joe: That lets us out, Art. You've got no words—I've got no tune!



Art: No pep appeal, huh? Say! I was reading the other day about how you can't have
pep without vitamins. And that's us, pal! I bet we haven't been eating right. You know,
not getting all our vitamins.

Joe: Maybe you're right, Art. And *that* gives me an idea. Come with me, boy!



Joe: This is the ticket, Art. Look what it says: "KELLOGG'S PEP is made from choice
parts of sun-ripened wheat and contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most
likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D."

Art: And, mister, does it taste good? Boy! If getting the rest of our vitamins is as much
fun as eating this swell, crunchy cereal, we'll be in the big time before we know it!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B₁, according to
age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE



Twin Booms

By Douglas Ruth

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

How a young lady of refinement came to see in a factory not noise and dirt, but the wings of aircraft

SOMETIMES at evening, when the sky was a pale yellow-green, Venetia would look up from picking the sweet peas. Frederick would know then that she had heard it and he would wait, his eyes reluctantly searching the empty sky.

In a moment it would come, a beating sound swelling to a roar. Far, far up, there would be a glint of silver wings.

The mighty interceptor-pursuit plane would straighten from the dive with a throbbing sound that pounded at their temples. They would see the sun glint again on the wings and the queer double body as it streaked across the valley. Then, with a quiet swishing sound it would be gone. Just like that, one long swish and it was gone.

Only its passing would have left a radiant look on Venetia's face and a tenseness to her body in its blue smock. And Frederick wanted to say profane words and tramp the sweet-pea vines back into the dirt.

"Sure moves fast, doesn't she?" he managed to comment this evening. "It's those twin booms, I guess."

Venetia didn't even hear him. Her head with its red-gold braids and dainty classic features was turned toward the west. In the west a pink cloud drifted against the yellow-green sky.

Picking up the rake and shears, Frederick took them to the garage. He was as long as possible putting them away and then he lifted the hood of their old sedan.

He knew Venetia did not like him to come to the supper table with his hands all greasy but it was better than seeing her there with that faraway look on her face as if she were that woman poet—what was her name, Amy something? Venetia went in quite a lot for poetry and was always having varied "emotional experiences."

She was probably having one now, Frederick thought as he turned the re-bored motor over and listened to its soft purr. To Frederick a plane was a plane and a mighty comforting sight now that there was this war. But to Venetia, a plane was a "shining messenger of delight." She also called the new moon a "smiling silver mouth." Well, at least Venetia was staying home, looking after the house and cooking his supper at night. She would not be reading all that poetry stuff now that she was no longer working at the Centaur Circulating Library.

Frederick's salary as bookkeeper at the Pacific Clothing Store was small but sometimes he thought if Venetia had let him be the only wage earner, he would have worked harder and got more money. He didn't know exactly how, because the clerical force of a clothing company is limited and Horace Harcourt had the only decent job as office manager.

Well, Venetia would have to let him do all the wage earning for a while at least. They were having a baby after

seven years of marriage netia's saying she would child into this world until it a comfortable home education. Frederick guessed body felt like that they stop fighting and tell Hitler over.

Before he went in to sup his hands with lava soap of comforting to monkey chinery but he guessed right. Probably it did look a bookkeeper to have d fingernails.

"I hear," Venetia said down to the table, "the court's getting Horace Tschaikowsky recordings niversary. Maybe they'll hear them."

Horace Harcourt was Fr down at the Pacific Cl Sometimes they were in Harcourt home.

Frederick went on ea and meat loaf but Venet (Continued on pa,

One afternoon, Frederick heard his name over the public-address system. He was wanted home at once. Bradford said, "Good luck, boy. Make mine an El Ropo

THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.
Frankie Frog, who painted cuties,
Certainly knew his bathing beauties.



2.
So when he picked the fair Francine
As "Miss Millpond"—he picked a queen.



3. Now Frank is hers and Fran is his—
A merger smooth as CALVERT is.
Yes, Happy Blending of the best
Gives both romance and whiskey zest.

4. That's why each drop of CALVERT mates
The richest, rarest whiskey traits.
No drink has got what CALVERT'S got—
It's *Happy Blending*. Try a spot!

Heads
Choose

Calvert



THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"



Unpleasant Breath gets its traveling papers when you pop a PEP-O-MINT into your mouth. Carry these breath-taking LIFE SAVERS at all times.



There's enjoyment for 60 minutes...one hour...one-twenty-fourth of a day in every pack of delicious FIVE FLAVOR LIFE SAVERS! Time it yourself.



Between Old Malls, Philip Luckfields—or whatever cigarette it is you smoke—you'll find PEP-O-MINTS a pleasant and tasty mouth-freshener.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Choice of 11 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.



"I promised to write every day, but I couldn't mail them until I found out where he was stationed!"

Missouri Master

Continued from page 17

Congress). Benton's earliest memories are political—Election Day drinking and fighting around country polling places and jolting over hill roads with his father, electioneering. He remembers sitting across the family breakfast table staring with fascination at William Jennings Bryan and stuffing himself with poached eggs shimmying on halves of baked potatoes.

The boy rebelled against plans for a legal education. His talents ran to drawing and street-fighting. When he was seventeen, he went to Chicago to study at the Art Institute. He strutted through a period of thinking himself a genius, then packed off to Paris where, he says, "I wallowed in every cockeyed ism that came along, and it took me ten years to get all that modernist dirt out of my system."

After four years in France, Benton came back to New York, broke and disillusioned. He scraped along on odd jobs, painting, among other things display portraits of such early-day movie stars as Theda Bara and Clara Kimball Young. He loafed around New York gyms, wrestled, boxed, drank beer with fight promoters and anonymous heavyweights, but it never occurred to him then to use this vigorous material in his painting. His work was full of symbolism and subtleties.

When the United States entered the first World War, Benton pulled some wires and landed in Naval Intelligence. But his papers got mixed up some way, and he found himself at the Norfolk naval base shoveling coal. When his papers were straightened out, Benton was shifted to a drawing board. Immediately he lost interest in colored cubes and artistic posturing. Dredges, blimps, airplanes and barracks took the place of his old studio abstractions.

When the war was over, Benton was ready to get out and take a look at America. He bummed through the hills

of Tennessee and Arkansas harmonica in return for a bed for the night. He drifted rivers, listening to river talk rich bottomlands. He worked mines, the oil country, the filling sketchbooks.

In 1924 he was called home to Missouri. His father was dying and he dropped in every day to tell rowdy stories the old man took gusto. Tom's boyhood came to him. In the faces of old friends he began to think of a decision to make until the spring of 1935, when he left Greer with an outburst of epithets in Washington Square.

Art is Accepted

Missouri, in those happy days, was best known for its crooked politics. Art was a new experience for most Missourians as something decadent, effeminate, like kissing a lady instead of shaking it. "How-do." Today, art is politics, religion and football. Missouri is indebted to Tom Benton. As Benton rattled along in barns, courthouses, sleeping cows and lean, weaselly faces, he began to paint. He did more painting, less talking. He became interested in Missouri foliage, spent hours in delicate webbing of Missouri things, heard-of for this painter catering canvases.

In the spring of 1939, after a show in Missouri, Benton staged a show at the Fifth Avenue (

American Artists. Thirty-
his career were represented
eased and astonished critics
diet, thoughtful work of the
ng years, perhaps the two
rdest-working years of the
Kittens, butterflies, spring
taken the place of riots,
nchings.

emes, expressed with sim-
sympathy, marked these
issouri years: A farmer
s stock, country Negroes
a shingled church, a butter-
near a spider's web woven
etailed Missouri flora, a
sting at noon, his mules
the shade.

indebted to his handsome,
igent wife, Rita, whom he
New York in 1922. Rita
he teen-age son, T. P., and
rl, Jessie. She sees that
has beer on ice, plenty of
(which he spills on the new
rs, already dotted with Jes-
erned orange juice). She
ames for Tom's big paint-
much of his business and
ms out of social invitations
ows would bore Tom.

Due to Young Artists

so works hard to help Tom's stu-
ll their paintings. The Bentons
arg gallery in their home which
th best work of Tom's pupils
's advice to young artists:
em small and sell 'em cheap").
nto: buy the oils and water
or the students, then under-
se them to well-to-do, art-
fands who drop in for good
go talk and good food (Rita
-ra cook). If the Bentons sell
nt's work for more than they
it, the difference goes to the
I the Bentons don't sell the
they're stuck with it.

ye Benton takes his painting
own in the Ozarks, and turns
ose with creeks, pigs, rural fid-
al-ees and wild flowers (not
aff-els). He never lets his stu-
ide from realities. He boots
ht into the world of strikes,
es, political rallies and Baptist
eetings.

nsa City, Benton leads a sur-
qut life, working hard, relax-

ing only on week ends, when he likes to
drink ■ few highballs (Bourbon and tap
water, no seltzer) and listen to classical
music. A few years ago he bought a
sprawling old gray stone house, knocked
out four stalls of the huge stable and
put in a north window, providing him a
big, drafty, well-lighted studio, cluttered
with work and unanswered mail. He
drives himself twelve and fourteen
hours ■ day when working at some
major project, and a normal workday
is seldom less than ten hours. In a
single year he finished the Missouri
mural (45,000 square feet of wall space),
wrote ■ 100,000-word autobiography and
several articles on politics and phil-
osophy, gave ■ dozen lectures, cov-
ered the Mississippi flood country
(thirty-five drawings) and the Michigan
automobile strikes (twenty-five maga-
zine illustrations), finished seven litho-
graphs and made the designs for five
easel pictures.

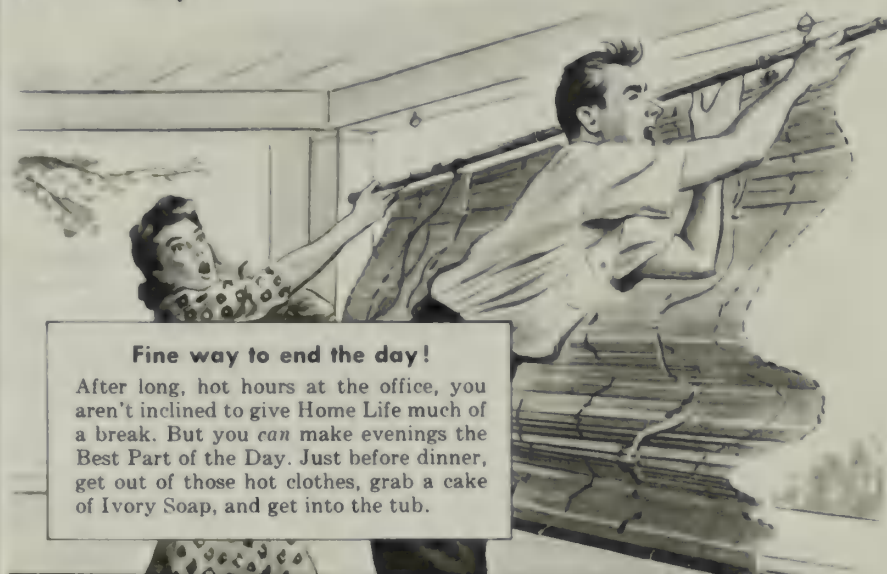
Once he did ■ supergigantic blurb for
Indiana in six months, four of which
were spent in research. Commissioned
to paint a picture two hundred and fifty
feet long and fifteen feet high, celebrat-
ing the history of Indiana for the Chi-
cago Fair, Benton scurried over the
state, sketching, talking and studying,
then set to work. The actual painting
took only sixty-two days.

When Benton plays, he plays hard.
One day, years ago, he happened to pick
up his son's harmonica. He tooted a
couple notes, got interested in the thing,
sat down and played it for four months.
Never touched a brush. Now he is quite
a virtuoso on the chromatic harmonica.
He carries two or three, and his "sheet
music" is to professional musicians an
amusing conglomerate of lines, dots,
arrows up and down (denoting breath-
ing in and out) and numbers (indicating
which hole of the instrument to blow
into).

Benton's war work has cut deeply
into the Saturday nights, and his plans
for the future will leave little time for
the harmonica. As long as the war
lasts, he says, he will work with and for
the government. He has several proj-
ects in mind, the chief of which will be
a dramatization of American produc-
tion. The 1942 series of Benton war
paintings was called "The Year of
Peril." He hopes the next series will be
called "The Year of Victory."

THE END

"Henry! Such LANGUAGE!"



Fine way to end the day!

After long, hot hours at the office, you
aren't inclined to give Home Life much of
a break. But you can make evenings the
Best Part of the Day. Just before dinner,
get out of those hot clothes, grab a cake
of Ivory Soap, and get into the tub.



Pep up in an IVORY BATH

Give your muscles a good going
over with a little elbow grease and
a lot of that thick, quick Ivory
lather. Takes only a minute. That
big white floating cake lathers up
faster than any leading bath soap.
The brisker the rubbing, the better
your skin feels. New Ivory is so
mild lots of men use it for shav-
ing! You'll step out, feeling cool
and keen!



"... and what progressive school does
your little boy go to, Mrs. Marvin?"

WILLIAM STEIG



A Fresh Start for a Happy Evening!

Dinner till bedtime becomes good
fun time, after your Ivory Bath.
You're so refreshed you find
friends better company. And that
fresh, clean "Ivory" smell makes
you better company, too. For a
quick pick-up at the end of the
day, enjoy Ivory's faster, more
luxurious lather. Get a Fresh Start
every evening in an Ivory Bath!

99⁴⁴/100% PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

MISSION

By Hans Ruesch

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY



At the beginning of this desert battle, twelve tanks and an armored car; at the end one man, alone, but armed with the sure promise of his own invincibility

IT WAS smoother than traveling on an asphalt road. The dazzling sand was broad, soft and yielding, and the twelve baby tanks, a complete section escorted by an armored car, were rolling playfully over the dunes like lion cubs chasing one another under the watchful eyes of their doting mother.

The tanks, exhausts roaring and wireless masts swaying, seemed the only things alive in the desert. Even the three-men crews—the body of the commander emerging stiffly from the open turret, the driver at the levers, the gunner behind his weapons—were immobile as though drained of all life.

Yet this was a gross delusion: between heaven and earth, the tanks, insensible machines of iron and steel, were the only dead things, and everything else was alive—not only the men, nerves taut in watchfulness—also the sands were alive, moving imperceptibly in obedience to strange laws, continually shifting the face of the desert; the very air, a grayish haze shrouding the sun as in a veil, was alive with danger, the danger of attack from the sky,

or of a suddenly soaring khamsin, the south wind heavy with sand from the equatorial regions that made the atmosphere unbreathable.

The tank section was hand-picked. The men were hardened to desert warfare—trained to do with a small amount of water each day, to shoot straight in the dazzling whiteness, to endure long rides and marches in the grueling heat. The commanders knew the tricks of the sands and the dangers behind the dunes and how to move swiftly over torrid, faceless territory.

To be sure, it took all kinds to make a crew, and not all the men felt or thought alike. But in one quality they all resembled one another—in their determination to fulfill their assignment at whatever cost, to make the contact in the mountains, where no plane could land, and deliver the new plans for the attack from the interior.

It was only a small cog they would start turning, but each little cog might determine the entire outcome of the offensive that had to start simultaneously on all fronts. . . . Along the littoral belt, the first columns were already rolling. There was not an hour to lose. They would make that cog turn, even if it took the last machine, the last man.

GEOFFREY BLAKE, commanding the fifth tank, was destined to get farther than any other commander in this section. Perhaps it was just because one man must always get farther than

others; or because he was hardier and stronger; or because he was luckier, which is, in war, another form of strength, an asset of valor.

But rarely did his thoughts flash back to the past. A soldier's thoughts do not dwell on days gone by. True, Geoffrey Blake was never meant to be a soldier—but now he was a soldier, a full-fledged soldier rapidly forgetting the past, never thinking of the future, and living intensely in the present only. The past was too sweet, the future too grim. Both were disturbing.

Perhaps there really was a city in England clad in mists, where life used to be gay and carefree—where lived a girl with sun in her hair and sky in her eyes. But that city and the life and people in it now seemed so unlikely and remote, that at times he was inclined to believe that they existed only in the realm of his imagination. What was real to him now was the desert. And the sun, smothering in its own heat. And the camp, with its little cone-shaped tents, the park of armored cars and tanks and Bren-carriers and trucks, and the hum of youth. And flies and boredom were real. And Ayesha, back in town, her arms dark as shadows and warm as sand. And automatic weapons. And bombs.

And the mission was real. So real, that it eclipsed everything else, even Ayesha and the desert sun.

His fingers went to the canteen. For a little while they rested on it hesitantly, then returned to the rim of the turret's manhole where they remained.

They worked feverishly on the broken track, keeping close to the tank, holding on to the steady in the fury of

Sweat poured down his limbed back and stomach.

He thought of the two men all cooped up in between plates. Jack, the driver, was a mechanic—a lively little fellow, good-natured, and a freckled face. Andy, the fool for a trigger any time difficulty checking his finger order came to cease fire. If the right man for his post. The bellow was no place for a weak stomach.

NEVER before had they the coastal region, where day heat was tempered by the of the sea. Now it grew hot every mile they drove into it. The air about the armor plate with heat waves through which appeared as though distorted, flickering mirror. they knew, the flat rock on which lichen grew like an eruptive ease, had long given way to sea of dunes—sand waves of height of hills, with steep ridges, and pointed crests; (Continued on page

Play this bet on your friends—and win money



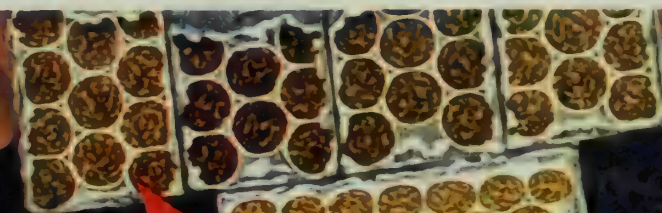
"It's simple as A-B-C. I bet my flying Lieutenant that I could pick Raleighs from any other popular-priced brands just by looking at the tobacco. Sounds hard, eh?"



2. "I let him take my Raleighs and some other popular brands, hide the labels, and show me just the open ends of the packs. It was a cinch to pick the Raleighs."



"Try it on your friends. The secret is that the tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden* in color than other popular-priced brands. You spot the difference at first glance."



Raleighs are more golden



4. "Golden color is proof of quality. At the great tobacco sales, golden leaves bring top prices. It's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke. Try Raleighs—and see."

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
UNION MADE

ON IS THE PACK
THE COUPON ON
BACK. & W cou-
also cked with
(Cigarettes) are good
e Unit States for
aving, amps, cash
premium like these:



KOROSEAL RAINCOAT in gun metal black. Won't crack or stiffen. Zephyr weight. May be rolled in small package for travel. 3 sizes.



THERM-A-JUG. Handy, push-on size container for hot or cold liquids or for foods. 4 sizes. 100% stainless steel. 100% vacuum. No leaking. No rust.



SWING-A-WAY, the kitchen utility knife. Has a rotary saw opener, a keen-edge knife sharpener and an easy gripper for tight jar tops.



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"YOU BET THIS IS A MECHANIZED WAR

HERE in the United States, mechanization rests upon more than 41,000 locomotives — more than 2,000,000 freight cars — speeding on their own highways of 230,000 miles of rail lines.

As the U. S. Army says in an official manual,

"Rail transportation provides a service which insures that a body of troops and their impedimenta will be transported to destination with the least amount of inconvenience and fatigue. The railroads can supply equipment so combined... as to accommodate passengers, freight, livestock, vehicles, ammunition, baggage, and practically all else tendered for transportation."

And more and more freight, these days, is being

"tendered for transportation" by rail — and is being handled as tendered.

That is being done because of twenty years of planning and improvement since the last war, and because, since war started in Europe in 1939, the railroads have steadily increased their capacity to keep pace with the country's rising production.

How much more they can do depends upon the materials for repair and maintenance, and for additional cars and locomotives, which they are permitted to get. Whatever that may be, the railroads will continue to make the fullest use of all their resources in their vital part of this mechanized war.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Continued from page 28

Continued from page 28

VENETIA never did fix his lunch. At noon he would grab a hamburger or maybe a bowl of chili at one of the ramshackle eating joints bordering the parking lots. One afternoon he was sick to his stomach and almost had to leave work. After that he got up earlier in the mornings and fixed his lunch, some

jelly sandwiches and an orange with maybe a container of milk.

There was another container in his lunch box and he noticed that sometimes the other men had applesauce or macaroni salad but he did not like to ask Venetia to cook anything special just for him.

At first in the strangeness of aircraft school he hardly noticed if he ate at all. It was absorbing like learning to play some fascinating game, this working with airplanes was. He even liked the feel of the bucking bar in his hands and the gruffness of the instructors, mostly old Army men.

At the end of the fifteen-day course he was slow but his riveting was straight and the tolerance was accurate to one sixty-fourth of an inch.

On the actual assembly line they put him in the wing and tail section. Later he learned that part of an airplane has the lightest "skin" and requires the most skillful riveting.

And the longer you did this sort of thing the more you learned there was something satisfactory about riveting, about working with your hands and the distant sound of those new interceptors being tested. When you got finished you could see what you had done. And when it was good, you got the credit and when you pulled a butch it was your own fault and you alone were responsible, not some guy in a corner office.

"So we're having another parent in our department," said Bradford, the little group leader. "Well, don't let it get you down." They were sitting around the bomber field during lunch period.

"Yeah, Freddy, keep 'em flying." This was the fresh punk who bucked rivets for Frederick. "It's a tough life but you're working for Whiskers now."

"Your troubles are only beginning, boy!"

"Don't scare him now. Wait'll he sees what the baby looks like!"

FREDERICK smiled. If Venetia could hear conversation like this she would call it "inane." That was a favorite word of hers, "inane." Frederick guessed it meant saying things like everybody else said them.

Well, these guys couldn't sling the phrases around and maybe none of them preferred Tschaikowsky. So what? So they still had the same feelings as the slipperiest intellectual.

Frederick had noticed that a lot in books and in the lectures Venetia made him go to. What the guy up there on the platform was saying sounded fine until you stopped to think what it all boiled down to. And nine times out of ten it was the same stuff everybody else said all the time only in words of one syllable.

Venetia wasn't feeling so well and he arranged to have a neighbor girl stay with her all day now. Venetia said nonsense but she let the girl stay there just the same.

One afternoon, just before the buzzer sounded, he heard his name announced over the public-address system. He was wanted home at once. Bradford laughed and said, "Good luck, boy," and "Make mine an El Ropo."

Frederick didn't hear very well until the guard yelled, "Hey! Your time card! Where's your time card?" Just then the buzzer sounded and by the time Frederick got his short time card he was caught in the change of shifts.

All his life, whenever he remembered that day, he could hear the click-click of lunch boxes opening and closing, opening and closing as the lines of men checked out before the watchful guards. All outgoing packages and boxes had to be inspected and it was no use to shove.

The lines shuffled on and then he was showing his own empty lunch box and

factory pass. Sprinting to the parking lot, he thought if the call had come half an hour earlier he would have missed the traffic jam at Great Western whenever a shift changed.

Again all he could do was wait and honk his horn at the thousands of cars and move forward inch by dusty inch.

When he got home the doctor was in the living room, getting something from his bag. "Well, you took a long time getting here," he told Frederick. "You took a longer time getting here than your son did."

"Oh, my gosh!" said Frederick. And he opened the door into the bedroom.

AFTERWARD Venetia always acted embarrassed about having had the baby so quickly and easily without going to the hospital. Maybe she thought it was being common or something.

Frederick had been nervous at first that he wouldn't act as a father should. Looking down at that little red blob in the bassinet, he hadn't felt much of anything except the horrified thought, "Maybe I am an unnatural parent! Then

ther is considered speediest of his section's riveters. . . ."

When Frederick showed the paper to Venetia she smiled and said, "How quaint!" But several weeks later he saw her cutting something from a paper. It was the item and she pasted it in a scrapbook.

It had been hot all day and Venetia had piled her red-gold braids high on her head. She looked so pretty bending over the scrapbook, as slender and graceful as any countess or English lady.

Looking up she saw his eyes and flushed the same as when they had been going together and she had seen by his eyes that he wanted to kiss her.

"I want to show the clipping to Dolly," she said hurriedly. "I wanted to ask you—they're having open house tomorrow night and we're invited."

Her voice was soft and breathless, the way it used to be before he left the store. He would do anything if only it would stay like that, yet he had to know something.

"Why do you want to go there, Venetia?" he asked gently. "Why do you



"It's no use, men, we've tried everything! Send for his mother!"

JAY IRVING

the blob kinda stirred and started to yell.

Gosh, it sure had a big mouth and he thought, That is my son, part of me. That is part of me and part of Venetia and we created it. Suddenly he felt like Tschaikowsky or Michelangelo, only better, so when the nurse came in to pick up the baby he went down to North Hollywood and bought Venetia a pair of earrings with real chip diamonds.

He gave them to her next morning when she was feeling better.

"Why, thank you for being so thoughtful," she said, examining the tiny earrings in her white hands. "Would you mind dreadfully if I exchanged them for jade? For inexpensive jewelry, jade always looks so much—richer."

"Those are real chip diamonds," said Frederick firmly. "I picked them out. I'd like you to wear them."

Venetia's mouth hung open and then she closed it. "Why, certainly," she said.

THE following week there was a write-up in the Aircraft Times. Well, not really a write-up but a mention right in the middle of the column by the Great Western correspondent. . . . "Among the many new proud papas at Great Western (and ye scribe can't begin to keep track of them all) is Fred Brown, Dept. 89, wing and tail. It's a junior but we hope the offspring resembles its mother. Tee hee! Incidentally, folks, the fa-

keep hanging around the Harcourts? That's finished."

"Even to please me?" she asked and he knew that it wasn't finished, that she still hoped he would go back to the Pacific Clothing Store. Perhaps even now she was scheming around and thought that once she had smoothed over the rift, things would work out her way.

He thought: Venetia, can't you see what you're doing? You're making me back down. I'll never be any good in an office. They don't build war planes in offices. I'm not making much but I like it and I'm supporting us.

"Now that we've found a formula that agrees with the baby," continued Venetia smoothly, "I'm getting a girl to come in days and look after him. They've offered my job back at the library."

The heat continued next day and Frederick worked on the assembly line in his undershirt. Lots of the fellows were stripped to the waist and looking at the guys working there like that, Frederick wondered how they would like it if they had to sit at a desk and wear a serge suit with a white shirt and tie.

Then something happened that made Frederick forget serge suits and everything else. Just before lunch he was called to the personnel office and informed that his work had been reviewed.

He was to be given a raise and pro-

moted to position of lead m on the swing shift.

The "swing" shift worked in the afternoon until midnight "graveyard" shift came on. man" he would have charge c ten riveters.

VENETIA was rustling around he got home, smelling of and violets. She had on some green wrapper over a lacy pet she was wearing the chip diamond rings.

"Now, Frederick, please hu ace wants us there by seven. I sleeping like a lamb and you are laid out on the bed."

He wished she would quiet a minute so he could take arms and tell her all about happened at Great Western.

"Venetia, starting tomorrow swing shift," he said, trying to pride out of his voice. "I'll man."

Venetia stopped doing thin eyebrows. "Swing shift," she "That's not the day shift, tha night. Why, Frederick, you'll tell them you don't want it. I here every evening by myself

"Lots of other wives sit ho Frederick. "It's not as bad as t yard shift. You've got the be saw she was working herself caught her by the shoulders, l pressing against the green w negligee, he guessed it was calle rough spots in his fingers caug smooth rayon. "It means mor so you can stay home and take

"Hush," said Venetia, pointi kitchen where the neighbor sterilizing bottles. "We haven argue now, Frederick. Just p my sake don't say anything a promotion—I mean, don't say to antagonize Horace."

Slowly, trickle by trickle, all noon's pride and excitement away. He started into the bedr it seemed to him his feet clumped and it sounded as if was saying, "Frederick, maybe I haven't understood—"

But when he looked back she standing there, not saying She acted quiet all the way to t too, not flutter and talking a minute as she usually did w went anywhere.

"Heigh-ho," said Horace Ha he opened the door. "Why so wan, fond lovers? Has the bi been beating you, Venetia?" hand carelessly extended to F in greeting, Horace leaned c kissed Venetia lightly on one above the chip diamond earrin erick thought Venetia jerked l then it was dark in the foyer.

HIGH heels tinkled on the Dolly Harcourt was there, and high-bosomed in tight lace vet roses. "Don't you dare call l rilla! He's my great big Tarz said, snuggling Frederick's ar side and drawing him into t room. "Frederick, you've grow and just look at those shoulder So far as Frederick could se just as if he had never had w Horace Harcourt or walked ou his job without even giving nc perhaps this easy attitude was neta called "poise."

The party went along like all vious Harcourt parties. Dolly w without a cocktail in her hand the other guests had drifted in there was the usual maneuveri alone with Frederick in the kit

"Freddy dear," she said, han a glass although he already l "You do things to me. I mean



"I'm a Reformed Man!"

come the way I used to neglect

er I've reformed. I *had* to. It'll
before I can get a new car. And
old chariot!

I'm not taking any chances—I'm
like a baby!

ear Veedol in her engine, for one
won't catch me letting carbon and
go form in her cylinders because
e second-rate oil. You won't see me
d faithful in an auto graveyard be-
sweet little motor wore out before
o, s!

ost a few pennies more, but look at
on get! You see, Veedol is 100%
ia l at its best, made from the
most wear-resistant crude known. And
s reined by an extra patented pro-
ps o its wear-resistance even *more*.

to resh Veedol regularly—I know

the engine will tick off a lot more mileage be-
tween here and my next car. I'm not worried
about lack of replacement parts—not with

Veedol's "film of protection" on the job. And
I'll save money, too, every mile.

Yes, I'm a reformed man. And, brother, I'm
riding pretty!

THE FILM OF PROTECTION

**VEEDOL
MOTOR
OIL**

100% PENNSYLVANIA

Change Now to VEEDOL
100% Pennsylvania Oil At Its Finest

Get 1000-mile VEEDOL SAFETY-CHECK lubrication



P.S. I'll have to admit that the Veedol Dealer had
something to do with my change of habits. He's
a good friend. His Veedol Safety-Check Lubrication every
1,000 miles—his advice about tires and car care in gen-
eral—have done my car and my conscience a whale of
a lot of good. Why don't you talk over *your* car with him?

Tide Water Associated Oil Company

"No Sabotage in our garage!"



We're alert for dirt, grease and road scum on our car's precious finish—for the duration! Why, even a busted bug plays hob with the enamel, says my Missus—breaks it down, makes way for rust and deterioration. She read that in a service manual so it's straight from headquarters!

Cars come clean, yes, and shine like new, with an easy application of Johnson's Carnu. Ours did. And here's the payoff—Carnu does both jobs at once in half the time—cleans and polishes in one application. Cleans chromium, too. Rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen dirt—let it dry—wipe clean. Man, it gleams!



Longer on looks is the car that gets a Carnu shampoo now and then. To give those good looks longer protection, apply a coat of Johnson's Auto Wax. The shine will last longer. You'll be in pocket on washings and upkeep. Get both Johnson's Carnu and Auto Wax at better auto supply stores, service stations, regular wax dealers. If you can't obtain Johnson's Auto Wax, regular Johnson's Wax will serve—you've probably got a package in a cupboard at home. It goes on almost as easily as Johnson's Auto Wax. And all Johnson's Waxes provide positive protection!

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly
—Tuesday nights—NBC

Your car looks like new
—when you use **CARNU!**

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

something so sort of physical about you. I'm quite tight, Frederick, but I mean that." She had draped one arm about his neck and as he held cocktails in both hands there was not much he could do about it. He wondered if she knew her lipstick was smeared.

"Oh, of course, there's Venetia," she said languorously, "but she's a little icicle if ever—"

That was when Venetia and Harcourt walked into the kitchen. They were smiling and Harcourt stopped to inspect what was left of the hors d'oeuvres. Venetia kept coming across the room. Still smiling, she reached out and almost slapped Dolly's hand away.

For a moment there was silence, then Horace Harcourt's amused chuckle. "Ye gods, Venetia, you're reverting to type like a jealous shopgirl!"

Venetia ignored it. "May I have one of your cocktails, Frederick?" She smiled gaily. "Or are you practicing to be a right-and-left-hand drinker?"

Slowly Horace was mixing himself another bourbon and soda. Finally he turned to Frederick and his words were condescending:

"Now that you're back in the fold, let's hear all regarding our fascinating defense program." He lit a cigarette slowly and still more slowly blew out the match. "How many bombers are they turning out a week, my boy?"

"Oh, how thrilling!" chirped Dolly. "Is it true the antiaircraft guns are camouflaged with weeds and underbrush? Where are they located?"

"Come, come, Fred," said Horace. "You're among friends. We've killed the fatted calf in your honor. A few facts, please, as recompense for our largesse."

Venetia was watching Frederick now, her eyes steady and grave.

"So would the Japs like a few facts," said Frederick. "The Japs and a lot of other people. The government doesn't hand out information and defense workers don't ask questions."

Harcourt remarked swiftly, "Or perhaps you wouldn't understand the information if you did get it. Perhaps it might be in words of more than one syllable, is that it, Fred?"

Venetia was looking at Harcourt as if she had never seen him before. "My goodness, we'd better be going!" She put down her cocktail glass. "Frederick's absolutely right about not talking! What's come over you?"

Frederick could have told her what had come over Harcourt. It was the way Harcourt always acted when anybody stood up to him except this time it seemed like an hour before Harcourt said anything.

"Aren't you forgetting something, Venetia?" Harcourt slowly blew a

smoke ring into his bourbon. "Aren't you forgetting your husband is returning to the purpose of this event was certain financial details, I t

For just a moment Venetia Then she moved to Frederick her cheeks were flaming. "S wasn't it, trying to arrange Frederick when all the tin doing so much better? Hasn't he told you he's been man at Great Western?" her red-gold braids. "Oh, promotion, something like manager only, of course, wi sponsibility."

Suddenly everything slip place and the Harcourts wer walking with them to the da ing congratulations and wh they couldn't stay longer next time.

Frederick said, "Sure, time," and then he tho maybe I am getting poise!

AFTER they got in the ca did not start the motor He wanted to get his breath didn't seem in a hurry either down the windows and an in somebody's yard perfum "It makes you feel upl Venetia, "sort of in tune wi nite, sitting here under the none of my business, but Dol wear such tight dresses at he! You think the Harcourts are of—decadent?"

Frederick put his hand ove and said, "Sh-h-h."

Faintly from above came ing sound. It meant a interceptor plane was being t ably for night flight.

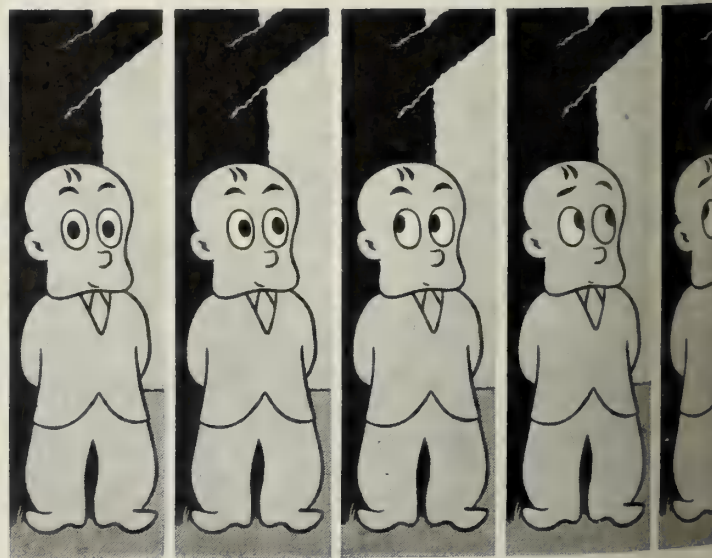
The sound started throbbr the interceptor were flying I sort of spooky, seeing only th the stars, yet knowing that their heads was streaking plane in the world.

For once in his life, Freder he would not mind if Vene chanting poetry. It really wa tional experience."

He rather hated to take his from her soft lips, but he war her voice. He waited a whil she started speaking, sure had that faraway ring like poet's.

"That reminds me," shu softly as the swishing sound into the sky. "You must be t sandwiches in your lunch. some nice hot dishes now swing shift."

THE END



Six-year-old-charge on a Swing

CROCKE

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

minute and he points to re- inside these thunder- soaring planes have been) feet in altitude in less tes. Bob has also experi- y of gusts within these end that an upward gust wing to shoot it upward, e time a downward gust rk on the other wing, re- he modestly terms "se- ction."

ing about penetrating which the Safety Bu- B heartily recommends particularly inexperienced ome youngsters, is:

of a thunderstorm rep- ition of extreme hazard ever be entered by any t parachute and recent ex- nd acrobatic flight, and e done in an airplane ne of special design in- h factors of safety. In d on the side of caution to how or in the immediate los of this description due my high rate of climb ex- thuch formations and the dger of being sucked up el before the plane's air ha carried it away from

re to more conscientious, de- mined believers in any ustry than the airship as after disaster has not

dampened their enthusiasm for the "rubber cows," as heavier-than-air pilots slyly refer to them. Be it nonrigid blimp or fully rigid world cruiser, even if you feel that these gas bags belong to a forgotten era you should not be too conclusive about it, because the caliber of men behind airship development is so high.

The airship people have taken terrific beatings in the past through the loss of such gigantic craft as the Shenandoah, Akron, Macon and Hindenburg, although now they are beginning to recover ground through the effectiveness of Navy blimps in submarine patrol work. On the heels of favorable consideration by Congress for more and better blimps to hunt out the U-boats off our coasts, an unintentional dig was given to the prestige of the airship by the Labor Department in the course of announcing a definition of the aircraft manufacturing industry for purposes of determining minimum wages. The aircraft manufacturing industry was defined as "that industry which manufactures airplanes and gliders, aircraft-type engines, aircraft propellers, parts and accessories for the above-mentioned products, and specialized aircraft servicing equipment."

Expressly excluded from the scope of the definition were several categories of commodities, including miscellaneous equipment. In this latter group, among other things, appeared: "... laboratory equipment; and lighter-than-air craft."

F. R. N.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

mely anxious to give the w stories with uncom- cated in several members. After some pondering, the up with a lovely idea. "I've tried "Go out and find some has been sentenced to death at post or something like put a bitter fight, organize ubs, and delegations to the prin the boy's life story, his rents, his sweetheart. him from the firing squad. Ge going." But after pa- painaking searchings the o retin with the news that, he Any and Navy knew, no bee sentenced to death for his lost or other infringe- me tial law. The manag- was letty unconsolable but naged to make this profound "Th's what's wrong with l Fors—no discipline."

No mre Joneses, Smiths, Robbons in our mail. But a let from a gentleman dsteel. Can we help it? Mr. eems leaded, at this writing, rgon j charged (falsely, he a steag a swarm of bees. or, a e culturist and honey is the complainant. And Mr. story ounds very convincing is a ink dealer by profes- th a nch of junk," writes a burn of secondhand bee- I kept thinking maybe this ng to le a long time and they ne in Indy. One day a bee o my huse and she turns out een bl. The same day this of mineets me on the road

and says his queen bee dies. So I don't say anything but treat this queen bee that flies into my house nice and she is sort of a pet. I don't know anything about bees, so how am I to know that this pet queen bee gets lonely and goes out looking for the boys? Well, she finds them and brings them to my place where I have these secondhand, used beehives and because I treat her good she tells them all to hive up in my beehive with her." Which sounds like an honest way of starting a bee business.

A MR. NOONAN of Boise, Idaho, has just been telling us that a gentleman of his acquaintance has been cooped for not paying alimony to his former wife—contempt of court. Mr. Noonan said that, in court, the lady went exhaustively into her marital experiences with his friend. The judge commented that her erstwhile husband did not seem to be an entirely dependable person. Whereat the lady cried in a loud voice: "Judge, as a sturdy oak, that bum smelled bad."

MR. LUOGO DELMAS is a Mexican. He is urging us to accompany him into Mexico where, he assures us, he will lead us to information that "is to all former information as the simple cactus is to the royal palm." But we're not accepting with headlong speed. Mr. Delmas asks a somewhat stiffish reward. Furthermore, he declines to describe this information. And even worse he told us that two men have already investigated and were shot. "But," said he, "they handled the situation ineptly. They did not shoot first."

ANYWAY our trigger finger's sore. . . . W. D.

Strange case of the One-way Honeymoon



June is a great month for bubble weddings. In summer, air bubbles escape by the dozen from most melting ice and take your highball's bubbles on a one-way honeymoon—right out of your drink. Then ice water dilutes what's left . . . your drink goes flat!



Outsmart the ice. Insist on Sparkling Canada Dry Water—as thousands of smart hosts do, sip livelier, finer-flavored highballs, and broadly . . .



... Beam! Its pin-point carbonation—millions of tinier bubbles—stays Blissfully Bubbly to the last cool sip!

P. S. When you're "out," speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink.

Ginger Ale Highballs taste best when made with "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, and Spur—the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.

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(SAVE) (OUR) (SPARKLE!)

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A partly used, recapped bottle keeps its sparkle 24 hrs. in your refrigerator.

Why We Won't Have Inflation

By Dr. Julius Hirsch

People who lived through the German inflation turn pale when you mention it. Dr. Hirsch not only lived through it, he was Secretary of Economics at the time. Here he explains the mechanics of inflation and shows you how we can—and are—controlling it

I ARRIVED in this country in 1935 on one of my periodic visits to find that the enemies of the New Deal were predicting that its financial policies would plunge the country into inflation. On my return to this country six years later, in 1941—to remain, I hope—I found, to my amazement, that high officials of the New Deal itself were warning the country about inflation.

I had not been in the country very long in 1935 before I was able to learn enough about affairs here to make the prediction that the dire forebodings of the New Deal's foes were groundless. In 1941, however, it was a little disconcerting to hear government officials telling the people that prices would run away and that the country stood upon the brink of that most devastating of all financial evils—inflation. However, once again, it did not take me long to learn enough of fiscal and industrial conditions here to satisfy myself that these alarmists were quite as wrong as their enemies had been. For I think I can say with assurance that there is no danger of runaway inflation in this country.

I was particularly sensitive to this subject because it was once my painful

duty to be in the German government as its Secretary of Economics during that fantastic orgy of inflation which descended on Germany after the last war. Naturally we learned a great many lessons out of that disaster. Hitler's government has certainly learned them. One of those lessons is not to frighten the people unduly about the stability of their currency. For at the bottom of a sharp inflation is the people's loss of confidence in their own money. Sometimes they lose confidence, as they did in Germany, because there is no longer any reason for confidence.

A Dangerous Weapon

But it is also possible to make them lose confidence before a good reason for that appears. One way to do it is to advertise the fact that the money is going to lose its value. If the enemies of the government in power do this it can cause great damage. But if the government itself does it, the result is apt to be very grave. It can set in motion the very thing it fears. Whatever sacrifices Hitler or Mussolini have demanded of their people, and there have been many, inflation is one subject

they would not touch with a ten-foot pole.

There is, of course, much confusion about the meaning of the word inflation. When economists speak of it they refer to a phenomenon which produces a general rise in prices. The rise may be a very mild one or at least moderate. But to the public the word inflation is generally taken to mean a runaway and devastating rise such as occurred in Germany in 1923, accompanied by a cataract of paper money. The administration is wisely determined to prevent any serious rise in prices by setting up an adequate system of controls, but does not invoke the devil of inflation to induce the people to accept these controls. For this devil is dangerous to play with. Much harm can be done with his shadow.

When I say that there will be no runaway inflation in this country, I base that opinion upon this fact—that there are not present in this country the conditions that produced the great inflation of Germany. I went through that inflation in a position of responsibility in the government. I saw it grow and develop and consume the energies and hopes of the people. Americans can hardly im-

agine the full force of the merely reading those far which describe what happened to many's currency. Only the fate of individual Germany be grasped. For instance my father paid life insurance for thirty-five years. He had to a payment of 50,000 (\$12,000) on his seventieth. That policy came due in 1923. His policy was after. The company wrote him that marks were enclosed in the postage stamps worth 25,000. The savings of thirty-five years were reduced in a few months to age stamps. But things were worse. One of those stamps, 25,000 marks then, was worth 000 paper marks some months later.

You have probably heard a story that a man's promise the paper it was written what happened to Germany which was, in fact, the price of German government. One day I was handed an advertisement for a moving-picture house. I found the advertisement on one side of a German note. The movie house had that was cheaper than the paper. The paper that note on would have been actual money had the 20,000-mark the government not been. The German government gotten to the point where printed on a piece of good based the paper. Return took that note to President the German Republic. I turned over solemnly and shocked. The full force of disaster was dramatized in exhibit.

People in this country come what they can do to protect themselves in the event of such here. I tell them there will be a cataclysm here and that in way to protect oneself from it. I tell them that under way almost everybody and no one is more helpless than the poorest man. To win against it, know how to speculate, what gamble in money. And as of the most expert games and known hardly at all to it is no escape at all. Those who lose their savings as my father who owe money can pay debts with depreciated marks for instance, who owed a hundred marks could pay it off with stamps just as the insurance did my father. On the other hand, might be ruined in other ways ruin accentuated by the whole financial and industrial around him.

Inflation Invites Gambling

Here is how a few men are gambling. I recall the case of a man who was a baker's apprentice who had a little flair for finance. He organized a grocery organization which he called the Rhenish Food Chain. For profits he organized another which he called the Rhenish Transportation Company. Its sole assets two old trucks. He formed another company Rhenish Flour Milling Company. Then he got hold of an old mill which he incorporated into Foodstuffs Warehouse Company. Then he had a string of small mills. The Food Chain would draw able in 90 days on the Transportation Company.



The Reichsbank, which policy of granting credit in rises contributing to the of the people, accepted the days later when it fell due, fallen to new lows. The could pay it off at a fractional value. The Transpenny drew bills in favor Mill Company and the company in favor of the mpany and so on. With ch the baker's apprentice the bank on these notes commodities.

can see, while the marks bound to repay fell to the commodities which t to fantastic highs. To er, look at it in a simple an inflation, I borrow lars from you which I ck in 90 days. With that I buy flour. In 90 days h a thousand dollars but worth only a hundred. pay you your hundred e 900 for my profit to go e operation as long as I 's apprentice I tell you million dollars thus in as. But, alas, there is a t this story. The young foresee when this wild el. He thought the orgy norever. In November, al was stabilized and he h winnings. Many people me in one way or another y art people—and in for- es people are smarter at ntig than in America be- ha: done so much of it. almost all—lost their sav- st them their winnings in

to the Losing Side

about labor? Labor, like incomes were fixed, was on the losing side of the in- e. ere was employment tru for the inflation stimu- e consumption industries. e continuously outstripped e one a time when the fall e become so headlong that it ry t fix the value each day. ck t new value of the mark nounced. Each morning e would line up before es waiting patiently to ex- r marks for food before one n tair marks would take e in lue. You can imagine of e workers with last es in heir pockets as those ends fatally each day in

ne terrible experience which ve hid up to Americans as ble e. But this will not Amea. We may, indeed, erate se in the cost of living nt on 50 per cent or perhaps re. E: runaway inflation—for t simple reason, as I dy posed out, that the con- aus for such an inflation not ext here.

all, Genany had lost a great had laded for more than four in the termath she saw her istrial ystem exhausted and d. It's not thinkable that State:ould lose this war in way: this. Even defeat bring t the United States so haustic as defeat brought to and th defeat of America is e.

next ace, the Versailles d imposed upon Germany a reighn dot of 132 billion gold at was bout 32 billion dol- there a good deal of dis-

cussion of how much debt the rich United States can stand without being seriously affected. But no economist has any doubt about what an external debt relatively as large in terms of national wealth would do even to the United States, a country so much stronger than Germany in many other ways. If a country owes its national debt to its own people the effect is not so deadly. But if that debt is due to other nations the dead weight of it is destructive. If a nation borrows from another to build wealth-producing facilities within its own borders it is not so serious as when the debt is one which is created as a penalty against it without producing a dollar's worth of economic benefit within the country. To pay that debt—even if Germany could do it—would mean for generations taxation and exchange problems on so enervating a scale that no man could hope for any future in business.

German Debt Destroyed Hope

That debt produced in Germany a sense of complete and deadening economic frustration. It robbed the people utterly of hope. Of course, nothing like that is in sight here. This country is incurring a vast debt to win the war. But it is an internal debt which will be owed to Americans. It will not involve the seemingly perpetual and debilitating drain of reserves as in the case of Germany.

In the third place Germany had no adequate gold reserve. And this, together with the burden of the reparation payments, completely destroyed her credit everywhere in the world. America has a gold reserve of 23 billion dollars.

Fourth, Germany had lost control over certain forces which must be regulated if a nation is to protect itself against unruly economic evils. One of these was her frontier. The Allies had posted their troops on her borders and exercised over those frontiers the authority to say what should come in or go out and what should not. To a nation like the United States, where exports and imports are only a small percentage of its whole commercial life, this would be an unpleasant restriction only. But to a country like Germany which depends so much on what she buys from other peoples and what she sells to them, this was a fatal restriction of her powers. She could not decide what nor how much she needed. Her enemies did that for her.

Fifth, Germany lost an enormous amount of her natural resources—coal, ores, agricultural land in those territories which were taken from her. After the war her material resources were more out of proportion to her population and its needs than before.

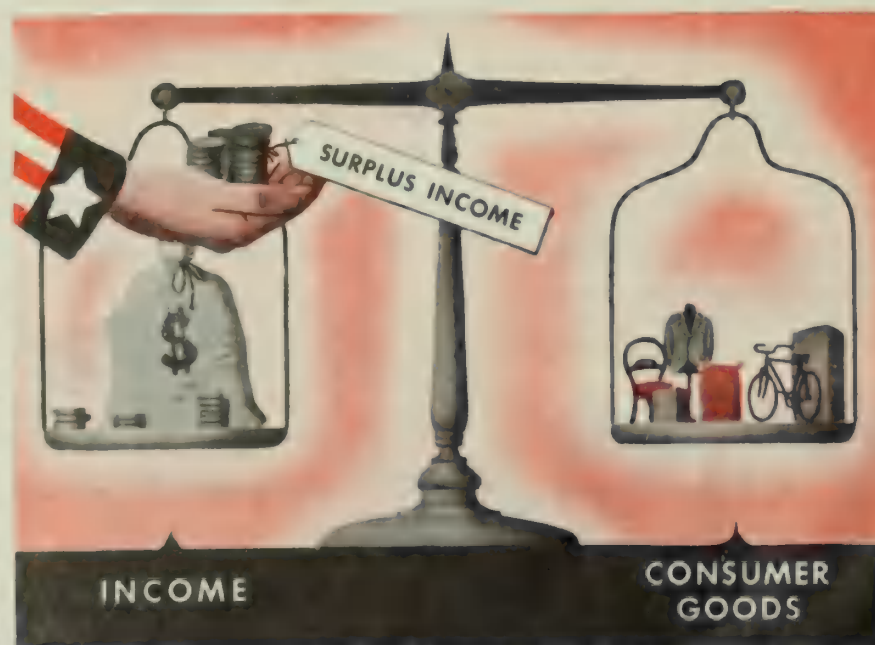
Sixth, when the first threats to her currency appeared, she was unable to control certain prices that were vital to her. She could, by drastic controls, try to regulate prices on those things produced in Germany. But she could not affect the price of those things produced outside. Germany's credit was hopelessly injured in all foreign countries. Therefore the mark lost its value in foreign exchange. When this happened it meant that the price of everything Germany bought abroad increased. For instance, suppose the mark dropped 50 per cent in value in foreign markets. When Germany wishes to buy in America she cannot do it with marks. She must first buy dollars. But when the mark lost 50 per cent of its value in America the mark could not buy as many dollars as before. It took more marks to buy a dollar and hence more marks to buy the things bought with dollars in America. The effect was to create a heavy rise in price on all things



The Condition: Increased purchasing power, plus an ever-decreasing supply of consumers' goods, throws out of balance the supply-demand relationship that controls prices. Result: Increasing prices which may become inflationary



The Cause: Workers normally employed in the production of consumers' goods turn to war industries, where they receive high wages. At the same time, production of consumers' goods in the factories they have left continues to fall off



The Cure: Restoration of the normal supply-demand balance can be accomplished by draining off, by taxation, the surplus income, which, if available for consumers' goods, would cause prices to go up in an ever-increasing spiral



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Germans bought in America. The more prices of foreign goods rose to Germany, the more goods she had to export to pay for what she bought. And exports were artificially curtailed and partly even forbidden to her. As Germany depends upon the produce of other countries for so much that she needs, the effect was to cut enormously the purchasing power of the German people for the things that came from abroad. This price boost could not be controlled.

Under the influence of all these factors when the mark began to drop at home, it dropped more swiftly abroad. The German people lost confidence in the credit of their country and hence in its money. Money began to lose its value weekly and then daily. As soon as a man got hold of a mark, he wanted to get rid of it as if it were a hot coal—change it into "real" goods which would not lose their money value. But on the other hand the German government needed money and, as prices rose, it needed more and so began to print it—a little at first and then in ever-growing quantities.

Importance of Price Control

Now obviously none of these elements is present in America. No matter how long the war lasts America will still have her gold reserve, and her debt, no matter how big it is, will be internal. She will have complete control of all the elements of her economic life. And she is impervious to disaster from foreign trade since that plays a comparatively minor role in her life.

But more important than all, this subject of controlling prices and combating inflation is now understood as it was not when the last war began. Even in Germany where so much attention was given to war preparations, the subject of price control was little studied. I was a young man in the army. I was in a military hospital convalescing when I received a call to the price-control board of the government. The assistant administrator who, through a kind of poetic fitness, was an astronomer, told me he understood I had written some pieces on percentages. I was promptly shifted from the army to a desk and thereafter had a part in the whole job of keeping Germany's economic system under control. In the years which have elapsed, this subject has received great attention—as has indeed the whole subject of economics. And here in America now, as we have experts who understand the technique of combating inflation. And because we are so strong in an economic sense, we have all the means of employing those techniques with success.

The German government of Hitler has given great attention to this, and America certainly will not be less intelligent on this front than Hitler. The inflation tendency arises from two main forces. One is the flow of fresh streams of purchasing power into the stream of income. The other is the curtailment of the flow of consumption goods—that is of those goods which the population buys for its use as distinguished from capital plant and machinery. This may be illustrated by recalling that the National Industrial Conference Board has estimated that national income will be about 110 billions this fiscal year, of which 50 to 55 billions will represent war goods. This leaves 55 to 60 billions in the form of consumers' goods. Taxes are scheduled to take 27 billions away, and bonds and stamps perhaps another 10. However, of the 110 billion national income, all this swallows only 92 to 97 billions, and 13 to 18 billions are left for which no commodities are available. This would press prices up—until much higher living costs would fill that famous "inflationary gap." Next year we

perhaps may have 120 billions come, or even more, and consumption goods. The problem of controlling inflation is there. First, drawing off all the savings not needed to buy the goods that income to pay for the forcing the government borrowing from the banks keeping the price down by controls and (b) cost controls, materials and labor.

This is the pattern followed. First, he froze all prices on October 18, 1936, three years after the war started—using Mr. H. C. Hughes's plan. Since then there has been no profiteering law; moreover is subject to licensing as well as with the concentration background as the penalty rigidly rationed. Labor has been both held down in the matter of profits. Wages are controlled by unions dissolved and replaced by labor front including employers, strikes forbidden. Profits are restricted to six per cent. There have been found to evade these quarters. Interest on the existing mortgages is frozen at four per cent.

This policy of cheap money was ready begun by Chancellor Brüning before Hitler came in. All the issues for private property permitted since Hitler came. The whole capital market reserved for the government preparation purposes. They were used to draw off a government uses. For in any category of finance that is, the banks as a reserve in excess of 500 million marks. Dr. Schacht would send for and persuade them to invest in enterprises required by the government. When a Nazi official to persuade a private citizen to the dark background loom of the internment camp, never failed to persuade officials.

Nazis Commandeer

Thus as fast as savings from private industries and financial institutions they are piped into enterprises desired by the government. A great corps of accountants is busy continually reserves and drawing the hands of the government are kept out of the consumption markets or out of industry the consumption-goods market. Minus the ruthless enforcement, this government better position than Germany to accomplish all these contradictory ways.

First of all, as to the restraint of inflationary funds into the stream in this country: The government can drain the addition of power created by the war into its coffers. That is, billions of income in excess of the consumption goods to be purchased—13 to 18 billions the people do not need in what they produce can be the government into the by efficient methods of income and second, by convincing citizens refuse to lend, it may have to resort to forcing Citizens must be made to save not only to the government but their own savings by lending directly to the government by the government out of

are not as inflationary as by the government from banks. Added to this the can keep the nation's pur for consumption goods posing whatever credit re may be necessary, especially on installment and even dit. And the people them- arn how to submit to these, bravely and uncomplaining men submit to being

is the question of labor. problem arises out of transfer- in workers from peacetime time jobs. The present make trouble. Men are ar industries from peace- es by the bait of higher goes on it may result in disorderly competition for producers of war materials. rmously boost the labor action while at the same in discontent among many remain low.

Wages Lure Workers

are enticed away from industries by the higher industries, the peacetime with a ready market for their into competition with the for labor. And we may of wages that could even d. This will have to be

eezing of April 28th is at gining. The American gov- illot want to suppress labor ut labor unions can be made e necessity of co-operating government, wages can be an means can be found for esential labor services with- out competition.

pre front, America had to e two systems. One is the yem—I call it the Baby- e King Hammurabi used efore Christ. The other e- ing system first invented e Baruch in this country. e one o apply that was Adolf ut tler took things at the e years before war be- e controlled labor and profits e material prices. Mr. Baruch's e difficult of application here, e could not be applied un- e effort was well advanced, e ant prices were already seri- e of balance and to freeze e ld to freeze the unbalance, e d, because it could be made e ly labor and profit and in- e of all prices including e al pres would be part of the e At last, that was the reason- e e authority until very re- e e difficulty of controlling e e agricultural prices is e ider because of political con- e s and lack of administrative e. Hence Mr. Leon Henderson e who seemed to be the more e meth—fixing prices one at

r, the entails one more con- usly rice fixing on the piece- is wld involve a job so e that would be impractical if e attempted for the whole price e With one price is fixed, e fixed how a tendency to run e at brgs a dangerous contest e e agity of the price admin- e d the selling public. The price e ator, after one price has been e says w he had to fix three e s. E has made, up to the e me, more than 140 price sched- e the number of separate prices e ed in this country at one and e llin.

Consequently an "almost overall price ceiling" was enacted, freezing the nonagricultural prices at their highest sales levels of March, 1942. Agricultural commodities cannot be frozen before they reach specific levels—as a rule, 110 per cent of the purchasing power attained in the average 1909-14 period.

In most countries price laws add that for all prices of necessary goods not expressly fixed, the seller may charge a fair price. This price covers all costs reasonably incurred by the seller, including ■ compensation for the proprietor's own work, a risk premium and a net profit not exceeding the prewar level. This must not be confused with the old "cost-plus" of the last war. That was a plan under which the government made contracts for war goods without fixing the price and permitting the contractors to charge cost, plus a profit. What I have in mind is ■ plan to transfer the responsibility for avoiding profiteering by law to the mass of the sellers. This would make the price administrator the policing agent and not the dictator. It works satisfactorily in most countries and—for commodities not covered by direct freezing—it can certainly be applied successfully here.

Of course if the war lasts long enough and the costs mount high enough, there may be a threat of bootlegging in all sorts of goods. Ways of evasion turn up. In the first World War there was a cattle dealer in the Rhineland who sold his cattle exactly at the fixed price. But for every two head of cattle, the customer had to buy ■ dog for \$120. This dog was no ordinary animal, for after a short while he always returned to his first master. We could not prevent the dog from coming back, but we could prevent the master from selling him by licensing the whole cattle trade.

Democratic Methods for America

In America, when a merchant is licensed, the enforcement of the rules can be carried on with reasonable lenience and with some respect for democratic methods. On hearing of the first offense the American price administrator will write the offender a letter warning him. On succeeding offenses the price administrator can apply to the court for ■ revocation of the merchant's war license. Now all American wholesalers, retailers and service establishments are government-licensed.

Then of course the government has in its hands a powerful weapon over agricultural prices—namely the great accumulated surpluses. When prices tend to rise, the government can feed these surplus crops into the market with ■ steady effect.

Behind all that lies the vast gold reserve of the government. If at any time doubt should creep into the minds of the people respecting their currency, there is the huge mountain of gold which this government possesses, the very presence of which behind the currency should act as ■ barrier against inflation. Not only would the gold backing of the dollar act as a brake, but various sorts of controls through bank action can be effected by means of the gold. The government could decide to put gold coin back into circulation and, with gold circulating freely, the banks would have to increase their reserves and cut down their credits. Buyers of merchandise on credit would have to sell, thus increasing the supply and lowering the price. Never fear, this government has in its hands weapons of great power for controlling prices and reaching all the causes of inflation. And it will use them, as clearly forecast by the recent price freeze. There will be no runaway inflation in America.

THE END



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Ladies' Longines: left Tally-Ho, \$77.50; right Salina, \$75.00; men's Longines: above Pres. Garfield, \$150.00, below Robert Burns, \$55.00.

"That's what is on your side. But this is about the most important thing you do or don't do. I'm trying to be cold about it."

"I suppose it will be all right," she said. "But I don't think the matron will let me go."

"We'll go back now and see her."

He pulled her around as he had not done for a long time. She was softer than she had been before. She did not resist him but just let him hold her close. He drew away suddenly and they walked in silence back to the hospital. . . . He was very sure of himself. The matron was surprised when Quayle and Helen Stangou walked in.

"Hullo, Matron," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I want to ask you for something."

"Hullo . . . you look serious. What is it?"

"We would like to get married. I want Helen to come back to Athens."

"You are wanting to marry?"

"Yes," Quayle said. "Can she go back to Athens tomorrow or the next day in our transport plane?"

The matron was quiet for a moment, then nodded and said, "It is easy to arrange to go back. She can go. I will make it all right."

Helen smiled quietly. Quayle nodded.

"That's swell of you, Matron. Thank you for that," he said seriously.

"She can take some broken parts for a heating machine down for me. We have no extra parts. She can take them down for me and it will be fine."

"Yes. Anything. Thanks a lot," Quayle said again.

"I am glad. I felicitate you. But you should look more happy."

"I don't know how we can get married around here," Quayle said.

"You worry about that tomorrow . . . or in Athens."

Quayle and Helen went out and Helen said she would have to finish some work. So Quayle went back to the hotel. Hickey was sitting on his bed and called Quayle in as he passed the door.

"I hope you fixed things up all right. The Germans are due in Greece tonight or tomorrow. Any minute. Your girl can go back on the Bombay tomorrow if she wants to. We've got a patrol to do before we leave."

"Where to?"

"Do you remember Nitralaxis?"

"That crazy Greek flier? I haven't seen him for a long while."

"He's been up at Koritz. We've got to take him out on a reconnaissance over toward Valona to see what the Italians are doing."

"That means low flying."

"Heaven only knows what it means. I just hope the jerries aren't in by then."

"What time are we up?"

"Six o'clock. You'd better get to bed."

"Yes. Well, I'll be glad to get out of this place."

"So will I," Hickey said.

"Good night, Hickey."

"Good night, John. I'll get the porter to wake you."

THERE was no mist the next morning. The Gladiators were standing coldly in the blue dawn. The Greeks had wheeled out the old Bréguet and were starting the engine.

Quayle and Hickey stood around waiting for Nitralaxis to appear. Hickey showed the others, on the map, where the reconnaissance would take place. It was over a high, rocky stretch of mountains away behind the Italian lines, where it was thought that large stores were hidden. Nitralaxis came up with

Papagos. He was already in his flying coat, and Papagos had two overcoats on. Nitralaxis put his arm around Hickey and greeted him with a wide smile.

"I am happy today," Nitralaxis said. He laughed with his head back. "I have accompany from you. This is going good."

He knelt on the ground and unfolded a crumpled Greek map of the area, much better than those the squadron had. In careful slow English he showed what he wanted to do. He knew his business very well, Hickey decided.

They would come around a high mountain peak; Nitralaxis would make the straight reconnaissance flight down the valley while his pictures were taken, would turn around for another run, then climb immediately and head for home whatever was happening. Instead of keeping height and waiting in case 42s attacked the Bréguet, the Gladiators would fly along with Nitralaxis at whatever height he was going to take his pictures.

"We will wish each other good fortune, yes?" he said to Hickey, as they walked to their planes.

"Yes, we'll need it," Hickey said.

THE Bréguet was rising and falling in great jumps as they came down and around the mountain. The flight kept in close, and Nitralaxis leveled the Bréguet out at five hundred feet, bumping straight down the valley. Then the short bursts of antiaircraft made black puffs around the sky and point 5s opened up with tracers. It was short, however. Nitralaxis made both runs quickly and started climbing. They turned back toward the mountains. All they had to do now was to get home.

They were almost at cloud level when the 42s came. Quayle saw them and was not surprised. There were sixteen or so in the first group. They were coming straight down in formation. There was another group coming beam-on lower down, about twenty. And Quayle knew this was the toughest spot he had ever been in.

The attack met them another two miles on. There was nothing much they could do about it except try to get height, hide in the clouds. But the Bréguet slowed them down, and the 42s came at them with full guns blazing. The air was streaked with white tracers in front, behind, underneath. For the first time since he had been fighting, Quayle got bullets in his plane.

He kicked the rudder, eased the stick and slipped into a glide coming in a slip right into the head of the 42s. He saw the white spread of ragged-edged flame from a 42 as he got the underwings where the Fascist emblem came into his ring sights. He pushed hard on the gun button, knew immediately that he had come in too close and that 42 shells were hitting his plane. He pulled hard on the stick to come up over the 42. There was slow action. The climb was too slow. He could feel the controls loose somewhere and the plane losing height again. He banked around and suddenly caught a glimpse of the Bréguet crashing beam-on into the middle of a 42 . . . and a strange tangle of machines going down.

His controls were bad, there was something wrong with the elevators and he kept falling. He pulled desperately on the stick, took a quick look out, knew he was too low to bail out.

The plane was hurtling fast, and the wind screamed high through the slits in the cockpit cover. The ragged side of a mountain came up quickly . . . the green

timber, red earth somewhat speed, blurred movement before him but solid, solid. He thought. This is everything is all the world . . . it's cold here. . . .

And Quayle crashed in a skidded deep below the came into the rocky earth. struts were torn to shreds everywhere. The weight of carried the shambles of the ward until it was crumpled ball. . . .

Quayle was conscious of the violent tearing of the flesh, the solidly, terrifically thrown his head crashed against the board. It was all quiet, very moment, then nothing. . . .

BLOOD had frozen on his the flesh had been broken metal, there was a hard cut that stuck to his skin and there was blood down the Irvin jacket; and where his through the mask, there were cuts. The mask had been his jaw and had crushed neck. His hands had bent and were loose and bleeding.

It was dark evening when ness started moving into When he could see, he could indefinite pain and the cold his head, which made it difficult to ordinate what he was doing grip on the side of the cockpit himself up. He felt the parachute and fumbled to release in his stomach straps fell away and he stood top of the smashed cockpit blacked out, fell hard to the he went to sleep again. . . .

There was plenty of day he woke up. He was normal immediately. He was quick again of all the pain and stomach, but mostly of the sweat cuts of his face. He sat up and looked at the timber and the wrecked plane.

"That thing will never was the absurd thought head. John Quayle stood uneasily and unfirmly to the pulled out the parachute the plane's compass was reached down and pulled emergency rations. It was the rations were all right.

He got the first-aid kit a He sat down on the rock and ointment from the kit over could feel it swollen and He pulled the release parachute. The pilot parachute and some of the big silk with his pocketknife and He bandaged his neck and head. He took a long military water bottle that waist opposite his .44 pistol stood up and, with the arm, walked unsafely up few yards until he came to timber and he could see v

When he could study t he was surprised to see how He was on a lofty mountain to the east he could see a river and, beyond it, a river the wide and green with the fertility. He walked back He pulled on his belt with the water bottle. He pi emergency rations, looked and moved across the slope He was bending down

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the low timber as he left the plane when he heard the noise of walking. It was suddenly near and heavy and above the quiet wind in the leaves. He fell flat and waited. The movement was close. He peered through the foliage. He knew there were more than one. He didn't think of his .44 but just lay there looking with his eyes long-focused. The figures came through the timber and stood for a moment. Quayle looked quickly. He crouched into the earth. Then he saw the beard, the wide face . . . the tin helmet. It was Nitralaxis.

Quayle stood up and walked in the direction Nitralaxis and the other figure were taking. He came in across an open stretch. . . . Nitralaxis stopped quickly, looked surprised and in midair for a moment. Then Quayle said, "It's me . . . Quayle."

Nitralaxis frowned, then smiled in his beard and walked forward.

"Inglis . . . Inglis," he said, with a great laugh.

Quayle looked at the other figure. It was not Papagos, the air gunner. It was a peasant in a long black beaten-felt cape with a hood. He was very young, with hair over his forehead and red full cheeks. He smiled at Quayle.

"Where's Papagos . . . Papagos?" Quayle said. Nitralaxis was patting him on the back with his arm. He took it away and shook his head.

"We burn . . . we crash . . . we burn, fire . . . Papagos . . ." Nitralaxis shook his head again.

"How did you find me?" Quayle asked him.

Nitralaxis didn't understand at first, then said slowly, "He," pointing to the peasant, "said another *avion* . . . airplane . . . we going back . . . he said another airplane . . ."

Quayle took the maps out. He pointed to their position on the map.

"Tepelini," Quayle said. "We'll go toward Tepelini."

Nitralaxis picked up the map, then put it down again and pointed to Chimore on the coast. "Here . . . we go here . . . this is better."

"Tepelini . . . near Ioannina . . . it's quicker," Quayle said and pointed to Tepelini again.

Nitralaxis shook his head with confidence. "Too many Italians," he said. "Too bad country. That's impossible."

QUAYLE shook his head, folded the map. He knew that if he gave way to Nitralaxis he would not pass through Ioannina, but go down the coast to Chimore and back to Athens. He didn't want to miss Helen. He had to go through Tepelini to Ioannina.

"I'm going toward Tepelini. I want to get to Ioannina," Quayle explained slowly.

"Is dangerous. . . . Why?"

"Faster . . . it's faster," Quayle said.

"I think you want, you must go to Ioannina. Yes?"

"Yes," Quayle said.

"Why?"

"Plenty of reasons. I'm going to marry a Greek girl . . . a Greek girl . . . marry."

Nitralaxis pulled his black beard and pushed his tin hat back.

"You marry? Girl in Ioannina?"

"Yes. We were to marry today . . . today." John pointed his thumb into his chest.

"Ho . . . Inglis . . ." Nitralaxis laughed, and said something in rapid Greek to the peasant, who smiled and nodded and said something back to Nitralaxis.

"We go . . . we go to Tepelini. You will have the girl. . . . The Italians will have us. . . . Ho . . . Inglis and love!" Nitralaxis patted Quayle affectionately on the arm and chuckled into his beard.

"Fine," Quayle said. He picked up the maps.

Quayle looked at the map and started

to take directions again. Nitralaxis shook his head.

"It is no need, no compass. Nitralaxis pointed to the take us. He knows this. try."

"Well, let's go then," they said.

Nitralaxis told the peasant what to do. The young peasant turned around. Quayle's belongings.

"What's his name? His name is he?" Quayle asked Nitralaxis. The peasant boy was the reddest Quayle had ever seen.

"Deus. You know . . . god . . . Deus. He is a Greek. He is of the hills. He four lexis said, with his beard.

Quayle put the emergency first-aid kit, the maps, the shoulder bag, and they started.

DEUS led them through where the wind slapped the trees. The dirt was around the crest of the hills. There were deep around and other crests. John Quayle could see the far down in one or another lexis, and the river below walked silently, Quayle and Nitralaxis coming behind. Deus was getting thicker and his limbs were becoming muscularly stiff. Occasion at his map and saw they almost due east.

"Which way?" Nitralaxis asked once.

"We're heading due east," Deus told him.

Nitralaxis said something who replied without stopping.

"Says we cross road . . . Nitralaxis said.

"What about the Italians?" Deus asked him.

"It will be difficult," Deus said. "The Italians are frightened. They shoot quickly."

"That, I know," Nitralaxis said.

Deus.

"Perhaps I should have a pistol," Deus said.

Nitralaxis knew that Deus was eying the .44. Such a pistol was worth a fortune to Deus; but if he couldn't get it by himself, Nitralaxis knew that Deus would get him the pistol.

"The *Inglis* will give it to us. The *Inglis* will give it to us through the Italians. Greeks."

"He will?" Deus said.

"The *Inglis* is very trustworthy. That."

Nitralaxis was afraid to steal the pistol. He would give it to Quayle to keep it empty. He was more dangerous than sometimes, but he was a fighter.

They were climbing now. It was difficult. Quayle went on one of the cliffs. Nitralaxis was eating hard. The road below was getting directly beneath them.

The three of them started down the slope in the late afternoon. Quayle was getting stiffer to go slowly. By evening the way down the slope, and in full view. Deus stopped clump of plane trees.

"We will sleep here," Nitralaxis said.

"Aren't we near enough road tonight?" Nitralaxis asked.

"We must observe first off his felt cape. He looked at Deus who was sitting down with

knees. "He is with pain," Nitralaxis.
 "It's all right. That is the way rest themselves. He's all
 woke up and asked what opping for.
 "Nitralaxis told him. "To observe. The road is filled
 We must wait."
 down as he was. His head and thick again; he couldn't properly. He looked sol-
 earth before him and fell
 Nitralaxis waited for each re. Finally Deus wrapped
 and his shoulders and lay
 Nitralaxis did the same.

wakened suddenly. There on again. He knew some-
 en happening. He looked
 Nitralaxis. He wasn't there.
 one, too. Quayle thought
 t they had left him. He
 t pain hurt him. Nitralaxis

ans are near as your skin," a hisper.
 "b w. Listen."
 lined. He heard voices and
 was suddenly drawing
 "Deus?" he asked.
 "g at the Italians," Nitra-
 fe for his pistol. It was gone.
 he taken my gun," Quayle
 wher.

he it. I took it. He tried to
 had already take it. I will
 could feel that the little
 uc or ammunition on his belt
 y.
 ou ke the ammunition, too?"
 Nitralaxis.
 gu"
 ke it in this little pouch,"
 id.
 did it," Nitralaxis said. "Deus
 e it. He did, uh?"
 do know? Yes . . . he must
 ere none in the gun, either."
 hat the pistol. Deus has the
 Nitralaxis laughed softly.
 will you get it back?"
 ll n let him know about shot.
 d th be afraid and leave us
 w d he would squash our
 slo. . . Oh, no . . . we will
 H does not know where the

xis ld Quayle to go to sleep
 he ler was still feeling heavy
 o ept the idea carelessly.
 to sep immediately.
 De who woke him up. He
 ng to John Quayle's face with
 n eyes and a friendly expres-
 did convey the idea that he
 root em both for the pistol.
 "Quyle said.

heard some more and said,
 in imitation. Quayle nodded
 ship. Nitralaxis awoke. In the
 proa to morning light, they
 p the slope until they came to
 ent ump of timber on a rock
 over the slope. From here,
 ld se the road yawning in the
 r moing light.
 ill oerve," Deus said to Ni-
 and aned over the rock to
 e roa

said the late afternoon, "We
 be all right tonight. But there
 y Itan camps," he said to
 s. "Ca the *Inglisi* walk quietly
 tomad?"
 an we: all right. The pain is
 head. n his country he is well
 or hi stomach-walking," Ni-
 said.

Quayle offered Deus a piece of his bar chocolate. The boy looked at Nitralaxis.

"Go on," Nitralaxis said. "It is chocolate. It's all right."

Deus took the chocolate and smiled broadly at Quayle. He bit the chocolate carefully and opened his eyes wide, like a child. "It has much sweetness. It is very glorious."

Deus smiled at Quayle once more and sat down, chewing the chocolate. Quayle lay down and thought himself to sleep above the pain in his head.

Quayle woke up again with the movement around him. He did not want to move. He was still exhausted. The night was open with moonlight.

"We are going?" he asked Nitralaxis.
 "Yes. . . . You are all right? We have to walk upon stomachs."

Nitralaxis helped Quayle to his feet. Deus was smoothing the surface of the ground where they had been sleeping. They started down the slope with Deus leading and Nitralaxis coming up behind Quayle. Deus held the branches of the trees he ran into, carefully, so they wouldn't swish.

When the slope graded out, Deus almost stopped. He took every step carefully and very quietly and often he stood still. They came to a clearing and Quayle saw the road before him. Deus crawled toward the road. Quayle eased his way forward on his elbows. At the road, which was built up, Deus got into a crouching position. He touched Quayle on the shoulder, nodded his head and stood up slightly. Crouching, he moved quickly up the rise and crossed the road. Quayle followed him and felt the hard gravel crunching under his boots. He fell into the ditch on the other side, and Nitralaxis came. . . .

THEY started moving forward again. It seemed they were crawling for hours in the dark. They could hear voices all the time now. When they got to the river they were glad of its running sound. Deus stopped again and they sat crouching in a small circular dip in the earth. Deus whispered something to Nitralaxis.

"This is not deep," Nitralaxis whispered to Quayle. "There are some Italians the other side. We must be careful then. If something happens we will keep going upward. There is a dead river running upward."

"Okay," Quayle said quietly.
 "Horkai." Deus turned around and smiled.

They moved off again. The water was very cold and swift running. It was seldom above the knees. They crouched close to the surface. Sometimes the water seeped through Quayle's Irvin jacket and got into his stomach and almost made him gasp aloud. They got across it all right and lay down on the white pebbled bank. Deus moved slowly forward, then dropped quickly. The others followed. Quayle felt the pain in his head as he hit the earth. There was someone walking. He waited for something to happen.

Deus carefully moved forward again. Quayle lifted himself carefully and followed. He could hear Nitralaxis behind him. They went on into the night.

There was depth of sunlight above them. They were on the high mountain over the valley where the road and the river were running almost due south. Quayle was lying on his back. Deus looked at him from where he sat chewing at the hard bread he produced from somewhere on his person.

"You are certain," he said to Nitralaxis, "that the *Inglisi* will give me the fine pistol?"

"The *Inglisi* can be trusted. He trusts you . . . therefore, you can trust him." Deus nodded.

Then Quayle looked up because he



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heard the sound of engines. He was doubtful at first but then he was sure. "Airoplanos," Nitralaxis said, pointing to the northeast. . . .

Quayle could see the large formation getting nearer. They were in three groups. There would be at least fifty planes in each group. They were at about ten thousand feet and in good formation.

"Hundreds of them," Quayle said.

Gradually they came near enough to distinguish the details of their construction. Quayle shaded his eyes and looked at them carefully. He realized suddenly what they were.

"Germans," he said to Nitralaxis. "They're Dornier 17s."

"So now we have the Germans, too," Nitralaxis said.

"I wonder when it started."

"Somebody will have many bombs from that lot," Nitralaxis said.

"We'd better get going," Quayle advised.

Deus led them along the side of the high mountain as the bombers disappeared to the south. Quayle looked at his map, saw their own course was due south now. He calculated they would cross the Italian lines somewhere between Tepelini and Klissoura, but near Tepelini. That would lead them to the Argyrokastro road. That road went back to Ioannina. That's probably where the Germans are going, Quayle was thinking. They'll go to Ioannina because it's the key town for this whole front. The Germans have sense that way. They would probably flatten it with bombers first—if they had not flattened it already. John Quayle put the maps away and concentrated on the rough path that slipped down the high mountain toward the valley between Klissoura and Tepelini.

ALL that day they heard bombers going over. Sometimes they could see the planes, and they were always German. Sometimes they could not see the planes but they heard bombing. It was difficult walking along the rock path from the high slope, winding around the steep sides. Quayle fell many times and twice he scratched more skin from his hands trying to keep on his feet. Deus did not seem to think there were any Italians at the height they traveled most of the time. But during the second day he began to take care because they were nearing the level area and they could see the two roads joining at Tepelini and the quiet village of Tepelini caught in the hook of a river and a mountain. It was white and sloped and it looked silent. They could see the Italian transport moving along the winding road all day. Quayle was thinking that if the Germans had started their advance into Greece, the Italians would be attacking too, so they would have to walk right through a battle.

During the second day from the high mountain, they moved in a great circle around the level area until at night they had reached a small plateau overlooking a wide Italian encampment and the road between Tepelini and Klissoura. They could hear the artillery from both sides somewhere to the south, and the Italian transport on the road never seemed to stop.

"We wait here," Deus said, when they sat down on the small plateau.

"How long?" Nitralaxis asked.

"Until darkness. We must cross the road again. It is difficult."

Nitralaxis told Quayle and they all lay on their stomachs and watched the activity in the Italian camp until complete darkness made only the sounds clear. Then Deus stood up and started carefully down the steep slope from the plateau.

"Do we go right through that camp?" Quayle said.

"No, we go around it."

They were moving very fast as Deus chose good footholds and kept the movement decisive. When they reached the end of the slope Deus motioned them to lie still. Quayle could hear the deep continuous boom of the artillery much nearer now. He could hear the Italians talking in the camp to the left. Then Deus moved on his stomach out into the open. John Quayle followed him.

SLOWLY they moved, and Quayle could see the clear outline of big Italian Diesel trucks ahead of them. Deus stopped when he saw them. He's miscalculated, Quayle was thinking. He didn't expect those trucks to be there. This is going to be fine.

Deus had not expected the trucks to be there. He looked at them and then wormed his way in a right-angle turn to a clump of bushes. Nitralaxis and Quayle followed him. From there they crawled parallel to the road and came to an open space.

"It is wrong," Deus whispered to Nitralaxis. "We have come too far."

"Well . . ."

"You are in a hurry?" Deus asked. "There are chances to be taken."



"We take chances?" Nitralaxis asked Quayle with mild humor.

"Sure. What's wrong? Let's get going," Quayle whispered.

"We take chances," Nitralaxis told Deus.

"Horkai," whispered Deus and patted Quayle on the back.

They crawled into the open space. Quayle noticed the bulky shapes with tree boughs on them. It suddenly struck him: Tanks! They were crawling through a tank-dispersal area, only they weren't too dispersed. He saw the tracks of one when they crawled close to it. Deus fell flat as a guard passed along the road which was less than twenty yards ahead of them. It was too early for the moon to be very clear, and Quayle couldn't see what was beyond the road. He kept close to the soft grass earth and followed Deus as he wormed inch by inch to the road. They stopped again when the guard paused up the road.

"Horkai," whispered Deus.

"Come on," Quayle said to Nitralaxis, and together they crouched across the road and dropped close to it in a shallow ditch on the other side. Quayle looked ahead and saw a wide clear space with shapes of big guns and timbers strewn around.

They crawled through a field of soft mud into a plowed stretch, and Quayle felt the dampness seep into his sheepskin boots. They crawled along to the timber clump that outlined itself against the clear sky.

"Wait," Deus said to Nitralaxis. "I will see."

Deus moved forward and Quayle was restrained by Nitralaxis.

"He observes," Nitralaxis said.

"What's wrong now?"

"Nothing. We came too far. Those Italians sleep well. Yes?"

"Shhh . . . you'll wake them up and we'll do some sleeping."

"How comes your face, *Inglisi*?"

Quayle was surprised because that was the first time Nitralaxis had asked him about it. It must be that we're both scared, Quayle thought.

"It's fine. Where's that young devil gone?"

"He will be back," Nitralaxis said. "I have the ammunition back. Here." Nitralaxis handed Quayle the ammunition. Quayle put it back in the pouch. Deus rejoined them without any sound following him.

"We have more such places to go through. It will be long," he said to

getting heavy but he could off now. Deus was down him, and Nitralaxis was both of them as suddenly water was too great and the ming. The water rushed bodies, and Quayle could grasping him tightly by the was almost sinking as he move forward with a breath. Nitralaxis was behind him was holding on . . . until he go.

Quayle saw him shoot down. He felt his kit bag tug at his legs. He pulled it off his went after Deus. Quayle could splash, then suddenly a white moonlit stretch. His arms wide and kicked power he got to Deus. He grasped by the heavy felt cape and under as Deus struggled him. Quayle went under feet on the bottom. When he found he still had hold stroked the water with his kicked; he heard the splash and repeated it until he thought not do it any more and would all the way downstream. feet found bottom.

He pulled Deus up into and lay there drawing deep could hear Deus breathing dered where Nitralaxis was not move, so Quayle leaned and rolled him on his stomach pulled off the sodden cape his hands into the small of He leaned forward and the the respiration worked, it came water so much as force Deus consciousness. He uttered a and turned over on his side.

QUAYLE heard a sound and lay flat. He could hear ment . . . then guessed it was "Hey . . ." he said in a whisper.

"*Inglisi*?"

"Yes," Quayle said quietly.

"You got him?"

"Yes. He is here."

Nitralaxis came out of water to the bank.

"Ho . . . he looks he is finished," Deus said in Greek.

"I am well," Deus said to

"We help you."

"No . . . Is the *Inglisi* all right?"

"Yes."

"You will say I am grateful."

"Yes . . ." Then: "He says"

you," Nitralaxis said to Quayle.

"I had visions of our transport through the Italian lines with Quayle said.

"He says he has grown tired," Nitralaxis told Quayle.

The Deus, "You are his friend . . . not let you see the bottom of for a deathbed."

Deus nodded and said he pulled on his wet cape and swayed, then bent over again.

"Shhh," Quayle said.

Deus dragged his wet cape as he crouched under the edge of the stream.

"Come on," Nitralaxis said.

"I lost all my stuff . . . I kit bag," Quayle stopped with

"Come on. It is no time of that."

Quayle followed Nitralaxis three of them crawled across until they got to the timber continued being sick as they over the rock of the mountain facing.

"He's going to give us away," said.

"He'll be all right," Nitralaxis chuckled in his beard.

"We climb here. We must

Nitralaxis. "Is the *Inglisi* all right?"

"He's fine."

"We go then . . . but be very careful. The Italians do not sleep well tonight."

"Go on then," Nitralaxis whispered.

They crawled into the timber that was beyond the small clearing. They seemed to make a terrific noise when there was timber to reflect the sound. They kept stopping and Quayle felt his vibration in the earth every time they flattened out.

SOON they were in another open space that was a camp for Diesel trucks and motorcycles. Quayle became more amazed at what they were doing as they crawled around the edge of the camp without being seen.

When they reached the river, Quayle could hear its shallow water slow on the pebbled edge, also the quiet deep water swirl in the center. He could see the moon now and the shallow light across the flat stretch of white water that was silver.

"It is deep," Deus said. "We will move together."

Nitralaxis repeated that to Quayle.

They walked into the shallow water, and the swiftness got dimensional as the water got deep until Quayle was up to his neck. He could feel the Irvin jacket

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road but along the mountain," Deus said.

"How long will it take?" Nitralaxis asked.

"We should be through the Italians by tomorrow morning."

Quayle and Nitralaxis helped Deus as they started up the slope. As they climbed, they could hear the booming of artillery. It was to the south and east.

"There is some battle," Nitralaxis said.

"Yes. And we'll be in it," Quayle told him.

IT WAS dawn. The artillery was getting louder. It was hard to tell whether it was behind or before them now, it was so close. Then Quayle saw it bursting to the right, down near the road.

"That's yours, I should say," he said to Nitralaxis.

"It is Greek, it is good . . . look!"

A string of shells burst along the side of the road. It was good shooting, but Quayle could not see anything worth shooting at, not from this distance. Suddenly there was a quick whine, and a white puff came through the red earth above them. They all fell flat.

"We're right in the middle of it," Quayle said.

There was a deep sound from above them. "Italians . . . that is their cannon," Nitralaxis said. "Come on!"

The three of them crouched and loped along in the timber, falling flat when they heard the shells bursting above them. It was a terrific din, and there was a machine-gun sound. Then the quiet, quick, unpleasant rap of a light machine gun. It was somewhere below and ahead of them. Quayle looked in the direction of the sound but couldn't see anything. They fell flat when they heard another shell burst above them on the slope. This one was nearer.

"They must be shooting at us. They must see us."

"The stupid idiots! Come on!" Quayle was helping Deus along as they ran.

"There's the Greeks!" Nitralaxis pointed to the white puff of a shell bursting on the side of the mountain facing them. "That must be!"

They were running and loping, and there were more shells bursting above them, so that the loose rock on the slope rolled down behind them. The white bursts were still throwing up along the road. Then the machine guns opened up again.

"If we're near enough for machine-gun fire, the Greeks can't be far ahead of us. Come on, Deus! Tell him to come on," Quayle said.

They got up again and ran along the rough side of the slope until they came to a clearing. Without thinking, they ran into the open, and then the machine gun sounded again and Quayle knew they were being fired at. He could hear machine-gun fire from two directions across the valley they were coming to, as he fell on his face. The three of them crowded together flat on the earth, as they heard the machine gun firing at them. The soft bullet sounds came over them, and there was the softer sound of some of the bullets hitting the earth before them.

"We are near," Deus said. "We must get into the valley. The Greek is there. He must have retreated to there. He should be where we are now."

"We should go up into the timber," Nitralaxis said.

"No, straight on. They will see you running upward."

"It's nearer," Nitralaxis said.

"No . . . straight ahead." Deus pulled at Quayle and pointed ahead.

Quayle nodded. They got up, but the machine gun started again. Then Quayle saw Nitralaxis running up the slope in the clearing, up toward the timber.

"Get down!" he shouted.

Nitralaxis kept running. The machine gun came lo. Quayle didn't hear the saw Nitralaxis loosen the earth and fall as he ran. Quayle knew Nitralaxis hit more than once. Deus and Quayle crouched and ran ahead into the timber. The soft bullets over his head didn't drop; he kept on the timber.

Deus had crouched flat. Quayle looked behind him. He was lying on his side in an awkward-looking position without any support from loose against the earth. He knew he was dead.

They heard the Italian low them. Deus was pulling. He had the pistol. He was going to the empty chamber the ammunition. Quayle looked when Deus had taken from Nitralaxis and what to do with it if he gave him. He looked at Deus the square pouch on his chest pulled out the small box some of the squat leaves Deus' outstretched hand the box. Deus rammed the chambers and click shut. Quayle wondered known what to do with it.

As the Italians came Deus pointed ahead and crouching into the timber when the machine gun fired to the beginning of the valley. He heard the movement of feet behind and below them. He moved forward and slipped down. Deus waited for Quayle ahead and pushed Quayle him to run across the slope. The machine gun opened again.

"Horkai . . . Horkai." Deus vigorously and pointed ahead.

"Okay," Quayle said quickly-drawing breath.

DEUS pushed him forward. He heard movement behind him.

"Horkai, *Inglisi*," he said. He breathed again. He pointed.

He took Quayle's hand. He turned around and ran. Quayle drew breath across the wide slope in direction. He could hear guns firing at him . . . a quick sharp explosion of then again . . . and he ran across the rock until he fell . . . He lay there panting.

He heard the pistol again . . . The machine gun. Quayle looked behind. He was running up the slope and behind him. He heard the machine gun. He saw Deus stagger and drew a quick breath and kept running until he could hear the machine gun near him. He staggered and could feel his face. And then he saw the uniforms. He saw the hands wide, shouting, "In as loud as he could. He came up. *Inglisi! Inglisi* again. He knew he was his life that was crying.

"*Inglisi, Inglisi*," he said. His hands were in the air as forward and he saw the him. He felt the man's grip and felt the pain and st with the Greek.

"*Inglisi*," he said. "I was muttering from his bursting.

And he fell limp in the (To be continued ne

Mission

Continued from page 31

surface of soft dust or powder from which rock masses of clay emerged like islands of sand. A foolish thing to do, through the grueling day, the pitiless blaze of the sun, searching eyes. . . . But they waste a day, they could not but. Not this time.

most inevitable when travel-daytime over barren plains. lanes in the sky detected the bugs creeping below, and they began dropping their bombs.

Blake heard the first dry he saw the enemy bombers. ing his head, he spied a tight of enemy craft. He crept down the armor hatch course, and nudged Jack with only means of advising him ion and speed. The other did likewise. Instantly the eight line scattered, dotting surface with single widely clouds that made a more get. The armored car with its high-velocity hun-

slang sunlight sharply silhouettes' shadows racing over the hen could not see the black ing the craft. They only explosions when the bombs

increased their speed. The plain, forerunner of the country beyond, already a dark line on the horizon. territory provided comparative air attacks.

ed car blasted swiftly and every shot it staggered stricken giant, and its chain- lifted from the ground. interrupted its advance. hud increased in frequency and coming closer. The air rocked,

the earth shuddered. A north wind rose, lifting long waves of sand dust that hid the tanks time and again. Once Blake saw a tank emerging from a sand cloud only a few paces away, and averted a clash by a narrow margin. Yet he endeavored to remain in the sand clouds, following their course whenever possible.

Then the wind subsided for a while, and he saw a few widely scattered tanks rolling steadily ahead. Between them fountainlike splashes of sand belched high into the air. Through the peep-slot aft, he saw the Iron Belle—the armored car—still jumping crazily and firing unrelentingly. Even while he watched, she became enveloped in a black cloud that seemed to spring from the ground as if by magic. Then came the explosion. It made his tank stagger.

The lion cubs had been deprived of their fighting mother, of their provider.

For the bombers it was the signal to break formation and to come in low. The tanks had to open their turrets and fight for their lives. Using the Bren guns on the anti-aircraft mountings from the open turrets exposed the commanders to the planes' machine-gun fire, but it prevented the enemy from coming in too close.

Blake saw the two tanks closest to him destroyed. Each one, directly hit, crumpled into a blazing heap of scrap. But this did not concern him. He pushed ahead steadily, playing hide and seek with the bombers in the intermittent dust waves, firing whenever a craft appeared within range, watching eagerly as the big-game hunt became enveloped in the fast-sinking veil of the night.

Before it grew dark, one of the bombers came winging down toward him, not in a roaring power dive, but in a silent, insecure glide like a wounded falcon. It grazed his turret, and crashed ahead of him, overturning and dissolving into a bursting cloud of dust and fragments.

Then all calmed down. The thuds came to an end, the guns grew silent,



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wind and dust subsided. The remaining planes, rid of their burdens, droned off.

Symbols of steadiness in a shifting world, two tanks were rumbling over the desert toward their goal.

THE two machines halted close to each other. Blake climbed slowly out of his turret. His muscles were stiff and sore. His face was encrusted and his eyes bloodshot from the tiny, invisible sand flints that filled the air.

He jumped to the ground with a thud and approached the other tank. "What's the matter, Curtis?" he called into the slit. "Can't you open up?"

"Can't open," a voice shouted from inside. The crew's frantic efforts to open up could be heard. "We were hit right at the beginning. It couldn't have gone worse, could it?"

"It could," Blake said.

Jack and Andy moaned as they stretched their limbs and stamped the sand.

"You can't get us out without a blowtorch," Curtis said. "Can you go on?"

"Yes. But we haven't fuel enough to get through, since the Iron Belle blew up. If I take your fuel we may make it. I'll signal your position as soon as I make contact."

"Go ahead," came Curtis' voice, after a short pause.

"We'll also take your radiator water."

When his men had drained Curtis' tank to the last drop, Blake said, "So long, Curtis."

"Look out for the Camel Corps, Blake," Curtis called. "This is their territory."

Blake and his men moistened their gums with a gulp of hot water. Then they started off.

They rode with open cowl and turret, smoothly and not too fast in order to conserve fuel. The night was now at its darkest, between sunset and moonrise. But just as the moon's luster began to appear, one of the caterpillar tracks rattled and stuttered, and the tank began to swerve. Jack at once shut off the engine.

There was sudden silence in the vastness; then the anxious breathing of the men climbing out.

Jack walked around the tank. "A link's broken." He pointed to one of the tracks.

"So we can't go on?" Blake asked.

"You don't need a blueprint to see she's busted!" Andy muttered irritably.

"We have some spare links," Jack said. "About two hours' work will repair it."

"Let's sit down first and feed our bellies," Blake said. "You work better on a full belly."

"I fall asleep on a full belly," Andy mumbled, producing the provisions.

THEY put on their heavy coats, for the night air was frosty and the sands had chilled swiftly. Squatting in the sand, they attacked their rations.

Jack chewed listlessly, then tossed away his half-empty tin.

"Don't feel hungry," he said. "The idea of Curtis and his crew makes me sick. Blast those rat traps!" From the tank came the continual crackling of the rapidly cooling metal.

"I'm not asking you to be hungry," Blake said coldly. "I'm telling you to eat. . . . You've got to drive me, you know." Then seeing Jack adjusting a bandage around his ankle, he asked, "What's the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing much. I bruised it, and it got swollen."

"Let me have a look."

Jack noticed Blake's worried look as he scrutinized the wound. "Is it bad?"

"Sure it is. Why didn't you do something about it?"

"It happened when we started. There was nothing I could do."

As they chewed on in silence, each man looking thoughtfully at the sand between his outspread legs, the sudden bark of a rifle a few hundred feet away made them jump up. Shots spattered about them. They dropped cans and tea mugs and flung themselves back into the tank, bullets whistling about their heads. Their straining eyes could detect nothing, although the sands were now flooded with moonlight.

"I wonder," Blake reflected aloud as soon as the fusillade subsided, "whether it is a regular Camel Corps squadron or just a marauding tribe waging a holy war of its own." Far in the distance he could hear the guttural grunting of the maharas.

For some time the men kept behind their armor plates, eyes and pieces at the ready. Then Blake came out circumspectly, and, as nothing happened, he ordered Jack and Andy to follow. But no sooner were the three men exposed, than the fusillade was resumed from nowhere, accompanied by the vicious chatter of machine guns.

"Blast it!" Blake cried, diving back into his turret. "They're Camel Corps troopers, all right. Did you hear those MGs?"

"I don't like that song and dance," Andy said, impatiently patting his gun. "Not if I can't see their noses."

"How many do you think there are?" Jack asked.

"They operate in *goums* of a hundred," Blake said. "I heard three MGs, so there can't be less than two squadrons; two hundred men at least."

"If we could only repair that blasted caterpillar!"

"Yes, and what a mess we could make of them!" Andy said hopefully.

"I'll try to fix the link while you two cover me with the guns," Jack suggested.

"No. We'll only hit the sand, and

they'll get you, all right," Blake said. Then he added: "Let's wait for dawn. They may attack then, and if we let them come close enough before opening fire, we may teach them a lesson yet. Try and get some sleep, even if it's only for a few hours. I'll keep watch."

"Good," Andy said. "Wake me at eight, on the dot."

A BEAMLESS disk of red emerged from beyond the horizon. The new day spread swiftly over the sands.

Blake heard the rasping sound of Andy's gun turning on its socket.

"Hold it, Andy!" he cried.

A maharist and his mount had appeared from behind a dune and were slowly approaching. The rider swayed up and down, to the right and left, in time with his mahara's awkward, disorderly stride. Ostentatiously he held up his rifle, to which a white rag was attached. When he came within hailing distance, Blake recognized him as a white subaltern officer, dressed in the large floating trousers of the native attire; only his plain khaki tunic and kepi were European. He stopped, and, holding up the white flag with one hand, called out:

"We won't harm you if you surrender now! But if there's any shooting, we can't answer for your safety! You know the native troops!"

"Must you have your answer now?" Blake called back.

"We'll give you half an hour. Then come out without arms and with hands raised. Be reasonable." The man saluted, and turning his camel about, disappeared behind the dunes.

"Next to a good fight, there's nothing I like better than to be reasonable and surrender," Andy observed.

From the dunes in the distance, maharists emerged all around, men of different tribes and races, who had always

been fighting among the they had been rallied by Tuaregs, half-Arab Kres Negroes, Berber Semites

"They're displaying Blake said. "Trying to There're even more than

"We are impressed!" "They make a lovely observed. "A blind n them."

But Blake's forehead when he gave orders to o

ONE out of every four from the tank's auto was a tracer and show-squirt of white smoke clear air. The maharis standing in a wide circle, tionless; but when they little sand bug was all se when they felt the fire co for comfort, they scatt treated behind the dunes deep-cut wadis.

"Those camel drivers ach enough to attack us! indignantly.

But the desert fighters ards. This was their wa keeping loose formation, his own, sniping from ce the gullies, invisible ma icry.

The natives had no h hearts, nor did they have their undertaking. Fight dition with them. They whether a fight was good

This time, again, they thing. They waited for to run out of supplies. O Out of ammunition. Ou was the only right thing do. And nobody knew t Goeffrey Blake. . . .

From behind the dunes from time to time, shots the crew on their toes rat hope of hitting one of t Andy felt that he would g could not fell at least one ever he thought he had speck that might be part costume, the speck disap he could pull the trigger lets made little splashes in water. The furnacelik of the tank, exposed to th of the sun and lacking the ride, became unendu sun rose. The men, sapped by the heat, were gasping

Then, while Blake was how much water his body perspiration every hour, call. At first he thought taken, for there was exu Jack's voice.

"Look! Look there!" J his voice hoarse with excit Blake spied through th

WHERE the sea of yel blending into the haz of red smoke was surging, was swelling to greater an ume.

"The khamsin!" Blake the sandstorm could do e another ordeal to the long these last days, he did n at any rate there would b ment of the supreme sac khamsin was The Grea during its reign all fighting the men had to fight the s to live, and forget about

For Africa is a land of When the sun shines, ther sun; when it rains, there rain—carts and tanks are when there is hate, ther when there is quietness boredom sets in; when th army trucks are swept fro



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and barracks and huts carried away; and when the sandstorm soars. . .

The khamsin soared and it was as though the earth, impatient to engulf its children so long delayed in returning to her bosom, rose up in an attempt to cover and swallow them with the fury of a jealous mother; the earth itself soared and beat down on the men and mounds and machine.

The Camel Corps troopers had drawn close together in heaps, heedless of the tank; they knew they would find it right where it was when everything was over. They drew their headcloths over their faces, made their camels kneel down, and buried their heads in the rich hides and fat backs of their mounts. The fine sand beat over their heads, swirling and rustling, relentlessly penetrating the inadequate filter, seeping into their lips, clogging their nostrils, drying out their throats, filling their lungs with impalpable dust.

They had no choice if they wanted to avoid immediate suffocation—doing nothing was the only way to survive, breathing as regularly as possible and as little as life permitted. Only their imagination, uncurbed by physical limitations, was allowed to work freely; and they thought of the men in the tank who lacked headcloths and camel pelt to bury their heads in.

BLAKE and his men had jumped to the ground, sinking ankle-deep into the sand. The temperature had shot up. The air was filled with a choking saffron smoke, and the sand, blowing hard and perfectly horizontally, painfully slashed their eyes. They took out the gas masks from the bag and adjusted them tightly to their faces. During the first few seconds, breathing remained hard. Then the air began to flow more freely through the filter, and their lungs began working safely, though with some effort.

They worked feverishly on the broken track, keeping close to the tank whenever they moved, holding onto its sides to get their bearings and remain steady in the fury of the storm.

In less than two hours the job was done. As Jack gave a last turn to the bolts of the new link, Blake unscrewed the compass from his instrument panel and put it into his pocket. Then the crew resumed their places.

The sudden roar of the engine and the rattling of the caterpillars scurrying around their sprockets and bogie wheels were music to their ears. Even if it baffled the troopers in the sand, there was nothing they could do about it.

The air seemed a thick yellow fog, and to guide Jack, Blake had to keep the compass close against the goggles of his gas mask. The tank picked up speed, pushing its way across the invisible desert, eluding its besiegers in the monstrous smoke screen. Although he could see nothing, Andy fired with both guns for a while, just for good measure and personal relief.

It was like traveling at night in a blacked-out train, or flying blind in a plane through overcast skies. There was electric light within the tank, but even there the air was thick with dust. At last the tracks hurtled over the brim of the basaltic expanse, and the ride became harder with every mile. It became a real tank ride, a rough ride with jouncing and pitching and strepitous clattering of iron.

But the yellow, opaque smoke hung over the plain for hours and, when it began to clear, the huge boulders of wind-eaten rock were beckoning like the turrets of a friendly fortress.

ANOTHER day passed, with heat sifting down from the sky, heat swelling from the hard ground, heat oozing from the armor plates; another day in the sickening smell of hot lubricating oil.

in the brain-shaking clanging iron.

The beamless red disc waded the horizon. The sun was cutting a dead path over the face of the wilderness. Tired of scurrying, stood sile.

Blake left his turret slowly followed, his gaze swollen and split.

"No use looking into it," said hoarsely, as Blake w. cowering. "We're through. We're out of fuel."

Blake leaned against the slowly passed a hand over the crust of sweat and were only two or three hours. Some ninety miles. . . saw that Andy did not appear. "Hey, Andy! You asleep?"

"Leave him alone," Jack said. "He's dead."

Blake looked up. "Yes," Jack said. "I discovered after the smoke had subsided was off. Perhaps that's why. Perhaps his heart gave out of the heat and strain. . . of trying to find out? What now?"

"We'll tramp the rest of the day. How's your leg?"

"It's been hurting badly just numb. The whole leg is numb. If I could only get know it would get better in time."

"Sure it will. You stay some sleep. I'll send some you up." Under Jack's Blake recognized the flush. "I'm coming with you suddenly. "You can't go all by yourself."

"You can rest here," Blake alarmed to the core. He to witness Jack's end.

"I'm not staying here," resolutely. "If something pen . . . it's better to be to."

"Let's go, then," Blake said. "And look out for snakes and stones."

THEY left everything behind their revolvers and weapons. They buried the Bren guns in the sand.

As darkness closed in, over the bleak, dreary plain Jack laboriously limping, with heavy, regular paces, clear in his dizzied brain like a foggy sea.

When they had set out signment, he had been doubtful they would ever be able to reach their destination. Now he knew He would.

He would not falter. He slip. He would not bungle had nothing left in the world mission. Nothing else to cling to fall back on. He had nothing—his family, his fort memories. The new friends were dead. The last and the one now dragging beside dead, too, a dead man wall.

But they would not take session from him. It was a den, but a burden that gave He knew that though his pushing fast, his forehead was h were icy, nothing could happen until he had carried out his matter how many hours matter how merciless the session.

He failed to notice the slowly dropping behind, un pace, not daring to call. stop and lie down. Geoffrey only his path before him. smiled as he lengthened his

THE END

Wife Material

Continued from page 18

we weed now that the bar-
the north make war against

I cannot help you!" Kario

ook her head: "Oh, no, a
every earning must go to

ed rebelliously.

s mind from it, she asked:
ou go to the city on temple

"Yes," he said. "We get
al candles for the Night.

you when we return." He
at her, spoke a promise

and then went back along
ck up the dragon body.

atched him go and asked

changing-monsoon storm
n? If I can buy no name-

father and the brother
ne sea—I, who am sixteen

put girlhood behind me—
happen, can I ever walk

reet again with a straight
ever draw a breath that is

shame? For if a girl be
merial, what then is there

be

ard the tump-tump of the
ms sounding at the next

on beyond, and beyond, as
through the village beg-

he temple. Kario the priest's
io without land of his own.

rait, tall, and handsome—
th twenty words for rain, and

a adier oar than any. Kario
ngipani and love and the

wood doves rhyme, somehow,
a name.

sightened the scarf that
ne young Alu's skirt, and tied

ov his swollen middle. He
n fish, more green things,

chi. He needed the fish she
and the green things she had

crit. And yet in the house

tonight there was only rice, dried egg-
plant, and gourd seeds.

Young Alu went back to his game
with the oars and the deep-sea nets.
Nengah watched his short waddling legs
and his stringy arms—this brother who
was more son to her now than brother,
with the menfolk dead, and the mother
so tired and so wasted, once the rice crop
was in, she stopped breathing.

There were voices on the beach path.
It was the seaweed gatherers coming up
with the bales of dried weed.

"As for today?" the Ulud wife asked,
the Ulud grandmother asked, and the
Ulud girl asked.

"As for today!" Nengah replied
cheerfully.

And there were others staggering and
straining up the path—the Irib wife and
the Irib aunt, the Redog wife and the
Redog son's wife, the Paujang grand-
father and the Paujang girl-child—
carrying the dried weed in wooden
saddles on their backs.

"Does the changing-monsoon storm
open tonight?" Nengah asked the Pau-
jang grandfather because he was the
only man among them.

"Not fully," he said.

"Praying no rain tonight!" the Irib
wife prayed.

"But the storm itself?" Nengah
strained to know.

The Paujang old one stared solemnly
at the sky, and then wagged his head
with foreboding. "It breaks on time!"
he said, saying the formula: "One day
to threaten, three days to storm, one
day to reform—for Candle Night!"

"And tomorrow?" Nengah made sure.

"Wind tomorrow," he told her.

"Only wind!" Nengah breathed her
relief.

She had one more day. What did she
care for this changing-monsoon wind?
It was not the raging blow of the Ninth
Month.

"Not to the reef!" the Paujang old
one cautioned, suddenly.

Nengah looked at him quickly. "One



"Who trained this horse to get on his mark?"

REAMER: KELLER

Best Loved Bottle In The World!

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down to enjoy the foods they like
best—in all their favorite restaurants,
clubs, diners, and at their own home
tables—you'll hear them call for pop-
ular Heinz Tomato Ketchup! This fa-
mous, mouth-watering ketchup adds
distinctive tang—makes a good steak
taste better than ever, makes plain
hash taste great.



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bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup handy
when they're cooking. You'll find it
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gravies, meat loaves, hamburgers, om-
elets. Even a dish of mashed potatoes or
"hashed-browns" takes on a tempting,
siddy color, an appetizing, spicy rich-
ness when you stir in a couple of table-
spoons of Heinz Tomato Ketchup.



Small Fry Go For It—Like
father, like son and like
grandad before them, chil-
dren want Heinz Tomato
Ketchup. Let them have
their fill. Heinz Tomato
Ketchup is pure, wholesome,
made according to an old-
fashioned recipe, from
fully ripened Heinz
tomatoes, cane sugar,
the finest of pickling
vinegar and freshly
ground spices.



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the world over is
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finer ketchup at any price.
And you can easily afford
this tempting, mouth-
watering condiment.
For it actually costs less
to use, because it's so rich, thick,
full-bodied—it goes much farther.
Just a penny's worth gives "that
million-dollar flavor" to your food.



Heinz Tomato
KETCHUP

57

I'M NO Fifth Columnist!

COLDS SLOW UP AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT, SO I USE KLEENEX FOR HANKIES TO HELP KEEP MY COLD FROM SPREADING TO UNCLE SAM'S WORKERS!

(From a letter by M. L., Kurten, Tex.)



WIN \$25
(MATURITY VALUE)
WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE HOW THE
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MONEY AND HELPS
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No Runs! No Terrors!

THE SILK STOCKING-SHORTAGE DOESN'T BOTHER ME! AFTER LAUNDERING AND DRYING, I WRAP MY HOSE IN KLEENEX-IT HELPS PREVENT RUNS AND SNAGS, IS A REAL MONEY SAVER!



(From a letter by B. P., Hollywood, Calif.)



Son with a Gun!

I USE KLEENEX TO POLISH MY GUN—THEN FOR ECONOMY I USE THE SAME TISSUE TO PUT A SHINE ON MY BELT AND BOOTS!

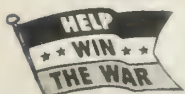
(From a letter by R. S. W., 46th Bombardment Sq., Tucson, Ariz.)

P.S. SEND THE BOYS AT CAMP A BOX OF KLEENEX TODAY!

Trick Up My Sleeve!

FOR DRESS SHIELDS I USE SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX TISSUES. THEY PREVENT PERSPIRATION STAINS... CUT CLEANING BILLS!

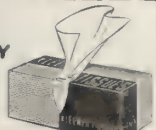
(From a letter by A. M., New Straitsville, Ohio)



SAVE ON KLEENEX SO KLEENEX CAN SAVE FOR YOU!
WHEN HALF-SIZE WILL DO, TEAR KLEENEX IN TWO, TEAR ACROSS FOLD! SAVING KLEENEX SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO HELP WIN THE WAR!

***KLEENEX "POP-UP-BOX" SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE-TISSUE AT A TIME!**

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



trip I thought at low tide . . . she reasoned.

"Not to the reef!" the old one cried, and the moan of the wind, and the wash of surf over jagged rocks was in his voice. He pointed to the heavy sky and to the heavy sea. "Remember the ghosts of drowned fishermen who swarm the wave crests on the day of the changing-monsoon storm!"

"To pull oars from a rower's hands!" the Ulud wife shrieked.

"To fill a boat with sea water!" the other wives told.

"Never to the reef!" the grandmothers chorused, shouldering their saddles of seaweed again.

"Take care! Take care!" the young girls persuaded, strapping the lifting bands to their foreheads again.

"Your proa is below the storm line," the old one said as his fingers fumbled with lines and harness. "Tomorrow we help you roll it higher on the beach."

"Tomorrow!" the women called from the road to the village.

"Tomorrow!" Nengah called back.

TOMORROW! tomorrow! her thoughts went on clamoring, but as she turned to the house her hands plucked at bark and twigs for the fire.

Slowly she measured out the rice, heaping it a little so Alu would have a second bowl tonight. With fish pemmican grated over it, mightn't it taste as though they were really eating fish?

Just as slowly and methodically she stirred the rice in the washing-basket, in the milky first water, in the cloudy second water, and then in the clear third water, before she scooped it into the wooden steamer. She dipped water into the brass kettle and put it on for their tea. There was only the dried eggplant to soak in bean juice, and the evening meal would be ready.

"I have arrived!" a loud voice spoke from the doorstep.

Nengah nearly dropped the fire tongs. It was Nasiman, the stone-carver.

"You have arrived!" she replied, bowing quickly to hide her face.

Nengah placed a mat for him at the edge of the veranda. She brought cups and tea—the tea that was to be hers at the evening meal—and poured it for him.

"The changing-monsoon threatens," Nasiman said, smiling a smile that he could not keep from being evil.

"Yes, it threatens," Nengah agreed.

"The changing-monsoon rain holds off." He smiled again.

"Yes, it holds off," she said.

"The changing-monsoon wind comes tomorrow perhaps," he said, dangling his pipe.

"Yes, perhaps," she said, afraid of his geniality, afraid of his politeness, waiting, waiting for him to begin the talk.

"Your paddy is well placed, well protected from Little Wind and Big Wind storms," he observed so amiably.

"The ancestors were wise," she murmured, stiffening though. What was this about the land?

"Ah, yes, wise ancestors indeed," he said devoutly. "You are fortunate in them. Fortunate in ancestors, fortunate in land, fortunate that the Village Elder seeks a husband for you."

Nengah felt a cold wind on her heart. Should she deny, or be surprised? Instead she passed the talk back to him, saying, "You speak in kindness!"

"H'm-m," he said in his nose.

Nengah poured him the second cup of tea, waiting, waiting.

"H'm-m," he said again, and then: "I have thought, perhaps, Ni-ktut Nengah, you strained yourself overly these months about the namestones to prove you are wife material."

Nengah bowed her head, listening with her whole body.

"I have thought, perhaps," he went on, tasting each word as it passed his

tongue, "I could help you with them, if I were to say: 'Pay me only half now!'"

"You speak in kindness," Nengah made herself say before she asked: "And the other half?"

"Later! Later!" he said jovially, brushing time away with his hands. "A lucky crop, a lucky catch pays it! But that is not to press you. Oh, no! . . . So that it doesn't—and to be business-like"—his laugh made the word sound small—"we can fix a debt-paper to the land. Very ordinary they are. Very unimportant."

Nengah folded one hand over the other, gripping it tight before she objected: "A debt-paper? But none has ever yet been put on our land!"

"Oh, yes, but you can explain it to the ancestors in your prayers. Yes, surely! You do it all for the family, don't you?" he pressed. "And the debt-paper doesn't go to an ordinary money-lender, you see. But to a friend, a long-time friend, a true heart-knowing friend. . . . Did you know that, Ni-ktut Nengah? Did you know I was that friend to you? Heh! Heh!"

He laughed so modestly, and then in a minute his face was grave, and he was saying: "The debt-paper postpones your marrying, oh, yes! Maybe a half-year, maybe—for a husband could not take on your debt, naturally. Unless"—he coughed behind his hand, and whispered—"unless I were that husband."

Nengah's eyes flew open, but she only stared at the floor.

"Heh! Heh!" he chuckled. "Who knows? That poor woman of mine will not last always with the sickness that is upon her. No, I shall be a lonely widower before long. . . . And who knows what might happen?"

Even then Nengah did not look at him with horror. She must not show him she understood his dirty guilt. Else the memory of the look would always be shaming him, making him lose face, making him a double enemy.

"Last night the Village Elder asked if"—he spun the words slowly, "if your namestones were carved yet. Already the widow Nanga's are. Likewise the maiden Tehmah's. They whose men were lost in the same boat as yours."

There was only one thing to be said. Nengah said it:

"Let my father's and my brother's namestones be carved. On Candle Night, either I pay you in silver, or I sign the debt-paper."

Nasiman was slipping his feet into his sandals at the doorstep and straightening from his bow when he said: "You batten the house tight for the changing-monsoon storm, don't you? You open the paddy dyke so storm water won't flood it, don't you? You are careful of this good land, I hope!"

RUNNING her proa through the surf at dawn, Nengah thought it was like a chalk drawing on slate—white waves scratched on a hard gray sea, white spray scratched on a hard gray sky. And in the wind she could hear the voices of many ghosts, sobbing through the palms, whimpering over the dunes, gabbling with the crazy waves, but not angry yet, not raging.

She heard the roar of the surf as she went pounding through it, and wondered why it was so hollow. She heard the roar far out as she leaned over her fish-tail oar, stepping to push it, stepping to pull it. The heavy proa slapped over the curling crests, slapped into steep chasms, and the incessant sound of wood rubbing wood was harsh and loud as the oar turned on its rollers; and yet above all this was the hollow roar. It came from the sea ahead and behind; it even came from the sky. The storm was near.

There were no birds about the reef, no boats anchored there; only the jagged black rocks, and the long brown weed

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Dr. Scholl's Z

the flowing tide like a Nengah shuddered as the first streamers, wet with spray and mist. The dead thing. Weed the layer was demanding, cement trucks carried so powder factory. Long streamers that grew on

up in the boat, and ly about. The lowest ld be bare at low tide. The longest streamers ld be ready to the hand v! The sea was filled

could do that, only the ightly. Nengah stood looking far, far out to l at what she saw. The a day before its time.

rk. The proa must be it would not take on heavy with wet weed, ld drive through the ould never make it to as too late with the

many things at once—hor bar between two the rusty trident; and over. Down she went, ing it from the rocks; the slippery masses wales. Down, up, a oping, blinded, numb, ith the roar of blood he storm.

helf against a rock for an felt a horny something ot her ankle. She looked w small octopus. Oh, ortle! This good omen! ng piece of silver at the e s bbed with the trident the quirming red thing up. las she was in the boat, opus with the anchor der the heavy weed. eed; the waves frothed; ate, rled about her. Ah, o ut was—the ghosts of men who swarmed on idir pleading for a bucket O she would give them

the bucket. Yes, yes, she who had one whole piece of silver on her trident and weed enough to buy the namestones now.

She would give them a strong new bucket. But slyly, slyly, she must punch the hole first, so the bucket would leak. She knew better than to give drowned ghosts a whole bucket to bail water into her boat! She was not a fisherman's daughter for nothing. Well she knew drowned men could redeem themselves from the sea if they could but drown another in their place. "The bucket," she cried, as she tossed it far into the waves. "Take the bucket! Use it well!"

The screeching wind picked the boat up and hurled it headlong into the waves. Nengah's hand was torn from the oar, and she felt herself slipping, sliding on the slimy weed, not knowing whether she was still in the proa, until her feet caught against the bow thwarts, and she could brace herself there against the wild water.

When she had the breath to do it, she crawled back and tied herself to the oar. Lashed that way, with her body to steady it, the oar was a rudder. The wind would drive the proa onto the beach—if waves did not snatch it back, if drowned ghosts did not catch it in their arms and carry it down, down. Nengah hung there, saying the prayers she knew, blinded by the wind, suffocated by the water, while ghosts rode the waves, closer, closer. . . .

Nengah did not know the hands that grabbed her from the surf, nor the hands that carried her up on the beach to unlash her small child's body from the broken oar. But somewhere in the tumult of wind and wave and rain, she heard a strong man's voice say: "This one is wife material, even though boat and weed are lost."

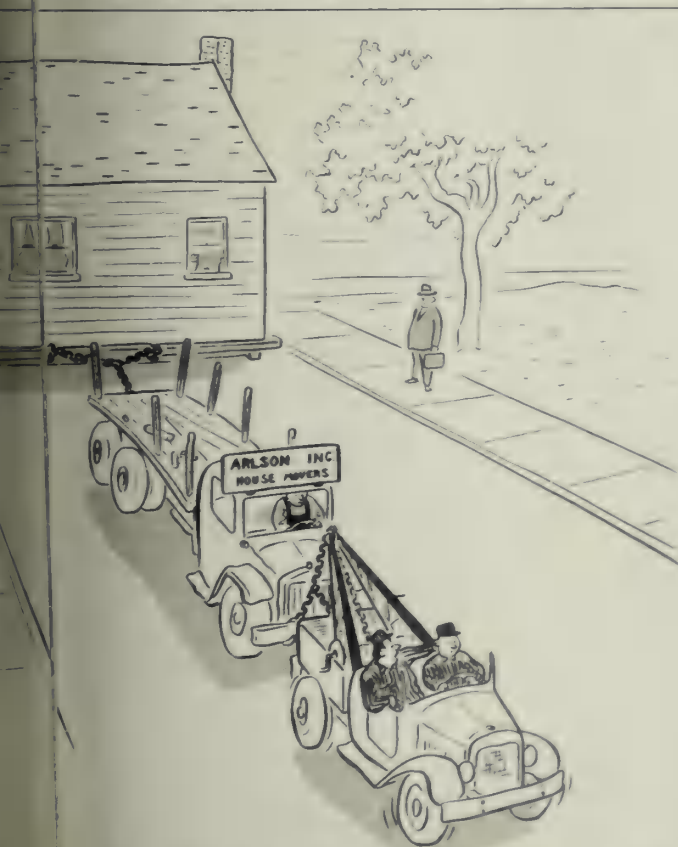
"Aye! Aye!" other voices said.

"This proving of hers brings merit to us all," the strong voice said. "It is only just that our village should help her pay for her namestones now."

"Aye, wife material indeed!" the other voices said.

"Wife material! Wife material!" the ghosts in the wind screamed up into the valley, and beyond, and beyond.

THE END



Arslon ought to have to pay more than the usual towing charge"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

"IN HOLLYWOOD,

YOU GOTTA HAVE POLISH!"



JOEL McCREA starred in the Paramount Picture **"The Great Man's Lady"** says: "Even when an actor's role is that of a diamond in the rough, everyone expects his teeth to be well polished!" With screen standards so high, it's a mighty fine tribute to CALOX TOOTH POWDER that so many stars use it.



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We Win Our Wings

Continued from page 21

replied the instructor noncommittally. It hadn't.

There were the three aviation cadets who, flying in formation, tried to roll their wheels on the top of a passenger train. They turned in their flying suits by request. There was the student at Orangeburg, South Carolina, who got sick in slow rolls; and there was the R.A.F. youngster in training on an American field who went to pieces when he came to the conclusion that his girl back home had jilted him. The boy who got sick was busted out. The Britisher recovered to become a crack flier.

The mysteries of elementary flying reduce to this: If you refuse to learn right you will bring up against a mountain or your airplane will spin in from a low altitude. In either event it will separate itself into small particles which are difficult to piece together. The same kind of foolishness leads a man to walk in front of a truck against a red light or to sass his wife on wash day.

What a Going-Over!

To become an aviation cadet you march into an Army or a Navy recruiting office and say to the man behind the desk, "I should like to become an aviation cadet." The man will be pleasant and will ask you to fill out a form. He will arrange for a physical examination, and don't let anybody tell you that the working-over the Treasury Department bestows each March 15th on an income-tax return is any more thorough than that given you by the medicos. Your heart must tick properly and your vision must be somewhere near what the doctors call 20-20. Your reflexes must measure up and your reaction time must be short.

Then you will be given what the psychologists call a "screening" test. A high-school graduate who did not cut classes consistently to see Lana Turner at the corner movie can pass that.

At this point you will begin wrestling with your soul. War or no war, the Army's wheels, like the Navy's, grind slowly but exceeding fine and the boy who hasn't patience is out of luck. A candidate for air training waits around home, waits around his replacement center, and waits, once he actually gets his hands on an airplane control stick, for months, to get his wings pinned on his uniform. The Air Corps is getting plenty of potential pilots. That accounts for part of the waiting around. Things got so bad at the Maxwell Field replacement center in Alabama recently that they had to telegraph recruiting officers to dam up the flow of young men at the source. They didn't have a place to bed them down.

Army and Navy training methods are so much alike that we won't distinguish between the two services in describing how you can win your wings. Both have a period of indoctrination. This eliminates the inept, the faint of heart and the foolhardy. Both have two additional training stages. Both drum incessantly on precision. Both flunk a man if his flying technique is a danger to himself and his fellows.

Suppose you are an Air Corps cadet. You will get another physical at the replacement center. The center is a sort of traffic-control office from which cadets are sent to primary-stage fields. You will be handed a paper-bound booklet which fits snugly into your breast pocket. It will tell you that in cadet jargon a bird dog is a fellow who cuts in on another's girl and that the squadron commander's plane is known

as the washing machine. You will be admonished that an aviator and a gentleman have some trouble in common: the big explosion. Cadets who neglect the value of a dollar living beyond the \$75 a month the government gives them for their ice-cream-soda habit, and an officer pay.

You will get "gigs," merits, for infractions you will get calisthenics, discipline, skull sessions in elementary aerodynamics. One fine day, you and you will be off to primary field of flying.

You won't get that Army knows it. It lets them around for twenty-four takes them aloft. The night be out of bed before eat a breakfast designed with a fourth of your 3 the day. The biscuit snacks to the flying line and midafternoon.

In jacket, helmet selected from the forty wearing apparel issued government, you will be the field, and there, will be dozens of train their propellers making the early morning light room you will don a parachute. You will be an instructor, a man than yourself. He knows Remember that. It mess of trouble in the

Your instructor will and-Hyde personality.

"It's a funny thing," mary-stage cadet. "They are nice and friendly on they sure are tough in

They mean to be. If he can't fly.

Putting on the Pressure

Your instructor will pressure. He will drive can't keep your eyes lights are doused at 9 sure is applied deliberately you react. A Jap or a to give you time for when he meets you on

You will take your first one, in a melee of excitement and shrieking wind. And doctors, through the start doing a lot of thir back. They will put you bowl for study. They you're going to be a vices, not uncommon in susceptible to remedy. out if you tend to breathe excitement and to sul hyperventilation. That's cal term for an excess dioxide from the blood. out from the cook who upsets your stomach.

Flying courses are standard training fields which dot Southwest, the deep South but teaching techniques vary. The commanding primary field always gives new cadets this way: "I to look around at the of you. Study them. The low students. They out you a great deal—beca



"Sorry—I don't know. I'm a spy here myself"

GARDNER REA

of you probably won't finish
H theorizes that when a
out his fellow students re-
lves is superior beings. He
s male.

atic cadet is going to get
it six to one that it will
ary age. Primary is the
iod instructors are as pre-
icodapher looking for the
If they order a student to
d climb to 300 feet on a
imeter, they mean 300 feet,
10.

exclaimed a pilot with
und his belt, as he went
milo to get a primary-stage
rati. "I thought I could
ot hold!"

ll is corkscrew maneuver,
ou can have seen at air
nos of the ship is pinned
on while it revolves lazily
horizontal axis. Some in-
ake their students lock their
up of their heads to teach
lence in their safety belts
ene belly-up.

learn to slow-roll.

lle is gracefully executed
n. It requires nice co-ordi-
leron, rudder and elevator,
surfs which govern the
a p. You will learn
You'll learn figure eights,
and pins. You will learn
ther than feel a wing "on
at the point of losing its
l and your ability to con-
a will learn that you glide
y against a brisk wind than
ht on and that summer air
tality and lift than winter
dden you will begin to savvy
plane in flight acts like a
er. At low speeds it responds
At high speeds it answers to
nd ruder pedals instantly
tonish g docility. That will
a good lead when an enemy
r tail and starts pouring hot
seat of your breeches, or
dive bomber is three degrees
et to the left.

As you get indoctrinated, reports will
begin piling up on you in the office of
the director of flight training. They
may read:

"This student has been weak in all
phases of his work. His technique is
unsatisfactory. He restalls continually
on stall recoveries."

Or, the seal of approval: "Co-ordina-
tion perfect and airmanship thoroughly
satisfactory."

Or, lightly critical: "A good sense of
speed and distance but slow on sig-
nals."

Between sessions aloft you will study
tactics, gunnery, meteorology, naviga-
tion, and airplane and engine construc-
tion and maintenance in the classroom.

The Old "Thrown Stick" Gag

Between flying and classroom work
you will do a lot of hangar flying, which
is cadet lingo for talking shop. You will
be told the old one about the instructor
who couldn't for the life of him make
one of his students land the airplane.
So on the next trip aloft he carried a
spare control stick. A stick is as dis-
pensable to a plane as a steering wheel
is to an automobile. When the student
squared away for the approach to the
field, the instructor waved the spare
stick over his head and pitched it away.
Now the student would have to land
the ship. But the student, obeying sig-
naled instructions to the letter, tossed
his stick overboard too.

Cadets like that story because, you
see, the student had been tipped off
ahead of time. The stick he discarded
was also a spare.

You will have long arguments over
what makes a good flier. Americans
make superlative fliers. The United
States has a peculiar treasure in its
young men. Its genesis is Detroit, its
end-product a practiced accelerator
foot. The boy who pesters his father
of an evening for permission to wear
some rubber off the tires of the family
car may disturb Mr. Jesse Jones but
he delights the hearts of those in charge
of the Army Air Forces' training pro-

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ultra-smart places where only
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Try Dixie Belle Gin next time.



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Distilled from 100%
Grain Neutral Spirits

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The new Breezewood Pipe



\$1.00

America's hitherto untapped resources yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight!

Again the soil of America has proved its incredible richness! Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of finest pipe burls has been discovered. Hitherto untapped, along Horse Pasture River and around Piney Knob, is a native forest possessing pipe-burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezewood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Hold one of these marvelous new American Breezewood pipes in your own hand, today, at your tobacconist's. Buy one: discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort—Breezewood!



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1 1/4 ounces. In all traditional shapes, at your dealer's.

Free your hands for other tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when driving, fishing or whenever your hands are busy.

Copy, 1942. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

gram. The boy is getting acquainted with things mechanical.

What makes a good flier is still a moot question. Flying is more an art than a science, and a lack of co-ordination is the principal reason aviation cadets get busted out and retire to their quarters fighting back the tears. They cry, all right. They are young, and these dregs are more bitter than any they have ever experienced. Sometimes temperament is the chief cause of a flunk-out. A student becomes sulky under criticism. A sulky man can't learn. An excitable student doesn't last long.

The students themselves are not sure what makes a good flier even after they are through primary stage. Their hardest job is exercising good judgment on a limited amount of experience. In no other field of human achievement are the dividends from good judgment as quick and pronounced as they are in the air. Things happen swiftly upstairs. A pilot has to think fast. It was judgment which enabled Beverly Howard of Charleston to land a tortured plane with broken wing ribs knifing through the fabric at a Birmingham air show. He eased the strain on the tattered wing. It was judgment which saved Jimmy Doolittle's life when a plane he was testing in Cleveland began to shed its wings. He hauled back on the stick, got a few hundred more precious feet out of the disintegrating ship and hit the silk—took to his chute.

Basic stage, or what the Navy calls intermediate stage, is to military air training what high school is to our educational system. You will be graduated from a beginner's airplane, as gentle as the milkman's horse, into a faster, heavier, trickier machine.

You will find that the basic trainers run out of flying speed faster as you throttle back or nose up. They run out of airport faster when they are brought in for a landing. Additional gadgets stare back at you from the instrument panel. Just as the human body can stand the application of ice-cold water without flinching if the temperature is lowered gradually, so the aviation cadets are coaxed into increasing the tempo of their mental processes.

"We wondered," said a Navy pilot of the old school at the Opa Locka Naval Air Station in Florida, "whether these young men could handle the airplanes we asked them to handle. Why, I remember when some of the older men in the service actually objected to putting retractable wheels on airplanes. Said that was too much for a pilot to remember."

Speed Plus Precision

He blushed. He should have. Today's youngsters are simulating carrier landings at Opa Locka with planes at least five times as complicated as those of yesteryear.

Intermediate-stage students begin getting accustomed to the idea of speed. You will practice the same standard maneuvers you had in primary but now you are achieving more precision.

There was a time when the Army, groping about for perfection in its training program, separated the sheep from the goats in the course of the advanced training period. A man with quick reaction time joined the dive-and-zoom boys, the pursuers. The slower ones drew the coal burners, the lumbering bombers. Today it takes as fast an eye and hand to fly a four-engine Consolidated Liberator as it does to handle a Curtiss P-40.

The size of a man's bony framework does, however, have a lot to do with his assignment to certain types of aircraft. The width of the fuselage on a pursuit powered with a slender, cylinders-in-line engine is determined by the

width of an average man's shoulders. A mountain of a man won't fit.

When a student leaves basic stage in these times, he already is tagged for single-engine or heavier airplanes.

Lewin B. Barringer, the Army's glider expert, holds the national altitude record for sailplanes, with passenger—14,000 feet. He has a favorite axiom: When the wings feel like extensions of your own arms, you have learned to fly. By the time you reach the advanced and final stage of training, your reactions in flight ought to be as automatic as a congressman's smile in an election year.

You will have had two doses of the cockpit, of nine weeks each, flying an average of an hour a day. You will know how to get an airplane down onto a little patch of flood-lighted ground at night. You will know how to enter the limitless void of the sky and reach some point beyond the horizon without getting lost. You will understand how a man can keep an airplane right side up and on course, by reading the story in three primary instruments embedded in the panel before you. Then, as you enter on the final stage of your schooling, you will be conscious of the fact that only extremely bad luck will cheat you out of your wings. From thirty to forty of the hundred classmates you knew as fellow greenhorns were busted out in primary. Between five and six more out of that original batch were sent to the washout bay in basic. Only one will have his heart broken in the advanced stage.

In your eighty hours aloft during advanced training you will learn to tuck up your wheels on take-off and to let them down during a circuit of the field preparatory to landing. You will practice combat maneuvers. You will learn to describe a smaller arc in applying aileron and rudder to turn inside an adversary. Or you will be graduated into twin-engine transition ships against the day when you will be flying a Douglas A-20A light bomber or a Boeing Flying Fortress or a Martin patrol bomber. If you are being readied for a dive-bomber

assignment, you will ward in the pull-out momentary blindness force drains the blood.

You will stalk sleeve other planes, and ground objectives will orange streaks as you on the control stick. Army officers have a terminating the results ammunition is coated a distinguishing color the bullets penetrate.

The Proof of

You will learn the assault, support and when pursuits are sations. Those specks up thousands of feet way because a success carry the one-two putting boxer. And the planes up there is like in a football backfield.

When graduation d you will still be two h from actual combat. You will need that m as an officer at behind fields to make you a c.

Sounds tough, doesn't? But air training in the being taught to tou men.

For proof, follow Burma where outn fighters in the service Chiang Kai-shek ha enemy single-seater f boms. Follow the new where unescorted Fyir been chopping their wa of vaunted Zero purs news from the Navy's carrier-based fighters sent sixteen out of bombers into the sea seared scarfs of smoke.

Ask the Japs—in T THE E.



"This is fun—you'll have to take me knitting more often."



a Jap..
Heavy
Bomber!

HIGH school youngsters in New Jersey learn in their classroom to identify bombers by their silhouettes — because their modern-thinking, resourceful teacher is a Collier's reader.

In the highest law-making bodies in the land Collier's articles have been read into the record time and time again to further the formulation of forward-looking legislation—signal recognition by the people's representatives of the close relationship that exists between Collier's and the active American public.

Collier's early raised its editorial voice in a demand for Army direction of the civilian defense activities on the Home Front.

Alongside thousands of kitchen tables Collier's War-Time Food Chart dominates the headquarters for family meal preparation. (One food manufacturer bought 15,000 Food Charts for distribution to leading grocery stores.)

From every side the evidence piles in that the people of action on the Home Front find Collier's a never-failing source of information, inspiration and suggestion.

Editors and public speakers quote from it. College and school classes are taught from its text matter. Legislation springs from its alert editorial urge.

Collier's ace correspondents brought the war home to its readers vividly, accurately, when it was a thing far away. Collier's coverage of the Home Front is equally timely and instructive.

Leaders in the vast Home Front army of 130,000,000 look to Collier's for coverage of the war on all fronts—and particularly for help and guidance in the discharge of the duties that fall to the active men, women and children on the Home Front.

Have you read the Home Front articles in this issue? Germany's former Secretary of Economics writes "Why We Won't Have Inflation." U. S. Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard writes on food. Other articles tell what we're doing about forest fires, farmer-sailors, mining molybdenum.

CAN ADVERTISERS AFFORD SILENCE?

ADVERTISERS may well ask themselves: "Can we afford the luxury of silence — especially in wartime?"

130,000,000 Americans, schooled to a dependence on advertising as a part of living, look to the advertising pages today for morale-building news. Our victories right now are industrial rather than military.

Advertising needs to keep alive the great trade names of industry — symbols of American enterprise that will assure victory and energize the postwar world.

National magazines are made to measure for advertising's wartime job.

Collier's, we believe, gets a greater Reader Response from its millions of active, modern-thinking readers than any other multimillion weekly — and war has made that close liaison with its millions even closer.

do, hear Jap bomber, and the fighting planes of all the warring nations, flit across the ceiling of a high school in Newark, N. J. Pupils get about the same flash of them that they get of a real plane — and they can identify them. The unique supplement to modern education is Collier's. George F. Borone. He cut the plane silhouettes out of a recent Collier's "spread," and on lantern slides and projects them with a daylight lantern and an angled mirror.

ahan, Collier's staff photographer, made the unusual photograph of teacher and pupils.

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United States*



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rum drinks SING!**

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"Recipes and Toasts
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Dept. C-2



War in the Woods

Continued from page 15

theirs—are worse than useless as fire fighters. There was a bad forest fire near Fort Dix, New Jersey, in 1941. Soldiers turned out to fight it and, according to Forest Service testimony before a Congressional committee, "were not only useless but a great many of them were worse than useless."

The fire menace, although it is most acute in the Pacific Northwest, really is a national problem because, despite all the moaning about "forest devastation," one third of the United States still is listed as "forested." In normal times timber grows faster than it is harvested, nationally, although of course in areas of heavy cutting the reverse is true.

The Department of Agriculture operates about 176,000,000 forest acres; the Interior Department runs 130,000,000 acres more. For years, the two departments have got along like a couple of strange Airedales, but this year they are co-operating to fight a common enemy.

A Law That Will Be Broken

This year's emergency, in fact, may result in some definite forest-fire-fighting campaign. Up to now, the National Park Service, the Forest Service, the Indian Service, various state agencies and private operators all ran their own individual fire departments in a highly individualistic manner. Occasionally one outfit would go to the aid of another, but not often. It still is against the law for the National Forest Service to fight a fire outside a national forest. But no one is going to pay much attention to that this year.

A forest fire has its own parachute corps. Old dry snags burn to the top, and flaming punk, borne ahead by the wind, starts new blazes, often behind the fighters. Fires in dry ground-cover—ferns, bracken, fireweed, moss—will travel as fast as a man can walk, and burning wisps are wind-lifted and carried far behind the line of grimy, weary men and kids along the fire lines.

But the Northwest has its parachute corps, too. In some sections, notably in Oregon and western Montana, chute fighters already are in action. The Forest Service developed this type of fighting—incidentally, later giving tips to the Army when the Army started organizing parachute battalions. Forest chutists equipped with a few tools and radiophones can be dropped near a fire a few minutes after it's reported, and they can land in trees if they have to. Service records show that a fire costing, say, \$1,500 to put out with a ground crew, can be put out for about \$400 by using parachute smoke chasers.

For these chutists, the State Forest Service of Oregon has developed the world's smallest and lightest two-way radiophone. It was built in the Salem laboratory by Bill Sanders and Grover Schaadt; it's about the size of a cigar box and weighs three pounds, thirteen ounces. A chutist, descending near a fire, can talk with a headquarters as far as fifty miles away.

Burlap chutes are used for dropping food and tools to ground crews in hard-to-get-into territory, even crates of eggs going down this way for fighters' breakfasts.

Forest blazes start from many causes: Tourists flip cigarette butts from cars. People who are sore at lumber companies or the government set grudge fires. Beekeepers burn over tracts so that fireweed will grow—fireweed honey being at a premium. Campers forget to put out their fires which smolder along for days. Sparks from woods shacks and locomotives get in their work. And there's lightning.

The general fire-fighting setup in the timber country is modeled after that of a city department. When a plane or a mountaintop lookout flashes an alarm, six-men crews go in to fight the blaze—by plane, by truck or afoot. The first crews to reach the scene radiophone back if they need help or supplies.

If the fire grows, other crews are moved in with their equipment. Farther



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at better men's wear & depart-
Smoothie "America's popular."

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squads are shifted
me way that city fire
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-bodied men in Army,
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in the Timber

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Corn, chief warden for
on the Forest Fire Asso-
veteran fire fighter, thinks
—the native variety—
cause even a firebug has
ism somewhere and be-
be fire intensive watch-

ing. But no one is taking any chances;
every lookout is manned.

Timber states for years have been
educating their own people about the
forests. A typical example is Oregon
where Forester Nelson S. Rogers has a
mobile sound-movie truck—called the
Showboat—constantly in action, show-
ing films to schoolchildren, farmers and
service clubs.

If you're out in the timber this sum-
mer—whether in Connecticut or South
Carolina or Oregon—and find a fire, re-
member that fires tend to climb slopes.
If it's a small blaze, you dig a shallow
two-foot-wide trench down to mineral
soil in front of it, and then patrol this.
If it looks too big to tackle, beat it for
a phone and call the fire warden. In
timber country the phone girl will know
who he is.

One important thing: Don't try to
backfire a blaze unless you know how.
You can easily make things worse by
doing it the wrong way. Backfiring isn't
much good in the heat of the day but if
done properly it works well at night or
in early morning. The theory is that if
you set small fires ahead of the main
blaze, the heat generated by the main
fire will draw in cool air and so pull
your backfire toward it, creating a strip
of scorched earth and so stopping the
fire. Although water may be available
for fighting a timber fire, fighters can't
count on it. In many cases portable
pumps and long hose lines can be used,
but not always. So the classic method
is to starve out the fire by destroying
its fuel. That's a good thing to know
if you're going into the woods this sum-
mer. When touring in timber areas take
along an ax, a spade and a bucket. For-
est Service men won't let you into most
areas unless you have this equipment
and they may bar you from other areas
altogether this season. Most camping
grounds will be fireproofed and it's a
good idea to stick to these if possible.
You had better obey the fire laws about
smoking and tossing away matches too.

Army and Navy are off to the wars
overseas but the timber country has a
grim battle on its hands—a battle which
if lost could have more disastrous pos-
sibilities than it is pleasant to imagine.
But the timber country has the gray-
beards and the women and the kids—
and it is going to fight the battle the
best way it knows how—figures it's go-
ing to win, too.

THE END



"the rubber shortage beginning to tell,
hic! Just look at this feller's tube!"

SEN 8078

Half your horse-power at 40 M.P.H.

DID YOU ever know that at 40 miles per hour on a level road, half of
the horse-power developed by your automobile engine is used in over-
coming friction inside your motor?

Competent automobile engineers will verify that fact.

That's why it's so vital for you to keep a slick wall of oil on all moving
parts of your engine—to reduce friction, to protect your motor's life, to
lengthen its service. All this is more important than ever, now that you
don't know when you can get another car.



Fleet operators know that friction and carbon are death on motors. So
when the Arrow Line operating five buses out of Hartford, Conn., says that
Macmillan RING-FREE gave them cleaner and smoother performance,
minimized inspection, cleaning and replacement; and gave them a gain in
gas mileage, you know RING-FREE proved itself on a basis of sheer merit.

When the Shanmac Company, excavating con-
tractors of San Francisco, by using RING-FREE,
were able to operate their shovels for 4,000 hours
without an overhaul, this experience led them to
standardize on RING-FREE for all their equip-
ment—trucks, cranes, draglines, and pull shovels.



From one end of the country to the other, in automobiles and trucks and
taxis and stationary engines, in tractors and buses and Diesels, Macmillan
RING-FREE is reducing repairs, saving on operation and maintenance
and prolonging the life of motors.

Its use is based on sound business judgment with these industrial users.

Isn't there a vital significance to you in maintaining the life of *your*
own car in this better lubrication provided by RING-FREE?



35c

A QUART IN U.S.A.

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Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-
FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans
the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or
your money back. RING-FREE Motor
Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run
smoother, give more miles per gallon of
gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because
it removes carbon, cleans the motor and
reduces friction fast, by thorough lubri-
cation. Try one fill, and if you are not
satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these
things, your money will be refunded by
your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What
You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-
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Our Fighting Me



Newest aid in Kelly Field's difficult celestial navigation course is the Hagner Planetarium, used to give cadets a complete picture of the celestial sphere. All fields will soon have this equipment



HONOLULU, T. H. The boys in this biggest U. S. Army garrison and Naval base have whipped up plenty of envy over the luck of the lads who, leaving the West Coast in transport convoys for undisclosed ports, have wound up on the Australian and New Caledonian fronts instead of on the Rock of Oahu in Hawaii. The greatly strengthened garrisons at Schofield Barracks and elsewhere in the Islands are hoping for one of two things (or maybe both): either that the Jap invasion fleet comes over the horizon so that they can get a crack at it, or that the American Fleet shoves off from Pearl Harbor for Old Honshu. If the Nips come the boys figure they're ready; if not, they want to light out for Tokyo at least before the gents from Darwin do.

HARD-BITTEN muleteers of the Hawaiian Pack Train, Mountain Detachment, report back from the high hills of the Koolaus and Waianae that in the outposts and lookouts the main topics for sessions over the mahogany have to do with ways of defending a tropic beach with some strands of barbed wire and a few machine guns, grenades and mortars. Having studied the terrain for months, the men know how. One of their classics is the new epic tale of the last defense of New Britain's Rabaul by 1,300 Australian troops against an invasion fleet of 20,000 Japs. The enemy came ashore at night in landing barges and the Aussies let them get into the shallows and barbed wire before letting go with concentrated machine-gun cross fire. The Japs piled up in six-foot windrows of dead on the wire and the slaughter continued for days until the Aussies, so exhausted they couldn't fire another round, faded into the swamps and trekked overland through the jungle. Of the 1,300 defenders 700 finally reached New Guinea. That sort of fight won't be repeated here, the boys in Hawaii say; but they cite it as an example of tropical warfare.

ARM Y Engineers have been transforming Hawaii's face so that old-timers hardly recognize the place. Military roads now go where only goats ventured before, and the Engineers have bridged gorges and constructed gun emplacements, barricades and other defensive strong points. In their spare time they practice grenade tossing and bayonet technique, and they work with guns on hips, all set to fight at the drop of a pick.

IT WOULDN'T be a fighting force if there wasn't the customary amount of beefing, but nobody is really morose. For a while, there were lengthy disruptions in the mails and delays in getting supplies from the coast, although there were no serious shortages. When the cigarette stocks ran low the boys smoked cheap fags originally destined for the Philippines and side-tracked here. Liquor is back in rationed lots but the men have to do their drinking at public bars; regulations prohibit them from buying at retail stores for home consumption.

So that pilots may know wind velocity and direction at each 1,000-foot level up to 14,000 feet, a balloon filled with hydrogen is released each day at Randolph Field and its behavior checked with a theodolite

sumption. Out in the at the outposts have a substitute made from pineapples (sugar isn't incidentally), and all they've discovered the trick of what to do with coconut left in the ho it and drink the milk

THE Navy discovered the island had been named as fast as they A common Jap surname several of the O'Haras O'Hare, in honor of L "Butch" O'Hare, the c has been in the papers

NAVY censors have too. One of the f dled with the job of men's mail finally cal and told him to stop s ters with the word said the sailor, "every means 'I love you,' 'gr —almost anything." cer sighed. "That's ju means anything. How secrets you've been giv

THUNDERBIRD F furlough, our own tions' fliers in training to the Grand Canyo muleback ride down Trail. Indians on the reservations along the terrific wallop out of lish and Australian ca week-end jaunt. One sies stopped at a brid by two husky Navajo boys from Down Un quite what to say when emnly walked around scanned each occupa Navajo and fingered th fliers' sleeves. Just as reaching a stage of h Navajo Indians grinne low," said one. "Go other. The Aussies home about it.

CAMP CHAF John J. Bryce, 6th Armored Regim mored Regim to get a ladde ter from his back home. Each of wrote him individual sives, glued together, feet long, so Pvt. Bry tacked the message up barracks and started him some time to reach and the last signature.

CAMP LIVINGSTON erts isn't his real n He's a likable but lazy Detachment of the Sta and the first sergeant him in half a dozen j upon the unhappy (a idea of making him com some weeks thereafter puffed, doing his best t then came the time fo the bugle. The whole the company street, w treat ceremonies, and topkick told Jim to s The eyes of every m from the colonel down private, were turned o dled up the 20-foot and when he put the b (Continued on

ACTION!



Air-borne U. S. Infantry

ent of action for young men
19 the Army—and you can
your own branch of service!

d-blooded young American who wants
country, this latest announcement by
good news. If you are 18 and not yet
and otherwise qualified, you can now
ve day in any one of the eight combat
sele. The opportunity to choose will
you after you pass 20.

ou have been wishing you could get
branch of service where you can
like best. In the Infantry, for
chance to be a ski trooper, a
machine-gunner, or a specialist
er fields.

e a talent for radio communication.
teresting opportunities in the Signal
if you're mechanically inclined, the

Air Force or the Armored Force will give you just
the experience you're looking for.

Other branches which you can join are the
Cavalry, the Engineer Corps, the Field Artillery
and the Coast Artillery — each a splendid training
for your future.

You'll have opportunities to learn and advance.
Men under 21 can now win Army commissions, and
if you show qualities of leadership you will have
your chance in an Officers' Candidate School.

You'll like the splendid new equipment — cars,
trucks, tanks, planes, guns — that you'll be using.
And you'll enjoy the sound physical condition, the
friendships and the thrills of Army life.

Without obligating yourself in any way, you can
get full information and literature at the nearest
Army Recruiting and Induction Station. Discuss
the idea with your parents and tell your friends
about it. America needs young men like you, and
needs them now. Let's go!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruit-
ing and Induction Station or write to: "The Com-
manding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area — Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area — Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area — Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area — Atlanta, Ga.

Fifth Corps Area — Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area — Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area — Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area — Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area — Fort Douglas, Utah

Or write to

Enlisted Division, F-8, A. G. O., Washington, D. C.



"STILL SMOKING THOSE
OLD-FASHIONED CIGARETTES,
DAD?"



**Go modern—
Smoke
REGENT!**

DAD! A modern man like you smoking a "shortie"...shame! Get Regent...it's 20% longer...more cigarette for your money.

Taste? Why Dad...Regent's the King Size cigarette with the refreshing new taste. It's made with specially selected Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, Multiple-Blended for extra mildness.

Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. And Dad, Regent's oval shape is modern! You can see and taste Regent's superiorities! So go modern, Dad...get Regent—for more smoking pleasure!"

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHER LEADING BRANDS



**The only modern
cigarette with ALL the
modern features!**

Pull Yourself Together

Continued from page 13

finicky as an Army officer about it. Shoulders flush with your own. Sleeves exactly the right length. Jacket never so tight it draws when you button it. Skirt snug at the waist, hanging straight all around—no ugly cupping in the rear. Ready-made clothes are sized miraculously well but there are bound to be differences between you and a regulation size. Pay for a fitting at the store or go to a good tailor if you haven't the necessary skill with tape and needle.

To keep tabs on each garment, military precision in your closet is a help. "All clothes hanging on the racks behind each bed," writes a soldier reporting on garrison inspection, "must be entirely buttoned, facing the same way and in the same order. Overcoat on the right, then raincoat, fatigue uniform, dress jacket, shirts and trousers." A sure giveaway to the inspecting officer, of missing buttons, bedraggled shirts, unpressed uniforms.

Now that your own wardrobe is fined down to essentials in the same fashion, marshal it for your own inspection and let nothing get by that isn't in perfect wearing order.

New Techniques for Glamor

Yes, you do have extra problems. Hair, for one. The time it takes a man to shave, you could spend wielding a brush to polish your hair. You could have it cut and set only in the way it is most likely to stay put. Keep it really short and trim, if it's the all-over short haircut beginning to crown those newest, most photographed glamor girls of the day, the girls who work in war industries.

If you stick to your longish bob, try a hairnet to hold the ends in shining, beautifully brushed order. Wear heav-

ier, snoodlike meshes, when your job is too wind-blown for a hat.

Put your make-up on to stay and you won't have to be dabbing all day long. A powder base first, as light as you like. Then powder patted on with a fresh fluff of cotton, the excess is then brushed off. Lipstick smoothed on, powdered over and blotted with a piece of tissue.

There are tricks to putting on nail polish to make it look smoother and last longer. Buff your nails first, and the polish will stick better. Two thin coats last longer than one heavy one. Drain your brush on the neck of the bottle to cut down on the amount you use. Then over the color, put a third thin coat of clear polish, bringing it just under the edge of your nail to seal the works and prevent chipping. Your nails will be moderately short—no talons today.

Don't think stocking shortages will make bare white legs any prettier on the streets. Cotton, rayon or a smooth, even tan (on a smooth, young leg) will give the right finish to your good looks. A quick way to the latter is a make-up that goes on flatter than any nylon. Of course you've done the necessary hair-disposal act first.

It's a steady job of homework ahead, to keep yourself and your wardrobe on the ready. But as your wardrobe becomes smaller and simpler and better organized you're in for a happy surprise. No more going to the closet and finding not a decent stitch to wear. You can hop into anything you find there and know you'll be looking your best. Gives you assurance. You'll discover you actually spend less total time on yourself and get a bigger lift for your efforts. You'll match the boys in looks and in the swing of your self-assured step, too. You'll tell it right back to the Marines.

THE END



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PIONEER

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It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 12

His eyes met Winslow's, and his sallow cheeks flushed. Winslow said, "that was rude of me at it."

"It is yours. I beg you to take it," Señor Lopez said, "it is yours. I beg you to take it."

A pretty custom of South American convention of offering gifts, their houses and their things, though it was a gesture not to be lightly accepted. Winslow found himself a señor was too kind but could not accept.

"Very bad with names and excuses," he said. "If I have met you before, excuse me."

Lopez took a step forward, his hand on Winslow's.

"You are not, Mr. Greene. I am not."

Lopez's hands were swift and he pushed his alligator-skin pocket into his pocket. "I'm secret about a political party. My floor is your floor."

OW still could think of nothing but in the pause that followed that Señor Lopez wished something.

nothing you have done, my only something that may in these days this is such an age, and what a time it is to be here. "I'm glad that I'm here."

Apparently waiting again to say something.

"You know in these days," Lopez went on, "the harder it is to be here."

Winslow said slowly, "I am a natural geologist at the Boca Grande. It won't be hard for me because I don't know any-

one's teeth flashed in another man's going to ask you a question to worry about."

"I can't help you," Winslow said. "I'm leaving here to-

Señor Lopez nodded. "For the world there are snakes and lizards and little fish with their jaws asking you to do something in case something hap-

pened to Winslow rather unfairly. "Maybe you'd better first," he said, "just what is the matter?"

Lopez tilted his head slightly to the side. "It is not difficult," he said.

"Think before you leave," he said. "Two gentlemen may be waiting for you, either of whom I think you should look startled. They are waiting."

agging. One of them was Mr. Gruber, and the other one was Mr. Martinez, a most polite man and finally a Señor Marti-

must have been very early before Winslow could see Lopez had noticed the expression. So he added, "I'm already?"

his head.

Lopez's voice grew silkily, be-

soft. "Then you have heard me do not think me im-

How does it happen you have

them?

Just thinking to our metallur-

low said. "Mr. Bird—a minute ago."

Lopez owned. "Of course," he said. "It was dull of me to have

they will talk to you

because perhaps Mr. Bird cannot answer their questions. If they see you it would be a kindness if you should tell me. I ask it as a favor of you, please. It will be nothing that can do you any possible harm. I am in room four-ten. Knock on my door at eleven o'clock tonight."

"What's the matter with them?" Winslow asked.

Señor Lopez did not answer directly, but his forehead wrinkled thoughtfully.

"Have you a minute?" he asked. "Then let us sit down, Mr. Greene." He waved his hand toward a shady corner. "The clerk is one of our men, and it is still early, so we shall not be disturbed. I have been thinking—your work and mine are very much alike."

Señor Lopez was being most agreeable. His slender hands moved as though he were modeling a figure out of the space between them.

"We both look for things we do not see," he went on. "You search for a vein of gold-bearing ore. It pinches off; it shatters; it appears again. I search for another sort of vein, also in the dark. I have been once in the Boca Grande mine."

"Oh," said Winslow. "When was that?"

Señor Lopez's hands were moving again in little curves and arcs. "There was a man we wanted there some years ago. You may laugh at me, but the dark, the foul air, the stillness down there made me very much afraid—those miles of passages leading nowhere, those ladders leading up and down from different levels. I learned how you follow the vein wherever it might wander through the rock. I learned how men die following it when the galleries cave in. I saw where the vein would lose itself. That's why I say we're alike."

"I see," Winslow answered. "What are you digging for now?"

Señor Lopez's hands ceased moving. "I don't tell you," he said, lowering his shoulders in an elaborate defeated gesture, "because I do not know. I see a little mineral here and there but I am working in the dark. There is something happening among people here and I have been sent to watch. I cannot understand what it is they wish, but may I ask a question? When you came down the river, did you bring gold with you—gold from Boca Grande?"

There was a moment of silence, and Winslow smiled faintly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know you well enough to tell you that."

Señor Lopez laughed, and his laugh was completely good-natured. "You are quite right," he said, "but I should be very grateful indeed if you were to tell me tonight if anyone else should ask you that same question—say Mr. Martinez or Mr. Gruber. There is something here which is hiding, my friend—hiding like the gold beneath the earth."

His voice was casual but it made Winslow sit up straighter.

Señor Lopez rose and held out his hand. "And now I must not keep you. You are going out to the ship."

"Just how," Winslow asked him, "do you know where I'm going?"

Señor Lopez laughed. "Where else would a citizen of the United States be going so early in the morning? It has been a pleasure, Mr. Greene."

IT WAS eight o'clock by then and the streets of Santa Rosa lay shimmering in the brilliant morning sun. The newsboys and the vendors of lottery tickets and the sellers of cakes and oranges and

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poisonous-looking colored drinks were crouching in the shade of the buildings. An autobus rushed down the street with its horn blowing continuous blasts. Down by the customs dock the glare from the muddy water of the river made Winslow blink his eyes. The ship lay in midstream with her ladder down, and the lighters were already clustered about her to take off her cargo. Winslow was glad to get beneath the awning of the little motor launch that was waiting.

THE promenade deck of the big ship gave him an immediate sense of luxury and comfort which no travel folder had ever adequately described. He could see the profusion of food in the dining saloon. The deck chairs were out, ready for reclining passengers. The vendors of souvenirs were already aboard, squatting beside their sales displays on the deck. There were the usual Panama hats and bits of antique brass and the hide of a huge boa constrictor for sale, and pathetic imitations of Indian bows and arrows. Those tawdry goods were all that most passengers would ever know of that country where the ship was anchored. A few travelers who were examining the Panama hats looked up at him. They knew he was not one of them. They knew that he lived there and they must have wondered what he was doing.

"I am looking for Miss Simpson," he told the deck steward. "Miss Henrietta Simpson. Could you send for her?"

The way the steward looked at him made him more self-conscious. "Yes, sir," he said. "She told me she was expecting someone from the Boca Grande mine."

Winslow Greene said that he would be waiting at the purser's desk and he walked down to B deck.

"Hello, Mr. Greene," the purser said. "Nothing to go in the strong room this time?"

Winslow had not expected the question. It must have been his talk at the hotel that made him apprehensive. It seemed to him that two of the customs guards were watching him curiously.

"I don't know," Winslow said. "I'm on a prospecting trip, not running errands this time."

"Miss Simpson's been waiting for someone," the purser said. "There she is now."

Winslow turned and saw a girl walking down the stairs. He never liked meeting women, even when he was at his best, because he could never think of much to say to them. He had hoped that Miss Simpson would not be pretty because a pretty girl always made him feel particularly inadequate. She was not the type he had expected at all to come from New York to work in the office at Boca Grande. She looked more like a magazine advertisement—graceful, cool and artificial. Her hair was a delicate blond, her eyes were wide and gray, and she wore a diamond bracelet—at least it looked like a diamond bracelet. She had on high-heeled slippers that were open at the toes, the last thing you could walk on, particularly on the cobble streets of Santa Rosa. She must have read about the tropics in Somerset Maugham, he thought. She had on a white dress and a little cape. He crumpled his hat in his left hand and walked toward her.

"Miss Simpson," he said, "Jim Walters—he's manager, you know—he sent me to take you off the boat."

"Oh," she said, and he thought she looked disappointed when she saw him. "Well, I'm all ready. Where's the mine?"

"We go to the head of the river," Winslow told her, "and then overland. About two hundred miles from here, the way we have to travel."

She looked as though she did not believe him.

"Oh," she said. "I thought it was right here. Well, my bags are locked and my trunk is up from the baggage room."

"A trunk?" Winslow repeated.

"Why," she said, "a wardrobe trunk, of course."

Winslow scratched the back of his head. It was a habit which he tried to stop but he always did it when he was embarrassed.

"That's going to be bad," he said. "You'll have to leave the trunk at the hotel and we'll buy some bags. You see, everything for the mine goes in on mules."

"But isn't there a motor road or a railroad?" she asked. "The travel folder says you can motor through the Andes."

"No," Winslow said, "there isn't any road. The mine's right in the middle of nowhere. That's where gold generally is—right in the middle of nowhere."

"Well," she said, "let's go."

Winslow hesitated for a moment and cleared his throat. "All right," he said, "the hotel porter here can take care of your baggage. But would you mind, before we leave, I'd just like to go up to the smoking room—"

"Now, that's too bad," she said and she smiled at him, "but the bar is closed in port."

Winslow stammered and before he could prevent himself he scratched the back of his head again. "I know, but all I want is just a little ice water."

"Ice water?" She gazed at him blankly.

Then they were sitting at a table in the smoking room, and Winslow sipped his tall glass of ice water slowly.

"That's awfully good," he said. "Sometimes I dream of ice water."

"I don't see that it's much to dream about," she said.

That remark of hers made him feel a little old and weary. "Of course at Boca Grande the ice is all right," he told her. "We have electric refrigerators and we use boiled water but you can't trust the ice anywhere else. Dysentery, you know. You see, this isn't a very healthy country." He looked at her uncovered blond head.

"Where's your hat?" he asked.

"Why," she said, "I haven't got a hat. They don't wear them much now in New York."

"Well," Winslow said, "you'll have to buy one of those Panamas on deck, then. There's the sun."

Then she looked at him the way other women had. "It seems to me you're awfully careful about your health," she said.

"Believe me," Winslow answered, "you need to be here. You can't get off this boat without a hat."

HE DID not care any longer what she thought of him. The truth was that she was not the kind of person who should have been sent down there at all, but it was up to him to look after her until next morning, to see about her baggage, to see about her clothes if necessary.

They did not speak for a while as the launch took them toward the customs dock. She sat gazing at the wharves and blinking at the glare from the water. The way her eyebrows were puckered reminded him that he must get her a pair of colored glasses. Her baggage was in the center of the cockpit. The wardrobe trunk and all the suitcases, down to the smallest one which looked like a jewel case, were new and carefully matched. Certainly no girl who traveled with baggage like that would have to work for her living. No woman in her right mind would have brought such baggage to Santa Rosa.

"I'm afraid no one told you what this would be like," he said.

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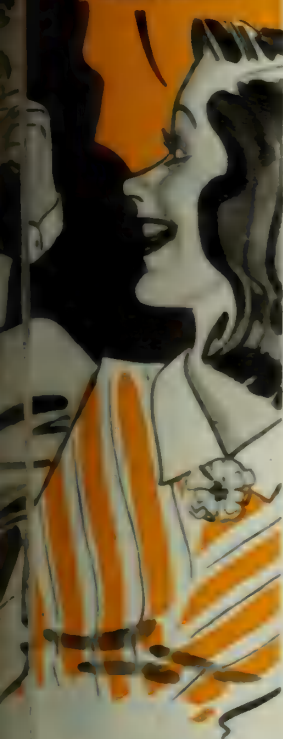
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must go up the river, of course. It's nice up in the Andes. It's like a different world. You get to like this country if you live here long enough."

"Tell me about Boca Grande," she said.

"Well," he said, "it's this way," and he closed his notebook. "Boca Grande is a pretty big mining operation. The mill there handles four hundred tons of ore a day. The mill and the main shaft are right on the side of a stream. If you want to, you can travel about ten miles underground but I wouldn't want to." He smiled at her. "The miners and their families live in most of the town. They have their recreation center and their houses, and then there's a company of soldiers stationed there. The Americans, the engineers and their families, live in bungalows on the side of the hill. There's a club and a swimming pool and we have dances on Saturday nights. Jim Walters is the boss—it's quite a job running that whole community, the store and the hospital and the machine shop. We all get on one another's nerves sometimes but everybody's all right on the whole. You'll be in the office typing reports and handling the files." He paused and frowned. "Do you know anything about doing things like that?"

She nodded and she looked happier. "The family were funny that way," she said. "They have an idea that girls ought to be able to earn their own living. Yes, I went to a business school one year. You mustn't get a wrong idea about me. I'm not as bad as I look."

"You don't look bad," Winslow said, and then he blushed. "I mean I've been sort of out of the way most of my life, so I don't know how anyone ought to look, really." He cleared his throat and went on hastily, "It isn't bad up there. It's sort of one big family. You get to know everyone pretty well after the rainy season."

"Do you think I'll like it?" she asked. Winslow cleared his throat again. "Well, I don't know," he said. "Maybe you'll find it sort of different."

"Do you like it there?" she asked.

"Well," Winslow said slowly, "well, no, but then that doesn't mean anything. I never was good mixing with people. You don't want to take me as a measure for anything. I'm more at home in the bush. I seem to get on better there."

"Well, I'm going to like it," she said, and in some way Winslow felt that they had become friends. "You'll be surprised. But you're right. I'll have to get some other clothes." She stood up. "Let's go out and get them now."

"All right," Winslow said.

"You don't mind looking after me?"

"No," Winslow said. "Why, not at all."

AS a matter of fact, he often thought how much he had enjoyed that morning. He felt useful taking her to the shops and arguing with the tradespeople. She had to depend on him so completely and he liked it. He liked it when she asked his advice. He liked it when she asked if something were becoming.

"Why don't you call me Henrietta?" she asked, by the middle of the morning. "It's easier."

"Why," Winslow said, "why, thank you very much."

"I'm glad you're taking me up there. It won't seem so strange."

Then he told her he wasn't taking her up there. "You see, I'm taking the plane at four o'clock tomorrow morning. I'm going to the east slope."

"Oh," she said. "When are you coming back?"

And he told her not for quite a while, not for a couple of months, perhaps.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry."

"You know," he said, "I'm a little sorry, too."

Then she did something which surprised him very much. They were walking along beneath one of those arcades, and he never forgot the place. It was just by a newsstand and a greasy little food shop. A row of donkeys were plodding slowly up the street. A boy was shouting a number for the lottery. When he told her he was sorry too, she turned and rested her hand on his arm for a minute.

"I'm glad I came," she told him.

"That's fine," he said. "I'm glad you're here too." He found himself blushing but what he had said did not seem out of place.

There were a number of things which he had planned to do that day but as time went on they did not seem important. He began to feel that there was something rare about that day, something which he could not afford to miss, and he began thinking how soon it would be over. He had always found Santa Rosa insupportably dull but for once it seemed to be a lively place. He had never realized that there were so many things he could tell anyone. He showed her the cocoa beans drying in the street. He showed her the warehouses on the waterfront. He showed her the river boat which would start with her the next morning, and he explained to her about sugar cane and balsa wood. They had lunch in the hotel dining room, and after lunch he told her she should rest for an hour or two because it was customary in the tropics. He was afraid that they had done too much that morning. He did not want her to be overtired.

"I'll knock on your door at five o'clock," he said, "and we'll go out to dinner. There's one quite nice restaurant in Santa Rosa where everybody goes."

HE LEFT her at the hotel elevator but as far as he was concerned he had no desire to rest. He crossed the lobby and opened the ground glass door to the bar-room, the latest addition to the Hotel Continental—a modern American bar with small round tables and soft lights. Four citizens of Santa Rosa sat about one table, dignified, almost austere, drinking French vermouth. At another table the local head of the air lines and the manager of an agricultural-machinery agency were shaking dice.

"We've got your place on the plane tomorrow," the air-line man said, and then he added, "Have you heard the news?"

Winslow shook his head and they asked him to sit down.

"It's this way," the manager said, "I was down at the British consulate this morning, and Bill, the vice consul—you know old Bill—"

With the exception of the Germans, every foreigner knew every other foreigner in Santa Rosa.

"Well, right when I was there, a code message came in. It was from their destroyer, you know, the Artemis. She was in here only the day before yesterday. When she left she ran down the coast to Lima. About dawn she sighted one of those coast steamers, about three thousand tons, heading right due west. It looked a little queer—a coast boat on that course. When they went after her she tried to run for it. She was full of oil. They got aboard her before the crew could scuttle her. Half of them were Germans."

He paused, glanced across the room and lowered his voice, as one did lately when one spoke of Germans.

"There wasn't any doubt about it. She was running out to that raider. You know—the one that's been off the Canal. The Germans are off there somewhere. Bill said they could spot that raider now if they only had some planes. She can't be far offshore and she's running short of oil."

(To be continued next week)

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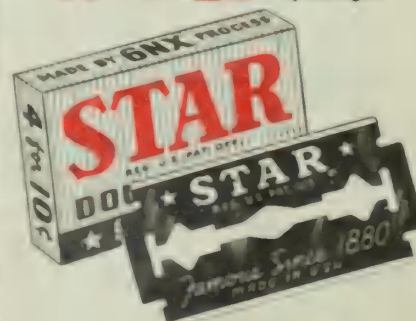


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Continued from page 64

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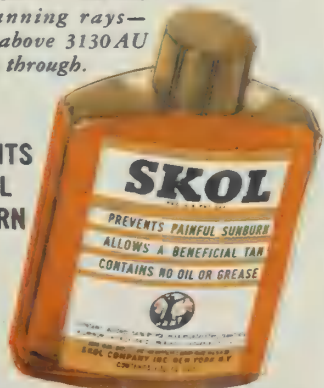
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PREVENTS
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deep and vast silence—the deepest and vastest silence ever experienced by a company anywhere assembled—settled over the street. Jim began to blow. . . . To this day no two men in that outfit have been able to agree as to what came out of that horn. But Jim himself knew it was the messiest Mess Call of all time, and right in the middle of it he took drastic steps to set things right. Abruptly dropping the bugle to the platform, he wiped the sweat from his collar and reached for his mess kit. Grabbing the canteen cup in one hand and the meat can in the other he raised his arms above his head and began to bang the utensils together with all the strength at his command, at the same time bellowing: "Last—call—for—chow!" It was Jim's first and last call and represented probably the briefest and most spectacular bugling career in the U. S. Army.

FORT CUSTER, Mich. Barbers at the Reception Center whetted their razors in glee the other day when the first two members of the House of David to be inducted showed up with full beards and braided hair, but Maj. Eldon M. Stenjem said George Anderson and Francis Buck, both from Benton Harbor, could cheat the tonsorial artists if they wanted to. The boys said they'd druther. Army brass hats have frowned upon beards in this mechanized war, on the grounds that hair in the gears is a

monkey wrench in the works. They're undoubtedly right, but a full beard and braided hair offer camouflage possibilities that should not be lightly considered.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Mo. The boys here have to dig hard for an excuse when the people back home want to know why they haven't written lately. Besides free postage (compliments of Uncle Sam) they get free stationery and free typing service at the USO Center in Rolla. If somebody could contribute some self-sealing envelopes, even the most dilatory correspondent at the Engineer Replacement Training Center wouldn't have a leg to stand on. . . . Speaking of excuses, a soldier on furlough from Wood sent a telegram to his C. O. "My grandmother," read the message, "had a stroke and I would to get a few more days."

FORT DEVENS, Ayer, Mass. A new division from the Southwest had a hot time getting here. Orders were to leave all pets behind, but Sgt. Bill Ryan wrapped Missy, his outfit's pet water spaniel, in an overcoat and stowed her in a compartment with the company packs. When trainmen investigated, Missy went to work on them and it cost Bill eight bucks for damages—mostly for pants. . . . Other trainmen profited from the trip without suffering physical indignities. At one stop Corp. Walter



"Well, my brother finally got into the Army"

PVT. CHARLES PEARSON



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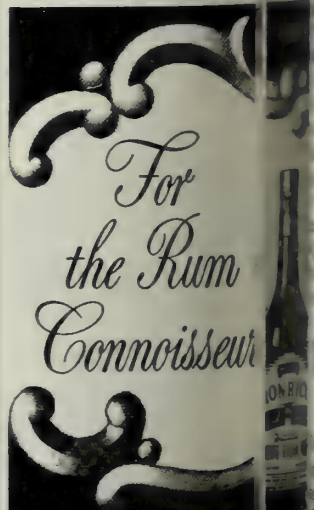
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"I gotta hand it to you, Mabel. You can talk those soldiers out of anything"

BARNEY TOBEY

and Pvt. Vernon Crouse buy candy and cigarettes pulled away without next time the boys saw it in a taxi, looking to transfer from cab to taxi. They found the slow-moving train boys tossed their purchases and just made themselves. At the next stop, later, Norwood and to collect the stuff, but when they got to it. The next day, had given the money, and the cigarettes with the wind. The boys were a much to cry about, John P. Hansen, who had to load up with bottles contrived to catch up in diligent exercise of his legs bounced out of his car at various stages of the corporal beerless for the rest of the

where the new arrivals and. Sgt. M. K. Wal- so much he decided to make after the war and so bought a new arm near Pepperell, But Mc. William Walking maybe a big shot among for I we know, leaned a on with he considers eccentric. Seems he dashed to change the other night had his rifle and stuff packed. "Gimme a tube of he demanded. "Sorry," the other said. "No empty tube, Cef Bill tried sign language with his bayonet. He thought. "I chucked in an the P-X man nervously. "I prefer powder

MP EDWARDS, Falmouth, as "King K" is the title of the 104th Infantry. K by the Yankee Division. During the past year of K's personnel have rung and sandy wastes of the woodlands of central Massachusetts. They sing all kinds of songs, marching, religious and they make up their own late pop tunes. "Before the day," says Sgt. Amen, "we used to sing on the street corner in North Adams of old-timers hail from, tried singing right into the h us. Makes us a closely

knit outfit. A year ago we got 105 new selectees from all parts of the state. Most of them hadn't ever heard of North Adams before, but ten days after they joined us we were all confined by a two-weeks measles quarantine; so when the new fellows weren't joining us in song for self-protection they were hearing about North Adams. I'll bet a foxhole that if an Australian blonde gets a chance to ask any of them the names of important U. S. cities the boys will tell her New York, Chicago, Boston and North Adams." Maybe an Australian blonde will get a chance to hear Co. K's song about coffee, too:

*The coffee that they give you
They say is mighty fine;
It's good for cuts and bruises
The same as iodine.*

ADD Yankee Division phrases: "Oh, my back!" means the soldier is surprised, astonished, or has received unpleasant or unbelievable news. When he "sweats it out" he's impatient and on pins and needles. "Like waiting for the wife to have a baby," one of the men explained.

GENERAL

BIG morale booster of troops at the front are the new refrigerator trucks being put into operation by the Quartermaster Corps. They'll go right up to the battle line with U. S. No. 1 frozen meats and vegetables as a welcome substitute for the canned foods some of the combat troops have been getting.

"I WONDER," writes a soldier from Fort Benning, "if you could give a guy a break and insert a few lines on my behalf as a sort of build-up to my old girl friends. You see, I was a pretty popular fellow with the opposite sex back home and I do all right here, too—but since I've been in the Army my girl friends keep riding me about how it feels to be without the company of the lovely ladies. I've been trying to impress upon them that I get along OK and am sort of a Glamor Boy in my outfit, but they won't believe me; so I thought you could print something to that effect without mentioning I asked you to."

FORT BENNING, Ga. There's a soldier here who's such a killer-diller with the ladies that the gals back home don't mean beans to him. "Our Glamor Boy," is the way his buddies describe him. Don't say we told you, but his initials are O. M.

OKAY, Bud?

G. W.



"WHO—ME?"

Not right now, sonny. But you just wait! This whole great country is going to be needing you. Say about 15 years from now, when you've acquired a little algebra, and a best girl, and 100-odd more pounds of bone and muscle.

"What'll it need ME for then?"

For lots of things. For jobs a great deal different and better than today's. You like airplanes, don't you?

"Airplanes? You bet!"

Well, we'll need you to fly them. Better planes than any we have now, flying higher and faster. They'll be safer, and the whole world will be safer, too, when you take to the air. We're determined on that, and we're doing everything in our power to make sure of it. What else do you like to do?

"Well, we're buildin' a clubhouse..."

Building! Just the thing! We're going to want your help with a lot of building. Houses, and the things that go into houses. Things like air conditioning, and better heating and lighting, and refrigerators. I tell you, you're going to be busy!

"Bu—but I like to PLAY!"

And you'll have some wonderful things to play with! Radio such as nobody knows today, and television, and the results of new research in electricity and plastics and electronics—things that aren't even imagined yet. Things that you'll have a hand in imagining, and then making real. And you'll find there's no play in all the world that's as much fun as helping to build the world of the future.

Yes, sonny, we're all going to need you. And we're all of us—fathers and mothers, soldiers, men and women of American industry—working and fighting right now to make sure that this world of the future will be a better world. A world in which a young man like you can find the fullest opportunities to work and build and play. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

962-317N6-211

USE

LAVORIS

The Aristocrat
of Mouth Washes

Mouth care is a habit—mouth health the result

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY

Editor

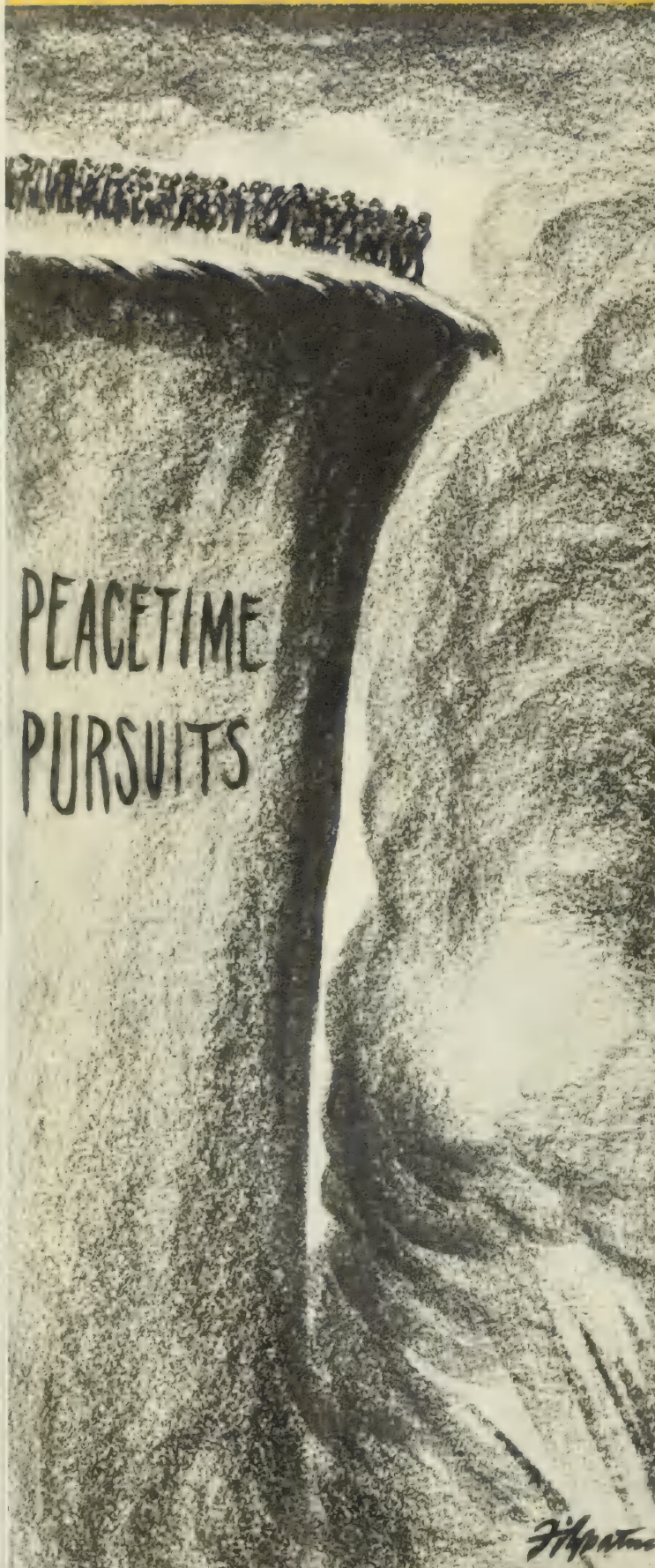
CHARLES COLEBAUGH

Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK

Editorial Director

Where Do They Go from Here?



STEEL man, 27 years' commercial experience U. S. A., Far East, Cuba, Europe; fine educational background, linguist, 42; owing priorities available on short notice as purchasing agent or similar job requiring initiative and ability. . . .

Management executive—Successful record in general management, both production and sales. 36 years old, college education. Now assistant to president large national manufacturer but available soon due to war dislocation. Broad experience in sales, marketing, accounting, merchandising, costs, credits, collections, advertising, office and production management. Competent administrator, balanced judgment, resourceful, capacity for vast volume of detail. . . .

Businessman, forced by priorities to liquidate; unusual abilities developed by valuable experience in manufacturing, executive, administrative fields; any location, moderate salary. . . .

These three "Executive Positions Wanted—Male" ads, picked almost at random from a metropolitan newspaper's classified section, are pebbles ground up out of an earthquake which has hit our economic system because of the war. They are also danger signals.

The earthquake has hit what is called, for lack of a better name, our middle class, or bourgeoisie—small businessmen, their managers and executives, jobbers, middlemen, contact men, salesmen. Their trouble is that the war is taking more and more of the raw materials and finished goods which these men used to process or sell in a peacetime consumers' market, and that not all these men can be fitted into our war machine. The WPB the other day at one clip forbade use of iron or steel in a batch of 400 types of articles manufactured in profusion before Pearl Harbor.

Especially hard hit are the salesmen, male and female—a group comprising more than 3,000,000 men and women. The specimen probably best known to you is your filling station man, if he is still in business.

Where do these people go from here?

The radical theory is that these people are useless parasites, who should be allowed to die or be absorbed in great, streamlined distribution cartels operated by the politicians without thought of profit—though with plenty of thought, we take it, of graft and favoritism. A lot of people who think that way are in powerful positions in Washington, working to bring about this change as a by-product of war.

Yet these middle-class people, by and large, have been our most valuable citizens. They had the courage and initiative to strike out for themselves, to refuse to become cogs in some industrial machine. Thus they sharpened their brains and developed their talents. To let them sink would be a huge waste of human resources, looked at from the coldest, most materialistic point of view.

It is, further, a little too much to expect these people simply to lie down and die quietly. The middle class was going to do that in Italy and in Germany between the two wars, according to the radicals' "inexorable economic law," or the middle class was going to be killed off. It didn't turn out that way.

"This is a wicked beast," said Voltaire, ironically. "When it is attacked, it defends itself" . . . and the Italian and German bourgeoisie rallied behind Mussolini and Hitler, and the two countries got Fascism. Very wicked, perhaps, but it happened. The cure latterly looks worse than the disease; nevertheless, the cure was tried.

The same thing can happen here, if our mid-

dle class is forced to the wall, threatened with destruction. They can rise up, promising these things, and they can find themselves ready a lot of would-be Hitlers. They are doing business in dark political and economic map.

Can't we short-circuit this process and possible violence?

How about some scheme to give workmen's compensation or insurance—some sort of protection every proper case a middle-class war pinch can draw, to keep them alive and paying the grocer, the tax collector?

It seems a cheap price to pay for this problem, in contrast to the wealth if not in blood of just let the class to sink or swim. We suggest a chance for some statesmanship order.

\$32,000,000 for the USO

THE United Service Organization in with its second yearly ap \$32,000,000 this time, as again 000 collected last year.

We think the USO deserves. Americans feel like giving it. For it is now functioning about as well as one could hope, and is doing good works which no other type do as well.

The latest USO activity that for example, is the setting up of an enterprising young lady for the USO, of a clearing-house for requests for letters from girls in magazines and newspapers have to handle effectively for lack of

Give the USO what you can, advice, and we feel safe in promising we won't regret it.

Wholesome Neglect

WE WAITED for years for a designated Typical American say something really Grade A was finally rewarded by the 19 lady is Mrs. William N. Berry, N. C. Mrs. Berry has had 13 children is what she says she did about

"I just raised my children. I gave them a lot of love and wholesome

What Mrs. Berry means, of course, she let her children be themselves, naturally, build up their own careers, with a minimum of supervision and advice. Her grown children are eminently good in various lines and show much promise.

Had Mrs. Berry smothered her children with solicitude and tried to do their lives for them, she would likely have drug up a flock of neurotics, semipsychopaths, hypochondriacs, a succinct explanation of how she as a mother is as shrewd and ill-used of sentences as we've seen in a days.

Colliers

JUNE 20, 1942

BURLINGAME

TEN CENTS

© THE CROWELL COLLEGE PUBLISHING COMPANY—WILLIAM L. BROWN MAGAZINE—WOMAN & HOME COMPANION



ks Down Under

RADIOED FROM
AUSTRALIA

By V

y

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE
THIS MAGAZINE

NO
ON
20
1942

This is an American child.
This is an American home.

Lucky young American.
No child in the World has so bright a future.



We see her the Woman—loyal, helpful and smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

ULD BELONG to no other country. In her
umnd up all the efforts and strivings of
—all our hopes for the future. If you have
ter be this, how proud you must be of
er destiny—proud that she can face
re in body and mind, confident and

milin! For this little girl knows well a
denal health that many grown-ups have
earn. Today, in thousands of American
ms,* youngsters are being taught the im-

, at request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana
char, teaching helps and other material for
ntal hygiene classes in American schools.

portance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but,

with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers



Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

YOUR RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
BECOMES MORE IMPORTANT
TO YOU!

...Here's how to make it last longer!

IN TIMES like these it will pay you to take extra care of your radio or phonograph-radio—so that you may get the greatest amount of service and enjoyment from it.

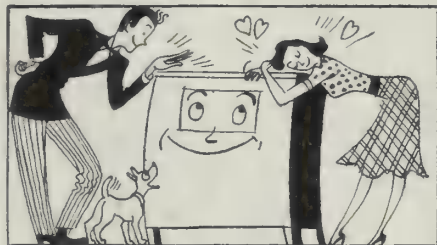
HERE are a few hints:

KEEP IT CLEAN!

CLEAN the dust out of your set occasionally—after disconnecting it, of course!—with your vacuum cleaner's hand attachment. Better yet, have a qualified Radio Serviceman go over it carefully at least once every year—cleaning it, readjusting it, testing tubes.

KEEP IT COOL!

ALL radios generate a certain amount of heat inside—heat that may shorten the life of some of the elements in the set, if it is not permitted to escape. Therefore: Keep the back of the set away from the wall by a few inches at least—to assist free circulation of the air. A radio placed against a wall may overheat!



TREAT IT KINDLY!

CHECK the set's electric cord and plug—be sure that the cord is not frayed, and that the plug fits firmly into the wall socket. Check connections on electrical appliances nearby: loose connections may cause noise and static. Check the aerial and ground wires for breaks. If you have an outside aerial, make sure it is equipped with a lightning arrester in good condition. Even small static discharges—not lightning—can ruin your set if it is unprotected.



REPLACE WORN TUBES!

ANY radio set will last considerably longer with reasonably good care and periodic check-ups. Tubes, of course, should be replaced without delay when they begin to weaken—for a thoroughly worn-out tube can occasionally damage other parts of the radio. Be sure to replace them with genuine RCA Radiotron, RCA Victor, or Cunningham Tubes... made for longer life by RCA!

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

RCA VICTOR

WALTER DAVENPORT
AIMEE LARKIN
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
KYLE CRICHTON
MAX WILKINSON
JAMES N. YOUNG
WM. O. CHESSMAN
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Politics
Ditaff
England
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Fiction
Fiction
Art
Fine Feathers
Humor

CLARENCE H. ROY
DENVER LINDLEY
FRANK D. MORRIS
W. B. COURTNEY
FRANK GERVASI
MARTHA GELLHORN
JIM MARSHALL
ROBERT MCCORMICK
IFOR THOMAS

Articles
Articles
U. S. Navy in Pacific
U. S. Army in Far East
Near East
Articles
West Coast
Washington
Photographs

ANY WEEK

BETWEEN aircraft plants we ran into Damon Runyon whose Mindy stories are among the numerous reasons why millions of intelligent people read this indispensable magazine. Mr. Runyon asked us to lay for all time the ancient story that he buys shoes by the dozen pairs and sends them to Mr. Hype Igoe, the New York sports writer, to break in for him. Mr. Runyon told us that he buys but very few shoes indeed; that those he does buy (one pair at a time) come already broken in and that anyway he wears shoes only because modern paving hurts his



bare feet. As for Mr. Igoe, Mr. Runyon said: "He broke in only one pair of shoes for me and that was many years ago when I had but two pair to my name. I did not ask Mr. Igoe to break them in. He volunteered—in my absence. Whether he broke them in properly I do not know. I never saw them again."

AFTER you've walked the concrete floors of your tenth aircraft plant, seeing warplanes being turned out like motorcars you begin to lose interest in names. Therefore it doesn't matter which assembly line it was whereon this happened. But we got to asking silly questions of the men and women who are making the planes which, as certainly as our name isn't MacArthur, will fetch this war to an entirely satisfactory end sooner than you think. Being somewhat shy we talked first to the men. We noticed that in almost every assembly line leader's crew there was a woman! We asked the first squad leader how he liked working all day beside a girl. "Well," said he slowly, "I don't believe in all these women working in aircraft factories. It won't work. They're not mechanically minded. You can't tell them nothing. But this little woman here with me, she's different. Smart. Best woman in the place." So we asked the second squad leader: "Nope," said he, "it won't work. Women weren't made to work on assembly lines. This here little girl who's working with me though, she ain't like the rest of 'em. Clever. Quick to catch on. Best gal in the place."

Still doubtful we asked the third squad leader. "I dunno," he sighed. "Don't hold with women working machinery, myself. Means trouble. But

now this young woman here with me, she's different. She's the smartest—" So we quit speaking to squad leaders on airplane assembly lines and were about to leave the place when a foreman accosted us. "I heard what you were asking," he said. "About women working on assembly lines. Personally I think a woman's place is in the home and you got all you can do to manage them there. But this gal I got working with me—well, I'd say she's one in a thousand. Quick as a flash, she is smart. But I wouldn't give you a nickel for the rest of them. Now this gal I got. Listen, mister—" But we waved him off and got out, hotly pursued by a four-engine bomber just leaving the finish end of the assembly line.

IN ARIZONA we met a gentleman named Robinson who had dropped everything to organize Less Gas for Congressmen clubs. Mr. Robinson told us that already thousands of our fellow citizens, porch-bound for the want of tires and threatened with further cuts in their gasoline rations, are longing for the day when their representatives in Congress drive back on new tires and with X cards entitling them to unlimited supplies of gas. He can assure us, he said, that the very sight of such a legislator will cause thousands of his constituents to cast their votes for the other guy. "If I were running for Congress this fall," said Mr. Robinson, "I would campaign from the back of a mule or, at best, in a buggy. All the congressmen I know have all the gas they need without X-card help."



SO WE joined Mr. Robinson's movement and rode into the desert to inspect a desert stove whereon our troops in the sand and cactus country heat their beans and boil their coffee. We're glad that Mr. Robinson wasn't with us because he might now be at some pains to preserve his patriotism. In the desert no firewood is to be had. Therefore the lads take a large can, lower it into a hole in the sand, half fill the can with sand and saturate the sand with gasoline. Touch it off with a match and there you are. It's a brain child of Major General George Smith Patton, Jr. It's called Hell in the Desert and is Pattoned Applied For. The desert does things like this to some people. W. D.

Collier

WILLIAM L. CHENER
CHARLES COLEBAU
THOMAS H. BECK

THIS WEEK

JUNE 2

SHORT STORIES

FREDERICK HAZARD
A Little Something
Seaman Linn and
van discover the

EUSTACE COCKLE
Love Came Borrowing
need, indeed, was

COREY FORD

He Woke Up Far
fake makes a very good

THE SHORT STORY
Or for Worse, by an

SERIAL STORIES

JAMES ALDRIDGE

Flight to the Sun
parts.

JOHN P. MARQUAND

It's Loaded, Mr.
of eight parts.

ARTICLES

W. B. COURTNEY

Yanks Down Under
spondent tells you
doing in Austral

ROSCOE FLEMING

Magic Mountain
est storehouse of
in a heap.

LUTHER DAVIS

JOHN CLEVELAND

That Awful Girl
how to win sum
people.

OUR FIGHTING

HENRY L. JACKSON

Quiz Kids' Cho
answers for Faith

FRANKLIN LEWIS

The Old Colle
Boudreau, short
Cleveland Indis

FRANK GERVASI

The Greeks Had
bloodshed, dis
the Greeks still

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with t
WING TALK.

EDITORIAL

Why Fight On

COVER

Vol. 109, No. 25. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 6. Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, \$3.00 a year, two years \$5.00, three years \$7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: \$6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



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MADE IN U.S.A.

Notice how life-like this picture is, all the way from the jet black of the girl's hair down to the white-capped water. Why not try to make your pictures as vivid as this one by using Agfa Ansco Film this summer!

For beautiful outdoor photographs—load up with Agfa Ansco Plenachrome. It is guaranteed:

"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!" Its extra margin of quality and its ability to minimize certain exposure errors make this exclusive guarantee possible. It comes in the orange-and-blue box. Look for your guarantee bond with every roll. *Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y., 100 Years of Service to American Photography.*

WONDERS OF AMERICA Aerial Ears

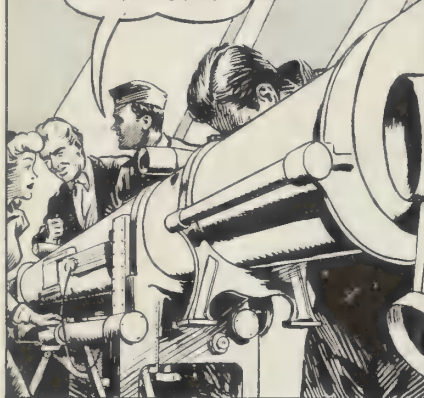


ASTONISHING INSTRUMENT FOR DETECTING APPROACH OF ENEMY PLANES MANY MILES OFF. HORNS ARE ROTATED TO FIND PLANES' ELEVATION AND DIRECTION. THE HORN UPPER RIGHT ASSISTS THE OTHER TWO

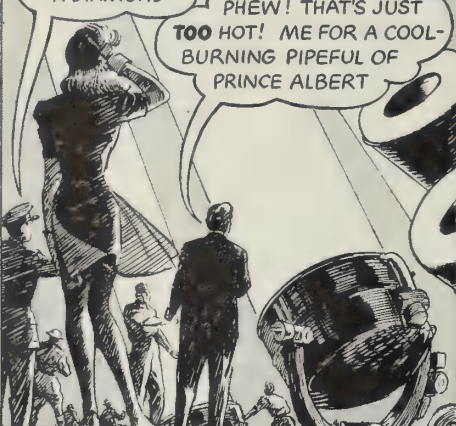
THIS MECHANISM WITH THE MINIATURE PLANE CHECKS ON DETAILS OF THE ATTACKING SQUADRON SUCH AS ITS SPEED AND THE WIND-DRIFT OF THE SOUND



THIS INSTRUMENT CALCULATES THE RANGE—THAT IS, THE DISTANCE OF THE ENEMY PLANES. THIS AND THE OTHER DATA CONTROL THE FIRING OF THE GUNS



THE SEARCHLIGHT THROWS AN 800 MILLION CANDLE-POWER BEAM 3 TO 6 MILES. THE LIGHT SOURCE IS HOT ENOUGH TO BURN UP A DIAMOND



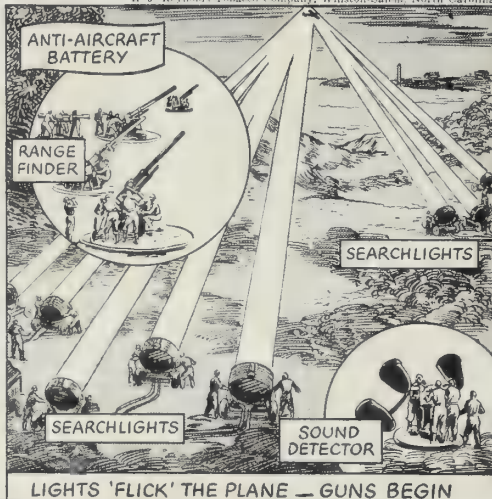
PHEW! THAT'S JUST TOO HOT! ME FOR A COOL-BURNING PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT

IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,

PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED—**COOLEST OF ALL!**

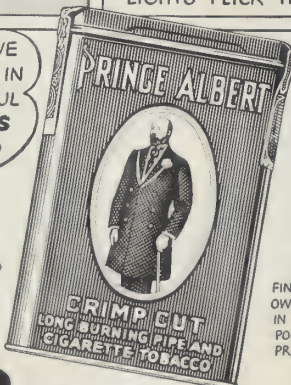


LIGHTS 'FLICK' THE PLANE—GUNS BEGIN

THESE ARE THE DAYS WHEN WE REALLY APPRECIATE COMFORT IN OUR SMOKES—THE DELIGHTFUL MILDNESS AND MELLOWNESS OF PRINCE ALBERT COMBINED WITH SUCH HEARTY RICHNESS OF TASTE

50

PIPEFULS OF
FRAGRANT TOBACCO
IN EVERY HANDY
POCKET CAN OF
PRINCE ALBERT



WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS ARE 'THAT WAY' ABOUT P.A., TOO. THE NO-BITE PROCESS GIVES OUR TONGUES A BREAK, WHILE THE CRIMP CUT SPINS UP SO QUICK AND EASY

70

FINE ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT



PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A unique orchestra of the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific is composed of twenty native women who perform without musical instruments, producing their symphonic effects by skillfully clapping and pressing their hands. With their large repertoire of melodies, they have played before white audiences in Australia and New Zealand.

Evidently, the oak seedling has a greater phototropic reaction than any other plant. It will definitely bend toward the light of a match held within three feet of it for only eight seconds.—By Vivienne Eisner, Dayton, Ohio.

Recently, a short-wave radio station, using the call letters DE-BUNK, started to broadcast a daily, half-hour program of anti-British and anti-Semitic propaganda. It purports to be hidden in the Middle West, but direction finders have located the transmitter in Germany. The announcers give themselves away by signing off at "(Censored) Central War Time" when it is Eastern War Time.—By Julian P. Cole, Arlington, Virginia.

A poll made among American poetry lovers in thirty-nine states revealed that the five best-liked poems, in order of their popularity, are: A Psalm of Life by Longfellow, The House by the Side of the Road by Foss, Thanatopsis by Bryant, Crossing the Bar by Tennyson and Trees by Kilmer.—By Frederic J. Haskin, Washington, D. C.

The only accident in American railroad history caused by a "passenger" turning over in his sleep, occurred a few years ago during the night run of a circus train. While in the throes of a nightmare, a sea elephant suddenly shifted his great weight and derailed the car.—By Gertrude A. Mohler, Toledo, Ohio.

One of the most famous encyclopedias in the English language pays its celebrated authors at the incredibly low rate of two cents a word. As an example, George Bernard Shaw, for a difficult article of 3,420 words, received \$68.40.

Through pipe lines today are able to ship thousands of gallons of gasoline to a city. The oil is pumped to a second and then to a third, simply by pumping the line in succession. The main line occurs and the operation remove their share of its prospective of its position in the "liquid train," by opening the valves at the first stop.—By William M. Baker, New York.

In reality, a haughty one forty-eighth of an ounce of bitters is one quarter spoon and the lion's share of a thing is one hundred percent.

Daniel Pratt was probably the most colorful and best known actor in New England before his death in 1850. He was long demented, this "can Traveler" could grandiloquent speeches, addressed numerous students annually, his arrival was a boisterous welcome a ration of a holiday.—By Powers, Sunside, New York.

The only live animal in Hollywood that have been African elephants with African scenes only six such animals in the United States. They cannot be rented, elephants have to be made to look like their cousins by wearing false ears.

A geographical curiosity of twin lakes atop a Flores Island in the While quite similar shape and separated by a wall of rock, their general appearance a paint, with one colored blue and the other red.—By Ruth Goodale, Massachusetts.

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ON
FATHER'S
DAY

SALUTE

to America's 2 favored shirts for '42!

KHAKI FOR AMERICA'S LADS... **TruVal** FOR AMERICA'S DADS!



...Your Best Pal
...TruVal!



...patterns, lustrous whites,
...collar that stays "parade-
...starch in a heat wave!



...like a champion in easy, col-
...portswear, tailored right
...patterns and right fabrics.



...hope the neighbors are looking
...TruVal's distinguished
...Dad in "Right Dress!"



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AMERICA'S GREATEST BUY IN
SHIRTS AND SPORTS APPAREL!
SPORTS APPAREL—\$1.35 AND UP

SHIRTS \$1.55
\$1.65 & \$2.00

...lease! It's a two-way pleasure with TruVal Shirts—to give
...pleasant as to receive them! The moment Father puts them
...also feel so good and look so good, everyone in the family
...delight. And to add to his pleasure, they've given him
...Sportswear! TruVal's Polo Shirts. Slack Suits and Sport
...made with the same careful regard for style and for comfort
...shirts. They feature all the popular fabrics such as cottons,
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Wear on airplane tires is saved by the pivot mechanism of this cup-shaped turntable in use at Washington Airport

WING TALK

FLYING is still so young, romantic and adventurous that among pilots there has not yet developed a counterpart of the old sailor and his tall stories of the sea. However, that the day will come when ancient and retired airmen will spin yarns of the airways for wide-eyed grandchildren is forecast by a tall tale of the skies credited to Capt. B. C. Dickerson of Delta Air Lines, who flies out of Atlanta up Knoxville way. Here it is:

We got out of Atlanta on schedule one morning before daylight and headed for Knoxville. The weather (which was a military secret) had been bad for several days. We broke out on top at seven thousand, leveled off, and proceeded north. About twenty minutes out, the sun came pushing up out of the mist. We had a cross wind and drifted several miles east of our course which put us over around Clingman's Dome and Newfound Gap. This section of the mountains is quite popular for skiing.

We were busting along just on top of the overcast, when right in front of our nose a V-formation of ski jumpers broke through the overcast! We, too, were surprised, and since we were pulling more manifold pressure than they were, we did an Immelmann and got out of the way. Fortunately, no one was sucked up in the intake.

Several days later we heard that one was fished out of the Hiwassee reservoir, another ran the rapids of the Little Tennessee River, a third spun in, and the other two are still missing.

RECOGNIZING that tires for private and commercial aircraft will also be hard to replace, the engineering depart-

ment of Aero Insurance Un-
writers, one of a all ar
of aviation insur ice tra
which do much to kee vir
at a high level, app to
men to exercise the me
with tires on airplan hat
do with their auto biles
avoid accidents.

Pilots can save rul by
ing up on the practic f loca
one wheel and turn the
around on that pivot hab
of the gun. Brakes hav
be used for maneu bility
the ground but rul car
saved if they are not ed ex
sively. Pilots are tol rev
the tires every hund hour
equalize the wear.

The greatest mer to an
plane tires is the ju found
runways, things no be we
expect to wander we out tra
but they do—nails, sup store
glass, bolts, nuts, and in case
wrench, which emphasized destr
tive value by tearing a ch from a
propeller tip. Could use s runway

SMALL now, but importan the
run, is another major de suff-
by the Axis in Latin Am a. Para
guayan airmen, whose coml
is composed of Italian equ ment, an
very dissatisfied with th Capon
light bombers and Fiat fight and
American airplanes very t off
quickly. American govern t of
and aircraft firms who d un
cessfully to compete with d un
several years ago for the air
equipping the Paraguya air
feel vindicated by this expr son
has just worked its way up north
Because of the inferior alian
planes, military training Parag
has suffered, and is prac ally a
standstill. And it is pretty erally
known these days t a name
without adequate air defer is a p
over.

ESTABLISHED air-lin
now are just as glad t
twenty years ago the rail
pated no threats from au
plane operators who talk
setting up air lines in com
the Iron Horse. A coupl
companies did go in for a
tion. The Pennsylvania a
Fe inaugurated transcon
air passenger service thir
come July 7th through Tra
Air Transport, now TW
(Continued on pag 2)

As an angel
mild as castile

Take it from me
Swan has baby-appeal

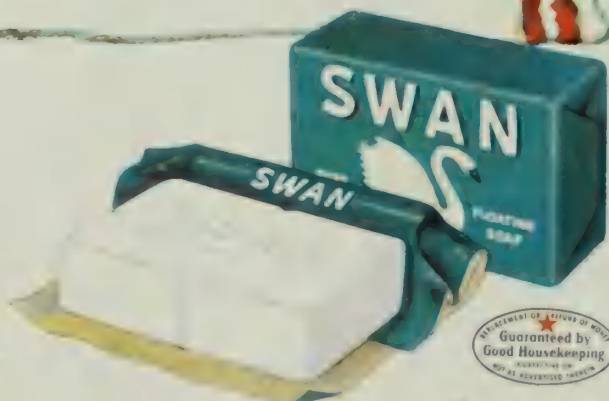
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And suds-a-mighty, what you're
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baby-gentle Swan for everything!



FOR YOU—slathers o' lather—even in hard
water! And that's not all: Swan is more real
soap per penny than ANY leading toilet soap!
Somethin' to cheer about these days!



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Good Housekeeping
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DISHES—baby-gentle suds galore! Good-
and suds—scads of 'em—so there's no
for strong, easy-to-waste package soaps
mo!



FOR UNDIES—baby-gentle suds that save silks
and woolies! It's a long life to colors and fabrics
—when baby-gentle Swan does the sudsin'! A
pretty life to hands, too!



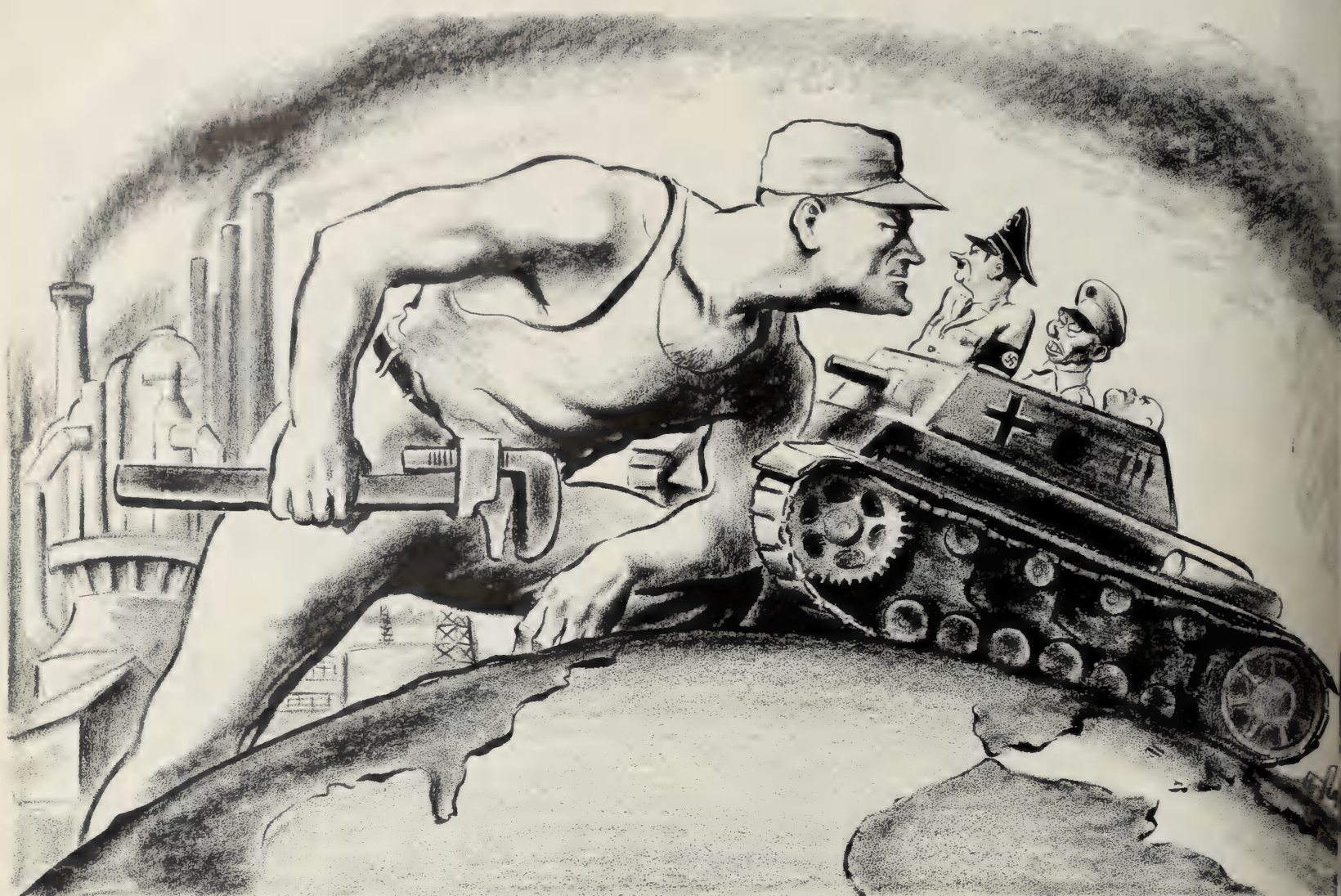
AND—LOOK! Twin cakes from each Swan bar!
Snap! And you have 2 cakes, one for kitchen,
one for bath! Swan everything—now—and
shout: "Hooray!" For you've met up with the
swellest floating soap ever—and its name is
SWAN!

Swan
baby-gentle floating
that's a sudsin' whiz!

BY L. R. BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TUNE IN: GRACIE ALLEN • GEORGE BURNS • PAUL WHITEMAN • See your local paper for time and station

"Who's telling who where to get off?"



Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

Carl Rose makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, they interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of industry.

★ ★ ★

STAGGERING figures they were, on that fateful day when we heard them over our radios . . . 60,000 planes, 45,000 tanks, 8 million tons of shipping. Matching, in twelve short months, the strength that the forces of aggression took years to build. A fantastic goal—for anyone else but America!

Today, the men and women of American industry are proving that the task is not too great for their ingenuity, skill and energy. With grim determination, the weapons of Victory are pouring from the assembly lines. The war production pace is *ahead of schedule*. That's America!

In this united effort, the creed of Philco's soldiers of production is "More! Better! Sooner!" In the production of communications equipment, radios for tanks and airplanes, industrial storage batteries, fuzes and shells, we see Victory in the making. And more than that, we see the forming of *a new and more abundant life*. The arts of war that whip men's minds to desperate deeds of destruction leave a legacy to peace. The scientific achievements that men conceive in fury will be converted to a fuller, richer life for all humanity.

We see our part in that legacy now in the Philco laboratories, in the faces of our engineers . . . as we carry on with hope, inspiration and faith in America's future.

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Carl Rose will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 5C.

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the motorcycle, Seaman Linn yelled, "You guys know where we can find Corporal Rex Downes?" "An' dern't say we ain't got a pass!" put in Dunnevan

A Little Something Called Morale

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

U. S. Navy vs. the U. S.
The complete history
every hort war which was
hans down by Seaman
and Fireman Dunnevan

U. S. Destroyer Trimble, hav-
sunk one Japanese submarine
possibly a second in the waters
Hawaii and the West Coast,
oped to San Diego bay to take
some more depth charges.
Seaman Lin and Fireman Dunne-
van, their dingarees dirty and their
bowls salty, were sharing one of
t newspapers to reach the ship.

"Don't talk whilst you read, Tim!"
said Seaman Linn, sharply. "An' quit
snorting in my ear!"

"Yerse . . . but, Benny?"

"Yeah?"
"Why ain't you a hero? Why ain't
your name in the paper? Dint the
Skipper say you done good to hit that
Jap pig-boat?"

This brought a resigned shrug from
Seaman Linn, the brain of Force and
Brains, Inc.

"A unidentified U. S. destroyer is all
it ever says, Tim. This man's Navy is
too busy fighting a war to brag on itself.
A U. S. sailor would hafta swim over
an' capture a Jap sub single-handed to
get in the papers." Then, remembering
to be modest, "Besides, I wasn't the
whole gun crew. I was only a pointer."

"Lookit, Benny!"

"Now, what?"

"Right there . . . in the paper . . .
see? 'ARMY MEN CITED FOR BRAVERY IN
FAR EAST BATTLE' . . . Lookit . . . three
of 'em. Gener'l Haizlip . . . ain't that
old Fuzzy-Wuzzy?"

Seaman Linn stared at the newspaper
story.

"Haizlip, sure. Hully gee, Tim . . .
we know all of 'em! Sergeant Reginald
Downes . . . an' Corporal G. T. Mat-
thews—"

"Downes? Dint he marry Cookie?"

"Sure—an' that Matthews was the
guy they called Prof. The guy who
wanted to go A.W.O.L.—only we
wouldn't let him!"

A flood of reminiscence swept over
Fireman Dunnevan and he snorted.

"It ain't fair, Benny!" he growled. "I
an' you an' Polly Peters—we made
them guys. Right before the war busted
loose, we did!"

But Seaman Linn remembered de-
tails more accurately.

"We dint exactly do so much for Haiz-
lip, Tim. But we sure put morale into
Rex Downes an' Prof. Now, lookit,
they're heroes. Fuzzy-Wuzzy is gonna
be a lieut. general an' Downes gets a
commission an' Prof. gets promoted to
top sergeant."

Bitterness clouded Fireman Dunne-
van's St. Bernard brown eyes.

"I an' you an' Miss Polly taught 'em
all a lesson, Benny," he said. "Even
old Fuzzy-Wuzzy. It ain't fair. Them
Army guys get medals. I an' you dern't
(Continued on page 35)

Yanks Down Under

By W. B. Courtney

RADIOED FROM AUSTRALIA

In Australia, strange and wondrous land, winter comes in summertime, cars burn wood and run on the wrong side of the street, and yes may turn out to mean no if you're not careful. Our guys are learning fast, Mr. Courtney reports

AUSTRALIA is the farthest point on the earth's surface to which American soldiers ever have been officially sent to fight. Even in these years of swift transportation, it's awfully far, far away from home as the average young man reckons. As you walk about in the States, the soles of your feet are—except for a matter of some eight thousand miles of soil, rock and inner fires—against those of your soldier boys here on the diametrically opposite side of the globe. Hence “antipodes”—with the feet opposite—the fanciful old name for these parts.

Stick a long pin through your parlor table globe at, say Eastport, Maine, on a southerly axis, and it will come out close to Perth in western Australia. Roughly, from the center of our west coast at San Francisco to the center of Australia's east coast at Brisbane, it's about 8,000 miles. From New York to

Sydney, it's more than 11,000 miles via Panama and more than 15,000 the other way around. In standard time the Yanks got fifteen hours ahead of the folks at home by coming down here. Today with us is yesterday for you.

Within Australia, there's two hours difference between east and west coast times. In another way, we are six months apart. Below the Equator—Sydney's about as far south of it as San Diego is north—the seasons are reversed. Yanks who left home in winter found themselves cheated of spring; instead, they got autumn, and in June, July and August they face another winter.

The Yanks find many familiar things topsy-turvied. They walk and drive on the “wrong” side of streets. They are cooled by winds from the south, warmed by northerly breezes. Whereas, Americans go south in

winter to Florida, Arizona and southern California, Australians go north—to Cairns, Townsville and Great Barrier Reef resort.

Look at a flat map of Australia. This island continent, astray from ancient main lines of man's international travel and commerce across the northern temperate zone is about as large as the whole United States.

Yet its population isn't as large as that of New York City. Turn the map over and up side down, look at it through the back against the light, and you will notice a curious thing. It now even resembles the shape of the United States, with Cape York Peninsula being our Florida, and the great Australian Bight our Great Lake region.

Distances, we suspect, are the feature you least realize about Australia. From the big southeastern cities here, for example, it's as far to the northeast towns as from New York and Boston to (Continued on page 44)



INTERPHOTO

BRITISH COMBINE

American soldiers in Australia quickly make friends wherever they go. Left: Staff Sgt. J. B. Spach accepts a light from Miss J. A. Philip, a member of the Women's Australian Air Force Auxiliary. Lower left: Yanks sight-seeing in one of Melbourne's parks. Below: Corp. R. Damuth, impersonating Lord Haw-Haw, gives a news commentary to Sgt. D. Zdybicki



INTERPHOTO

Wurtzel figured
a lime a dozen. When
ed one he found
ic somewhat higher

L. WURTZEL—manager of
efee Smith, leading contender
r the middleweight crown—
arts big as a shriveled pea. At
uld be the impression one
hrough consultation with
at, though there were among
ne who would contend this was
rov an estimate by half, and
e.

er it the moment, this organ
ensions was beating in a
part a perceptible quiver
utton on Willie Wurtzel's
cc, for across the table from
t Annabelle Divine.

onomically lighted bistro
ey ere, Annabelle Divine was
visn, although there was also
oat about what kind of vision
d at 10 A. M. Eastern War
t the pure sunlight.

go ve had come to Willie and
mation was being duly ar-
rou a reliable broker in those
who the dowry check his be-
old man had put up had proved
atz, his had somewhat shaken
ait in love and marriage. It
im something of a cynic which,
as handy attitude in the prize
nagging business.

ve had come again to Willie
ar when Annabelle smiled
t he and said, "Do you know
ay?" Willie, bemused as he
his tenderest of all emotions
ran—and-sodas, saw no harm
ting it was Tuesday, the sev-

sai Annabelle archly, "do you
at Tuesday is?"
lder that he hoped it would
ay e twenty-fourth.

so so," Annabelle said. "Be-
at's y birthday."

day said Willie.
day said Annabelle.
smiled weakly. "In such a
sai "I guess I should come
a slight knickknack."

Annabelle said.

sai Willie in relieved disbe-
don't have to worry your head
at all," Annabelle said. "I have
ked it."

Wurtzel squirmed. "What," he
tiou, "have you all picked

elle good up. "Come on," she
l she you. It's not far."

far from the vicinity of Sixth
and 2d Street to some place
Fifth Avenue and 52d Street,
n 52d gives way to Fifth Ave-
ange takes place. Where before
re night clubs, there are now
hich very definitely don't give
anybody.

at of he of these stores Anna-
pped Willie stopped, too, took
ing glance into the window and
In the window, in solitary state,
at. It was a fur coat and it was
a player lady of cold hauteur.
one the lady's slim ankles
pped discreet card.

it too, grand!" Annabelle
urous.
looked at the card again.
he collected in a hollow voice.

HAT McGEE was a character
ome route, all ill, who would
a few bucks did you pledge a
f flesh and more than legal in-
nd noast ones about blood not
sh, either. Hard Hat had come



Refugee looked at Hard Hat McGee, the whites of his eyes hidden. "Give Mr. Willie his paper," he said softly

Love Came Borrowing

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

by his cognomen through the simple ex-
pedient of never having been seen ex-
cept under an ancient derby in a couple
of decades of leaning against the same
building, and he was known in his own
sphere as a very fast man to a dollar.
So fast, indeed, that there was some talk
at one time of putting up a monument
to Mouser Bergen—Mouser having
shrewdly succumbed to pneumonia
while owing Hard Hat a small sum and
thus becoming the only man on record
who ever beat Hard Hat out of that
which was owed him.

And it was to Hard Hat that Willie
Wurtzel came, Willie having found that
Ed Delaney was out of town and that
other friends were severely in the
shorts. Willie wanted to borrow three
thousand dollars.

"Ah, Willie," Hard Hat said. "You're
extravagant. You drink and gamble and
take show girls around, and though your
colored boy makes you lots of money,
you come to me."

"That's right," Willie said.

"How much do you want?"

"Three gees for thirty days."

"And what makes me think you'll pay
me back the thirty-three hundred in
thirty days?" Hard Hat asked.

"My boy, Refugee Smith, has got a
fight in Philly thirty days from yester-
day. We're gettin' eight grand. I'll have
my four the next mornin'."

"What security have you got?"

"Security?" Willie said. "At them in-
terest prices?"

"You might die," Hard Hat pointed
out from the green and bitter memory
of Mouser Bergen's betrayal.

"Aw," Willie said, "I'm healthy as a
horse."

"Okay," Hard Hat said. "You got life
insurance?"

"Naw."

Hard Hat McGee tilted his derby
back a shade and scratched his brow.
"Well," he said finally, "I think I have
thought of a way I can help you. I think
I have thought of some security you can
put up."

"Yeeh?"

"You make me out an assignment of

your fighter's services, contract, et cetera
et al," said Hard Hat, who figured a
few etsy might dull the edge of his propo-
sition, "in event you die—or don't pay
me back in thirty days."

Willie Wurtzel backed up a step. "Aw
naw," he said. "Not that."

"It's just formality," Hard Hat said
casually. "It will be in plain print you
can redeem the assignment do you pay
me back inside of thirty days, and you'll
have four grand thirty days from now."

Willie pictured Annabelle unwrap-
ping the coat. "Well . . ." he began
doubtfully.

A WEEK later Willie Wurtzel was
standing in the apartment of Anna-
belle Divine, unwrapping a box. On
Willie's face was a look of rectitude and
sacrifice. Annabelle's face was blank,
poised for elation or disappointment.

Willie fumbled willfully with the
strings. Finally in one grand gesture,
he broke the string, threw open the box.
He stood back and watched Annabelle.

(Continued on page 50)



Magic Mountain

By Roscoe Fleming

This is the success story of Element 42. Its name is molybdenum, better known as moly. A whole mountain of it in Colorado is contributing handsomely to our war machine

HOWEVER you come upon it, Climax is a thrilling surprise. You drive up toward Colorado's Fremont Pass over the top of the continent, through a high vast land, empty of humanity and lorded over by glittering mountains. You swing around a curve, and there, right beside the road on the pass among fir trees, is a young city of neat modern homes, huge buildings that rumble incessantly—a mountain is being ground up inside them—tooting ore trains, and below and to one side, a Saharalike expanse of flour-white, flour-fine tailings. You have come thus unexpectedly upon one of the great mining enterprises of the world.

Behind the buildings, towers a ruddy mountain with a vast sunken livid scar in its near side. The altitude is 11,400 feet, and the air is thin and keen; there is winter seven months a year. All the activity is behind a high steel fence, and believe me, you must prove both your identity and your business these days before vigilant guards will roll up the big steel gate.

Here is a vital bastion of democracy and of our war offensive. It is in itself a revolution and what it's producing at an unbelievable rate is less dispensable right now than all the gold that is being dug out of the ground in all the gold fields of America. Here is the world's hugest storehouse of molybdenum,

Element 42 in the periodic table, belonging to the tungsten-chromium-uranium family; and, up to thirty years ago, little known or used. In metallic form, molybdenum is silvery in appearance but its uses in that form are minor though valuable. The main molybdenum mineral is molybdenite, a soft blue-black substance resembling graphite. A piece of molybdenum ore from Climax looks like gray rock on which someone has drawn heavy lines with a soft black pencil. The mineral rubs off on your fingers.

One magic of molybdenum is this: Add exactly five pounds of it to a ton of molten steel, and the steel cools into a strong, tough alloy. Add a larger amount to an otherwise properly prepared steel, and the product becomes superhard and tough; cutting tools made of it retain their keenness at cherry-red heat, performing perfectly at high speeds to shave into shape the cannon barrels and other heavy steel weapons, and all the auxiliary steel shapes that America now needs. But there are other magics. By endless and—during the early years—profitless research, the specialists of Climax have found many places where moly (pronounced molly) is well nigh indispensable to America's mighty industrial machine.

A further magic is this: Colorado's Bartlett Mountain, at Climax, is the world's greatest storehouse of molybdenum. A few years ago molybdenum was merely a competitor of nickel and chrome and tungsten, but the chief sources of these are far away and, in the case of the two latter, are now cut off by seas menaced for the time being by hostile powers. Research men in work that is now proceeding at redoubled speed have found ways to supplant these scarcer materials or to supplement them with moly, for many purposes.

The demands of war for steel are so great and so unpredictable that no one can say there will be enough of any product, but moly in combination with

Bulking against the sky line at Bartlett, storehouse of molybdenum in foreground carries off the

other alloying materials serves greatly capacity of steel makers to meet these

Climax Molybdenum Co. has exploded mountain endlessly. Its diamond-drill end to end would measure more than 20 drills have bored down 3,000 feet—an moly; nor, drilling horizontally, have the limit of the ore body on one side.

The present estimate is that there are tons of ore in reserve, containing at pounds of moly. Climax's huge crush-away endlessly, can now grind up 18,0 daily, and the machinery in the working 24 hours a day, can extract 15,500 tons daily. When a new mill pleted this spring, this mill capacity 18,000 tons; so that every two days the enough ore to equal in mass one of United battleships.

Climax is now producing moly at 1,000,000 pounds a year and with the will go to 36,000,000. The first figure is entire world production in the biggest 1941; and Climax produced most of 1,000,000 pounds in 1939.

Other American mines now produce of 13,000,000 pounds yearly, so that capacity—of which Climax has 71 per on the order of 45,000,000 pounds. higher before 1942 is over.

Moly is widely distributed through crust, but mostly in such infinitesimal it does not pay to mine (Continued



owe automatically as the sack
the black graphitelike dust of
al semportant to the war effort

Upper picture shows the crusher plant where the ore is
reduced almost to powder. Lower picture: This unit keeps
the wet moly solution moving and free of unwanted ores

These big chains—known as "grizzlies"—keep
the ore within the chute area. It takes a
strong man to lift even one link of a grizzly



He Woke Up Famous

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

With luck, Bill Webster should go all right. For such a hapless guy, he does.

LATER, Mrs. Huntington Beebe insisted she had heard the explosion when it occurred. Those who knew Mrs. Beebe—and Beebe was requisite for admission to exclusive circles—were inclined to believe her determination to be first in any event went on. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Beebe's secretary had been engaged in a game of gin-rummy at the time, with all the windows closed and going full blast; and the first intimation of the program halted abruptly to make a special announcement:

"The Navy requests residents along the coast to be on the lookout for survivors of the tanker, reported torpedoed off Eshey's Point." "Eshey's Point!" Mrs. Beebe laid down and gasped. "But that's right here!"

"Yes, Mrs. Beebe," Lynn Horner said. "But I heard it," said Mrs. Beebe. "Now that was what I heard. It sounded like a boom! It was right off there," pointing through the living-room window in the direction of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Yes, Mrs. Beebe," said Lynn. "I don't think."

"But they'll be drifting in almost a moment," Mrs. Beebe pushed back her chair and called Lynn Horner, bring some blankets and a flashlight. She swept toward the door, her gold bracelet clanking. "And a bottle of brandy," she added. "It's a long swim, and they'll be soaking wet."

Lynn followed her resignedly. The possibility that a party of survivors would select Mrs. Beebe's particular beach seemed remote two months as Mrs. Beebe's social secretary taught Lynn a certain respect for her ability to make the impossible happen not only dominated people; she assumed of events. The war had been taken easy.

The beach was deserted, as they hurriedly walked to the water's edge. Lynn noticed while Mrs. Beebe played her flashlight down the shore. Suddenly Mrs. Beebe pointed toward the water.

"Here's one now," she said, as delightfully she had just located an Easter egg.

Lynn caught her breath with a gasp. The figure, clad only in a pair of shorts, waded out of the surf. He tottered three or four paces, fell onto his knees, and then collapsed on the sand. Mrs. Beebe started triumphantly.

"Miss Horner," she called over her shoulder. "Bring brandy. . . ."

BILL WEBSTER moved his head rest against the pillow and opened his eyes. He stared in horror for a moment, and shut them quickly. He opened them again but peeked between the lids at the large bedroom, banked with flowers. He let out a sigh.

"I guess I drowned," he concluded reluctantly. "Lie still," said a soft feminine voice. "You're all right."

Bill rose on one elbow, and turned in surprise. But instantly a sharp pain stung behind the eyeballs, and he collapsed once again with a low moan. (Continued)

"Poor boy," Mrs. Beebe sympathized, "there isn't any mistake." She patted his head, sending a shooting pain clear through his scalp.



That Awful Girl

By Luther Davis
and John Cleveland

Anderson's infuriated
eyes barely restrain that
to come over the foot-
s and destroy her. And
sk says, is just fine. It
es girl can act, doesn't it?

"N-N-N-RY ALDRICH!"
"Coming, Mother."
"Is that sweet little Mary Ander-
th you?"
"Mother. Say hello to Mother,
y had to that old witch? I hate
not, Henry. I'll tear the hairs
er had one by one. I'll boil her
I reckon I'll break her back."
y, Mary—"
d for you, Henry Aldrich,
noting but a crazy kid."
proposed script for the next Henry
a movie departs from America's
iene accustomed style because
vie sweetheart has turned out to
ello, a meanie, a sadist, and—
of a—a fine dramatic actress.
wer—one—or is it twenty-two?
y Alderson is a veteran of the
s at has had increasingly im-
t ros in such pictures as Gone
he ind, All This And Heaven
hee, For Miss Bishop, and Ba-
Pasage. Her latest efforts find
sting in Henry Aldrich for
ent, ind in Henry and Dizzy.

How to Alienate People

, pure, friendly, vivacious
—Henry's best girl—is starring in
st Broadway play, Guest in the
a surprise hit, the success of
ests primarily on Mary's talented
ers.
d in the lobby of the Plymouth
r doing any intermission and
hear the paying customers vent
plee "I hate that girl." "What
this is she going to do next?"
does't he strangle her?"
ow the audience into the theater
u'll on become homicidal your-
here he is, a pathetic little inva-
ried by charming relatives,
the me she's purring and fawn-
dying her benefactors out of
mind. She plays Liebestraum
and over until the audience and the
e near hysteria, she turns hus-
gain wife, friend against friend.
as," pronounced one terrified re-
"a cleanliness neurosis and a
dward bird phobia!"
the most exciting thing ever,"
shriek happily. "The audiences
under. They hiss and hiss while
and ow."
well pay she bow. Her first pro-
al stage appearance has aroused
tural terror of the year. "Mary
Paramount starlet," said
ablos critic, "makes Evelyn
of the nastiest, most repel-
nts on record. And that's
he ro calls for." Another wrote:
And on plays the role of Eve-
r every emotional shock in it."
he Times intoned: "The Heath
es played by Mary Anderson, who
over have any boy friends if she



W. EUGENE SMITH

In the current Broadway hit, *Guest in the House*, Mary Anderson makes Evelyn Heath one of the most repellent adolescents on record. That's what the role calls for—and it's the secret of her success

keeps on perfecting her technique. For she gives a brilliant performance of malevolence. She will need bodyguards if she expects to survive the winter."
The winter is well on into summer and Mary survives, adequately equipped with boy friends. For, angel or devil, honeyed or acidic, little Mary is Sex from the South, and the Broadway wolves are baying. Five feet two, a petite hundred pounds, brown eyes—big brown eyes, with curling lashes for lowering seductively—a voice sifted through a honeycomb. If she needs bodyguards it's to fight off the males.
Not that the gay life occupies much of her thoughts or time. Mary is capital "A" Actress, deeply enamored of capital "T" Theater, flying toward fame as the stratoliner flies—straight, high, and without stops. When she reads, she reads

plays. When there's a mirror she poses before it. While others of the cast eat their pre-performance dinners, Mary strides around the deserted stage and emotes to the empty auditorium.
"You have no idea what this part does for me," she says, shining. "All that screaming and anger—I haven't an inhibition left, I reckon."
And it doesn't stop there. She is her own best adviser, and her advice is to keep pushing, kicking, snapping, crying, pleading for success. First, she tells herself firmly, become the greatest actress there is. But at the same time remember that acting is only one part of this theater business.
"She's a lovely girl," the show's press agent says, "and I wish she'd take a dry dive from a high building. Up here all the time, clutching my lapels, ogling me

with those eyes, begging for interviews and pictures and articles and more interviews, more articles. What a job!"
As a result of these tactics and great ability, Mary's job now nets her over three hundred dollars a week. Sweet and tough is Mary. Sweet with people, tough about her career.
That career has been Mary's dominant interest ever since she ran pigtailed and barefooted over her family's farm in Trussville, just outside Birmingham, Alabama. Her brother, Buddy, slightly her elder, was her first audience in an improvised amphitheater under a china-berry tree.
Mimicking a revivalist who had taken the pulpit at the local church one week, Mary whooped it up. She led her one-man choir from the piano-stool pulpit
(Continued on page 40)


The Navy Needs Your Skill

The United States Navy is the greatest body of specialists, its ships the most complex mechanisms, in existence—and has been since the days of wooden ships. Every job in it is specialized, requiring the ultimate in precision teamwork and—above all—training.

To push its men constantly toward the peak in handling their intricate equipment, the Navy offers training and increased pay in many fields. Civilians whose experience fits well will find advancement that much more rapid. They will bring what the Navy urgently needs, and they will receive the prestige of a rating in their skills by the top authority—like a college degree in a practical trade. Some will be given the chance to work for commissions; those particularly well qualified may receive them immediately.

Today there is practically no such thing as an ordinary "gob." The Navy or Coast Guard man, from two-striper to apprentice seaman, is specializing and advancing himself in rank and pay. He serves himself and his family the better for his more intensive service to the Navy.

Our Fighting Men


 **SEATTLE PORT OF EMBARKATION.** For years the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has been plugging its bairn as the closest major American city to Alaska and the Orient. Since December 7th the C. of C. has been off somewhere, trying to think about something else, and the press relations office for the Seattle Port of Embarkation has spent its time trying to keep stories out of the papers. The enforced modesty has been tough on the promotion boys, who have been developing split personalities about Seattle's role; but this is to report that they're feeling better now, thanks to Frank Knox. The Secretary of the Navy dropped in recently, took a gander and announced that "The Seattle waterfront is one of the principal shipping points to the principal theater of war . . . I have seen nowhere on this coast such evidence of wartime shipping activity." Just like that. The boys are glad the secret's out, so they can get back to work.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. The edict requiring everybody to turn in old phonograph records to get new ones will spoil a lot of laughs at this post. For months the juke boxes in the day rooms have blared the contributions of Seattle citizens; but apparently the records-for-soldiers drive has been confused with salvage effort, because when the boys dive into the latest batch of platters from civilians they find such items as (1) Cohen On the Telephone, (2) wavery soprano struggling with Indian Love Call or Poor Butterfly, (3) Paul Whiteman's Whispering, and (4) assorted bird calls. Edison and Gennett records are lasting much longer than Mr. Edison or Mr. Gennett would ever have dared guarantee; but the boys play them all anyhow, if only to get belly laughs out of the corn contained in the old platters.

FORT WORDEN, Wash. In the days of Sugar Unlimited an M.P. at this Harbor Defense Command post won popularity by the quality of the cakes and stuff he got from home. The adulation was not particularly welcome; he'd rather have had the eatables. "The boys," he wrote his relatives, "said the cake was delicious. The candy must have been good, too. Five of the fellows

got in a fight over it." The following week his home-baked assortment arrived under some socks in a box labeled Laundry. The M.P. carried the deception to a satisfactory conclusion by hustling the package from the post office to his bunk in a gas mask sack.

Incidentally, the lads at the post have found out their tricks aren't so new. An officer who had served in the last war, and who knew what to expect, ordered a gas mask inspection. Four of the guys didn't like the idea. Inside their masks the officer found, collectively, a vacuum container full of coffee, some cookies, two apples, three oranges, candy bars, two magazines, a supply of beef and some ham sandwiches. "Nice picnic here, eh, boys?" said the brass hat. "Yes—er—no, sir," said the boys.

 **CAMP WOLTERS, Texas.** Gimlet Grogan, whose G.I. Gazette is featured bi-weekly in the camp paper, is pondering offers from three publishing houses who want him to do a book. The Gimlet (Corp. David McLean to the guy who calls the roll) has built himself a reputation with his column, written with considerable butchering of the President's English and dealing with the doings of his friend Pvt. Stinky Smith and Invisible Yardbird Pvt. Phineas McFiddle. Says the Gimlet:

"I been hearing a lot of guys making dirty cracks about G.I. soap. I was thinking of this yesterday when I looked at a magazine ad and then it struck me that we got to do a little advertising to put glamor in G.I. soap.

"Just like in the magazine ads, the G.I. Gazette is now starting a contest. All you got to do is complete the sentence, 'I like G.I. soap because . . . ' in 25 words or less. The less the better.

"Just scribble your entry on the back of a dollar bill and mail to old Gimlet Grogan at the guard house. The judge will be my friend Pvt. Stinky Smith, who will be real impartial because he don't use soap of any kind.

"First prize is the telephone number of a geisha girl in Tokyo who speaks pidgin English. Second prize is the phone number of a geisha girl who just says 'Ugh!'

The Axis will have a tough time beating down guys like that.

(Continued on page 72)

**AUTO REPAIRMAN
ENGINE MECHANIC
POWER PLANT
ENGINEER
MARINE ENGINEER
MACHINIST**

Machinist's Mate ratings require knowledge of machine-tool operation and the care, adjustment and repair of all engines on board ship. Includes machine shop practice and marine engineering (turbine, reciprocating and Diesel engines). Immediate ratings as Machinist's Mate and Motor Machinist's Mate, Second Class (First Class in some cases), are open. Present outlook indicates prospects for rapid advancement to First Class and Chief Petty Officer in this rising branch for men who are experts in some of the particular qualifications required and who by shipboard experience after enlistment acquire proficiency.

**BOILER OPERATOR
BOILER-ROOM MAN
RAILROAD OR
POWER PLANT
FIREMAN**

They assume charge of a fire room when under way and make adjustments necessary to efficient boiler operation, including all repair and overhaul work on the system. No immediate ratings are open.

**METALSMITH
SHEET-METAL
WORKER
TINSMITH
BLACKSMITH
COPPERSMITH
WELDER**

They plan and perform general copperwork, blacksmith and sheet-metal work, estimating time and cost, and are familiar with various uses of metals, their composition and alloys. Rating immediate as Metalsmith, Second Class, is open. Expert welders will be considered for Metalsmith, First Class.

**PLUMBER
PIPEFITTER
SHIPWRIGHT
METAL WORKER
WELDER**

They are employed in maintenance and upkeep of ships' hulls and metal fitting including piping and drainage systems. Immediate rating as Shipfitter, Third Class, is open to those qualified. Expert welders will be considered for higher ratings.

**GUNSMITH
MECHANIC**

Their work is in connection with the operation, care and upkeep of guns of large and small caliber. They handle Navy mines, depth charges, torpedoes; adjust mechanisms, take charge of a gun and gun's crew. Immediate rating as Gunner's Mate, Third Class, is open to those with ordnance experience. In general, however, Gunner's Mate, Torpedoman and Turret Captain ratings require experience that can be acquired only in the service. Opportunities for advancement to these ratings from seaman are good.

**CONSTRUCTION
MAN
RIGGER FOREMAN
SAILOR
HOIST OPERATOR**

They know canvas work and all kind of hoisting with block and tackle; understand anchor chain and the method of mooring; handle boats, fashion knots and splices with rope or wire, and read a compass. If you have appropriate nautical experience, the Navy will give you an immediate rating as Coxswain, will pay of a Petty Officer, Third Class.

**PHARMACIST
HOSPITAL
ATTENDANT
FIRST-AID
INSTRUCTOR
MALE NURSE**

Pharmacist's Mates under the Medical Officer's supervision have charge of the sick on board ship, do first-aid work, prepare and administer simple standard medicines, administer anesthesia, and supervise hygiene. Immediate rating as Pharmacist's Mate, Second or Third Class, and as Hospital Apprentice, First or Second Class, are open.

PAINTER

They supervise and perform all painting on board ship. They are qualified to prepare and mix surface coatings of various kinds, and understand the proper choice of materials for specific tasks. Immediate ratings as Painter, Third Class, are open.

**CARPENTER
PATTERNMAKER
CABINET MAKER
SHIPWRIGHT**

Using hand and power tools, they repair ships' boats and repair and replace all woodwork on board ship. They know joining and finishing, read blueprints and understand principles of wood preservation. They know a ship's piping and drainage system and the maintenance of watertight integrity. Ratings are open as Carpenter's Mate, Third Class, and Patternmaker, Second Class.

New Rates of Navy Pay

Men with dependents	Pay Grade	Base Pay	If serving at sea or abroad	If serving abroad on flying duty	Rental and Subsistence Allowances
LIEUTENANT		\$200.	\$220.	\$330.	\$132.
LIEUTENANT JUNIOR GRADE		166.67	183.33	275.	117.
ENSIGN		150.	165.	247.50	102.
COMMISSIONED WARRANT OFFICER		175.	192.50	288.75	117.
WARRANT OFFICER		150.	180.	270.	102.
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER PERMANENT	1	138.	165.60	248.40	34.50
OFFICERS' CHIEF STEWARD AND COOK	1	138.	165.60	248.40	34.50
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER ACTING	1-A	126.	151.20	226.80	34.50
OFFICERS' CHIEF STEWARD AND COOK	1-A	126.	151.20	226.80	34.50
PETTY OFFICER FIRST CLASS	2	114.	136.80	205.20	34.50
OFFICERS' STEWARD AND COOK FIRST CLASS	2	114.	136.80	205.20	34.50
PETTY OFFICER SECOND CLASS	3	96.	115.20	172.80	34.50
MUSICIAN FIRST CLASS	3	96.	115.20	172.80	34.50
OFFICERS' STEWARD AND COOK SECOND CLASS	3	96.	115.20	172.80	34.50
PETTY OFFICER THIRD CLASS	4	78.	93.60	140.40	*
FIREMAN FIRST CLASS	4	78.	93.60	140.40	*
OFFICERS' STEWARD AND COOK THIRD CLASS	4	78.	93.60	140.40	*
SEAMAN FIRST CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
FIREMAN SECOND CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
MESS ATTENDANT FIRST CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
MUSICIAN SECOND CLASS	5	66.	79.20	118.80	*
SEAMAN SECOND CLASS	6	48.	57.60	86.40	*
FIREMAN THIRD CLASS	6	48.	57.60	86.40	*
MESS ATTENDANT SECOND CLASS	6	48.	57.60	86.40	*
APPRENTICE SEAMAN	7	42.	50.40	75.60	*
MESS ATTENDANT THIRD CLASS	7	42.	50.40	75.60	*

* All food and lodging supplied.

These or higher pay rates are just about to go into effect. In addition, a bill now going through Congress provides payments to dependents of enlisted men in this way: the sailor allots \$20 monthly out of his salary; the government adds another \$20 if he has a wife but no children; \$30 to a wife and one child; \$40 to a wife and two children; \$10 a month extra for each additional child.

The Odds On Your Navy Career

Of each 1,000 enlisted men in the peacetime Navy there are 250 Apprentice Seamen and Seamen, Second Class; 220 Seamen, First Class; 157 Petty Officers, Third Class, 153 Second Class and 140 First Class; 10 Acting and 70 Permanent Chief Petty Officers—or grades with equivalent pay.

Submit qualifications, get reference from the nearest Navy Recruiting Station. They are within reach of every community.

The Marines Want—

Graduates in electrical, communication or radio engineering, for assignment to special aircraft warning duties. Men with dependents or minor physical defects are accepted. Men are commissioned as officers, with same pay as that of the top three grades in the above table.

Experienced radio operators, technicians and repairmen for aircraft warning duties. High-school graduates between 17 and 35 may enlist as staff sergeants with pay equal to Petty Officers, 2d Class, in the table.

American citizens who know the Japanese language. Commissions are offered.

Automobile or truck repair and maintenance specialists, with experience as shop foremen or maintenance superiors. Men between 25 and 40 (preferably with some military experience) may apply as Marine gunners (with pay in Petty Officer range) or first and second lieutenants (equal to Lieut. J. G. and Ensign).

Civil, chemical, electrical and mechanical engineers—to train in water distillation and purification, camouflage, refrigeration, photography, demolition, surveying, road and landing field construction, basic drafting, well drilling and bridge building. Accepted as commissioned and noncommissioned officers.

They use, adjust and care for instruments that direct the firing of the ship's guns. They have a thorough knowledge of electricity, can interpret mechanical drawings and wiring diagrams. Those experienced in the manufacture, assembly and testing of fire control instruments should submit data which will be passed on by the Bureau of Naval Personnel.

FIRE CONTROLMAN



PHOTOGRAPHER (AN AVIATION RATING)

They are responsible for the care, operation, adjustment and installation of photographic equipment. They understand the principles of aerial photography and map making. The Bureau of Naval Personnel will consider a few applications from particularly well-qualified applicants for photographer ratings.

They use electrical tools and perform soldering and brazing necessary to electrical repairs, repair open circuits, locate grounds, and run wiring for electrical systems. They are charged with the care, upkeep and operation of all electrical equipment aboard ship. This consists of motors, generators, motor-generators, switchboards, searchlights, batteries, telephones, etc. Immediate ratings as Electrician's Mate, First, Second and Third Class, are open.

ELECTRICIAN'S MATE

They operate, adjust and repair Navy transmitting and receiving equipment, as well as radio direction finders. Radiomen are capable of standing watch as operators and maintaining the equipment in operation. Radiomen, First, Second and Third Class, are wanted immediately. Men with certain basic educational requirements are accepted for training as Radio Technicians, Second and Third Class.

RADIOMAN RADIO TECHNICIAN

They send and receive international code by blinker, searchlight or semaphore; take and receive all flag hoist signals required; identify storm warnings, flags and other signals. Rating as Signaller, Third Class, is open.

SIGNALMAN

They are responsible for Navy food, its attractive and hygienic preparation and (under direction of the Commissary Stewards) use of kitchen supplies and equipment. Ratings are open for Baker, Third Class, and Ship's Cook, Third Class.

SHIP'S COOK BAKER

They are able to direct the installation of a complete Naval Meteorological Observatory afloat or ashore, to make upper air soundings both with surface and aircraft instruments, to compute pilot balloon soundings mathematically, to make weather observations and read meteorological instruments, to draw accurate synoptic weather charts, and to read weather codes. Ratings are open for Aerographer, Third Class (or higher).

AEROGRAPHER

They work all types of metal used in aircraft; they forge, braze, weld, electroplate, and bend pipe; and use oxyacetylene welding and cutting outfits. Know how to dress and repair tools and to apply heat treatment and methods of testing aircraft metals. Aviation Metalsmith, Second and Third Class, are the ratings open.

AVIATION METALSMITH

They align and assemble aircraft and aircraft engines, make adjustments and repairs to engines, engine parts, rigging and fabric. Overhaul and adjust airplane engine accessories, and operate, adjust, and overhaul internal combustion engines of the various types used in aircraft. Immediate ratings are available as Aviation Machinist's Mate, Second and Third Class, with higher grades possible.

AVIATION MACHINIST'S MATE

* HIGHER ADVANCED RATINGS ARE OFFERED THOSE WHO QUALIFY

QUIZ KIDS' CELEBRITY

By Henry L. Jackson



THE photogenic moppets you see above, behind the plate-glass window, are those knowledgeable infallibles known as the Quiz Kids.

We submit that the photograph is news. It is news that the erudite juveniles, who haven't been amazed, awed or even mildly surprised by anything since they began talking, managed to simulate these emotions for the photographer whose chore it was to dig up a new way to ring in the Father's Day idea.

The most expressive of the group, in short the scene-stealer, is Mademoiselle

Ruth Sandra Duskin, aged seven, who was reading King Lear to her mamma at an age when your moppet and mine were learning to say glug for milk and glug-glug for more milk.

This blond little beauty is expressing her delight over the new blue silk bathrobe and the socks and stuff she's going to buy her daddy for Father's Day. She, like the other quizzers, is one of the few children in the world able to indulge in such dutiful largess. As one of radio's—and Paramount Pictures'—better paid workers, she is in a unique position for a seven-year-old.

The idea we are struggling to put across is, however, that other children—with the political and economic collaboration of Mother—can do for Pop what La Ruth will do for hers.

Before we leave Ruth we would like to indulge in a small maliciousness. Here is a poem she composed for Father's Day:

*May Father's Day be a happy day,
And may you enjoy yourself at work
and play,
And may the birds sing
And the wedding bells ring!*

Ruth, who embarrassed our editor no

end with her questions of location of the Irrawaddy F Caspian Sea, just dashed poem off in a few minutes. it here to prove that she's lectual giant. We submit very poor poem indeed.

The handsome lad with smile, who contemplates lighter he might give his father Llewellyn Williams, who's a wiz at mathematic ing Father to the movies as too, as part of his Father's bration. There are scores



ve I d—cigars, a pipe, a pen-
il s or a shaving kit. He
together made up his mind, as
see om his speculative smile.
y, though, about dinner and the
hich e can share.
thud little guy next to him
ne-year-old zoologist-botanist-
gist, Master Gerard Brendon
He told us that if anybody's
of ving him anything this
Day it must be a soft-shell
a re: variety obtainable in a
ive-d-ten-cent store in his
ago. We explained, of course

that that wasn't the Father's Day idea at all. He should give Pop something—the brat! So then he decided he's going to give the elder Mr. Darrow a bathing suit—a tight, light blue satin one, because the one now owned by Mr. Darrow looks, we were told emphatically, simply terrible.

Harvé Bennett Fischman, whose age is eleven, volunteered that he was giving Father a "leisure jacket"—one of those comfortable, sporty lounge jackets, good to wear around the house evenings and Sundays, for bowling, or after swim-
ming. Harvé is a historian, but prac-

tical enough to understand that his father's leisure jacket should have enormous pockets to put all sorts of things in.

Joel Juden Fleck is the big boy at the right. He's thirteen and the pride of Dallas, Texas, where he was born. He is an all-round expert but specializes in astronomy. He was going to drive a truck and then he toyed with the idea of being a garbage man, but recently he's decided to become a scientist. He's considering socks, suspenders, handkerchiefs, maybe a pair of sunglasses for Pop. But if we know Joel, he'll give

Father a sextant, which Father can't use but which Joel will probably want very much—if Uncle Sam will let him have one. Sextants are used in the navigation of planes and ships to determine position.

These Quiz Kids certainly came in handy as a way of suggesting to mothers and children that it would be a nice thing to do to give Father a tie, a piece of jewelry, some shaving lotion, a jar or bowl of shaving cream, new razor blades, pipes, cigars, cigarettes, bowling shoes, a pair of skates, or a new tire for his car . . . Whoops, sorry! ★★★

DIXON WAGNER

Flight to the Sun

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

IN ATHENS, not far from where the Greek-Italian war is raging, Flight Lieutenant John Quayle, of the Royal Air Force, meets and falls in love with a beautiful Greek girl, Helen Stangou. Both are ordered to the town of Ioannina, she to work in the hospital and he to join his squadron.

Quayle's outfit is a gallant and experienced fighter unit under the command of Squadron Leader Hickey. Every day their valiant little group goes up to do battle with the enemy, and they bring down many enemy planes. But they are hopelessly outnumbered by the Italians who pick the British fliers off one by one until the squadron is down to only six.

Quayle asks Helen to marry him and when she says "yes," he arranges for her to go back to Athens in a few days in the Bombay, the supply transport plane. Hickey informs Quayle that the squadron is to go to Athens the next

day, but that at six in the morning there will be one more patrol to do. They are to accompany Nitralaxis, a laughing Greek flier, on a reconnaissance flight toward Valona.

The squadron runs into a cloud of Italian planes and in the ensuing battle, Quayle's plane is damaged and he plunges earthward and crashes. When he returns to consciousness, Quayle, sore and bleeding, climbs out of the wreck.

He encounters Nitralaxis, whose plane has been shot down, and Deus, a young Greek boy, who agrees to guide them through the Italian lines to where the Greeks are fighting.

Finally they start on their perilous trek. For two days they make their slow, painful way past the Italians. They are shot at by both Italians and Greeks as they crouch and run toward their own lines. Quayle sees Nitralaxis shot down. He sees Deus stagger and fall. Then Quayle, putting his hands wide, runs toward the Greeks crying: "*Inglisi! Inglisi! I'm Inglisi!*"

THERE was silence. . . had never heard such silence. . . was no sound . . . silence always had some sound. . . was wrong. There was sound. . . thoroughly and utterly

He opened his eyes. . . himself running to the . . . could hear the artillery-chine guns, no artillery, ten when he was running artillery. He could only chine guns but there was . . . Ah . . . my word, yes kid me. . . I know there saw the bread. . . Ther bread. . . It was brown ing edges like a split s didn't believe it. He said "Where . . ." he said, a prised at his voice.

Someone came in. Quayle. "What is it?" "Inglisi," he heard the pected Nitralaxis. It was with the dung-colored t was a contrast to Nitral wore blue. Yes, it was own blue.

Another man came in. overcoat and a peaked ca are awake," he said in c

"Yes," Quayle said. "You're all right," he h say. It was the one with t

"Yes . . . I know . . . I know that. I'm very sor "That's all right. He some cognac."

He gave Quayle the Quayle drank the cognac pain of its taste. He shoo felt its warmth. He look the Greek in the peaked "Thanks," he said, wit herence.

"You're all right," the "Yes. Where is this?"

"This is our hut. You' you were lucky."

"I know. Did you see up the hill?"

"The other one?" the "No, but they told me al

"He got us back. You other one? There was a G

"I didn't see him. May did."

"No; he didn't get here off the bunk and stood up circular motion of the ear head but he was all right. the artillery.

"I want to get to Ioann "That's a long way."

"There's a road now. T isn't there? It won't take

"There's a road." The C "What about the Germ

asked.

"They are bombing u Where did you come from

"I was shot down . . . m week ago. It was long ago

"You fight. . . You a right."

"Yes, I was shot down down behind the Italian li

got here. We all walked. did. Look at my face."

"You walked?"

"Yes. Are the Germans "No."

"I've got to get going. I there? Where's the road?

The Greek smiled. "It's Germans aren't there yet.

"How near are they?"

(Continued on pag 4)

"Tap," Quayle said. He v bed and Helen shook Ta He awoke. He looked w zled with heavy eyes f Then he saw Quayle ar



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With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 22

"I don't know. We don't know anything up here. Everything is gone wrong. They've bombed Ioannina a lot. We lost contact with the general there for yesterday. He says it is bad there. We are retreating everywhere."

"What about the Australians, the British?" Quayle asked. He was looking at the bread and he felt hungry. "Can I have some of that?" He pointed to the bread.

"Sure," the Greek said. "The *Inglisi* are on the other side of the Pindus. We do not know about them. There are Germans coming down from Koritza."

"Can I get back to Ioannina before them?"

"Yes . . . you will be all right. Don't worry."

"I'm not worrying. But I've got to get back to Ioannina. Will you show me how to get to the road?"

"That's all right."

Quayle was breaking the bread and putting it in his tunic pocket. The Greek watched him. The little Greek gave him another mug of cognac. Quayle drank it in a gulp, filling his mouth, then swallowing it.

"Will you show me?" he said, and walked to the door.

"Can you travel?" the taller Greek asked.

"Yes . . . if I can get to the road." Quayle opened the door, and the white sunlight astonished him. He shaded his eyes. He could hear the artillery very distinctly now.

"If you wait for a minute he will go with you." The Greek in the peaked cap nodded toward the small Greek. He said something to the small Greek, who went away.

"He's gone to get his things."

"I don't want to put you to any bother. Can you spare him?" Quayle asked.

"What difference does it make? One man won't make any difference now."

"Thank you," Quayle said.

THE little Greek came back with a rolled blanket over his shoulder. He had another one. He smiled and showed yellow teeth. He gave the extra rolled blanket to Quayle. The Greek in the peaked cap told him what to do.

"Get him to Ioannina," he told the small one. "Put him on the trucks going back and get him to Ioannina. Then come back here. It's all clear."

"I understand," the small one said. He took the order the Greek had written out for him. He nodded to Quayle.

Quayle stepped out of the stone hut. He walked a few steps in the mud. As if by an afterthought, he turned and said, "Goodbye. And thank you. Thank you for everything."

"That's all right," the Greek with the peaked cap said. "I wish I were going with you."

Quayle looked at his quiet face and saw that he meant it.

"S'long," the Greek said, along with the artillery.

"S'long," Quayle answered and followed the small Greek through the mud.

He walked with the little man along the mud-deep path. It was fine to walk not expecting Italians to spring from nowhere. He could see the road and the trucks passing by, beneath them. Just as long as the Germans were not in Ioannina, he would find Helen there and he could get back to Athens.

"*Airopianos*," the little Greek said.

Quayle listened. He could hear the multiple engines. The little Greek was crouching in the timber at the side of the track.

"Come out of it," Quayle said. "they're miles away."

He walked on down the path. The little Greek followed him, looking up all the time. They saw the flock of bombers pass over and they were heading west. Quayle couldn't figure out where they were going unless it was to the coast ports.

When they got to the road, the trucks that had just pulled out of a parking space were stopped, jammed up close together. The drivers were standing around up the slope away from the road. They were all peering at the disappearing bombers.

"What is wrong? Do you think they can hit you from there?" the little Greek said to them, as he caught up with Quayle. The other Greeks looked at the two of them.

was the sound of airplanes. John Quayle slept with his head on his arms across the broad engine cover in the cabin of the Diesel. . . .

AT ARGYROKASTRO, where it was night, the little Greek shook him and woke him up. Quayle could see the white buildings and smell the acrid bomb odor as he got down. He followed the little Greek, still half asleep. He could feel the wetness on his face as a light rain came down. There were Greeks everywhere around as they walked through the bombed ruins of the town clutching the side of the large white mountain.

"Where are we going?" Quayle said to the little Greek.

The little Greek shook his head and pointed in front of him.



"Jiggly old rattletraps, aren't they?"

GEORGE SMITH

"Who is that? Who is it, you with the stomach in his mouth?"

"*Inglisi* . . . It's an *Inglisi* . . . An aviator who was shot down. He walked from Valona. He was up bombing there."

"You talk too much," a big Greek said.

"Maybe . . . but he's got to get to Ioannina. We will ride in your truck."

"I only go to Argyrokastro."

"Well, we go that far."

The little Greek picked out the big Greek's truck because it was an eight-wheel Diesel captured from the Italians and did not go off the high mountain roads very easily.

"The *Inglisi* will ride with you," the little Greek said.

QUAYLE didn't know what was going on but he realized that the little Greek was being aggressive because he was there and was an *Inglisi*, which was an excuse to be aggressive. He led Quayle to the cabin of the big Diesel and helped him up. He sat down next to Quayle and then the big Greek got in. There was the whine of the starter. The big Greek pulled at the large gear shift and they moved off.

There was only memory of sleep and wakening as the others ran into the ditch at the side of the road because there

Quayle looked at the Greek soldiers who passed them. They were walking without effort and direction and were tired in their movements. He could see they were retreating in slow disorder. He looked at them disinterestedly because he felt nothing about them or for them. He followed the little Greek through the smoking destruction and was glad when they were out of its odor. The little Greek seemed to have set his mind on walking some distance. There was no transport on the road.

"Hey . . . where are we going? What about truck . . . auto?" Quayle asked.

"Oihi . . . Oihi." The little Greek shook his head and pointed forward.

Quayle reasoned there would be some sort of car ahead.

They had been walking for more than an hour, and Quayle was beginning to feel his head filling with blood again. He sat down on the wet earth of the road and didn't feel its dampness. He wanted to sleep. The little Greek pulled him up and kept his wide hard hand under Quayle's right arm. Finally they came to the bridge where there were trucks coming back onto the road.

"Detour," the little Greek said and Quayle couldn't see him smiling in the dark.

As a truck loaded with soldiers came up the steep bank from the bridge the

little Greek shouted to have an *Inglisi* . . . I have you and get him to Ioannina.

"We're not going to Ioannina."

"Who is in this convoy?"

"Ask some of the other road," the driver said.

Quayle could barely hear, he was so tired. He heard the Greek shouting again. The pressure under his armpits and stumbled into the back and felt the hard jerk on his head dropped to the floor. He immediately.

The truck stopped where crossroads near Doliana. large groups of Greek soldiers around, and a mile of confusion. There were no sight and nobody seemed anything about straightening mess. The little Greek what was causing the block gone for a long time. W back, Quayle was awake.

"*Inglisi* . . . *Inglisi* . . . A Ioannina . . . *Allemands* . . . the little Greek screamed.

Quayle tried to remember. He wondered how the Greeks have got into Ioannina. They went away and Quayle looked the confusion, wondering. Then the little Greek came him was a tall bearded Greek yellow corporal stripes on said something in German.

"Yes . . . you speak German asked in German.

"Yes. . . This one here is to go to Ioannina."

"That's right," Quayle said this about the Germans being there.

"It is true, they say here. move because they say the in Ioannina."

"How could the Germans I do not know. I only they say."

"How far is it?" Quayle asked.

"Some hours."

"Thank you. I'll walk. A get here if he's coming."

The corporal asked the if he would walk to Ioannina. *Inglisi*. The little Greek the Germans. The corporal didn't believe it. He would v nina with the *Inglisi*.

"All right," the little Greek go."

THEY walked past the column of trucks, guns, mule carts, limbers, soldier not alive though they went ahead on the empty Ioannina.

Quayle expected some tra on the road even if the German Ioannina; but as they walked between the valleys they did truck. They saw no soldiers mules. Quayle was beginning the Germans must have taken "How far away is this place asking the corporal.

"Not far . . . it's kilometers They passed kilometer 22, a rough post. The little Greek ging behind and he kept talking.

"We will walk into the German he said. His small unshaven a mockery to Quayle even looked at him.

"Too bad," the other C "What difference anyway?"

"Why go on?" the little Greek

"I want to get as near home

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ESSLEY PAJAMAS are designed for sleeping—comfortably cut, and smartly styled in many patterns and colors.

sible. What about your *Inglisi* here?"

"He's crazy. He walked from Valona. Fancy that! It would be simpler to be killed."

"Why don't you get killed, then?"

"I go with the *Inglisi*," the little Greek said.

Quayle did not understand what they were saying, but he liked the little Greek for his arguing. They walked on, along the silent road that climbed slowly up the mountain slopes and wandered easily into the valley. When the road climbed higher and got into the cold wind that came around the mountain edge, Quayle, who was walking ahead, saw the lake of Ioannina.

"That's the lake," he said in German to the corporal.

"Yes . . . we are near."

"What about the Germans? Can you see any signs of them?" the little Greek asked the other.

"Not from here. There's the lake, though. Yes. There's the lake!"

It was slower walking now because they were so near. The afternoon was almost at its end, and Quayle was going as fast as he could because he wanted to get there before dark. The little Greek was still anxious about the Germans. When they came down off the last slope and crossed the wide bridge, which had no guard on it, and everything seemed deserted, he was certain the Germans were there. He asked the corporal why they couldn't wait until the morning, but he could see Quayle walking steadily across the bridge, so he resigned himself to certain capture.

Quayle was not thinking so much about the Germans as about Helen Stangou now. It was so near that he was not able to think too much about the possibilities of what Helen had done. When the thought threatened that she might have gone back in the Bombay transport plane on the day he was shot down, he blocked it out and looked at the red road ahead of him.

And then he saw the first Greeks.

"Well . . . the Germans haven't got it. There's some Greeks." The little Greek beamed and pointed to a mule cart coming toward them from the town.

Quayle did not look closely at the Greeks in the mule cart when he passed. They could have been Germans in disguise, but he would not notice that now. He was walking with steady ploddingness as if he were tramping in snow. He passed the road junction, then the

trees at the outskirts, then houses, then the big tree that the road where the vehicles checked going out, but there were no there now.

When he came around the village outskirts he saw the bage. There was no real shape the indefinite crude houses made the village.

He got into the ruins of street and then he saw the walking around, and the comforted feeling of the place was satisfactory. He wondered quickly the hospital. This town was destroyed. He walked across square that was nothing but craters filled with water and a smashed hotel where they had the Greek soldier sitting on the cement step just looking at earth. Quayle looked at him steadily as he walked by. He had to be conscious of the little corporal who were far be

THEN he saw the hospital. I Greeks around the edge of busses and he smiled because life. But the hospital building down at one end and the whole side was holed with small marks.

He was breathing quickly a uncertain about himself when through the Greeks to the doors. He pulled one of them and walked into the thick smoke and things that kept life. He the girl at the desk. She was

He walked through a ward small room next to the maternity. There were girls rolling bandages doing something with bottles.

Helen Stangou was leaning over a sink washing her hands. He name.

She turned around.

"It's me," he said. "It's me"

He could see Helen becoming yellow. She moved quickly to him, talking coherently. He gripped her arm and he felt her crying, then he crying because he couldn't believe that he was here with her.

"Oh! It is you!" she exclaimed. "You hurt? Your face . . ."

Then he could feel her, but arms were around her back and crying. Everything was loose and he was part of her crying

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"When I think of the time I spent choosin' this wallpaper . . ."



...er this time. For instance: Goodby, Broadway, Hello What?"

WILLIAM SPAAR

... everything . . . the plane
falling into the hands of the
... glisi and Nitralaxis and
... crimes and warmth and cold
... thing . . .

... he looked up. He saw her
... and felt it all and only needed
... all hi.

... face . . . she said. She put
... up and touched the bandages.
... he said uncertainly. "I'm
... y."

... quickly . . . your face. Oh,
... And he cried again—without

... right," he said. "It's all right,
... it is.

... said they saw you be smashed.
... hat they told me."

... ow. But I got out. I'm all
... uay said.

... as looking at him without blink-
... and led him along the pas-
... to the surgery. She was crying
... and looking at the dirty
... on his face.

... all right . . . it's all right," he
... they went in.

... Quay's face had been dressed,
... d. Then he rejoined Helen.

... with me," she said.

... e?"

... I will show you some-

... got to get up to headquarters,"

... will be one minute," she said.

... wed up a flight of stairs to
... ward room with four beds in it.

... d see the bulk of men's shapes
... eds.

... Hen said. She was point-
... sleeping figure in the far bed.

... Tap Fishley.

... Quay said. He walked to the
... He shook Tap's shoulder.

... te. He looked wide and puzzled
... vy eye for a moment; then he
... outline of Quayle and he smiled

... and his handsome face was
... shape.

... ny," Tap said. "You son of a

gun. . . . You old bum. . . . We thought
you were dead."

"What are you doing here?" Quayle
asked.

"I got plugged in the shoulder. I got
back, though."

Quayle looked up and saw Helen
smiling widely at Tap. He was sud-
denly conscious of something within
himself that didn't like this.

"How are you feeling now?" Quayle
asked slowly without thinking. He was
looking at Helen.

"Fine," Tap said. "Just fine. I'm
waiting for them to send a Blenheim or
something up to get me."

"You'll wait forever, then," Quayle
said.

"They said they would. You can come
down with me."

"They can't waste a Blenheim for us."
"Have you told Headquarters you're
here?" Tap asked.

"No . . . not yet. I'm just going up
there."

"What do you say about this?" Tap
said to Helen. He smiled broadly at
her.

Helen put her arm through Quayle's.

"She thought you'd got it, John," Tap
said.

"What have you two been up to while
I was away?" Quayle asked with half hu-
mor that he knew was a serious demand.

"You'd be surprised," Tap said and
laughed. Helen said nothing. Quayle
looked at both of them and again he
was conscious of something that he
didn't like.

"She was hit pretty hard," Tap said.

"Just as well you were here, then,"
Quayle told Tap, but he smiled when he
said it.

"Yes. Don't you think so, Helen?"

"Yes," she said without any implica-
tions. "Tap was very bad when he came
in too."

Quayle did not like to hear her use
Tap's first name. "Were all the others
okay?" he asked Tap.

"Yes. You should have seen the
drunk Hickey went on the night you got
it. I didn't see it, but the others told

it. I didn't see it, but the others told

it. I didn't see it, but the others told

it. I didn't see it, but the others told

it. I didn't see it, but the others told

it. I didn't see it, but the others told

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Director: No, no, no, Miss Joyce! Get some life in it! Some zip and zing! You know—
some of the old pep appeal!

Girl: Oh, dear! It sure looks like I've lost our chance for a spot in the show. I guess
I just haven't got it!



Boy: It's not *that* bad, honey! You know you can step with the best of them. It's just
like he says—what you need is a little more pep. I'll bet you haven't been eating right
lately—not getting all your vitamins. And right now's when you start getting them.
Put on your hat and let's go.



Boy: No getting around it, sugar. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins. And
right in KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in
ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D. Yes, sir! Right in this swell, crunchy cereal, made
from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Girl: Mister, mister! Why didn't you tell me how marvelous it tastes? If getting the
rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, we may be seeing our names in
lights before we know it!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B₁, according to
age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

me he was just pouring the stuff down."

"They didn't leave a Gladiator behind by any chance, did they?"

"No. I would have flown it out ages ago if they had," Tap said.

"Well, I might as well go and see about getting out of here."

"Where are you going?" Helen asked.

"I'm going up to headquarters. But I'll be back, don't worry."

He turned away. Helen stayed with Tap. Quayle walked down the steps and went outside. There was the confusion outside the hospital.

He walked through it. There was the mud and the wreckage all the way through the town and the uneven bomb craters that made the whole place a deserted garden.

He walked through it.

WHERE the road swung around the cliff to the headquarters cave, there were high wooden coffins stacked against the wall and some of them had been smashed in by a bomb that had left its shallow crater in the rock road.

The trees along the road outside the cave were stripped and broken by the bombs that had staggered along the road. The fuel dump that had rested just beyond had exploded and spread a great black stain up the side of the solid rock. Quayle walked up the steps into the headquarters, showed his papers to the guard who saluted. It was the same as usual but with more confusion. He walked to the small ante-cave where the English speaker was. He looked around but couldn't find him. Then another Greek came up and said, "You wish what?"

"I wish to see somebody about calling Athens," Quayle said, looking around at the tired Greeks working in the confusion.

"You are what?"

"I'm a flier. I was shot down behind the Italian lines a couple of weeks ago and I want to call my C.O. in Athens. Where can I do that?"

"Excuse. I will get the captain."

He went away and came back with a tall man with a clipped mustache showing through unshaven features. He had a wide-collared coat that was almost down to his ankles and a rakish cap.

"Alex Mellass," Quayle said. He was remembering the first time Mellass had met the squadron when it arrived at Ioannina.

"Ha . . . *Inglisi* . . . the one with the straight nose. . . You are in a fine mess. Where have you been? What are you doing here?"

Quayle explained to Mellass about the crash and getting to Ioannina.

"I want to get in touch with my C.O. at Athens. Can you help me out?" Quayle said.

"You come too late. We have no touch with Athens."

"What's wrong now?"

"Perhaps the Germans have reached Trikkala. Perhaps parachute men have cut the wires. We do not know. We know nothing here."

"I'll have to get back to Athens. Can you get me a car?"

"Ha! Listen to the *Inglisi*! Can I get an airplane? It is the same."

"Is it that bad?"

"You are gloriously ignorant. It is that bad!"

"Well, I've got to get back to Athens," Quayle said after a silence. "Isn't there any way of getting a car?"

"No. There is the broken one that nobody can fix. But you could not take it."

"Where is it? I can fix it."

"They would not let you take it."

"Look," Quayle said. "You show it to me. Let me worry about taking it."

"They will shoot you if they catch you. There are strict orders—"

"Just let me try it," Quayle broke in. "Where is it?"

"It is foolish. But if it is that way, I show you."

Mellass took him out of the headquarters cave. They walked into a narrow opening in the cliff. It led up some steps to a porch that opened onto a courtyard. Quayle could see the outline of cars parked there. Mellass walked to one corner. In the darkness Quayle could see the car.

"Are they all smashed?" Quayle said, looking at the others.

"They have been used to supply spare parts for others. Only this one is whole."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I do not know. It is the gear. The clutch does not work, I think," Mellass said.

Quayle got into the car and started the engine. He pushed the clutch and pulled the gear into first. When he let the clutch out nothing happened.

"Transmission," he said. "This is going to be tough."



"I don't know how Halverson does it, but he certainly made a lot of money for the bank last year!"

DICK SHAW

Somebody called out in Greek. Mellass paused a moment, then answered.

"It is the guard," he whispered to Quayle. "Be quiet and stay under the car."

Quayle got under the car. He heard Mellass talking quickly with the guard. Then the guard went away.

"I told him you fix it for the general," Mellass explained. "He has gone to get a light."

WHEN the guard came back he had a storm lantern that had been painted blue. Quayle took it with a grunt. He could see better when he scraped some of the blue paint off the globe. He could see the dent in the gear box. When he worked the clutch he could tell that it did not go in and completely engage the gears. It had obviously hit something, and the clutch arm was bent. If he straightened the clutch arm it would go right in. He crawled out and told Mellass about the clutch.

"Can you do it?" Mellass said.

"It'll take me a while. What about some petrol?"

"I do not know. There would be some where you landed your planes."

"That's a long way off."

"You will only get away if you finish before morning. They would see you here in the day. You must finish before morning."

"Can you keep the guard away?" Quayle asked.

"I must go," Mellass said. "But I will tell the guard not to interrupt you. You will be all right, you think?"

"Sure."

"I will come back," Mellass said as he walked away.

QUAYLE got the few tools from under the front seat and a giant tire lever. He got under the car just as the planes came over. . . . The first he knew about it was the bombing. He could hear the string dropping down the lake road. He lay flat because the noise was big. Then another string dropped across the town and he could see the parachute flare

cursing into the red flat when the bomber he could see the bomber near the hospital. Helen. She was pro what had happened to wondering about Tap have time to think that so long as she stayed this thing fixed.

He got up and belted and felt his smashed he finally straightened crawled on his belly, bombs, and got back u could not get the lever slipped because his sn not strong enough to h the lever back with or aged to slip it into posi pushed in the pin and He blew out the lantern quiet again because t gone away. He started pulled it in gear. Slow clutch and it took. Th ward easily.

"Good!" he said. He and went back to the h to find Mellass. He fo into a telephone.

"Okay," Quayle told it. I'm going up to the Helen."

"What?"

"I'm taking her with to marry her."

"The girl with the ha the other *Inglisi*?"

"Yes. . . . Will it be a the car straight out?"

"You will have to ch get the fuel?"

"No. I'll get that l back."

QUAYLE walked thro wreckage of the vil smell all the world bur glad when it was taken a When he got to the h saw the confusion and that had just come in. wounded who cried as ried in. There was gree guing and smells, and mixed with the whole. little Greek and the co forgotten all about the "*Inglisi*!" the little G He looked frantic.

"We have waited for poral said solemnly.

"Shh . . . don't speak Quayle warned. "Wait!"

He walked into the l was more chaos than be Helen stacking bandag twisted and dirty with into a refuse basket.

"John, what did you d at his dirty face. "Are y

"No. Shh! I've bee We're getting out of he

"I've been frantic for "Look," he said. "I w again. Can I go up ther

"What for?"

"We're leaving tonight said.

"I can't. Can't you se would not be allowed."

"For heaven's sake do don't get out of here by never get out of here. Tap's room."

She walked out and Q her through the confusi pital again. He walked Tap's room was in da found her way to the be

"It's me. Listen," Quay "We're getting out of he you feel strong enough

"Is Helen coming?"

"Of course."

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

"All right," Tap said

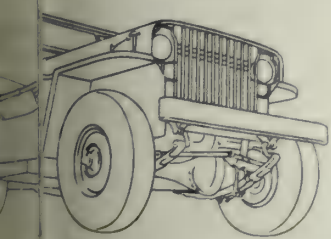
"All right," Tap said



fundamental soundness and versatility of
engineers—creators of the Go-Devil
—enabled them to swing into the making
of explosive shells with comparative ease.
Willys-Overland men are happily and
efficiently making gifts for Adolph, Hirohito
and other world conquerors in the only language

all three understand. These are the same skilled
engineers and craftsmen who collaborated with
the U. S. Quartermaster Corps to produce the
amazing Jeep, the modern miracle of the mili-
tary. They are the men of whom it is said today
—"they get more power, speed, action, economy and
durability out of a ton of steel and a gallon of
gas, than has ever been done before."

*TODAY, do your part. Conserve rubber and other
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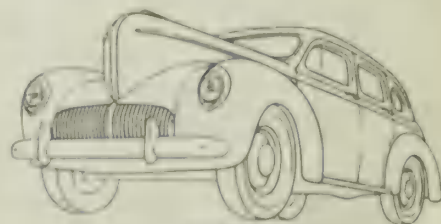


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be ready for you. Won't we, Helen?"

Quayle turned angrily and went out. The little Greek and the corporal were waiting for him at the hospital steps. When Quayle came out they followed him through the confusion of the ambulances and the blood-strewn stretchers that were stacked against the long column.

"Listen," he said to the corporal when they were away from it, "do you want to get to Athens?"

The corporal was silent for a moment. Quayle could see he was working it out. He wondered about this definite-looking Greek who was younger than he appeared.

"Yes," the corporal finally said. "It will be all right."

"You might get caught. Wouldn't you be shot for deserting?" Quayle asked, to try him.

"I'm not deserting. We were disbanded by our officers. We wanted to go on fighting. I've still got my rifle. I would not give that in. I'm not deserting." Quayle could feel that the corporal was definite about it.

"What about the midget here?"

"He wants to go anywhere you go. He just wants to get to Athens," the corporal said.

"Okay," Quayle said. "I've got to get some petrol. It's at an airfield about five miles out of town."

"What do you want us for?"

"To carry it."

"All right. But how can you get to Athens?"

"Do either of you know the route over the Metsavo Pass?"

Quayle's two companions talked in Greek again.

"Yes. We know it," the corporal told Quayle. "But the Germans are in Trikala."

"The Germans were in Ioannina. Do you want to come?" Quayle asked.

"Yes. But how will you get there?"

"Never mind that now. We've got to get some fuel from the airfield. Come on. We've got to hurry."

There was another bombing raid as they passed through the town.

IT WAS an hour before they got to the turn off into the airdrome. Quayle could see the large bomb craters in the quiet darkness. He walked straight to the small timber clump where the Greeks kept the fuel. There was a square mounting of four-gallon tins. He said, "Good!" aloud. He knew they could not carry the tins by hand. He pulled at the limb of one of the small plane trees. It bent, but it would be strong enough to hold four tins. He bent it backward and forward until it broke at the roots. He pulled out four tins. The bearded corporal saw what he was doing and pushed the limb through the handle at the top of the tins, bending them until the limb could fit through. Quayle lifted one end, and the corporal the other. The limb bent, but held.

"I'll take another one in case this breaks," Quayle said, and pulled at the tree again. He gave the limb to the little Greek and told him to carry it. The little Greek didn't understand what he said but could see for himself. They slung the weight on their shoulders and got back onto the road.

It took them an hour and a half to get to the edge of the town, which was being bombed again. Quayle did not want to take the petrol into the courtyard. He would have to chance leaving it near the hospital with the two Greeks. The car had enough petrol in it to get him to the hospital and perhaps out of town. So he skirted across the fields behind the village, and they fell and stumbled carrying the weight over the uneven ground. When he got behind the hospital he told the corporal to wait there for him.

"I've got to get the car. Don't move from here," he said.

"Where is the car?"

"At headquarters. There'll be a nurse, too, and another *Inglisi*."

Quayle ran back to the headquarters cave. By now his shoulders were completely numb from carrying the petrol. He walked quickly past the guard at the steps and found Mellass. He was talking to somebody who looked like a general. Quayle waited for him to finish. Mellass saluted the general and walked past Quayle.

"Come with me," he said as he passed Quayle.

When they were outside, Quayle said to Mellass, "It's okay. I got the petrol. I'm going now."

"I'll go with you to the car. Where's the girl and the other *Inglisi*?"

"They're waiting for me at the hospital."

"Once you start, don't stop. I'll get you to the hospital."

They got to the car without the guard seeing them. Quayle started the engine,

room where she slept with two of the other first-aid girls. She put on a heavy coat with the letters over the pocket and filled the pockets with handkerchiefs and a woolen jumper and gloves and some letters from her parents. She turned out the dim blue light and went out.

THROUGH the tangle of bodies and movement and noise and pain along the floor, nobody took any notice of her. She pulled open the large doors and, in the air, she suddenly realized that it was nearly morning.

"Is that you?" she heard Tap say.

"Yes. Are you all right?"

"I fell over a couple of dead men, but I got here."

She could see him sitting at the foot of the steps.

"We can't wait here," she said. "Come to the road farther."

She helped him along as he walked uncertainly. They stopped at the split-off trunk of a tree that had a large bomb crater beside it. She helped him sit

back door and got in. Tap n as they sat down.

"Be careful," Helen said Greek. "He's hurt."

"Who are these people?"

"They're Greeks. They're us," Quayle said.

"For heaven's sake, wh don't want them. Leave t

"Shut up, Tap. They'

Quayle pulled the gear a jerked and speeded in a gre

Helen thought they were go bomb craters. She could see

and the haste of things with suddenly recognized Mellas

onto the running board of t

"Down there," Mellass sa to the left.

They speeded around the and through the smash

Quayle kept looking behind.

"There's nobody following lass said.

"Where's this road guar asked him.

"Just ahead. Let me off lass said.

Helen wondered what M doing. He would get into

this. They would shoot h found out about it. It must

he who got the car for Quay thinking. Quayle stopped t

"Well, thanks for everyt tain," he said to Mellass.

won't come?"

"No, *Inglisi*. I will stay he

"Is that you, Alex?" Tap a

"Sh..."

"What's wrong?"

"Shut up!" Quayle said.

"Say nothing about this said to Helen in Greek, but

the others could not hear. Tell the others not to say anything

When you get to Athens tel We're going into the moun

is. Tell her not to worry. We'll be in tains. Tell her that. Look for

He must hurry to get throug before the Germans. He r

Tell my wife."

Helen could hear the fir of all things in what he said.

"Yes," she promised him I'll tell her. I will. Adieu! My life

"My life with you!" Melle said to her.

"S'long, Captain," Quayle

"S'long," Tap said. "Come Let's get moving."

"I hope I can do as much for day," Quayle said to Mellass

"You win the war for us, In will be enough."

"Okay. Goodby."

"Adieu," the captain said, speeded forward.

THE good road lasted from the beginning of the ste

Quayle stopped when they we the slope. He got out and o

back door.

"How're you feeling, Tap?"

"Fine," Tap said. He hac two blankets around his legs

the cans of petrol.

"Helen, tell these two to get out, will you?"

Helen told the two Gre Quayle wanted. He was look

boot of the car for something to punch a hole in the tins

"I hope the squadron's still a Tap said.

"They will be, I think," Qu

"Hickey was talking ab

back to Egypt. That would

it would be better than Athens

of this bloody country."

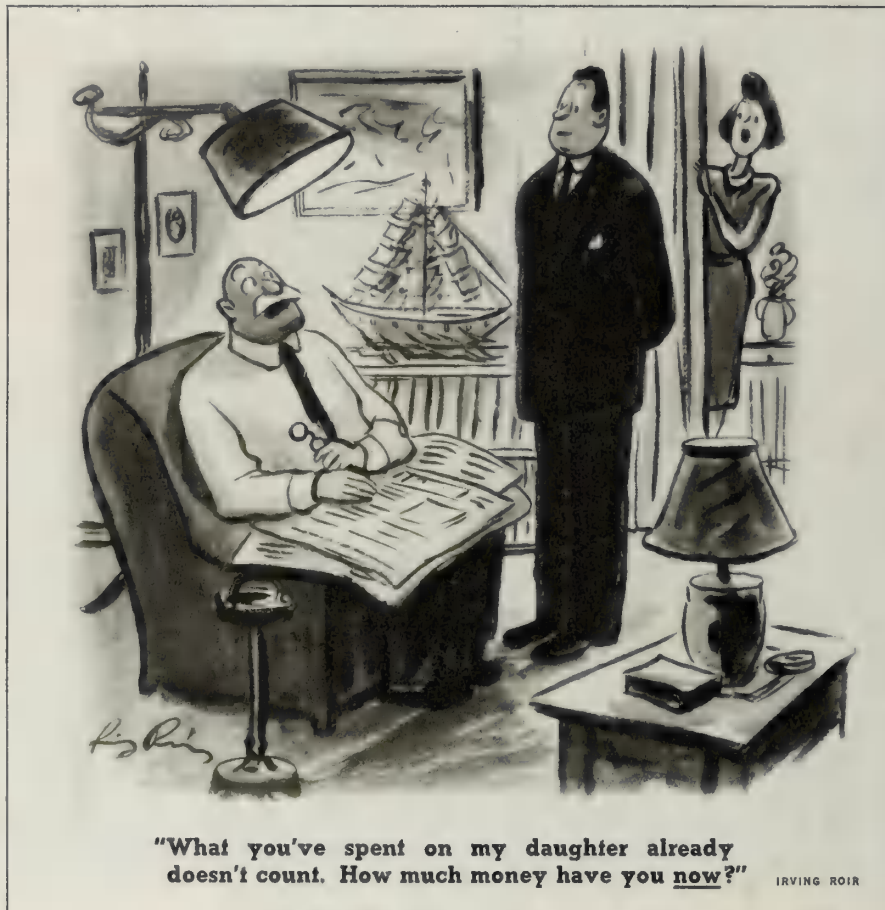
"That's very unfortunate

said with quiet anger.

"I'm sorry, Helen. I do

mean it," Tap said.

(To be continued next w)



and Mellass got in on the other side.

"How do you get out?" Quayle asked.

"Down there," Mellass said, pointing straight ahead.

Quayle could see the dim outline against the burning red of a great arched gateway. There was a guard there, too.

"Drive fast through it," Mellass said.

"Don't stop if the guard says anything. Don't stop at all."

Quayle let out the clutch and revved the engine. It was some time since he had driven a car. It lurched and then he put his foot down solidly. He felt the closeness of the gate as they swiftly went through it.

AT THE hospital the confusion was increasing. Helen Stangou walked through the wounded, the nurses and the doctors. She went to Tap's room . . . entered.

"All set?" Tap asked.

"Yes," Helen said. "I will wait for you outside. You must go down yourself."

"How do I get there?"

"Walk straight down the passage. Be careful of the men on the floor."

"All right. Don't be long," he said.

She stepped out and went to the small

down on the broken tree. She expected Quayle any minute.

They had been waiting for nearly an hour. They did not see John Quayle and the two Greeks leave the gasoline just below them. They only saw the car later when it came bumping toward them without lights. She could see the two figures coming up from below them.

"Look," she said to Tap.

"I hope they're not guards or something," he said.

They saw the car stop and the figure get out of the driver's seat and one from the other side. They went to the car.

"John," she said quietly.

"Yes," he said. "Get Tap in the back seat. We've got to get some gas."

"Where is it?" Tap said.

"Just sit there," Quayle told him. "It's down here. I got a couple of Greeks."

Quayle went with the two figures, and the third man, who was Mellass, followed them, though neither Tap nor Helen knew who it was yet. They saw the four of them coming back carrying the cans of petrol.

"We've got no time to put it in now," she heard Quayle say. "Get in."

The two Greeks understood, though he spoke in English. They opened the

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we built this better wheel and brake —
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Canada

He Woke Up Famous

Continued from page 16

Then he felt a cool hand on his forehead.

"Is it your head?" she asked solicitously.

"I don't think so," he groaned. "I think it's somebody else's. I never had a head like this in my life." He ran a fuzzy tongue around inside his mouth, and made a wry face. "It feels like the world's worst hangover."

"It is."

He blinked. "Where did I pick it up?"

"You swallowed practically a quart of brandy last night. Mrs. Beebe thought you needed it." She moved around in front of him, carrying a tray. "How about a little black coffee?"

He took the cup gratefully and tried to focus his eyes. He was sure the girl standing before him would be very beautiful if he could see her. She was quite beautiful now, despite the fact that she was eight feet wide and had two heads. He looked away; it was easier to imagine how beautiful she was just by listening to her voice. "If I'm not too curious," he asked, sipping his coffee, "who are you?"

"Lynn Horner. I work for Mrs. Beebe."

He tried again: "Who is Mrs. Beebe?"

"Mrs. Huntington Beebe. You're wearing her late husband's pajamas."

He felt himself slipping, but he made a final attempt: "Who am I?"

"Maybe you'd prefer to read it for yourself." She handed him some newspapers. "I promised to let Mrs. Beebe know as soon as you were awake."

THE door closed. He stared after her, puzzled for a moment, and wriggled uncomfortably to a sitting position. Evidently the late Mr. Beebe had been somewhat on the small side: the silk pajama coat barely met across his muscular brown chest, and his big forearms protruded from the sleeves. He frowned at the headlines: TANKER TORPEDOED OFF COAST . . . but they were meaningless. The type swam before his eyes, and he tossed the papers aside. Nothing made sense: Mr. Beebe's pajamas, the floral wreaths, the brandy.

His head was splitting, but he made an effort to recall the events of the night before. He had been heading back in his little sloop; he remembered that much. He had just wound up a week's fishing down around the Keys—his last vacation before he joined the Army—and he had been chugging back all alone toward Eshey's Point, doing maybe eight or ten knots an hour. There hadn't been enough wind for sails, and he was using the auxiliary motor. Probably he'd been half dozing; anyway, he never saw the reef or buoy or whatever it was he hit. There was a splintering crash and he landed in the water, and the little sloop began to go down.

He'd hated to see her go; he'd had a lot of good times on her. . . . It was a long haul to shore; he'd been a pretty good swimmer in college, but a couple of times he thought he'd never make it. Those last hundred yards were just nip and tuck. He remembered feeling his feet touch bottom, and then everything had gone black. . . .

He winced as the door banged open enthusiastically.

"You're all right! Oh, I'm so happy!"

A vague blob of lavender was advancing toward him, and he heard the clank of bracelets. "So unutterably happy. I'm Mrs. Beebe. Mrs. Huntington Beebe."

"Well, Mrs. Beebe," he floundered, "I want to thank you—"

"Thank me?" she protested in a soprano shriek that made his whole head

echo. "But I'm the one thanking you. After all, it isn't every chance to entertain a hero."

"But I don't see any reason about—"

"Now, then, you must be chiding. 'We've been and hours to hear the wail of your own lips.' He be pleasantly aware of other things behind her, like she dream. 'First these girls like to ask you a few questions.' 'What's your name?' inquired.

"Bill Webster." He he scratched. "Really, though, it wasn't anything."

"Did you have any war voices inquired. she sink? Was it a direct?"

"I guess it must have been the first thing I knew—"

"How about the other crew?"

"My crew?" he echoed, trying to figure how anyone could be aboard his sloop.

"Did anybody else get before she went down?"

"Tanker? . . ." He stared at her, sudden comprehension. "minute!" he exclaimed, right. "Wa-a-ait a minute be some mistake—"

"Hold it!" a matter-of-fact voice interrupted. A blinding flash of light, and his face, and his aching head, and his contracted again, he clapped his hand to his eyes and groaned.

"Oh, I know how you feel. Mrs. Beebe sympathizes. I'm afraid there isn't any pain clear through his skin, the only one of the whole saved."

He stared at the room. "I'm not . . . that is, I'm not you . . ."

His voice trailed. His head began to function at last. The first time it focused on a thing in the doorway. Slowly he seemed to swim together, eyes stopped flicking, he slowed to a halt. He gazed at her. She was beautiful—even more beautiful than he had imagined. He imagined her eyes would be gray, or her hair would be a shade of chestnut brown. Instead, they were a deep, deep blue. "I'm trying to say," he said, "I'm trying to say."

"You mustn't try to say more right now," Mrs. Beebe said gently. "You're too up plently of time later."

HE OPENED his mouth again. After all, it occurred suddenly, Mrs. Beebe was plenty of time later. I thing now, he would have away; and he was in no place to leave.

"I'm sure these gentlemen will be glad to give them any further can. Miss Horner," she might stay here in case wants anything. . . ."

The door closed. The room He peered at Lynn for a moment, uttered a tentative moan.

"Head," he sighed, pointing. She placed her hand on his again. He settled back contented looking down at his

thoughtful, only the slightest
ver at the very corners of

of hers troubled him. It
an appraising look; sev-
then they were alone to-
h caught her gray eyes on
impersonal, and there was
her voice, he thought, as
im the afternoon papers.
u'd like to see how your
print."

at the elaborate front-
Mrs. Beebe's house. (SO-
HIE HAVEN FOR TANKER
s. Beebe's private beach
NATES SPOT WHERE PROMI-
FOUND TORPEDO VICTIM),
a crisp auxiliary nurse's
WALTHY SAMARITAN APPLIES
(RESCUE), and, in the cen-
ge; a somewhat bleary-
oph of himself propped up
ate Mr. Beebe's pajamas
OWN STORY OF THRILLING
Hequired, "Does it read all

very exciting," she shrugged.
he ildest fiction."

to him that the corners of
w down a little as she
peered at her uneasily.
can hardly believe it my-
"When I think of what a
I had—"
you worked on a tanker very
nned idly.

yes—years and years,"
"I tipped away to sea when I
Borneo, China, Spain . . ."
d. Why?"

ys thought that people who
a tankers had dirty finger-

re crying refined oil," he as-
quely. "It was a very rer-
er. He changed the subject:
ut cigarette?"

to cigarettes from a pack,
en between her lips and lit
I hid him one in silence.
smile curl between his teeth
men and studied her. He ex-
snake in an abrupt cloud:
he utter, Lynn?"

know what you mean."
ay ou act. Don't you like
aske bluntly.

ay es retreated. "I'm very
ou."

"Is it as bad as that?" he groaned.
"What's the matter with me?"

"There's nothing the matter with
you," she said. "If anything's the mat-
ter, it's with me, I guess." She flicked
the ash from her cigarette, and looked at
him directly. "I'm pretty narrow-
minded about some things. If I ever find
out, for instance, that a person is a
fake—"

"Are you busy, Mr. Webster?" Mrs.
Beebe's golden soprano preceded her
through the door. "Because the news-
reelmen are here, and I promised to let
them have just a few minutes of your
time . . ."

He nodded resignedly. The bed of
a hero, he was beginning to discover,
was not all roses. Hour after hour to-
day he had faced a dizzying succession
of cameramen with floodlights, radio-
men with microphones, lady interview-
ers with purple nail polish. It was not
until the end of the day that he had an-
other chance to talk to Lynn alone.

She entered his room quickly and
shut the door behind her. He saw at a
glance that something had happened;
her smile was gone, and there was a look
of dull disappointment in her eyes.

"Bill . . ."

He waited.

"The tanker just landed at Miami,"
she said quietly. "They announced it
on the radio."

He stared at her, stunned. "But I
thought—I mean, it was torpedoed . . ."
"They managed to patch up the hole,
and they limped into port an hour ago.
The whole crew is safe. Nobody miss-
ing, the radio said." Her eyes were level.
"So I was right, wasn't I? The hunch
I had?"

"You were right," he said slowly. "I
never saw that tanker in my life. I was
sailing all alone in my little sloop, and it
upset, and I had to swim ashore. The
whole story was a fake."

She nodded. "I hate a fake, Bill. I
hate a fake worse than anything else in
the world—"

The door was flung open. "Oh, I've got
the most wonderful surprise for you,"
Mrs. Beebe shrieked, sweeping into the
room like a lavender tornado. "You'll
never guess."

Bill braced himself.

"I've just been talking to the cap-
tain—"

"What captain?"

"The captain of your tanker, silly,"

"SHHH! Mom's on The Warpath!"



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Housework on hot days is bound to
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evenings with your family the Best
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delightfully dainty again . . .
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that same distinctive
long-lasting flavor
adds enjoyment to
anything you do.
Try a package
today.



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The yellow package . . . with the red oval

Mrs. Beebe laughed. "He called me on the telephone just now, he read about you in the papers, and he was so excited he could hardly talk. He couldn't believe it," she beamed, "so I invited him to come out and see for himself."

"When is he coming?" he asked hollowly.

"He's on his way right now. He just had to stop and pick up some Navy authorities he said would like to meet you, too. Isn't it exciting?" She paused, her hand on the knob. "He says he can't wait to see you."

Lynn waited until Mrs. Beebe had left the room. She slammed the door and braced herself against it. Her face was white. "You've got to get out of here."

He was looking at her curiously.

"They'll be here any minute," she urged breathlessly. "You've got to hurry."

He did not move. "Why do you want me to go?"

"Don't you understand? They'll make all sorts of trouble for you if they catch you."

He grinned. "I thought you said you hated a fake."

"I do . . . that is . . . of course I do . . ."

"Then why are you so afraid something will happen to me?"

"There isn't any time to talk now," she said, grabbing a dressing gown from the closet and flinging it at him. "Put this on. It's Mr. Beebe's, too."

"It's because you love me, isn't it?"

"There's a trellis outside the window; you can climb down." She shoved him across the room. "You can get through the garden without anybody seeing you—"

He paused, one leg over the sill.
"Isn't it because you love me?"

"Oh, please. Please hurry!" There was a distant crunch of tires on gravel. "They're here now!"

"Not till you tell me," he insisted, standing on the trellis.

"Please, Bill," she pleaded, "there isn't time—"

He started to put his arms around her; and as he did so there was a slow splintering sound beneath him. His expression froze. His arms began to slide away from her again, his face retreated, and with majestic slowness he moved backward and outward into space. Lynn had a momentary glimpse of the late Mr. Beebe's pajamas, upended before her. There was a moment of horrid silence, then a distant thud and the faint tinkle of glass. She pressed her hand to her mouth to stifle a scream. People were shouting, and she heard running footsteps below. With a choked cry, she whirled and bolted down the stairway and out into the garden.

They were gathered about him in an excited group when she arrived. At

[illegible]

Lynn turned to a man suddenly the captain, who volubly in Greek. She a "You've got to underst trying to take any crec He just happened to be boat—"

"That's him!" the captain
"As soon as I see the papers
'That's him! That's the man
sailing the little boat That
hero!'"

"Hero?" Lynn faltere

"The hero who rescued the captain, gesturing and lying there helpless, we not move, the sub is going it again. I see the peril of the water. It is good! He kiss. "And then I see this is heading right for the thought of danger. He tells us. I hold my breath. He breath for a moment, and to continue: "He smacked—he drove his fist into the that! We are saved!" tears.

Lynn felt herself saying
Beebe peered at her sharply

"Miss Horner," she suggested, "perhaps you'd better try a little of my brandy. . . ."

BILL WEBSTER move is headed

Helplessly on the pillow, he opened his eyes. He stared in utter belief.

pink-and-gilt bedroom, a rose on
elbow. Instantly a family rain st

him behind the eyeball: and he
lapsed onto the pillow with a cry

"Mrs. Beebe?" he asked signed.

murmured. "Lie still. You'll be right."

He felt a cool hand on his forehead and he tried to look up at her, but

blurred face moved come e across
vision, trailing a successio of lurn

eyes that blinked at him infallibly
reached up and pressed his hand

ng temples he tried



"Joan, that argument for national gasoline rationing is h

A Little Something Called Morale

Continued from page 11

names in the paper. Ner!"
it a blacked-out port in the
s'c'sle, Seaman Linn sighed.
our fun, Tim," he said.
st, do you remember—"

ing of Maj. General Haizlip,
Downes and Corporal Mat-
heroes had begun with a
read as follows:

IT & DUNNEVAN
RER TRIMBLE

ND BENNY I MUST SEE YOU
HOTEL NOT LATER THAN
STOP A MATTER OF EXCRU-
M-RTANCE INVOLVING COOKIE'S
IF HAS COME UP STOP YOU MUST
HWART FUZZY-WUZZY A
MERIP AND FIND REX STOP FEEL
OF U. S. ARMY IS AT STAKE
THERE STOP IMPLORINGLY
POLLY PETERS

an Dunnevan read the telegram
time, as Seaman Linn
he motorcycle and sidecar off
ferry. His lips and fore-
to follow the words, Fire-
man winced and cried aloud:
Polly Peters is a screwball.
She landed us in the brig last
ve shoon't have no more to do
ga Ner!"

in Linn, the brain of Force and
Inc jerked his right thumb
rd. 'Noblessay oblige, Tim!"

's it mean?"
common, ordinary gratitude—
Weid get thrown in the brig,
Polly got us out, didn't she?
enty-fi' bucks profit on the
nt? Pipe down!"

Ben—" "
try to think. You'll fracture
all!"

ing Seaman Linn made a 45-
turn and gunned the motorcycle
side meet to the sea-terrace en-
of the Coronado Hotel. Despite
that Miss Polly Peters was un-
ably a screwball and that Mr.
ast port to assist Miss Peters
altered in a riot at Miss Widdi-
Colle for Women, near La
l handed for the best. God
S. sailors if their hearts are

hoo, Benny! Yoo-hoo, Tim!"
agh—that's her, orl right!"

indeed, Miss Peters. She stood
hotel wn waving frantically as
Linn brought the motorcycle
at the curb. Slender, ethereal
erry-eyed, Miss Peters might be
d as a girl with a lively but
ound
Benny and Tim—am I glad to
she announced. "Cookie didn't
ould one. She's so abysmally
e's petically crawling in the
ial side!"

a turn, Miss Polly?"
Peters giggled. "Say Brooklyn,

oklorn-why?"

ve it, love it! But we've no
r comy. Cookie is Margaret
my nest and dearest friend.
n the most foully putrid jam.
Wuzzy has taken the one great,
ssion of her life and lost him in
d war time. His name is Rex
l. Cookie always describes him
t, fair and ugly. Isn't that dar-
Now, ya boys come with me
introduce you—and we can get
o business."

an Linn spat politely through his

teeth. "Holt on, Miss Polly," he said.
"I an' Tim had better form an estimate
of this situation, so on an' so forth, be-
fore we can tell will we be able to help.
Who's this guy Fuzzy-Wuzzy?"

Miss Peters waved a hand, vaguely.
"That's our nickname for General
Haizlip. All his men call him that. A
positively loathsome slug, I assure you.
Why, he had the gall to tell Cookie that
she couldn't send a message to Rex un-
til the war game is over! Cookie has to
sail at midnight for Hawaii. If she
doesn't see Rex before then she will
never survive the voyage. You see, they
had an utterly mad lovers' quarrel!"

"Benny!"

"Yeah?"

"I dern't get mixed up with no gen-
er'ls. Them guys ain't in our league,
Benny. I sure am sorry, Miss Polly,
but—ouch—quit—"

"Pipe down, I said!"

"Oh, you mustn't kick Tim, Benny!
Shame on you!" Miss Peters took a
firm grip on the sleeve of Fireman Dun-
nevan's blouse. "The moment you lay
eyes on Cookie, your doubts will fade
away. She is in the process of dying
from a broken heart—literally before
your eyes!"

"Get going, Tim!"

MISS MARGARET (COOKIE)
COOKE was sitting on a bench near
the hotel tennis courts and staring at
a sad and solemn sea. It may not be true
that a young woman can die of a broken
heart, but Miss Cooke showed alarming
symptoms. Normally a cookie that most
any man might reach for, Miss Cooke
had been seized with a snuffing pallor,
a hollow-eyed lethargy that was impres-
sive. Has any deep-thinking novelist
pointed out the startling resemblance
between love's melancholy in the female
and the ravages of a bad head cold,
coupled with pernicious anemia and
hookworm disease?

"Cookie, darling—you're saved! Here
they are! The miracle men: Tim Dun-
nevan and Benny Linn!"

"Pleased to meetcha, Miss Cooke."

"Yerse. B-but you look sick, Miss."

Cookie turned her face to the back of
the bench and began to sob.

A MIST of sympathy fogged Fireman
Dunnevan's St. Bernard brown eyes.

"Agh—dern't take on thataway,
Miss," he said. "You jest tell I an' Tim
who done you dirty. We'll fix um—
please, Miss, you shoon't cry—"

"Leave her be, Tim."

Polly Peters looked triumphantly at
Tim and Benny.

"Now, I ask you?" she demanded.
"Aren't you filled with unutterable
loathing of Fuzzy-Wuzzy? Isn't it sym-
bolic when a general in our own Army
can separate Rex from Cookie and sim-
ply rack her with grief and prob'ly drive
Rex to desertion?"

"Yerse!"

"Don't, Polly . . . oh, don't say that!
Rex hasn't deserted—" sobbed Cookie.

"He threatened to!"

"Don't say—that—it'd ruin both our
—hhhh—lives. I can marry him—if he's
just a corporal. But Uncle Dan would
never let me m-marry a deserter—"

Seaman Linn cleared his throat. "All
this ain't neither here or there, Miss
Polly," he said. "Less get down to brass
tackts. The idea is you want I an' Tim
to find this Rex guy. Right?"

Miss Peters beamed. "We emphati-
cally do!" she said.

"What's his outfit an' where's he sup-
posed to be at?"

Complications rapidly developed, as

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they had a habit of doing with Polly Peters. It appeared that Corporal Rex Downes belonged to C Company, Second Tank Battalion, Fifth Armored Division. Corporal Downes had vanished in the heat and dust of Fuzzy-Wuzzy's war game somewhere between San Diego and the Mexican border. Army headquarters had brutally and stubbornly refused to forward any love messages for Corporal Downes. When Miss Peters, whose father owned a chain of seventeen newspapers, demanded to know Rex's exact whereabouts on pain of publicity for refusal, an atrociously rude aide on Fuzzy-Wuzzy's staff had told her to go back to Miss Widdicomb's College for Women and attend to her knitting.

"For that, my dear Benny," said Polly Peters, "we're not only going to find poor Rex—we're going to wreak vengeance on Fuzzy-Wuzzy. It isn't the insult to me and Dad, at all. It's plainly and simply that Mr. General Haizlip is not a fit person to command an army. His men hate and despise him, and so do I. He's destroying morale. Dad's papers are full of complaints. His head must roll in the sand!"

Chewing a match, Seaman Linn rendered his opinion:

"If this was a U. S. Navy matter, I an' Tim would have a good chanst. But we couldn't even get to first base lookin' for the guy, with MPs guardin' every road—"

Polly Peters giggled.

"Oh, how stinkily stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "I forgot to tell you about Mr. McCullan! He's the war expert for Daddy's papers. He's got a pass to go with the Armored Striking Force. He can take you right straight to Rex's part of the Army!"

"Yeah? But will he?"

Miss Peters giggled again. "Come and see!"

This remark aroused Miss Cooke from a soggy reverie. She stood up and confronted Miss Peters almost sturdily.

"No, Polly—I won't stand for getting that awful man mixed up in this—why, the very sight of him would so disgust Rex—not that creature, Polly—"

Fireman Dunnevan snorted protectively. "If he's immural, it's out!" he said.

But Seaman Linn said, "What's the angle, Miss Polly?"

"Devastatingly simple," said Miss Polly, her angelic eyes demure. "Daddy sent Mr. McCullan to cover the war games. He's spent the last four days in the Coronado Hotel bar. I caught him at it. He's in my power. I'd have sent him by himself to find Rex, but he's too drunk. But Benny, you and Tim can load him into your motorcycle and use his press flag and pass, can't you?"

Seaman Linn grinned. "You got a brain, Miss Polly," he said. "C'mon Tim, we shove off!"

"Wait . . . the message to Garcia!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. "Oh, is they a Mexican lost too?" he asked.

Polly Peters laughed, but Miss Margaret (Cookie) Cooke drew a sealed letter from her sweater pocket. She handed it to Seaman Linn.

"I feel that you're my only chance, Mr. Linn," she said, simply. "If Rex gets this letter in time, he'll come here . . . and marry me. If he doesn't, I'll just have to—hfff—start for Hawaii—"

"We'll find him, Miss!"

"Yerse!"

CORPORAL REX DOWNES of the "Armored Striking Force" had an extremely bad case of low morale. He and his two-man crew—a first-class private nicknamed Prof. and a plain private nicknamed Sarge—with their blitz buggy machine-gun carrier, nicknamed Liver Complaint, had been officially "destroyed." Three heavy bombers of

the "Blue Army" had caught them on the edge of a tiny grove of pine trees, about eight miles down the beach from the Coronado peninsula.

A parachuted message from one of the bombers had informed Corporal Downes: "Tank destroyed and all occupants casualties. You can have no further communication with your commanding officers. Signed: Lieut. H. J. Phillips. Verified by Colonel C. M. Donohue, referee."

In official words, Corporal Downes was "dead."

HE FELT much worse than dead. For nine days he had been bumping over rocks and slogging through sand in obedience to orders. His back ached and his head ached, but his heart ached worst of all. *Where was Cookie?* Had she actually gone back to Honolulu? Why, oh, why had he ever quarreled with Cookie? Why hadn't he promised to go to officers' school? He should

"Nope. I don't defend no brass hat, never."

"You admit Fuzzy-Wuzzy shouldn't have started maneuvers until we had all our equipment?"

"Sure, sure."

"Then why shouldn't we rebel against the whole silly farce, Sarge?"

"You rebel, kid. Not me." Sarge closed his eyes. "I'm catchin' me a nap."

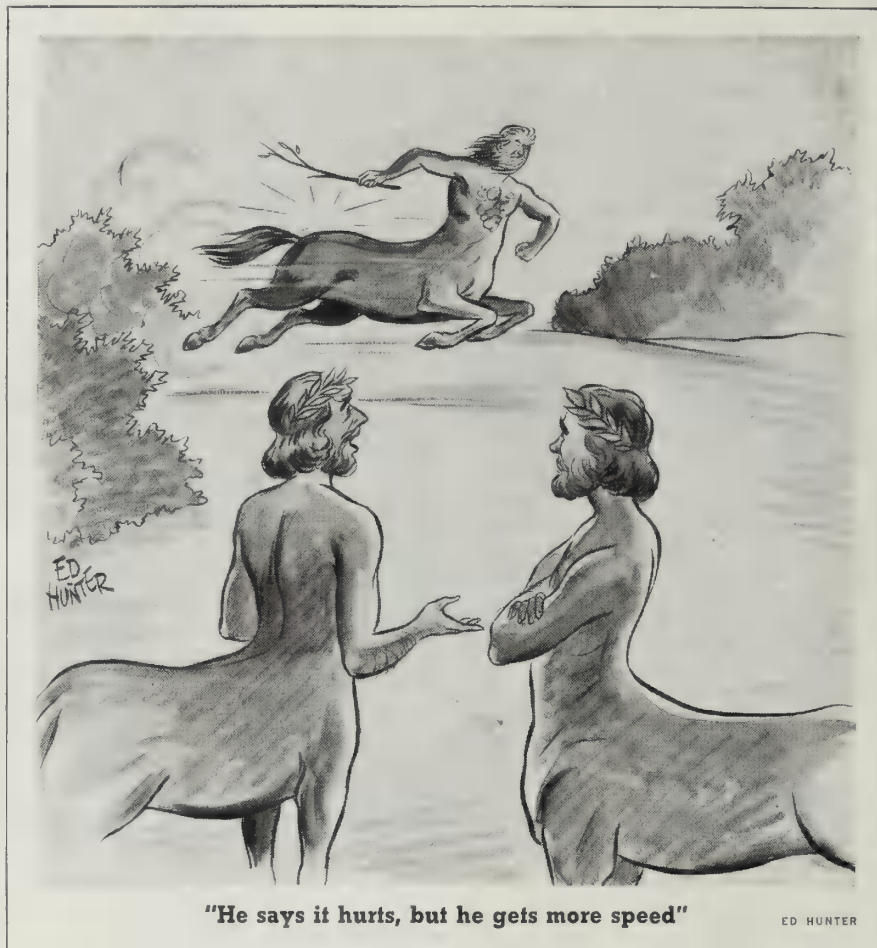
Prof. jumped to his feet. He had a wide crack of a mouth and indignant gray eyes and a crew haircut.

"Hey, Rex!"

Corporal Downes stirred slightly. "I agree one hundred per cent, Prof.," he mumbled. "We'll give Fuzzy-Wuzzy the old *ling chi*, then fricassee the pieces in crankcase oil—the blankety-blank, so-and-so—"

Prof. walked over and kicked Corporal Downes gently. "How's about going over the hill right now, pal?" he demanded.

Rex sat up. He looked somberly at



have been willing to see her side of it. Cookie's Uncle Dan was a general, and it was natural that the poor kid would want him to have a commission. A silly and rather snobbish attitude, true enough, but he could at least have compromised with Cookie.

Corporal Downes moaned, lighted a cigarette and slumped deeper into his bed of pine mast in the shade of the blitz buggy. He was short and fair, but, while he could not be called handsome, he was not ugly. With his "maneuvers whiskers" removed, some sand and crankcase oil wiped off, and an abnormally bitter scowl taken away, Corporal Downes would do all right.

But not now—not this afternoon. Corporal Downes lay wallowing in gloom, too dispirited to join his companions in their argument.

"OHIO . . . That's me!" Prof. was saying. "And I won't even wait till October. I'll go over the hill any minute now."

"Blaaaahhh," Sarge said. "You guys talk just like we talked at Funston in '17. The hill we went over was Number 243 at Exermont—in France."

"I suppose you defend this childish make-believe that Fuzzy-Wuzzy calls a war game?"

Prof. Then, he glanced toward a thick brown dust cloud four or five miles inland. A swarm of reconnaissance planes and fighters buzzed over the cloud. Corporal Downes thought of the thousands of sweating, toiling soldiery in that dust and heat. Then, he looked at the blitz buggy.

CORPORAL DOWNES slowly and deliberately stood up. "I'll settle for going A.W.O.L., Prof.," he said.

"No! Right over the hill!"

"Aw, Prof., you don't want to do that."

"Oh, have some intellectual honesty!"

"A.W.O.L.—that's all. And just for a couple of hours. How about it, Sarge? You with us?"

Sarge, a wizened little man so brown that he looked as if he had been covered with gingerbread dough and baked hard, opened one eye.

"Naw, Rex," he said. "I been A.W.O.L."

"C'mon, then, Prof.!"

But Prof., who had been an instructor in philosophy at a California college, was not satisfied with merely going A.W.O.L.

"War games with imitation tanks and guns are, per se, destructive of morale,"

he stated. "But when they are tortured for days because old poop like Fuzzy-Wuzzy show Washington he's fit a field army, we have reduced to *ad absurdum*. Our duty as intelligent men—"

"Prof.! Look!"

"What is it?"

"You see what I see, Sarge?"

"Yeah. Two sailors an' motorcycle. Headin' this way."

SEAMAN LINN gunned the cycle along a sandy beach. A series of masterly turns a on Corporal Downes, Prof. Fireman Dunnevan sat in holding a small, plump bald on his lap. The s.p.b.m.v. pennant attached to a stick an unintelligible monologue. "I guess I seen every Sarge said.

Halting the motorcycle, yelled, "You guys know where find Corporal Rex Downes?"

"An' dern't say we ain't put in Fireman Dunnevan, Mr. McCullan of the 1

Inc., kept waving his press Corporal Rex Downes ward. "I'm Downes," he s

Navy can't capture me. dead. We're all dead. dead since this morning."

"Maybe it's a burial detail Seaman Linn turned Dunnevan. "Okay, Tim. guy. Let Mr. McCullan lo

While the three soldiers man Dunnevan lifted Mr. l

his lap, as if he were a w sat him down on the sand.

"Egypt!" said Mr. McCu "Back in Egypt with Wavel

Seaman Linn, spitting s climbed off the motorcycle a perspiration-wrinkled en

his blouse. "I got a letter f Miss Cookie—"

"Cookie! Give! W-why Cookie—"

Fireman Dunnevan shuf "Yerse, Downes," he growl

better not try breakin' h more. I an' Benny pron

Polly to make you come b alive. It's up to you whu

want it!"

While Corporal Downes read the letter, Sarge an

changed stunned glances. lan tottered over to them.

"Anything to drink, men thickly. "I'll take even wat

lan's my name—of the Pet say—you aren't, by any

soldiers who wrote my morale? Ho . . . so you're

eh? Can't take it, hunh? got to do with morale? Sol

bellyache—whash 'at got morale? I'm on a wild-goos

Mr. McCullan sat down

Corporal Downes let out a "Prof.! Sarge! Cookie!"

—just as I am! I don't he commission! She's waiting

got to hurry . . . not a momer Tim gave him a grim l

gorna marry Miss Cookie?" "Am I! Once, twice, thre

over and over—"

"I guess he's okay, Benny. Seaman Linn took comm

"Snap out it, Mr. Downe sternly. "I an' Tim has s

three hours findin' you. C count Mr. McCullan is a

spondent with a press pass to get through them lines

had one devil of a time gett with Mr. McCullan."

He pointed to Mr. McCu gingerly feeling the trunk of

"Tim! Break out that la



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

IF YOU'RE A MAN, it's a shine on your shoes... the sweet feel of a fly rod in your hand.

It's your favorite pipe... your roses... that old hat your wife tried to throw away last fall.

If you're a woman, it's a tricky new hair-do maybe... or a change of lipstick.

Morale is a lot of little things like that. People can take the big bad things... the bitter news, the bombings even... if only a few of the little, familiar, comforting *good* things are left.

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beer an' give the poor guy a swig—but not too much!"

Fireman Dunnevan groaned. "But Benny—whut if'n he bites my fingers again?"

"Give him 'at beer, Tim!"

Benny turned back to Corporal Downes, Prof. and Sarge.

"Tim'll stay here with your buddies, Mr. Downes. I an' you an' Mr. McCullan will ride the motorsickle back to Coronado." Then, with heavy sarcasm, "Maybe you guys' morale will hold up until we bring Mr. Downes back here. I'll have Tim tell you how we handle low morale in the U. S. Navy."

Sarge spat tobacco juice dangerously near Mr. Linn's left foot. "Yeah, sailor? How—f'rinstance?"

"Well, soldier—just as a sample—wunst a couple of boots complained to Chief Mulcahy that the coffee had flies in it. The chief hung 'em by their thumbs outside two fo'c'sle ports in a rough sea!"

Sarge grunted. Corporal Downes and Prof., who had been in whispered conference, faced Seaman Linn.

"Look, sailor," said Corporal Downes, "Prof. wants to go A.W.O.L. with me. How's about you renting us the machine for a couple of hours?"

Seaman Linn chewed a match reflectively. "'At would come pretty high."

Prof. grinned, and with bitterness. "He knows you're stinking rich, pal!" he said.

"Name your price, sailor. I'm in a hurry."

Without a blush of shame, Seaman Linn said calmly, "It'll be fifty bucks rent an' another fifty deposit on the motorsickle. Then, I'd hafta charge you a hunnert bucks deposit on Mr. McCullan."

"A—a deposit on him?"

"Right! If you don't bring him back, how'm I an' Tim gonna get outa this war game an' home to our ship? As an extry concession, you can take your other buddy along. He don't weigh much. But that motorsickle an' Mr. McCullan has gotta be back here inside of two hours or the whole two hunnert is forfeit."

"For that much Rex ought to get title to Mr. McCullan, at least—"

"Shut up, Prof.! It's a deal!"

THERE was a climactic outcry of pain from Fireman Dunnevan: "Benny! The littel sod bit my thumb an' guzzled the hull botter!"

Mr. McCullan lurched forward, empty bottle in hand. "A wild-goosh shase!" he announced. "An' itsh all Fuzzshy-Wuzzshy's fault! Am I correct?"

Sarge grinned, nodding. "You can't go wrong blamin' it on a brass-hat, brother," he said.

Mr. McCullan embraced him. "We know, don't we, old boy, old boy? They never take war gamesh sherious till the bullets start to fly. Am I correct?"

"Yeah. Won't even keep their heads down. But when them things start comin' over, they remember everything they griped at on maneuvers."

"A genius!"

This meeting of the minds caused a temporary hitch in proceedings. Sarge did not particularly want to go A.W.O.L., but Mr. McCullan refused to board the motorcycle without him. However, when Seaman Linn pointed out that Corporal Downes' romantic future hung in the balance, Sarge agreed to make the trip to Coronado.

"Charge!" yelled Mr. McCullan, waving his press flag. "'Charge for the gunsh,' he said, 'not though the sodshers knew Fuzzshy-Wuzzshy had blundered! Take him alive, men, take him alive!'"

Tim and Benny watched the brave expedition chug off through the sand. The sun was low in the western sky.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"We fixed Mr. Downes Cookie up orl right, but helped the mural of the none. Them soldiers sho A.W.O.L. In the U. S. Na desert our ship, even was nuts like Fuzzy-Wuzzy N"

SEAMAN LINN'S blan narrowed, and his large bobbled with the excitemer He looked at the blitz bugg

"Tim!"

"Yerse?"

"Morale ain't nothin' brains. Was some guys to Wuzzy up, it might give th a kick in the pants an' make to theirselves. Right?"

"Yerse, but—"

"Climb aboard that tin c an' you is shovin' off for s vers!"

"B-but, Benny—"

TWO SAILORS IN STO CAPTURE "BLUE AR ERAL AND STAFF! GAME IN UPRC

MAJ. GEN. E. T. HAIZLIP MESS BY NAVY "BLIT

Army Defending San Diego erees' Decision On Surpr

by Joel McCulla

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN The commanding general the Blue Army were "capt eating dinner in their field last evening, by two enlist U. S. Navy. Their act was tion of a wild charge in a during which they pene miles of the Army's defer telling commanders of varic countered that they were th of a surprise attack from the

Benjamin Linn, seaman and Timothy Dunnevan, fire class, both of the Destroy were the perpetrators of t escapade.

Overpowering Corporal Downes and two members crew, Linn and Dunnevan tank and roared off to atta Army. The galloping go through two machine-gun ur tank battery and a battalion with the ingenious story t landing force from the Fle behind them. Confusion d "indescribable" followed in Officers were in the dark, b and figuratively. Before check the sailors' story of from the sea, Linn and Du pressed on to the next stonj sistance.

The climax came when an aide to General Haizlip ente mess tent and announced, " in a 36-ton tank, sir. The have annihilated us!"

General Haizlip questione Dunnevan. They declined explanation of their act and w to the guardhouse by Gene Soldiers of the Blue Army ar Striking Force have told spondent, privately, that Lin nevan have provided them w laugh of the year. They a keen interest in the sailors' l

"BENNY?"

"Yeah."

Fireman Dunnevan look their guardhouse cell. It ha a slop bucket, a wash basin a window, iron-barred.

"We been in lots of brigs,

not never in no guardhouse. You figger they'll shoot us or Benny?"

Linn shook his head. He had of comfort to offer.

"an admiral I maybe could what we'd get, Tim," he said. "s no telling with generals. as 'at general sore!"

a sentry snapped to atten- k footsteps clattered on the rch. A hard-faced sergeant he door of Tim's and Benny's

ed a major. He had a cov- t, which he had just taken derly, on his arm.

on, you men!" he snapped.

Dunnevan looked at the ere was food in it—and two wine. Fireman Dunnevan

write a letter before the ex- lease, sir," he said. re marks, sailor!"

forbidding figure appeared dly in the guardhouse door- v. Seaman Linn turned a bit ul the gills.

Fuzzy-Wuzzy, himself. He as like Sitting Bull's and a ck, iron-gray hair.

sailors!" he said.

ight have been a smile ickly across Fuzzy-Wuzzy's

h is on me," he said. "Seven s, understand, are amused. hat fair enough. They've been or ten months. Maybe I've

the war too seriously. At the: what the general public nk. Until they realize what

ainst, we can't expect a citi- y to realize it either. H'mph. pple I shall have to stand for

imitation tanks and make- f guns. The newspapers nk I should hugely enjoy

pted by the Navy!"

ann pulled himself together. n'm was all wrong, sir," he

"We thought you was to blame for my low morale. So we thought

howup how silly the war game o on n' so forth. But I an' Tim w t if they's any low morale

S. gneral public is to blame."

as thright answer.

eral aizlip grunted. "A country an't take up its mind whether to

or ne has no business gabbling

moie. In fact, the Army's e is astonishingly good."

se, at the Navy's murrall is—

pe don, Tim!"

zy-Wzy hesitated, then turned

aide

"Major Johnson—when these men have had their lunch, you will take them to Navy Landing. I have . . . er . . . explained matters to their commanding officer. That is all. Carry on!"

"Ju-das, I mean, thank you, sir!" "Y'yerse!"

Nodding almost genially, Fuzzy-Wuzzy turned on his heel and walked out. Major Johnson set the lunch basket on a bench and handed Seaman Linn a telegram.

"Don't ever fall overboard, sailors," he said. "Your pockets are too full of horseshoes. I don't know what made the general change his mind. I had the firing squad all ready!"

Tim and Benny read the telegram together:

MESSRS. LINN AND DUNNEVAN
GUARDHOUSE, CAMP HAAN
DEAR BENNY AND TIM WE GOT MR. MCCULLAN INTO HIS RIGHT MIND AND HE WROTE A LONG STORY ABOUT FUZZY-WUZZY SAYING HE HAD A HEART OF GOLD AND A SENSE OF HUMOR AND WOULD TURN YOU LOOSE STOP REX SAYS HE THINKS FUZZY-WUZZY IS ON A SPOT AND WILL GRAB THIS CHANCE TO MAKE HIMSELF POPULAR WITH THE ARMY STOP IF HE DOESN'T AND PUTS YOU IN PRISON I SHALL DEDICATE THE REST OF MY LIFE TO GETTING YOU OUT STOP FEEL THIS WHOLE THING ■ FOULLY SYMBOLIC AND AS SOON AS COOKIE HAS HER WEDDING WE MUST WORK OUT PLAN TO AROUSE THE PUBLIC TO THEIR OWN LOW MORALE STOP YOUR SOUL-THRILLING ACTION HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN STOP I LOVE YOU BOTH MADLY
POLLY PETERS

Tears of anguish flooded Fireman Dunnevan's eyes. "Ner, Benny," he said, "we dern't want no more Polly Peters—never. Takin' on the hull U. S. nation is too much—even fer me an' you, Benny. / Is that a thought, or ain't it?"

For once, Seaman Linn agreed. "Right, Tim!" he said. "I an' you is gonna leave the U. S. public strickly to God!"

SOMEWHERE on the darkened Trimble, a bosun's whistle piped. Seaman Linn jumped to his feet.

"Let 'em keep their medals, Tim," he said. "Here we go to get us some more Japs!"

But Fireman Dunnevan, still bemused, had a question to ask:

"Look, Benny—"

"Yeah?"

"What did happen to the U. S. public's murrall?"

There was a grim jerk of Seaman Linn's thumb upward.

"Pearl Harbor happened, Tim," he said.

THE END



"I'm stocking up with lots of everything before those stupid hoarders get started again" DAVID LEON GENTRY



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HICKOK
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That Awful Girl

Continued from page 17

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in that rousing halloo: "Give Me That Old-time Religion."

Buddy shortly allowed as how he was saved, he reckoned.

The church brought out her dramatic potentialities and then kindly gave her opportunity to exploit them. While her proud young parents, James and Mary Anderson, nodded approvingly, Mary starred in Sunday-school plays, in grammar-school plays and eventually in high-school plays.

Her mother grew accustomed to seeing her precious run a high fever before each performance, and finally stopped putting her to bed and phoning the doctor. It was futile. Deep in the heart of Alabama, the show-must-go-on tradition flourished surprisingly in one little girl.

The family moved to Homewood, Alabama, where Mary's grandfather lived. Grandfather Anderson—hereinafter referred to as Pampa—was a character. To Mary he seemed a cross between a white knight and divine justice.

"I never left his side," she says.

Pampa, the Gunman

Mary is convinced that, when she was ten or thereabouts, she saw Pampa shoot a man. It was at her mother's sister's wedding reception, and the victim was a saxophonist. Pampa arrived on the rowdy scene in his nightshirt and nightcap, raised his trusty musket to his trusty shoulder, and filled the musician with buckshot. "Durned noise!" he said.

When Mary wasn't striding around in Pampa's wake, frowning like a militant Jove, she was mincing coquettishly in the fashion of her aunt. For her mother, Mary Polis Anderson, was of French ancestry, and Mary's aunt had the graces of a French lady.

"Men were attracted to her like moths to a candle," says Mary poetically. "So, of course, I tried to be like her." This statement is accompanied with a swift lowering of eyelashes, and a tilting of the head.

Into the dramatic boiling pot already abubbling with Pampa and Auntie, Mary's family threw a performance of Peter Pan.

This was the first professional theater Mary had seen, and she was deeply impressed. Came the first big rainstorm thereafter, and Mary, accompanied by a dubious Buddy carrying a tremendous umbrella, went flying. The wind picked up the two children and carried them for a few feet in the air before depositing them on the ground again. "Mother dear," Mary shouted, as she ran back inside, "Buddy and I flew over the house—just like Peter Pan!"

Like Peter Pan in another respect, Mary took her time about growing up. She was the baby of the family—a role she rather enjoyed and didn't bother to wear shoes until she was sixteen.

Even with shoes, she looked young for Howard College in Birmingham. This institution was run by preachers—a group of men, Mary points out, who were, in a way, potential actors. Dramatics were, therefore, an integral part of the curriculum. Mary played Portia in The Merchant of Venice, she was Juliet to a cleric's Romeo. The dramatic club featured her in Somerset Maugham's Jack Straw and in Hell Bent for Heaven. The club and Mary then toured the South in a repertory of one-act plays.

"I don't know what the faculty could have been thinking of," Mary says. "The

plays were mostly Chekhov—just reeking with sin!"

While attending Howard, Mary was active in the Birmingham Little Theater. During her sophomore year, she was playing the role of the prostitute in a play called Excursion when the whispered word passed from member to member of the Little Theater's cast: "There's a Hollywood talent scout out front!"

Talent scouts are rare birds in the Southern woods, and Mary gave her all. George Cukor, the bird in question, came back to her dressing room after the performance. "Ever hear of Scarlett O'Hara?" he asked. "How would you like to play her sister?"

That should have been all there was to it—but it wasn't. Mary and her mother were shipped to New York where she was screen-tested. Cukor offered to get her a job in summer stock while the studio continued its search for Scarlett but Mary's mother wouldn't allow her baby to stay up North alone. They merely waited in New York until David Selznick came east and invited her to sign a contract.

Mary was so flustered she signed on the dotted line reserved for the producer's signature. In her own mind she became, as of that moment, a great movie star.

But she was several light years away from that goal. She returned to school, feeling infinitely superior to her classmates, told them of her great success—and then nothing happened. Nothing whatever. Since she was the first person signed for Gone With the Wind, she had a heap of waiting to do. After several of the most irritating months a girl ever spent—"Movie star, are you? That's a hot one!"—Vivien Leigh was finally discovered in England, and a production date was set.

So Mary went to Hollywood. Her mother installed her in the Studio Club, a ladylike institution with a code of rules, and then returned to Alabama. Mary was in Hollywood alone.

If that sounds glamorous, forget it. Mary was signed to a contract written on the head of a pin—fifty dollars a week; not enough money for the first down payment on the first tile for her first swimming pool, and no possibility of help from home, as Father's business had gone the way of all real estate in the Great Crash.

The Studio Club was as respectable as a convent, though the girls resembled nuns not at all. Her first morning there, Mary rose at seven and dressed carefully. She combed her long black hair, put on her patent-leather shoes with the almost-high heels, donned the little blue dress with the prim white collar which her mother had made her, and went down to breakfast.

A Memorable Breakfast

It was a memorable meal. The dining room was full of young actresses, stenographers and carhops all wearing lounging pajamas or robes. Mary and her back-country ensemble were a sensation.

"And who are you?" the girl opposite her wanted to know. "Shirley Temple's understudy?"

If the Studio Club was surprised by Mary, Mary was bewildered by it. But only for a short while. Once she'd learned that homespun dresses, however dainty, were not *comme il faut*, she blossomed out in wild slacks and wilder blouses. Although she couldn't keep from blushing from time to time, she

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to laugh hysterically when she
d the onlooker couldn't be sure
ruddiness wasn't simply from

is the pet of the Gone With
cast who were delighted to
one with a legitimate Southern
ong them. By the time the
a got under way, she had
be Scarlett's sister and had
more distant relative, May-
riwether. Her accent was too
he movie's sound track, and
or kept her mincing silently
fan.

you couldn't so much as see
the whole picture! If it was
says regretfully, "I would
earned fan behind my back!"
ar months' work on that epic,
ich she took diction lessons
the South from her mouth,
onact expired. Several well-
people advised her to go home
ro up" but she stayed at the
ub hoarding her small capi-
nel. Zukor made The Women and
er bit part.

debts to Warner Brothers

more unemployment, until
Patrick saw her in a studio
essay and engaged her to play
when in his travelogues.
me unemployment. Mary had
he got the idea that actors'
we foxy fellows who mulcted
gia of part of their salaries in
fo doing nothing. A period of
bis drove this delusion from
ad, he accepted an agent's con-
nd, as promptly signed by War-
oths.

Se-Hawk with Errol Flynn and
Robson was followed by All This
dean Too, and then Warner's
er Max Reinhardt's dramatic
er further polishing. Reinhardt
equer talent and starred her
schol's productions and, when
r's red of paying her tuition,
ve by a scholarship. And when
told him that her brother Buddy
a biding genius, the maestro
to teach him the rudiments of
ama oo.

Buddy came west, and Mary and he
took an apartment together. It didn't
take Buddy long to learn, and soon he
was on Warner's pay roll in his sister's
stead.

This might have caused friction if
Mary hadn't been signed, soon after, to
play the second lead in Cheers For Miss
Bishop, starring Martha Scott. Mary
was the meanie, of course, stealing Mar-
tha Scott's fiancé and marrying him just
in the nick of time.

The cheers were mainly for Miss An-
derson. The producers told the agents,
the agents told the producers, the pub-
licity department told the press that
Mary Anderson was a comer—another
Ida Lupino.

So Paramount gave her another un-
pleasant female to portray in Bahama
Passage, with Madeleine Carroll and
Flora Robson. Another Bette Davis,
everyone told everyone.

Then, illogically enough, she was
cast as Henry Aldrich's sweetheart.

And who could better play the terror
of Guest in the House than Henry's
girl? Producer Stephen Ames heard the
prophecy on the Coast that Mary was
the next great star. He flashed the good
word to brother Paul Ames in New
York. Brother Paul so informed Direc-
tor Reginald Denham. Denham dubi-
ously phoned his friend Flora Robson,
and Flora, who knew, said, "She's
great!"

Now Mary Anderson's a Broadway
star with a shining movie future. A
penthouse? Fast cars? Well, not ex-
actly. Mary is a very close hand with
a dollar bill.

Not tight, precisely, but close; you
never know when you'll need a dollar!
So she tends to undertip bellboys, and
her friends follow her around making
things right. And although she's for-
ever presenting gifts to the members of
the cast, she's a due-bill collector. Ho-
tels give due bills to pay for advertis-
ing, and a smart girl can buy them cheap
from a broker. This means moving
around a lot and living in some pretty
peculiar places.

But Mary says: "I don't much care
where I live as long as I'm acting. As
long as I'm acting good!"

THE END



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HIM
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The Old College Try

By Franklin Lewis

Lou Boudreau, Cleveland's Boy Wonder, a guy with new slants on managing a baseball team. He may have something at that

WHEN Alva Bradley, president of the Cleveland Indians, opened a door to an office in League Park the night of November 25, 1941, nodded toward a slender, somewhat nervous young man and said to the assembled reporters, "Gentlemen, meet the new manager," he loosened a torrent of gasps and shudders that filled the nation's sports pages for several days.

The new manager, of course, was Lou Boudreau, twenty-four years old, and he had just signed a nice, fresh two-year ticket to handle baseball's most explosive squad. They had been nationally hooted as the Cleveland Crybabies two years before; they had been a flop last season even with Bobby Feller compiling the best record in baseball. Boudreau was now to lead this harassed group out of the wilderness.

"It's a great deal," wrote a sarcastic gentleman on the West Coast. "They get Baby Sandy for manager and ruin the best shortstop in baseball."

But it had never been a matter of impounding Boudreau and forcing the job on him. He had not come running at the crook of Bradley's finger and the salary debate had been no wishy-washy affair. He haggled with Bradley for several weeks, finally signed when several adjustments in club relations were promised. In short, he wanted the job and wasn't afraid of it.

Bradley started getting warm on Boudreau two years ago at Fort Myers, Florida, when Lou, crippled by a broken ankle bone, played catch with a teammate while hobbling around on crutches. Boudreau noticed Bradley and called to him:

"Gee, Mr. Bradley, I sure hope this

ankle doesn't keep me out of the opening game. I'd like to play every game this year."

"If you do," answered Bradley, "it'll mean a bonus of \$2,500 for you."

This would have been Little Rollo stuff for anybody but Boudreau, who from his grammar school days has been running the teams he was on and giving forth with the old college try. Opening day found him limping around at shortstop and he went along steadily enough till mid-September, when, with the team in a death struggle for the pennant against Detroit and New York, Boudreau went to Max (Lefty) Weisman, the club's trainer, to complain of a pain. Weisman took him to the club

physician, who insisted that Lou submit to an immediate appendectomy. Boudreau balked.

"Fix me up till the season's over, Doc," he pleaded. "Put on those ice packs and get me out there."

Boudreau won. He struggled along till the last game, even though his weight dropped ten pounds, his face was drawn and he became slower and slower. The Indians lost the pennant to the Tigers on the third from the last day of the season but Boudreau played in 155 games and collected his bonus.

That spirit undoubtedly inspired thoughts in Bradley's mind but Boudreau's actions in the field had done even more to influence the team gen-

erally. From the time he became a regular shortstop, he had been giving to the rest of the team. He gave oral orders but each turn of play began to mean certain things: a fielder, an infielder, the catcher, the veterans got to looking for Boudreau's lead and it was open game. The team for several years had been the leader of the pack. Traveling correspondents at the Cleveland training camp at Fort Myers, Florida, this spring were impressed by the team's spirit even in routine practice sessions, a reflection of the manager's insistence that the game be played intelligently and

Lou Boudreau, manager of the Cleveland Indians. Lou also doubled as a top-notch

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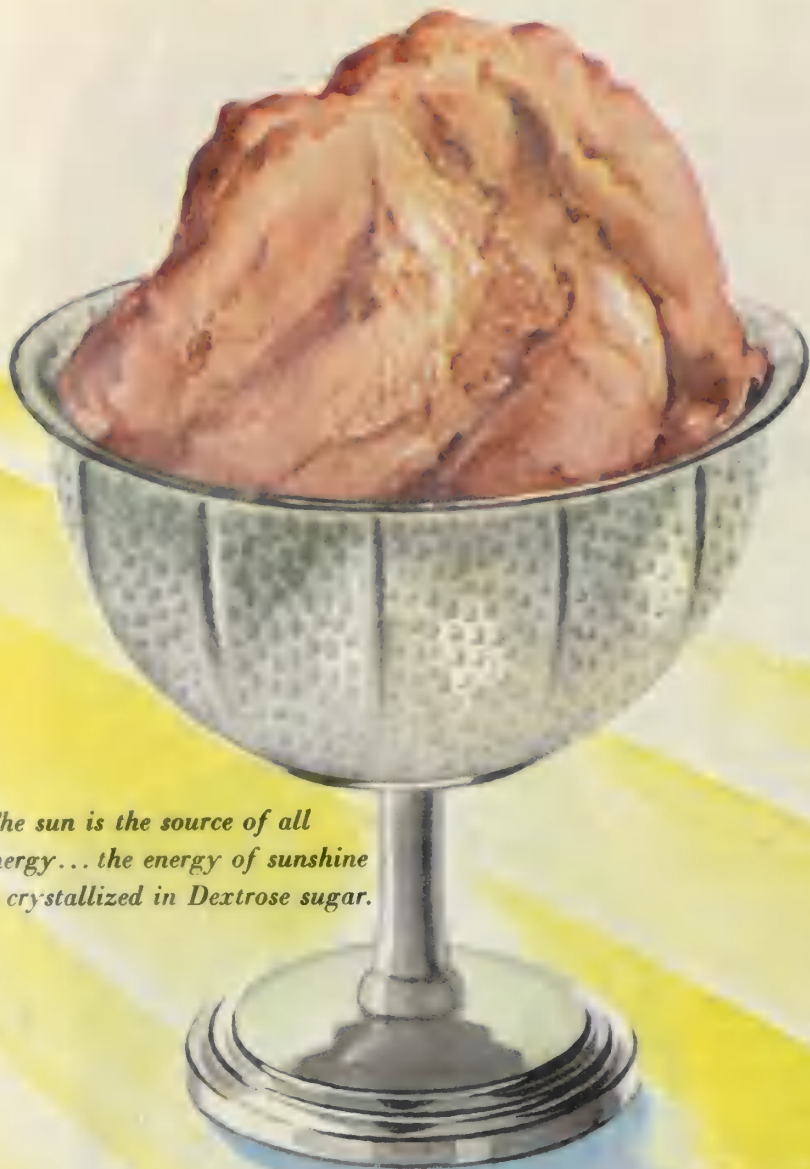


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newspapers each day run "American" recipes to guide Australian housewives. The Boston cookbook is reported a best seller in the bookshops of Australia's five largest cities. All over Australia, on highways outside American camps, hot-dog and hamburger stands are springing up. Judged by the crowds, these vendors are the beginning of a new millionaire class in Australia.

This is giving a real American touch to the Australian background of huge old gum trees and palms. After the war you will feel right at home when you go touring in Australia and come upon signs like this: "Five Hundred Yards Ahead—Digger Danny's Toasted Dachshunds."

BACK home, the consciousness of war is present, although the pressure of war physically near at hand is not. But the actual continent of Australia has been touched by war at Port Darwin; relatively, that is, as if San Diego had been attacked.

Ideas our young soldier had of what life is like for the civilian population of an endangered country were necessarily gained only from pictures, stories and air-raid practice. That's why, apart from his own camp duties and training, the Yank gives wide-eyed attention to his day-by-day surroundings in Australia. Thus, a feature that captures his interest as soon as he is off the boat is covered by the one new word, at least, that Australians have contributed to this war's lexicon—"brownout."

A brownout is Australia's twilight version of what in Europe and the States we call a blackout.

For most Yanks, the brownout is their first intimate experience with that stage of man's progress which, by enabling each to seek his enemy's country through the sky at night, has turned down the lamps of most of the world and set the comfort and security of life outdoors after dark back at the level of the Middle Ages. For your correspondent, who lived through two winters of Germany's blackout and described it for you in Collier's, the brownout is of particular interest.

The swift pace of modern community life is predicated upon light—abundant, beneficent and full—by night as well as by day. When light fails, old evils flourish. Australia's brownout is the most rational attempt I have seen to compromise with atavism; to hold the best of modern life by night without endangering public safety either from local effects or from enemy action. It's perhaps the most valuable experiment that any belligerent has made with the social and moral aspects of war. If it succeeds, perhaps it will influence Europe to emerge from total darkness into uneasy dusk.

The theory of the brownout is to shut off completely all shining out of light from indoors, to discipline private lighting outdoors, and to reduce public lighting to a point where the flip of a button can put an entire area into complete darkness. If you ride a bicycle or use a flash in walking, you must screen the lens to a fraction and you must be ready to switch off entirely if the siren whines. Night speed limit is twenty miles an hour. Tram blinds are drawn. Essential street and hazard lights are left on, but under constantly alerted master control.

In practice—well, it's been a lot of fun. The bachelor girls of one city in a newspaper poll gave their choice of weapons for brownout flirts. Many favored walking sticks or umbrellas, others preferred jackknives. A few secretaries told how they carried home each night the file spike from their boss' desk, but hatpins—the immemorial feminine stand-by—topped the list. Another brownout note that amused Yanks was

the complaint of a bicycle-
pion that he could no long
in his thirty miles of road
night. He went too fast for
headlamp, so he rigged up
indoors at home and does
there.

Unlike Europe's blackout, brownout does not tend to home nights. If reasonable you can walk without bumping people. Across the infrequent pools the crowds by some twirl of fear to swim rather than out of the shadows beyond the number of Yank face monkey or overseas cap is feature of Australian (th days) this might be Main S are nasty enough by natur flashlight on any park ben not, you will see a Yank and ing hands. For the brown definite similarity to the b as much an ally to youth as as to the air-raid defense. found that out in a hurry.

Perhaps the biggest shoel got in Australia was baseba put in their ego will probab fully hammered out. Wh Yank arrivals received in baseball "matches" from 1 men they grinned at o smugly. It would be no mo to humor these friendly Yanks had no bats, gloves, Aussies said we will lend The Yanks went forth in t pants and hobnails. They Aussies in big-league vestm colorfulness and cut would fied even Collier's own Her The Yanks nonchalantly to around—and then they ha near back.

Each succeeding Monday scores, as they rolled in from Australia, were the subject and shamefaced talk. Peter Yanks, 2; Collingwood, 18; South Yarra, 14—Yanks, 1. Yanks don't know is that t been played in Australia si 1890, when a team headed Laver, famed cricketer, actu the United States.

THE United States Navy an son Line could have warne Their visiting ships' teams played here. Baseball has n spectator's game in Australi fifty persons in addition to relatives being considered a out even at interstate cha The game has served tw Most of its players are cric find it a means of keeping fit winter when it would be de the British Empire's game, impresarios use it for a cu for "Australian-code" footba to amuse the crowd as it fil soothe its nerves for the follow.

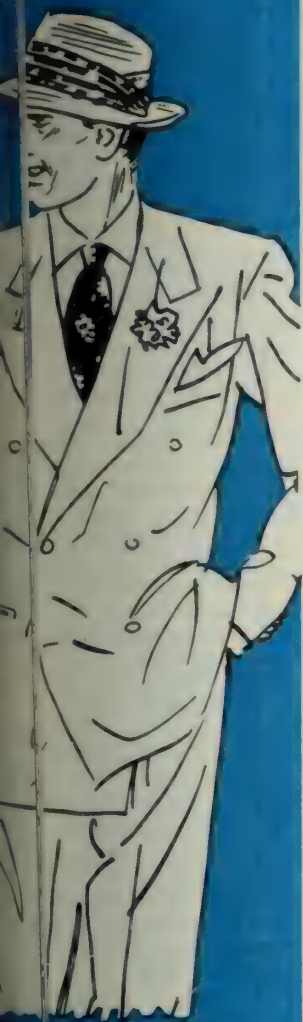
Australian-code football, is a combination of rug bear-baiting, American int football, hockey, broncob basketball—in which eighte each side, thirty-six players the local constabulary play a and for three hours legally co one another all the known cr lence except arson; and it i players have been caught pa torches.

Baseball in Australia is and Sunday affair, strictly a ceded in public favor by rac football, swimming, tennis up. There are leagues in eac toward the end of winter, sec mittees pick the best playe "stand" for it in test matche

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states—a sort of World Series. New South Wales are the Yankees of Australia, having most teams and the biggest population to draw upon. Nevertheless, Victoria took them in last spring's play-off.

The Yanks are doing better now with practice and teamwork—although the Aussies still win a surprising number of games. Aussies play solemnly. Their game manners are in the cricket rather than the rounders tradition. Their pitching is slower than ours. While their hitting is sharp and well-placed, but short, and their batters are inclined to close their eyes when they swing, their fielding is superb. Their rules are the same as ours, except that if a foul ball goes into the crowd it's politely returned with "There you are, chum," and "Thanks, mate." (Pronounced mite.) Whereas only handfuls used to watch big games, crowds of eight to ten thousand Australians, not counting Yank spectators, are common now at games in which United States teams play. It's because natives find our habit of talking up a game quaint.

In one recent game, a Yank batter, called out on strikes, threw down his bat, kicked up dirt, screamed murder, shook his fist at the umpire—all clowning for the benefit of the crowd; but the umpire went home. Aussies have begun to imitate Yank pep talks. You now hear from the shortstop, "Bully pitch, old thing," or, when the umpire calls a close one, "Slay the bloke!" Sports editors say baseball seems really to have caught on with spectators at last and may remain an important Australian game after the war, with the possibility of intercontinental matches or authentic World Series.

Yanks here think at least two Aussies are big-league caliber: Charley Puckett, a pitcher formerly with Victoria, now with Western Australia, and Ken Gulliver, a New South Wales pitcher.

"Kin you imagine," a Yank player said to me, "what the big leagues are missing by not sending an ivory hunter down here? Just think how one of these Aussie players would get over in Brooklyn, especially if he wore his turned-up

digger hat and threw boomerangs at fresh guys in the bleachers."

The Yank's chief source of home front news—besides of course his personal mail—is the columns of general items and sports results that most of the large city dailies in Australia have undertaken to print for his benefit. Local radio stations give as a rule only Canberra and London newscasts. Facilities for picking up and rebroadcasting short wave from the United States are not numerous. A few Yanks brought portable receivers capable of short-wave reception; others have purchased sets here. You can get quite a good one for about \$65.

In all Yank camps it's commonplace to see large groups of quiet men around a set at night trying to raise home. The majority of Yanks have no access to short wave, and those who do have express with razberries their chagrin because Tokyo is the easiest distant station to pick up, while general short-wave reception in Australia from the United States is difficult and uncertain, a fact that has annoyed commercial radio engineers for years. However, much of the local broadcasting is home-like, consisting in large part of canned dramas and musical recordings from the States.

THE American sports news in the papers mainly concerns baseball, although boxing and racing—true to Australian taste—are reported. The daily scores and, at intervals, the major-league standings are given. Thus Yank soldiers 12,000 miles from the peanuts and the rain checks are happily able to learn how the Red Sox or Cubs are making out, who is the latest big leaguer to be drafted and how many homers Ted Williams has. There are partisans, of course, among men whose loyalties suggest their scattered origins, but little passion; it's all too remote. However, during one long ride in a truck filled with soldiers, I heard a testy debate of the Dodgers' chances to repeat, while sights of a strange land flashed by ignored.

Often in the baseball roundups, there



"Good way to get a finger mashed"

GARRETT PRICE

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will be a slip that mystifies the Yanks. For example, it was gravely recorded here that "Lynwood, a schoolboy, and Rowe, a right hander," had been sold by Detroit to the Dodgers. But such oddities, if not transmission faults, are mistakes of an unfamiliar pencil, not of the heart. For the newspapers here have given both intelligently and generously of their space, and the Yanks are grateful.

Next to sports results, the home news that Yanks read and discuss most eagerly relates to the effect of the war upon the folks they left behind. Wage ceilings, politics, Hollywood divorces, cuts in train schedules—such matters give little kick. Homelier things touch deeper. "Ma ain't ever going to be able to get all her baking done with only one pound of sugar a week." "How can the girls manage without bobby pins?" "And if they take the rubber out of girdles, boy, Maggie will sure have to suck it in."

CONSEQUENTLY, a feature of Australian life that the Yank soldier watches keenly is the rationing of everyday things. As a rule his own wants are not much involved, for the Commissary or Post Exchange can sell him what small luxuries Army fare and routine don't provide. It does affect his shopping for gifts, particularly jewelry, to send or to take home when the great day comes. Moreover, Yankee inborn curiosity and friendliness make him take an interest in the problems of his Australian mates; also these incline him to thoughtfulness about the daily pattern of life now at home.

He is becoming accustomed to the sight of housewives struggling with unwrapped commodities. Paper is at a premium, so you stuff your pockets and arms with purchases and everybody knows what you have got. The sheepishness of men who have accompanied their wives on department store sprees or perhaps have done a little sweetie's buying on their own is a commonplace of tram rides. So is the helpful pursuit of oranges or potatoes that someone has fumbled. You see many Yanks carrying things for girl friends. Rationing is intended to conserve manpower or labor as well as materials; that is why you can buy no sliced or wrapped bread and get no deliveries from department or grocery stores of parcels less than four pounds in weight or three feet in length. And even those only once a week.

Among things that cannot be manufactured from iron or copper or their alloys or derivatives are coat hangers,

lampshades, novelties ash trays, sporting g holders. No glycerin baking or confectioner nic in your closets for not be used for moth l to pursue fashion, love larity without perfun rations, harmonicas c Girls must get by on r cally the entire cosme —less of a hardship, i vored lassies of this than it would be to most other lands. W vacuum cleaners, refrig banned or rigidly con you buy amusement billiard tables, confe deck chairs, pot stand cases, children's scoot skates, while your soc without garters, your p penders, unless the ol out.

But petrol rationing Yanks seem most in Americans are the n conscious people, natu own about three quart total motor vehicles. talk, literally thousan and officers camped i groves of Australia a night on how their bo their families can ever g gallons of gasoline a w can do without new tir

So the average Yan curious—on the stree gabbing with the driver asking many questions feature of daily wartime The "gas-producer."

This is a contrivanc the petrol ration. In a blend of kitchen range still, and mail-order co

In the United States y to a picnic to cook wi charcoal takes you to home again. Gasoline here is one to five g gauged on car size for ists, somewhat more f salesmen, doctors and c ness or professional rea is dear, costing about fiv as the average gallon pr States. Countries not s United States with abu sive petrol have long ex products other than gas internal combustion en in France, before the w, as tional competition was



"How d'yuh like 'em, Sarge . . . sunny side up or over hi?"

over efficiency courses with fuels
ed from sago palm alcohol, shale,
n such gases as methane acety-
coal, charcoal. In one test most
ere used to produce naphthene.
h and German entrants usually
raw wood and that's what's be-
d in those countries today as a
substitute. A gas-producer is
er for converting these various
to gases that will burn in your
spark-plugged cylinder heads.
al is used here because it's the
it substitute, easily obtained
ustralia's vast woodlands. Four
timber will make one ton of
c 1. One ton of charcoal burned in
roducer will give the same mile-
176 gallons of petrol. However,
oil gas has only about fifty-five
of the road efficiency of petrol
up, hill climbing and the like.
d in Australian cities costs about
dial for a 45-pound bag, which is
ie filling capacity of the producer
verage size car. You carry extra
long trips although charcoal is
d at nearly all petrol stations.
going on extended trips into the
outback will carry axes and
all charcoal makers.
he as-producer is really a portable
ac. Its weight adds greatly to the
in on your rear springs and you
e drive carefully over bumpy
ds. It's practically all firebox save
the water tank under the top. You
w paper and kindling, just as in
ch stove, then dump in the whole
of charcoal and light it from below.
burning charcoal in the airtight
er ves off carbon gas. By air
ted from outside and from steam
n by boiling water, oxygen is
birl with the carbon gas, reducing
on monoxide gas. Some hydro-
carbon dioxide and nitrogen also
ult. The gas is drawn through an
g intake pipe into the cylinders
s compressed and then ignited
the spark plug, exactly like gasoline
or. The gas is very dirty when given
and asses through a cooler and a
es of cleansing filters. It will not foul
er plus but you must clean the filters
quently. You must also clean out
es, rather similarity to the kitchen
ve. Our instrument panel has one
b for petrol, another for the change-
r to charcoal gas, a third for burning
ombination of petrol and charcoal
if the car begins to buck and lag,
on long hills.

OTCISTS here run out of fire in-
stead of out of gas. When you open
top of the burner to put in more char-
coal, you must not hold your face close
you will lose your eyebrows. There's
a collection of gas under the lid
it will flare off when it mixes with
air. It doesn't do so by itself, you
st throw in a match to make it pop.
The carbon monoxide is, of course,
lly poison. You have to be in open
when starting or stopping. Users
ve been so thoroughly warned of
ills, however, that there's only one
ord of fatality; some truck drivers
umped at night put a tarpaulin
er themselves and the producer in or-
to keep warm.

Motorists who have gas-producers buy
petrol not only for supplementary
refuels in a pinch but for starting.
The producer does not begin to
tick the cylinders until suction draft
rough intake is created by running of
the motor. Petrol can be dispensed
th entirely if an electric blower is at-
tached to the producer to push the gas
rough as soon as you step on the
arter. Some blowers whine and howl
like a siren. In many neighborhoods,
people used to rush to the shelters,
thinking they were air-raid alarms.
Most private owners have their gas-

producer fastened to the rear of the car,
but farmers are more apt to carry it on
a small trailer so that the producer can
be switched from car to truck and even
to the farm light plant and other en-
gines.

Yanks invariably report this experi-
ence after their first rides in a gas-pro-
ducer-equipped car or taxi: Whenever
you turn your head a little, you catch
sight through the back window out of
the corner of your eye of the big con-
trivance riding there—and you nearly
jump over into the driver's lap because
you think it's another car about to crash
into you.

Certainly there's no local manifesta-
tion of war in which the Yank soldiers
have taken more interest than in the
gas-producer. That interest seems
founded on a certain apprehensiveness,
because often a soldier will say to you,
"I hope we don't find them things in the
States when we go home."

For running around camp or outside
it on official business, the Yank has his
jeep, now as familiar here as in the
States. The Australian papers have
probably written more about our jeeps
than about our generals. Aussie girls
would rather ride in jeeps than in any-
thing else, so they say. Oh, well, too bad
it's against regulations!

IT'S when he's in town on leave that
the impact of war-restricted personal
transportation really bangs the Yank.
For he is more accustomed to plentiful
and luxurious transportation than any
other national in the world. In the
United States, trolleys—except in cer-
tain localities of stubborn franchises—
have become museum pieces; Horace
Horsecollar of the Mickey Mouse car-
toons is the only *equus caballus* many
citified Americans ever see.

Suddenly the Yank found himself in
a country, war-beset for three years,
where the trolley or tram is the chief
means of city transportation, and the
horse is a familiar sight and becoming
more so. The American's offhand man-
ner of hailing a taxi for every little gada-
bout whim had to be sharply disciplined.
Petrol rationing and the calling up of
manpower has reduced Australia's taxis to
a small fraction of prewar numbers.
Late at night or in a rain, you will spend
futile hours trying to get a cab. After
midnight, trams run only once an hour.
So Yanks soon learn to be careful about
accepting invitations in the suburbs. On
the trams, men in uniform pay only half
fare.

The tram conductresses—"lady con-
ductors," the Yank soldiers call them,
and they are plenty capable of throwing
off smart alecks or deadbeats—afforded
some confusion and embarrassment at
first. Our boys were always getting up
to give her their seats when all the poor
girl wanted was the fare.

But much as he finds life strange and
novel and fascinating here, much as he
likes the land and the people, the one
thing the Yank soldier in Australia is
most interested in is mail from home.
His eyes and ears may be here but his
constant thoughts are with the folks
back home. Even though he may be too
crusty to admit it, there are little clues
by which you know. There was the
quiet autumnal Sunday, for instance,
when every single Yank soldier you saw
on the street wore a flower, either red or
white, in remembrance of Mother's
Day. Or take that boy you saw writing
something in the guest register of a re-
ception center in a certain town. He
carefully shielded what he was writing
with a blotter and when he had finished
he went out quietly. Afterward you
went over and had a look at what he
had written. It was "Australia is hunky
dory, but, oh, boy, give me Ottumwa in
good old Iowa!"

THE END

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ng manufacturers. They drape beau-
tifully and feel like a feather on
your back.

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of million stars are blinking. It is dark
the 6th is down there. Six miles down.
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you are ready for action any minute.
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and pilot, the radio operator and the
nd em. The objective is near. The
read for business.

means that Boeing Flying Fortresses
any missions on schedule is that Boeing

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BY SOCONY-VACUUM

signed ■ confess dat you is ■ uzzerer. De law in dis town don' like your kind. Iffen you ever puts the muscle on any-one anytime, we gives de recipe to de law." Refugee took off his coat, laid it on the bed. "Goodby, Mr. Hat," he said ominously.

Willie Wurtzel looked up at his fighter, rubbed the tears from his eyes. "Boy," he said brokenly, "how did you know?"

"Miss Deevine," Refugee said, "tol' Slippery."

"Where," Willie asked, "did you get the money?"

Refugee Smith looked down at the pudgy little man who was his manager, his one-time life saver. "I got a dollah six bits from Freezy Johnson," Refugee began, "I got five hundred and fifty from Hank Robinson, I got five hundred from Slippery, I got three hundred and twenty-five from Sam White. . . ."

"What did you tell 'em?" Willie Wurtzel asked.

"I could've got hit all from most any one of 'em," Refugee said, "only de banks was done closed down for de day. I got four hundred and sixty-two fifty from Infinite Sanders. . . ."

"The gambler that tried to frame you once?"

"Yessuh, Mr. Willie."

"What'd you tell 'em?" Willie Wurtzel asked helplessly.

"I tol' 'em I needed hit an' dat I wouldst pay hit back."

WILLIE WURTZEL looked up at Ed Delaney, and then he looked at Annabelle Divine. "I got two friends," he said, "in thirty years around here."

"That's two more than most have," Ed Delaney said.

"But that boy," Willie Wurtzel said, "he's got hundreds; that trust him."

Refugee Smith said, "They trust me 'cause I trust de Lord."

"It'd cost you a hundred thousand bucks if that boy hadn't showed up," Ed Delaney said.

"They wouldn't've handled him right," Willie said in a low voice, "he'd have been unhappy."

Annabelle Divine looked at Willie Wurtzel and she knew then that Willie Wurtzel had been thinking of his fighter and not of the money and she walked over and took one of Refugee's big black hands in hers. "I'd like to shake hands with you," she said.

"You'll never shake a better hand," Willie Wurtzel said in a tight voice, "in a glove or out."

THE END



"Does it matter if they're still full of beer?"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Maine and Central Vermont Railroads operated an air line now known as Northeast Air Lines, and they still are associated with that concern. By and large the railroads let the airplane slip through, just as they did trucks and busses.

Not to be caught a second time in any postwar major air developments, Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Railroad, which went into the truck and bus business when "fly-by-night operators with one or two trucks began to cut in on the business which we had spent almost a century in building up," has filed application with the Civil Aeronautics Board to operate air freight, air mail and air passenger service throughout its territory. It believes it is the first railroad to file for air freight.

Feeling that when we have won the war there will be a surplus of bombers, cargo and troop transport planes, and that independent plane operators will rush into the air hauling business,

GM&O is endeavoring to get in on the ground floor now to offer co-ordinated rail, truck, bus and plane service throughout its system. The air mail and freight activity is organized under the name of Rebel Air Freight, Inc., to operate from Chicago to New Orleans. Three additional air lines to provide passenger, mail and freight service over the entire GM&O routes are also being sought.

THE wide margins of safety that surrounded peacetime operations of Army and Navy aircraft must be cut down in war. One of the greatest such reductions is in the loading of aircraft, specifically landplane bombers and Navy flying boats. Loads as much as 7,000 pounds beyond what used to be regarded as a good safe limit are now being carried by pilots who know how to do it, and the safety record in this respect is still high. Surest and safest take-off for land or sea craft is out over

open water where no ob-
be encountered for man

IN CIVILIAN schools instruction to Army ai-
and tradition dictate t
who have not yet soloe
leged to hang around t
or the Flight Line with
ously balanced on thei
see in pictures. Instea
them flop limply down t
necks suspended only b
on their helmets. But
solo flight has been ac
cadet can signal this g
world by walking back
with goggles just above
cut that another privi
cut in his behalf after h
—he can wear his para
the plane. Prior to tha
it by the leg straps ove
der, leaving his right h
lute.

Important to all buyers or users
of office or portable typewriters:



War Time Message to:

- ★ Susan Wood of Mansfield, Ohio
- ★ James V. Hammond, Purchasing Agent, Chicago, Ill.
- ★ Corporal John Watts, Governors Island, New York

Susan:

You know it
we can't sell
t start new
o wanted.
m is ordered
ke fewer Co-
sel those we do make only to
d Navy, and to turn the rest of
ry, men, and machines over to
things our fighting men need.
orry Susan...and likewise we're
d glad.

Susan...don't give up your good
error or rent a typewriter, and
type now. Today, and for years
his country needs lots of good
You plan was smart. It still is
stick to it. We still say, "Many
start on a Corona!"



★ Dear Mr. Hammond:

Nobody dreamed of a rubber shortage three years ago, when you "standardized" your office on L C Smith typewriters. But when we tell you today that you can regrind your L C Smith rubber platens, and make them last six, eight, maybe ten years, you can certainly credit yourself with smart buying. It's a feature most typewriters do not have.

You probably know that we're keeping our service and repair departments going full blast at every branch office. We know how much you need typewriters, and although we can't sell you new ones, we can certainly keep your present machines going. Proof? Well—L C Smith Model 1, Serial 1, made in 1905, is in good operating shape right now! Why not have us work out a service program for you at minimum cost?



★ Dear Corporal:

You're one typewriter user we can talk "turkey" to, because (within certain limits) we can still make and sell new L C Smiths and new Coronas to the Army and the Navy.

You already know something about the speed of both machines, and you know their record for standing up under hard use. Both were re-designed before war hit us—so you can be sure they're equipped with all worthwhile operating features.

Here's the point: you might be asked to express your preference (and again you might not!). If you get a chance, ask for an L C Smith or a Corona, as the case may be. You can take our word for it—for sound design, honest workmanship, and long-lived usefulness, they are both outstanding. Descriptive booklets free on request.



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Conspiracy in the Merritt Family

(with a happy ending on Father's Day)



In Summertime my Pop is hot.
I would like it were he not;
So Mom and I for him will get
Arrow's cool new *Aronet*.

Aronet is Arrow's big June feature combination. The shirt is made of the coolest lightweight fabric; in white and 11 colors!



I like Father to look great
And impress my every date.
That is why I'll swing his way
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The handsome **Aronet Shirt** has the latest Arrow Collars, the "Mitoga" figure-fit, and the finest tailoring. \$2.25.



I'm the one who ought
Dad's supply of sho
Arrows are his fav'rit
I suggest we get th

Arrow Shorts have seam to make a man wr these most comfortable the *Aronet* pattern. 75c



Aronet's a handsome shirt
And should get its just desert
Folks, I urgently advise
Harmonizing Arrow Ties.

Three different Arrow Ties were designed for the *Aronet* Shirt: all *beauties*, all wrinkle-resistant, all perfect-knotting. \$1.



I'm no hand at writing verse;
I'll just say, "Please spare your purse."
And drop a hint, a sort of "feeler"—
Be sure to see my Arrow dealer.

Don't miss the *Aronet* handkerchief, an elegant finishing touch. 35c
Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y. ★ BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

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TEA
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you!



BRITISH COMBINE

The GREEKS had a War for It

By Frank Gervasi

...of Greece having a mug
...the anteen he presented to
...C.A. in London, the first can-
...be filled entirely by Greeks

King George II of Greece, a monarch temporarily out of a country but not out of a job, comes to the United States to carry on the fight for freedom. Something of the debt the United Nations owe his tough, liberty-loving people is told here by Collier's reporter, who covered Greece before the Axis tide engulfed it

ALL the little nations of be-
...Europe that lay in the
...ath of Axis domination of the
...content, only Greece, after
...loved democracy so well as to
...it vorously enough to call
...a war. It wasn't war in
...it was murder. It wasn't war
...it was a skirmish. In Po-
...though the resistance of
...had been, the German cam-
...roved an enormous exercise in
...actics. Only the Greeks had a
...it.
...ok the toll of the enemy. Hol-
...Belgium Poland—even Norway
...the Germans, and therefore the
...any m and much equipment.
...til Rujia entered the war, no
...acted each punishment on the
...the Greeks did upon the Italians,
...er, with the help of the British,
...e Germans.
...can't it a calipers on what
...did for the cause of democracy
...asure accurately. The war
...er yet. But it *might* have been
...it no been for the Greeks—
...Greek politicians nor big busi-

nessmen. Many Greek politicians were Fascists, as the government of Premier Metaxas had been Fascist, patterned, even down to police methods of handling traffic, after the Fascist design. The big businessmen for the most part thought they could do business with Hitler. Some of the members of the Greek general staff had sold out to the Italians, and at least one important member of the Department of the Interior was a Nazi stooge.
But the Greek people—the goat herders and the tobacco farmers, the wine growers and the tenders of olive groves, the factory workers and the keepers of wineshops—the common people of Greece had no mind to do business with Benito Mussolini or Adolf Hitler. The night the Italians treacherously descended upon Greece from their long-established base in Albania—October 28, 1940—those people filled the village squares and the streets with their clamor: "Down with Fascism!"
They meant as much the Fascism that had been imposed upon them since the day Metaxas invented a Communist rebellion in the provinces. In August,

1936, to seize power, suppress the constitution, close up the parliament and become dictator, as they meant the Fascism of the invader. It was to have been a victorious march to Athens for the Italians. Mussolini's choice of the date October 28th—anniversary of his Pullman-car "march" on Rome—indicated that, as did the bald fact that Italophile members of the Greek general staff had received enormous bribes in gold to induce their regiments to lay down their arms.
He Chose to Fight
Metaxas heard the cries of the people. He was as shrewd a politician as he was an able general, perhaps one of the ablest officers of our times. He saw and seized the opportunity of going down in history as a paladin of democracy rather than a despised dictator. He chose to fight.
And what was to have been another easy victory for Mussolini's "invincibles," those veterans of one-sided battles against unarmed natives in Ethiopia and barchanded Republicans

in Spain, turned into a catastrophic defeat. The adjective is understatement. Italian Fascism, nourished for years on hypodermics of propaganda, on a sort of national Couéism of phony victories and false economics and catch phrases that included the one concerning Mussolini's infallibility—"Mussolini ha sempre ragione" (Mussolini is always right)—died in the mountain passes of Albania.
Fascism fed on glory. There was none for Fascist arms in Greece. Fascism gorged on victory and met costly defeat in Greece. It dawned on even the staunchest Black Shirts with the Greek debacle that Mussolini was very definitely not always right. The decline of the Second Roman Empire that may meet its end one day soon on the sands of Libya began in Greece because Greeks loved freedom well enough to fight for it.
Something more the Greeks accomplished. Italy's mission in the Axis strategy in the Mediterranean region was to have been twofold: The Fascists were to have marched to Athens and
(Continued on page 58)

She crossed her legs impulsively. The crowd whistled madly. She beamed brightly until the man indicated that art had been served



ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

Or for Worse
A SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
By Stanley Frank

H E HAD given her five more minutes for positively the last time when he saw her coming down the street, to the accompaniment of an invisible string ensemble playing in three-quarter time. She wore the skins of six dead sables, a vacuous expression and a corsage of flowers pinned to the furs. He knew the origin of the furs and the beautiful blankness, but the corsage stopped him cold.

His own talent was the source of the handsome animals which clutched gently at her soft throat. Nature had chosen to assemble her features in a pattern not at all unpleasing to the eye, and the corsage probably had come from that leering stewbum who had a buck for every tea bag in China. He scowled and pondered the extensive pleasure to be derived from punching eight million dollars' worth of low character in the nose.

She approached, she saw him, she smiled and the stone lions slumbering morosely in front of the City Hall sat up and took notice, a reaction not at all uncommon to the male animal in the presence of a Dish. He consulted the wafer-thin platinum watch she had given him the time they were held over at the Moonlight Roof and glowered at her, but it was an effort.

"You're forty minutes late, Dog-face," he grouched. "What detained you? A sailor or something?"

"So sorry, darling," she trilled, and a reverent hush enveloped the street, silencing the profane noises competing against her voice. "I didn't realize I was at the beauty parlor so long."

"**Y**OU should've hung around until they waited on you," he said with elaborate sarcasm.

"Ah, darling, please be nice to me, just today," she pleaded. "This really is a difficult situation for me."

"G'wan," he scoffed, "you can do it blindfolded with one hand tied behind your back. You've been planning it long enough—for three years—and driving me crazy every minute. Maybe I would've been better off if I'd cut my throat the day I met you. It would've been quicker and cleaner."

"If you want to back out," she said, and her lower lip trembled piteously, "it's your privilege. After all, nobody is forcing you to go through with it."

"Don't give me that!" he yelled. "You're through playing me for a chump. I was a sucker not to have done this long ago. You making with the eyes at every guy in town on my time. And where did you get the flowers?"

"If you must know," she said, "I bought them myself. I wanted to look radiant for you. I wanted to give you something to remember always, and all I get is abuse and vile suspicion."

"What is that you're wearing, a skirt

or a kilt?" he demanded. "I don't mean to be personal, you understand, but I've seen your legs before. It wasn't necessary to refresh my memory quite so obviously."

"You always said I had nice legs," she pouted. She drew her absurd little skirt taut against her knees, examining them critically.

"You got a swell pair of gams," he assured her, "but I'm old-fashioned enough to believe there are certain sacred things a husband doesn't share with the public."

"You're trying awfully hard to be nasty."

"No trouble at all. Look—we're almost an hour late. The man is waiting to mumble those little words you've been dying to hear."

"Oh, Poopsie will be there all afternoon."

"Poopsie!" he howled. "Who's Poopsie?"

"Judge Poole, you silly goose. You know, that distinguished-looking gentleman who comes to the club so often. He's a lamb."

"If you ask me, he's a sheep in wolf's clothing. No doubt he's told you he can make you very happy after this passing incident in your life is finished."

"An older, worldly man always is more understanding."

"Oh, yeah!" he said. "Well, my winsome witch, if you don't come along and get this silly business over and done with, I'll kick your teeth down your delicious throat."

"I forgot to tell you," she said, "the photographer won't be here for a while."

"Won't you feel uncomfortable posing with all those clothes? If it's not asking too much, would you mind telling me who's taking the picture and for what?"

"For the papers, of course. I can see the caption now: 'Dancer Leaps for Keeps.' That nice boy who does the night-club column in the Star said he would do it specially for me."

"He's probably reciprocating past favors," he retorted. "Do you meet all trains?"

Her eyes suddenly sparkled with tears. "You poor boy," she murmured. "You're jealous and I never knew. Tell me, darling, how long have I been torturing you? When did you decide we couldn't go on this way?"

"When I found out I couldn't support you any more," he said.

"And when did you ever support me?" she blazed.

"For three years I've been lugging you over every dance floor in America three times a night. When I took you out of that coatroom and put you in the act, you were a cute little trick. Now I'm in training to be the bottom man in the pyramid. Don't look now, Butch, but you're bulging in the strangest places."

"If you were a man," she thought, "I'd gouge your eyes out for an instant I'm your phony woman's-pla-home line! You want to go so you can get another girl to front for you while you charm for those frowzy batt think you're wonderful, you rat. I'll spoil your dandy li I'm not going through with "If you don't mind, lady," with a big box slung over t said patiently, "would you with the legs over here?"

S HE perched on the ledge the alert lions, crossed her at the appreciative audienc sprung out of holes in the pulled her absurd, inadequa her knees.

"Lady," the little man lously, "a nice, big smile more leg, please!"

"I will not lend myself to hibition," she said stiffly. "I give people with low, vile wrong impression." The c restlessly.

"Nice legs always make pression on Page 1," the litt wearily.

"Go on, sugar," her par from the crowd. "You own public."

"Darling, you do unders cried. "Wait for me. I've mind."

She crossed her legs impulsively. The crowd whistled madly, and man, a veteran of many epics with ladies, momenta tured his lost, forgotten you mitted himself the luxury c smile.

She beamed brightly upo and held it until the little m that art had been served She had many offers of ass she declined them graciously tain party fought his way milling mob. She dropped ledge into his waiting arms. slightly but held his ground

"Darling," she whispered me, I was a vicious, nan woman. You are an artist. not be restricted by petty, r conventions. You need you You can have it—if you w added tremulously.

"Poopsie is waiting," he n They ran up the steps c Hall, but at the door she s clung to him.

"Hold me tight this way time," she breathed softly. ling, I'm scared."

"How do you think I feel miserably. I've never be before, either."

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The Greeks Had a War for It

Continued from page 55

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No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1 1/4 ounces. In all traditional shapes, at your dealer's.

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thereby intimidated Yugoslavia, where the treacherous Stoyadinovitch had prepared the terrain for an Axis coup, into the New Order line-up. Turkey, which at the time leaned far toward Berlin, was to have been won over by this Fascist triumph, and the Fascists were also to have conquered Egypt. Marshal Rodolfo Graziani had an enormous Fascist army in Libya, which outnumbered Egypt's defenders by at least four to one.

But in the seven months the Greeks held the Italians and in the six or seven weeks that the Anglo-Greek forces held the Italo-German armies later, the Italian pincers on strategic Suez broke—both jaws crumbled. The Nazi general staff was obliged to replace these broken jaws, to deploy divisions in the Balkans and in Italy and in Libya. Germany's ally had failed, and Germany was obliged to delay the attack against Russia, already prepared in Rumania and Bulgaria.

Thrown Off Schedule

Hitler attacked the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. But Greek resistance in the Balkans, which inspired rebellion in Yugoslavia and further complicated matters for the Nazis, had given Russia an extra seven months' preparation. Moreover, Hitler was caught on the Russian plains by winter because his timetable was thrown off schedule by the Balkan campaign and the fighting in Libya, where he was obliged to move at least four valuable armored divisions in addition to several motorized infantry divisions and hundreds of planes to stiffen the disintegrating Fascists. He might not have been frozen-in in Russia had he been able to launch his invasion of Russia sooner than June 22d.

Hitlerism, some believe, may die in Russia, but if so, it received the mortal wound in the Balkans at the hands of the Greeks.

The task of holding Greece together,

particularly after the untimely death of Metaxas, was that of King George II. A rugged man with an iron jaw, taller and broader than the Greeks he ruled, he was tireless in conferences with generals, members of his cabinet, diplomats and British staff officers. He was among the last of the officials to be evacuated from Athens to Crete, where the government was transferred.

Good fifth-column work tipped off the Germans to George's presence on Crete. The Nazis bombed him the length and breadth of the island, almost as though they were searching him out personally. As it was, George and a small party barely escaped alive from the battered island where thousands of British and Greek troops died in a defense rendered hopeless by lack of Allied air power.

The Greeks are fighting still. Guerrilla resistance continues. Every day Greeks are shot as saboteurs. Thousands are dying in Greece from starvation and typhus every month. They could have spared themselves the tragedy that has befallen them, by accepting the New Order placidly, as Austria did, and later Rumania and Hungary and Bulgaria. But they chose to have a war instead, with all that war means, for by the time the Greeks started fighting they had a fair idea of the hardships and bloodshed and sacrifices they would have to endure.

In Greece, democracy was born and in Greece, democracy has fought a struggle for survival through the centuries since the Romans conquered the Hellenes in 146 B.C. To evacuated Greek soldiers I met in Cairo and Alexandria, what happened in the spring of 1941 was part of the same old struggle. I've seen many evacuees of many nationalities. Defeat and despair were plain in the faces of most of them. I saw neither in the level glances of the Greeks I met in Egypt. They'd come out only to fight again.

THE END



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The Old College Try

Continued from page 42

Boudreau doesn't mind mistakes. In daily lectures, that he the same mistakes made that were made in March

pronounce it "bud-row," on the last syllable—is French father and a German neither of which languages Ten years ago he was in Harvey, Illinois, twenty-sixth of Chicago's Loop. The baseball team but he led the team to championship. He looked was wiry and durable.

th, in grammar school, he ne the basketball team, al-ly thirteen years old. reading about the Harlem o's and how they razzle-th basketball. He saw them Se decided his team should be handlers also. He didn't de of set passes. He worked bl and-bounce system of ex-the ball that gave the Boud-de a distinct flavor. It gave oo chance at Harvey High so.

His All-Illinois Choice

au, a freshman, made the am The next winter his pals m school team joined him. ye's these buddies of the w Boudreau leading and we terrific. They won one pship, placed second twice. is e only player in history ne A-Illinois basketball team in row!

ing, Boudreau transferred litie to the heavy mitt, mask pector. This business of did t suit Louis Boudreau, ad len a semipro third base-you ever expect to get any-ase ill, forget that catching. infd, where you won't get rs ht all the time. Besides, e yo years to become a really ner.

udre went over to a corner e fater, a machinist by trade, g rodders to his scampering Lot struggled until he be-ir th baseman. He played teur teams in Chicago and a tout with the Chicago x. B there were dozens of ngste and Lou was lost in e. H promptly forgot about Sox ad enrolled in the school al education at the University

ayed baseball and basketball reshmen teams. Next year he vary in those sports and star a Western Conference on. Aough he weighed only ds, spad thin over five feet fram he was as wiry, agile

and durable as he had been as a youngster.

At the close of the basketball season, Boudreau, the sophomore, was elected captain of the team for the following winter. There was no doubt of his leadership of the basketball team. He was the unanimous choice for captain, regardless of scholastic years.

Such trust and command came easy to Boudreau even then. So it was only natural that big leaguers in baseball should respect the young man from the outset. Just after Boudreau was named manager of the Indians, representatives of organized baseball were in Jacksonville, Florida, for the annual winter meetings.

General Manager Warren Giles and Manager Bill McKechnie of the Cincinnati Reds told Roger Peckinpaugh, vice-president of the Indians, and Boudreau, they were interested in Rollie Hemsley, the veteran catcher. The four sat down to discuss the possible transfer. Giles hadn't met Boudreau before. So he addressed most of his talk to Peckinpaugh, an older, more experienced baseball official.

Boudreau interrupted the conversation frequently to ask questions and to inject comment that was sound enough to startle his older conferees. Giles and McKechnie soon found themselves talking to Boudreau, directing their remarks to him as Peckinpaugh sat back and smiled at the little drama being unfolded. But it was getting late and it was suggested that the conference be continued in the morning.

"That's okay," said Giles. "Let's meet in the coffee shop of the hotel here between 9 and 9:30."

"If you don't mind, let's set a definite time," replied Boudreau. "I might get down in the lobby around 9 and get mixed up in some kind of a deal and I'm pretty green at all this. So let's meet here at 9:15, sharp. Then I'll come right in and we'll talk."

Giles was startled, but agreeable. The group met at 9:15 and soon the transfer of Hemsley to the Reds was a matter of record. But not until Boudreau had asked more questions and had stuck in some notable remarks.

"I was one of those who questioned Boudreau's appointment when it was made last year," Giles says now. "But no more. I know why Mr. Bradley named him manager."

But Boudreau, though he might star in baseball, basketball and at a conference table, couldn't cut through football. He tried it just once at the university.

In the autumn of his junior year, Boudreau was taking a course in physical education that included a class in football instruction. His teacher was Douglas R. Mills, Lou's basketball coach who has since been promoted to athletic director. "They need a place-kicker on the varsity," Mills told Boudreau. "You know, kick those extra

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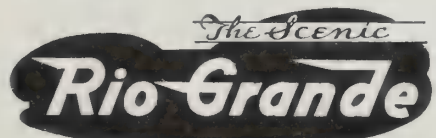
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points and field goals. Can you kick a football?"

Lou said he had booted a few in high school and he might as well try to help the dear old Illini.

"I kicked all afternoon," Lou recalls painfully. "The next morning, when I tried to get up, I couldn't make it, couldn't even get out of bed. I had to miss classes that day. Well, that cured me of football. My right leg was sore for weeks. I waited for basketball to start then."

The captain of the varsity basketball team was to have been the key man in a championship drive. But suddenly, Boudreau found himself notorious.

Major John L. Griffith, commissioner of athletics for the Western Conference, reported to the University of Illinois that Boudreau's mother had been receiving monthly payments from the Cleveland baseball club.

The university's board of athletic control had to decide whether Lou's family was receiving assistance through legitimate channels or whether the great basketball and baseball hero was a professional. The six members of the board were deadlocked. Three voted to bar Boudreau from further collegiate competition. Three voted to allow him to continue. The president of the university expressed, in writing, his belief in Lou's innocence of professionalism.

The board tossed the hot potato to the other Western Conference schools, who voted Boudreau out of competition. They told him he might be reinstated the following autumn if he severed relations with the Cleveland club. C. C. Slapnicka, then vice-president of the Indians, wired a release to the collegian.

Baseball vs. Love

Soon it was spring and Lou wanted to play baseball. He also wanted to marry Della De Ruiter. Lou and Della talked over their problems. They agreed to have Lou finish his junior year first. Lou could play baseball and postpone his final year of study. By taking a winter course, Boudreau gained his degree in physical education in February of 1940.

Boudreau signed with the Indians in the spring of 1938, was farmed out to Cedar Rapids in the Three-Eye League, where he played third base and batted .290 in 60 games, which was just 100 points lower than his batting mark at the university. He even caught a few games at Cedar Rapids.

The Indians had another young collegian on the string that spring. He was Ray Mack, a home-town product, a second baseman who weighed 210 pounds and who had been graduated from Cleveland's Case School of Applied Science. Off to Fargo-Moorehead in the Northern League went the young engineer, who had been a football and basketball hero, too. There he batted .378, high enough to earn him an order to report to the parent Indians in September of that year, 1938. Boudreau reported, also. They met, exchanged a few words, went their way.

Boudreau and Mack reported to the Tribe's training quarters in New Orleans the following spring and were assigned to the same room. From that circumstance developed what Tris Speaker, immortal Gray Eagle of the outfield, insists is the greatest second-base combination in the history of baseball.

Although they were not yet a combination on the field, the former collegians were close friends. Boudreau was still classed a third baseman, but the Indians had just bought Ken Keltner, a great young third baseman. So Lou was switched to shortstop. Now he was next to Mack on the field as well as in the privacy of their room, where they

dreamed of the big-league stardom that was to be theirs sooner than they expected.

But they were young ballplayers and they needed experience, so there was a conference in New Orleans between Vice-President Slapnicka, Manager Oscar Vitt, Peckinpaugh, then managing New Orleans of the Southern Association, and Steve O'Neill, managing Buffalo of the International League.

Cleveland baseball creates strange bedfellows. Peckinpaugh and O'Neill were former managers of the Indians even then. Vitt had succeeded O'Neill. Peck was to return to the Cleveland organization in 1941 as manager, then was to be promoted to vice-president to succeed Slapnicka, who resigned, so that Boudreau could be made manager.

These men met in that spring of '39 to place Cleveland talent for the coming season. Both O'Neill and Peckinpaugh wanted second-base combinations. Peckinpaugh had first choice of two spare pairs because of a close relationship between the Indians and the New Orleans club. He was offered Boudreau and Mack. Peckinpaugh turned them down, insisted upon Scalzi and Shilling, players who had had more minor league experience.

Under O'Neill, Boudreau and Mack gained additional confidence. The youngsters made plays around second base that set records in the International League. Boudreau hit .331, Mack .293. They were the talk of the circuit.

Meanwhile, the Indians had dropped out of the pennant race. Cleveland fans had dropped into their chairs at home, too. A night game with the Browns was scheduled in Cleveland's huge Municipal Stadium, August 1, 1939. The Indian's front office wanted a crowd. Tony Galento was hired as an added attraction. Finally, Boudreau and Mack, the dream boys of the minor leagues about whom much had been written in Cleveland, were to report for their big-league introduction.

Buffalo fans revolted. They threatened to boycott the Bisons' park if Boudreau and Mack left. The press in Cleveland trained its bows and arrows on the Tribe front office, accused the club of hippodroming just to get a crowd, which it didn't. Only 16,000 turned out.

But those 16,000 never will forget that

game. They'll always recall dashing inaugural at short amazing speed and agility big. They noted, too, how stayed the balance of the y stop, although batting .258, turning plays his way out dirt and keen baseball obognized the spark of leade rookie.

Boudreau was not one of Cleveland players who paid a serious visit to the office of Bradley the following June Manager Vitt's removal. other younger players—except Boudreau was told to stay on the ground of the revolution, to allow older players to take the pu

Lou Plucks His Rev

They did, but as millions hooted and castigated Boudreau remained out in parade. No pressure was He withstood all challenges conclusion of that startling baseball history, Lou plucked. These included a average for 155 games, 101 in, and selection by baseball Chicago and Cleveland as tling rookie and outstanding year. A fair haul for a first-

Boudreau doesn't smoke, of beer occasionally and is profanity. He plays pinoc ballplayers and does all right some publicity this spring that he had changed his ba but on opening day he was over the plate, arms stret (but a little lower than for his head poised over the d

He is a sure out on most the infield because he's one est runners in baseball. I he is a great shortstop becau the progress of a ball and years of training on basket to get a sensationally fast ball.

If, with the loss of Feller, he is able to get the India first division, it will have counted a triumph for the try. The Indians were neve without it.

THE END



"Keep practicing. I'll tell you when a ball comes this way"



**"Why doesn't
somebody tell him ?**

***Braking on one wheel
burns up his tires !"***

**YOUR BRAKES WORKING ALL RIGHT?
OR DOES YOUR CAR:**

When brakes are applied?
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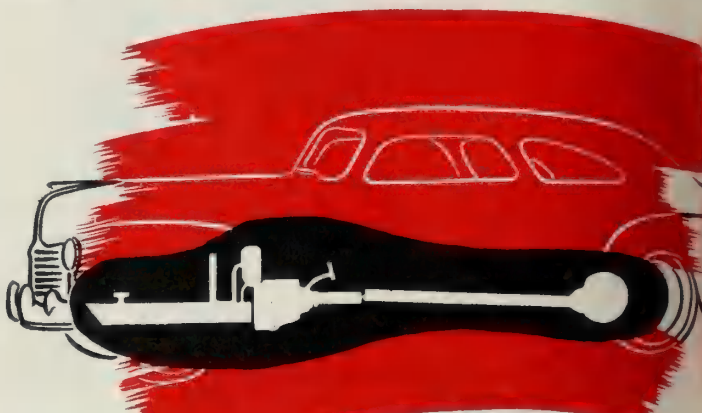
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WAR and your tires

Saving rubber is the most vital need—and this requires attention to tires, wheels, shock absorbers and springs. Poor wheel alignment is Tire Saboteur Number One! Wheels out of line scuff and scrub your tires against the road. Save rubber by keeping alignment under strict control! Shock absorbers and springs should be properly serviced and

lubricated—they affect tire wear, as well as steering. Undetected, uneven springs can play hob with tires! Proper inflation, and tires to equalize wear, at tire-insurance everybody about by now—but the for themselves—give them



WAR and lubrication

Eternal vigilance is the price of engine safety! More care should be exercised than ever before to assure that all moving parts are properly lubricated. Make sure that the correct grade of good oil, and the recommended kind of lubricant, are kept to "FULL" in the crankcase, transmission and differential. See that the element in your oil filter is replaced

often enough to assure clean changes.

Lubrication points out "mile class"—front wheel bearings—ample—are often neglected; they seldom need attention, even on "20,000

Reduce friction through lubrication, and you'll prevent



WAR and your electrical system

Within your car is a self-sustaining power plant complete with generator, storage battery, transformer (coil), distributor, power lines running to spark plugs and lights. Like a municipal plant, it requires inspection and maintenance service. The fan belt drives the generator—see that it doesn't slip on the job. Have the battery kept supplied with distilled water (once a week isn't too

often) and see that its cable straps are O.K. The voltage and coil should both be inspected, and the distributor all wiring and connections. Spark plugs that are broken out of adjustment can mileage 10 to 20 percent. removed every few thousand cleaning and inspection.

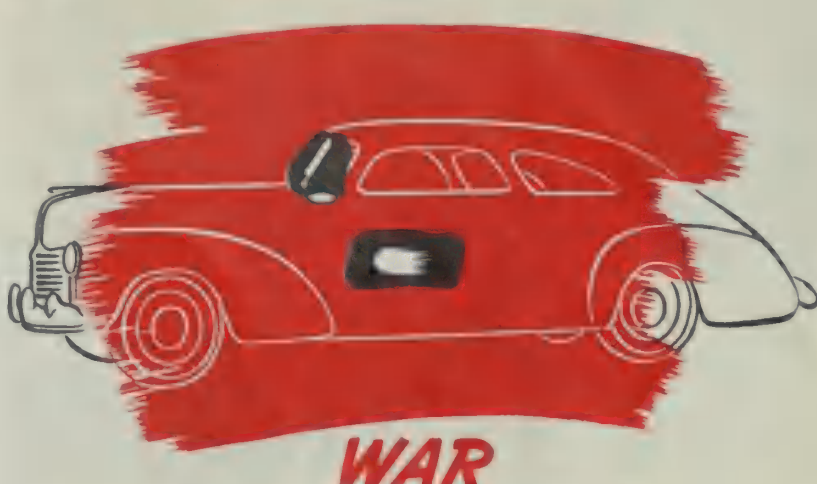


WAR

and your engine's efficiency

le symptoms reveal some-
inside the engine. Unre-
lerator... lack of pick-up
power... excessive con-
as and oil... any of these
a skilled mechanic should

Fortunately, the wear is usually local-
ized in piston rings, valves, or bearings.
... It may be nothing more than a stick-
ing valve, but prompt attention is better
than regret. ... Protect your engine by
preventing the unnecessary wear that
would result from neglect!



WAR

and your car's appearance

An occasional wash-and-polish isn't
enough! Start with one thorough treat-
ment with a good cleaner. ... Then the
car is ready for a protective coat of wax
or polish, which should be periodically
renewed. Prevent deterioration, and the
good finish of a modern car will last as
long as the car itself.

This is a good time to check the wind-
shield wipers—we can't take a chance
these days on an accident of any kind!
See that each wiper is operating prop-
erly, and that the blade is in good
condition. Be sure that the windshield is
kept clean at all times with an efficient,
non-smearing cleaner.



WAR

and engine tune-up

ame e refiners for the "ping"
probably hear in your engine
uration. ... War demands have
reduction of gasoline octane
slow e "ideal" for late-model
ere a three things you can do:
ombustion chambers free of
accelerate more gradually, and
ition being adjusted for "peak"

performance. DON'T depend upon re-
tarding the spark to get rid of "ping"—
waste of gasoline, and loss of power
would result!

A worn or dirt-clogged carburetor—
or one that's out of adjustment—wastes
gasoline, too. Prevent waste by having
your carburetor periodically checked
and adjusted.



WAR

and your stopping

Dependable brakes are more important
today than ever, so brake care deserves
unremitting attention. Hydraulic brak-
ing systems should be flushed twice a
year—kept filled to capacity... the brakes

themselves should be adjusted, to pre-
vent tire wear and insure safe stopping.

Worn brake linings should be re-
placed before brake drums are damaged.
Prevent this expensive repair job.



WAR

and your cooling system

ough the anti-freeze drained from
r this spring seemed clear, radiat-
d engine should be thoroughly
now to remove scale, rust, and
that may have seeped into the
In refilling, add a rust-inhibitor
ard formation of rust, and pre-
ogging keeping in suspension

the unavoidable rust which does form.
Thermostats and hoses should be
checked, and cylinder head nuts or
studs tightened. As frequently as once a
month the adjustment of the fan belt
should be checked. ... Stretching and
slipping precede failure—"Prevent slip-
ping and prevent failure!"

P.S.

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

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knowledge and handling because, in addition to taking care of tires, battery,
finish, upholstery, running gear and bright work, special treatment of internal
parts is vital to prevent serious damage.

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WINSLOW GREENE, a shy and likable geologist in the employ of the Boca Grande foothills of the Andes Mountains, comes down town of Santa Rosa on the first leg of a dangerous trip into the interior.

At the hotel he runs into Milton Bird, m Boca Grande, who had come down to Santa Rosa on some complicated business which he had forgotten. Bird, a handsome, self-assured man, heavily. He mentions that a British destroyer a German raider lurking off the canal has been says he has made the acquaintance of two men, Martinez and Gruber.

In Santa Rosa, Winslow Greene has one of he dreads. Jim Walters, the mine manager, to meet a Miss Henrietta Simpson on the boat from New York that day. She is going up to work in the office and will take the upriver boat.

On his way to the customs docks, Winslow stopped by a soft-spoken, handsome stranger, a pensive Panama, who introduces himself as of the secret police. Lopez intimates that two Martinez and a Señor Gruber, may try to get tion out of Greene about his mining operation only that Winslow let him know, in room 41 when and if he is approached by the two. This remains noncommittal.

At the ship, Winslow meets Miss Simpson, a blond girl wearing expensive clothes. Glumly to the hotel. In her room she suddenly breaks down while Winslow helplessly looks on. She tells him she came here to get away from someone she had married. Winslow, embarrassed at such an intimate revelation, becomes shy and tongue-tied. Finally she says she is fully nice. Winslow likes that. He enjoys shopping with her for suitable clothes and when he gets back to the hotel he asks her to have dinner.

Then he goes down to the barroom where he meets an air-line manager, who tells him that the British have a coast boat full of oil. They have no doubt sent it out to a raider. "The British consul says they are raiding now if they only had some planes," the manager continues. "She can't be far offshore and she's got a lot of oil."

II

WINSLOW GREENE recalled that he had spoken about the raider, but he was not interested at the time.

He was thinking of Henrietta Simpson told her a good deal about himself, but he had seemed quite natural to tell her. He had about the Colorado School of Mines. He had about his first job in British Columbia and how he had spent a winter in Alaska, and how he had come to Boca Grande five years before.

"Aren't you ever lonely?" she had asked him. "No," he said. "I'm used to it. I've got a sort of restless. I rather like to be alone. You don't look like the sort of person who goes to places like that."

He knew very well what he looked like. He was lean and stringy with stooped shoulders. He did not look like anybody who might amount to anything. He wished that he looked more like Milton Bird.

Just as he was wishing it, Milton Bird pushed through the door to the bar. "Say," he said, "have you heard the news? She was a all right." And then he slapped Winslow on the back. "Where's the office girl? Is she pretty?"

"She's taking a rest," Winslow said, and his reason his answer made Milton laugh.

"Well, I'll see her later, down at the bar at o'clock tomorrow morning."

Milton walked whistling out of the bar. Winslow wished that he had Milton Bird's self-consciousness. He wished that he could be as easily with casual acquaintances, and particularly that he did not always feel that people were looking at him. As Milton left he felt one was just behind him. He told himself it was ridiculous but he could not get away from the feeling he had had once before in a piece of country near the headwaters of the Amazon. He had been paddling down a stream in a dugout canoe. An Indian whom he had always known as friendly was paddling in the stern. The same feeling now between the shoulder blades that other time it had saved his life.

The dice boxes kept banging on the table in the endless game of poker dice which the Americans and the agricultural agent were playing when Winslow finally turned around.

(Continued)

As he heard the sound, instinctively he threw his arm around Henrietta and pushed her to the wall of a building and stood in front of her

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Magic Mountain

Continued from page 14

it. However, it is associated with copper more widely than with any other metal, and by-product plants at several of the nation's great copper mines produce most of the moly that is not produced at Climax. One tungsten mine and one lead mine also produce some. The Greene Cananea copper mine in Mexico is the world's leading producer outside the U. S., with 1,500,000 pounds a year.

Molybdenum is also produced in small quantities in Russia, Turkey, Chile and Canada. Perhaps the most heartening part of the picture is that only at the Knaben mine in Norway—producing before the war about 1,000,000 pounds a year—and at a small mine in French Morocco, are there known sources available to the Axis.

Even the geological story is somewhat of a miracle. If you should slice down Bartlett Mountain through the middle, you would see that it consists, in essence, of a cone within a cone. The outer layer or cone is a ring of ancient granite and schist, from 250 to 700 feet thick. This, in some primordial time, was steamed full of moly in solution, not in thick veins but in small hair-fine fractures through the whole mass. The inner cone is a silicious granite, barren of moly. But at depth, part of the central barren core becomes moly ore again. Slice off the top of the mountain horizontally, and the hollow moly-bearing ring would be about 4,000 feet east by west and 3,000 feet north to south, like a huge doughnut of ore with its center filled with barren rock.

Good ore runs about six tenths of one per cent molybdenite, or about 10 to 12 pounds per ton. But there are no fixed limits to the ore body; the moly gradually fades out in the granite, and the miners follow it and send broken rock to the mill if it contains as little as four pounds to the ton.

Miners describe the process of mining in highly technical terms, but to the layman they are simply caving down the mountain.

Million-ton Blastings

Back in its depths beyond the tunnels, they drill holes and place thousands of pounds of explosive. Then everyone gets out, the mountain groans and labors, and hundreds of thousands of tons of broken ore—one blast brought down 1,250,000 tons—tumble down to be loaded on the endless trains of mine cars that emerge at a rate of one every two or three minutes from the mountain and toot off to the crusher a half mile away, where units as massive as a battleship's turrets grind the rock into flour fineness for the mill.

In the mill are long batteries of flotation cells. The ore, now powder-fine, is run into these cells, mixed with pine oil, air and water. The particles of molybdenite cling to the bubbles of air, which float. Electrically driven paddles whirling alongside the cells ceaselessly skim off this floating substance into an endless trough for collection; the refuse or gangue sinks to the bottom of the cells. The molybdenite concentrate is cleaned, dried and packed.

But Climax isn't done. It has research laboratories at Golden, Colo., and at Detroit, Mich., and a converting plant at Langeloth, Pa.

Here the raw molybdenite is converted into many forms. It is roasted and sacked (or canned) in units of five pounds and upward, so the watchful steelmaster can simply toss these units into the molten bath one by one and

know when he has reached the exact proportions he wants.

The resulting alloys are now going into high-speed tools, armor plate for ships, and steel for the guns that fire from behind the tough moly-alloyed shields of turrets; into plane parts, anti-aircraft mounts, bullet cores, torpedo shells, rifle and machine-gun barrels, truck and tank axles and plating, and many other parts for trucks, tanks and jeeps that must bounce over tough terrain without breaking down.

But Climax still isn't done. Its experts prepare self-reducing briquets for foundries and furnaces, moly trioxide for making the pure metal used in the electric industry, sodium molybdate for colors and printing ink. Moly also is used as a catalyzer in the process by which oil is hydrogenated, in the chemical bases of many other preparations, and in the ceramic industry.

The Pioneers of Climax

This huge enterprise at Climax was built from scratch, and it took a lot of scratching. A forest ranger first sent ore out to be identified, and Hugh Leal, a Kansas banker, financed claims which covered part of the deposits. After hanging on until about the beginning of the first World War, Leal sold his claims to a syndicate headed by Max Schott of New York, which raised capital during that war. A 250-ton mill was built and some moly produced and then, through long years after the war, money, brains and endless toil were plowed into research and into attempts to sell the element, which found few sales outlets.

The mine was closed in 1919, reopened in September, 1924, and has been worked continuously since, growing by stages to its present huge size as the world demanded more moly.

Today, Climax Molybdenum Co.'s closely held stock is valued, at market prices, at between \$75,000,000 and \$80,000,000. But try to buy it for that! It has made many men wealthy and given many more a life competence. But every one of those men can point to grayed hairs and lined faces from their long years of pioneering toil.

Aside from the huge size and the formidable efficiency of the plant, what strikes the layman is that, working in the deadly, dusty silicate rock, there is virtually no dust.

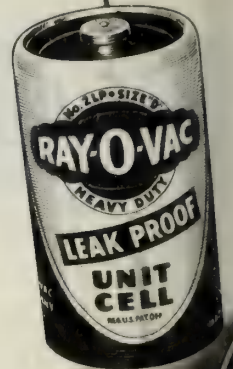
There is a reason. Climax has spent more than \$500,000 for ventilation and dust control. Wherever dust is made, there are fine water sprays to dampen and lay it.

At that elevation, a sure water supply is the most needed and the most expensive requisite for a plant and community so large. The mine produces a stream of water that is purified for domestic use, and there is an artificial lake, gathered from the mountains, lying 600 feet below the mine. Water from this and from a supplementary lake in the midst of the desert of tailings is endlessly pumped into the mill and the crusher.

Climax has about 4,000 acres, and the entire community is company-owned. The company is insured in Colorado's state compensation fund, and its rate has gone steadily down, reflecting the decrease in reportable accidents from about 166 per million man-hours worked, in 1931, to an almost-miraculous 14.76 in 1940. Its Colorado pay roll alone now runs more than \$200,000 a month, and it pays two thirds of the taxes in its home county.

THE END

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Flashlights are important defense. But metal flashlights are growing scarce. Their manufacture is prohibited, order, as of May 31.

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because
LEAKPROOF
it's guaranteed
PRO-
your flashlight
against corrosion

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

Continued from page 64

a corner was a man in te, reading a newspaper. ld not see his face but he the hands and he remem- nama hat which was hang- k near the table. It was who had been watching e top of the newspaper. ed back to the dice play-

man in the corner behind "reading a newspaper. Do know him?" of the dice stopped. "seen him before," the air- r said. "Have you ever ?" hook his head. "No," he le looks like a planter— acienda owners who come for a good time. Look at

any," Winslow answered. e me this morning. He om the police." ent back again to Henri- so. He was trying to recall tion of her voice. She had n was glad she had come. remark still seemed to ris- , but that evening sur- n more; he was sure that ner forget that evening.

th sun was going down he with Henrietta Simpson in the th large plaza, watching the ad. The rain clouds which abe them had turned to a e or not unlike the façade hedul that stood on one side uan. The three other sides de by sidewalk cafés and by ere Santa Rosans were to ther to watch the ending y. street singer was playing and ng a gay endless song ncie love affair.

s dk quickly, doesn't it?" ai to Winslow. he answered. "It always does Equor."

ld n understand why his an- le augh. w you would say that. I never that anyone so literal-minded so kill."

ly on selfish," he said. "It's leasul." me son, that answer of his o amse her too. It was grow- er ane could see her looking im though the dusk smiling, miled back. There were a num- ings e wanted to say but he he h to know someone for a e eve to dare to say half of was tinking.

don't lk much, do you?" she

ow blued. He was glad it was t for h to see him clearly. "I king ut I've known you quite me," said. "It's queer that been day."

used moment, and there was te in h voice: "Yes—I know." was al she said, but her voice ttle sa. He pointed to a row at the ar end of the plaza.

Sevil Restaurant is over he said: "It's early but we might have dner."

ought her that it was an awk- ing to y, yet if he had stood ny long he would have said ing that would have made him ridiculous.

Seville restaurant was brightly and open to the street. He would ve gone ere ordinarily because

it was too bright and garish, but it fitted his mood that night. It was a place that did its best to be sophisticated and continental. It had a counter heaped with cakes and pastries. There were glass cases filled with assorted liquors. There were clean white cloths on the tables surrounding a dance floor and in one corner was an American importation—

■ juke box, glowing with rainbow-colored lights and blaring out dance music. He was careful to give her simple food and he ordered a bottle of Chilean wine. He was pleased when she asked him questions. He had never realized that anyone like Henrietta Simpson could be interested in anything that he did.

"Tell me about where you're going," she asked.

He told her he was going by plane to a landing field near a town with an Indian name. Then he would go by motor and then by mule to the base camp which would be reasonably comfortable in spite of its remoteness. There was a short-wave radio which communicated every night with the mine at Boca Grande. From the base camp he was going alone to a stream which the Indians had said contained large deposits of gold-bearing gravel. He could not tell how long it would take him to travel from the base camp to that stream. He would have good hunters with him, so that it would be possible to live off the country. There were fish and wild pigs and monkeys, and an animal called a kinkajou, that was something like a raccoon at home.

"It sounds better than Boca Grande," she said.

"It's better if you're used to it," he told her.

Then she leaned toward him across the table. "I don't suppose you'd take someone else along? I mean it. I'd like to go."

What surprised him was that she really meant it.

"That would give them something to talk about up at the mine," he said.

"Would that bother you?" she asked. "You needn't worry about the money. I can pay my way."

Then she must have realized it was impossible because she shook her head quickly before he had time to answer her.

"It isn't so bad at Boca Grande. You'll get used to it," he said.

"Why don't you like it there?" She looked at him curiously, waiting for his answer.

NEARLY all the tables were filled by then and the music from the juke box was still louder.

"I guess because I'm shy," he said.

"I'm no good at dancing or at talking. It's pretty social there."

"Out where you're going," she had to raise her voice against the juke box, "is it dangerous?"

"None of this country is dangerous if you're used to it."

Then he saw that she was not watching him any longer. When he turned to follow the direction of her glance he felt a spasm of disappointment, almost of resentment. Milton Bird was walking toward their table followed by two men Winslow had never seen before. One of them was short and stoutish with close-cropped gray hair. The other was thin and sallow with very deep-set dark eyes.

Winslow pushed back his chair and stood up. Milton was not looking at him. He was looking at Miss Simpson.

"This is Mr. Bird," Winslow introduced the newcomer. "He'll take you

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FOR WALK-FITTED comfort try Breezeway, the two-tone brown oxford, shown above.

MESSAGE ON THE SANDS: Get Bostonian Air-Cools and be comfortable. Left—Breezeway. Right—Kendall, in "cool-breeze" cloth and tan calf.

SHE: I've never seen you so flighty about a pair of shoes.

HE: Elementary, my dear Co-pilot—I never had Bostonian Air-Cools before.

SHE: What's so special about Bostonian Air-Cools?

HE: Well, there's down-draft ventilation, for one thing. The air goes through the vents to my feet. Those little breezes evaporate the perspiration and keep my feet dog-gone cool.

SHE: Is that all? The way you talk I thought there must be a cake of ice stored in each toe.

HE: Better than that! These shoes are cool and they have comfort—Walk-fitted comfort—built in from heel to toe. That means more smiles per mile. Get it?

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FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*

to the mine on the river boat tomorrow."

"Well, well," Milton said to the girl. "I thought you'd be forty, wearing glasses. Say, there must be a mistake somewhere. Why didn't you call for me sooner? You and I are going to have a swell time at Boca Grande."

It occurred to Winslow that Milton held her hand a good deal longer than was necessary. There was something flattering in his admiration, something in his elaborateness which women always liked. Winslow had never felt as he did just then. It was a hot sensation of jealousy combined with a sort of panic, for he saw at once that Milton Bird was impressed by her.

"I suppose he's been telling you to keep out of the sun," Milton said, "and not to drink the water. Well, don't you let Winslow worry you. I'm looking after you now. What are we all having? What about champagne?"

Then the sallow man coughed, a short, delicate little cough. "Do not forget your friends, if you please," he said.

"Why, boys," Milton turned to them cheerfully, "do you blame me, boys? This is Mr. Gruber and this is Mr. Martinez. And now excuse me, please. I know what the lady wants. She wants to dance. Come on, Señorita. Why didn't I know you ten years ago?"

MILTON BIRD was always a part of the music when he danced. Winslow could see them weaving in and out among the other couples. As he watched them, he noticed Señor Lopez's hat on a rack across the room. He recognized it even from that distance because the crown was too high for the current style, and the breadth of the brim gave it an unusual proportion, but as his glance searched the tables he could not find Señor Lopez. He could almost imagine that Señor Lopez had made himself invisible, all except his hat. With that thought came another: Señor Lopez had told him that a Mr. Gruber and a Mr. Martinez would speak to him and, sure enough, there they were.

They had arrived casually enough at his table and now there they were, smiling at him. Their presence was the only thing that day which gave Winslow Greene any real uneasiness, for it made him acutely aware that there was something going on which he did not know about. Certainly there was something. Mr. Gruber had folded his thick hands upon the table. Mr. Martinez coughed again and smiled.

"Our friend Mr. Bird forgets us," Mr. Martinez said. "He has a way with the ladies. If I had a wife I think I should keep her locked up from Mr. Bird."

"Yes," Mr. Gruber gave a comfortable chuckle. "Mr. Greene, I am afraid he will take your girl away."

Winslow glanced at the dance floor and again at Señor Lopez's hat.

"But if he does," said Mr. Gruber, "shall we three mind? There are other fish in the sea for a so-handsome man like Mr. Greene. Let us leave and make a night of it, eh?"

"Thanks," Winslow said. "I couldn't do that, really." But he was afraid what they implied was true. Henrietta Simpson would have no use for him now that she had seen Milton Bird.

"It is because I am a German you refuse, I think," Mr. Gruber said. "It is a misfortune these days to be a German. Myself, I hate the Nazi party."

"That is true," Mr. Martinez spoke softly, as though he were disclosing a secret which only Winslow Greene must know. "It is sad for him here because he hates the Nazis."

"Yes," Winslow said, "that must be sad," and Mr. Martinez coughed again.

"How is it at Boca Grande?" Mr. Martinez asked. "I hear the quality of the ore is growing richer, particularly in the vein to the northeast. You see, I

have a brother in the office."

"You have?" Winslow don't remember anyone Martinez."

"You have an eye for Martinez said, and he smiled disarming way. "It's a hat bears a different name but so much about the work at—a very loyal man."

Winslow took off his blinker at Mr. Martinez.

"All those workers," went on, "all those tons of ore being carried to that mine at show for it in the end—judged pounds a year of ore. How curious it is to reflect, if one is philosophical, You cannot eat the gold. Nothing of it useful. He thought of that?"

"Yes," Winslow said. "times."

"There it is in little bars, nez went on enthusiastically flat wooden cases weighing—you see, my brother has few cases on muleback, the comes from your mine, Mr. takes up very little space room of the ship on its York."

"Yes," Winslow said. His glance strayed from Mr. He saw that Henrietta Milton Bird were laughing danced. The sight made him thinner and once again he examining Señor Lopez's hat.

"I suppose," Mr. Martinez may have brought some of day."

"Brought what?" Winslow Mr. Martinez coughed but remained fixed on Winslow's

"A case or two perhaps to New York? Or those go brother says you ship each "I'm not running the mine," Winslow answered. nez stopped smiling. He flared at Mr. Gruber. "I'm sorry nez," Winslow added.

"It's my fault," Mr. Martinez hope you'll excuse me."

Then Mr. Gruber spoke came more slowly than the and so compellingly that up straighter: "My friend please, that attracts you across the room?"

IN THE pause, Winslow those strangers were watching though they wished to read upon his face. He remembered Señor Lopez had said that there was something wrong but it was all like searching Winslow put his glasses on considered what answer to "Frankly, I was looking said.

"A hat?" Mr. Gruber repeated voice rose incredulously.

"There, on the rack across Winslow said. "It's one of the best Panamas I've ever seen."

The other two men stared room at the hatrack. Their tensivity in both their face could not conceal, a sharper features. For some reason surprised them both.

"Ah, yes," Mr. Gruber said not noticed."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Martinez beautiful hat. Excuse me, going now. It was such a pleasure. You will both hope. It is getting late. I and held out his hand. I continually shaking hands. It has been a pleasure, Mr. Martinez is always busy."

it is so—it's getting late." The music stopped. The couples left the dance floor, and Winslow when Henrietta Simpson Bird reached the table.

"About getting out of here and some Spanish music?" Milton

"night." Henrietta Simpson told him to Winslow. Her and Winslow feel years younger. Just as much. We'll dance another time, won't we?"

"A long time since Winslow was so happy. The conviction on him like a bright effulgence that Henrietta had perceived were far above the average. A smile grew broader when he Milton Bird had been set back. Henrietta was smiling, too, sweetly. "That is," she said, "our wife doesn't mind."

Second, Winslow Greene came close to laughing and now he said what Milton had been saying. Milton's favorite lines and his most successful was that of his understood husband. Obviously he was trying it again out there on the floor, telling of a wasted life and sympathy.

"Yes," Milton said and he said to Winslow. "You're safe with Winslow. In case that worries you, you couldn't be safer with anyone else here, but me. This is my guess I'll be pushing off." Winslow said, "and the captain's it."

Ed scowled again but before Mr. Gruber spoke.

"Going, too," he said. "It's late. Which way do you go, Mr.

Winslow; from the juke box seemed to Henrietta Simpson was smiling at Winslow.

"Glad they're gone," she said. "Are you looking at?"

"Winslow told her. "I was afraid you might be coming back." Winslow said. He was looking for a hat, but in that interval the hat had also disappeared. Everything that might possibly have been gone, and only Henrietta was left.

"You dance at all?" she asked. "Step on your toes," he said. "You can't enjoy it. Not after Milton

"enjoy a great deal," she told Winslow particularly after Milton Bird. "Start back to the hotel a half hour. Walking under the arcades

past the shops, he told her it was better to get a good night's sleep, since she was going to make an early start, and that he was setting out even earlier. Most of Santa Rosa was sleeping already and most of the lights were out. Doors to the courtyards were closed and barred, and the iron shutters of the shops were down. They walked down a street called the Street of the Opera, though Winslow never knew just why, and then they turned to the Street of the Twentieth of August. Both the street and the sidewalks ahead of them were blankly empty beneath a few dim street lights.

"You'll come back, won't you?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Oh, yes. I— And then he stopped.

A man had turned from a side street about a block ahead of them, moving in the direction which they were taking, so that his back was turned to them, straight and white—but once again Winslow recognized the hat. There was no use telling Henrietta, because he had other things to say.

"I wouldn't miss coming back for anything," he said, but he was never sure whether he said it or simply thought it, because that was when the shots came from the shadows of a doorway just a block ahead.

He could see the flashes just as he heard the sound, and instinctively he threw his arm around Henrietta's waist and pushed her to the wall of a building and stood in front of her. He had seen such things before, but he had never been so shaken. There were four shots that came almost together. There was a sickening fascination, watching that figure with the Panama. First it halted, then as it was hit again, the impact of the bullets made it whirl sideways. Then it fell and the hat rolled in the gutter. Next there was a thud of footsteps as two dark figures detached themselves from the doorway and ran, and finally the street was full of voices. People seemed to spring up from the ground, running toward the crumpled man who was lying on his face.

Winslow did not realize until then that he was holding Henrietta's hand.

"Come," he said, "let's get out of here." But his heart was beating painfully. He was thinking of how Mr. Martinez had looked when he had seen the hat.

"Did they—" she stopped and caught her breath. "did they kill him?"

"Yes. Please try not to look. We'll be around the corner in a minute."

Then they turned a corner, walking very quickly, and the sight was gone.

"Try not to think of it," he said. "These things happen here. There are

NO FUN -
NO FRIENDS -
What a start
for a
Vacation!

HI! STRANGER -
WANT TO JOIN
OUR "33 TO 1"
CLUB?

ARROWING
DOWN

GOSH - WHY
SURE, SOUNDS SWELL
- BUT WHAT'S
"33 TO 1"?

SOMETHING
EVERYONE ENJOYS.
C'MON, YOU'LL
SEE...

WELL, HERE
WE ARE...
AND HERE'S
YOUR "33 TO 1"

OH, I GET
IT NOW, PABST
BLUE RIBBON!
GEE, THANKS.

SURE! IT'S 33 FINE
BREWS BLENDED INTO
ONE GREAT BEER.
BLENDING'S WHAT
MAKES IT SO
EXTRA-DELICIOUS.

FLAVOR! EXTRA-
DELICIOUS FLAVOR...
BECAUSE PABST
BLUE RIBBON, LIKE
FINEST CHAMPAGNES,
REACHES PERFECTION
THROUGH BLENDING.
IT'S SPECIALLY
BLENDED, "33 TO 1"

LARRY ISN'T LOVESOME ANY MORE!

WHERE THERE'S
"33 TO 1" THERE'S
LIFE AND FUN.
EH, LARRY?

YOU BET, JOAN.
IT'S GREAT - A
LUCKY BREAK
FOR ME.

AND WHAT
A LUCKY BREAK
TO FIND SOMEONE
LIKE YOU!

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CLUB
SIZE

Good fellowship and
good taste go hand in
hand with good old
Pabst Blue Ribbon.
Enjoy it in regular or
club size bottles and
on draft at better
places everywhere.

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33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

"We're going to submerge a little, Nilda—do your stuff, now!"

BY AMER. KELLES

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Co., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, however, we'll send a Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-10, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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PRESIDENT


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—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢



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for a pep-restoring rest on an inner-spring mattress in a noise-proofed, air-conditioned room, then a satisfying meal, and a fresh start.
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Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves your discomfort caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes the feet. Jar or bottle, 35¢.
Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM



always riots and revolutions." He felt her fingers tighten over his. "It hasn't anything to do with you or me, but I'm afraid it spoiled your evening."

"No," she said, "don't say that. It was such a nice evening. Do you think—"

"Don't talk about it," he said. "The police will be there now."

If she had not been with him, he would not have minded, for his life in mining camps and his life on the fringes of South American countries had made him inured to violence and to sudden death by accident or otherwise. He had seen a revolution sweep through a small town once, and sometimes he still would awaken with a start because his memories of the street fighting had disturbed his dreams. He had seen drunken men from the hill country fighting with machetes, and he had seen miners hideously mangled by accidents underground. He certainly would not have minded if she had not been there with him.

HE TRIED to talk to her casually about other things, but his voice at first sounded elaborate and unnatural. He explained to her that Captain Garcias would call for her in the morning and he repeated to her all the details of the trip she would make to Boca Grande. He wanted to put that moment from her mind, and he was sure that the best way of doing it was to resort to simple facts. He was glad to see that she was listening, and gradually his own mind dwelt only on her again, for he began to realize that he would not see her for a long while, and that the day they had spent together was almost over, and still the minutes were slipping by.

The lift moved slowly up to the fourth floor. She unlocked the door of her room, and then she turned on the lights. Her wardrobe trunk was packed with the things she would not need. He had gone over most of the details with her that afternoon.

"You're sure your bags are all closed tight?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "You closed them."

"Well," he said, "we checked over everything, didn't we? There'll be mosquito netting on the boat, and your stateroom windows are screened, but I wouldn't keep your lights on too long on the boat tomorrow night, particularly if she sticks on a sandbar. The malarial mosquitoes are thick upriver. Wait a minute. Have you a hot-water bottle with you?"

"What on earth would I need one for?" she asked. "It's hot enough without one, isn't it?"

"You can have mine," he said. "I always travel with one. What are you laughing at?"

"I didn't mean to laugh," she said. "I only did because it's like you. No, keep your hot-water bottle."

"Well," he said, "I guess everything's all ready. The hotel will keep your trunk."

"Yes. I'm all right," she said.

"Well," he said, "I mustn't keep you up any longer." But he still stood there in the center of her room. It was the first time in years that he had felt lonely.

"You'll come back, won't you?" she said.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I'll come back. Well, good night."

"Good night." She held out both her hands, and he took them.

"And don't worry about—what we saw," he said. "Those things happen sometimes."

"Of course," she answered. "I'm not thinking about that."

"Well," he said again. "Good night."

He never understood how he could have dared to kiss her, and he was sure that he had never consciously thought of

taking such a liberty. It must have happened because the shooting had upset him. He felt a shock of surprise when his lips touched hers, and the next instant he was mortified and felt sure that he had spoiled it all.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to do that. Please excuse me."

He repeated what she said next in his mind for days and for weeks afterward. He hardly knew her. That was the amazing thing about it. It was unbelievable that such a thing could happen in the course of a single day.

"Why, I don't mind," she said. "I've been hoping you would all day. You can do it again if you like, so—so we'll both remember."

That was what she said. There was absolutely no doubt about it—"so we'll both remember." The words still pulsed in his temples when he walked across the hall and unlocked his own room door. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before. She had let him kiss her again, so that they would both remember; it might have meant a great deal or only a little; it might not be serious for her, but it was deadly serious for someone like him. He wondered whether she had realized that.

Thoughts such as these ran through his mind even when he closed his door and switched on his light. He was so bewildered by then that it was a minute before his instinctive sense of order told him that things were not exactly as he had left them. His bedding roll, still on the floor by the foot of his bed, jutted into the room at a slight angle, and he certainly had not left it so. He looked up from it slowly to the top of his bureau where he had left the battered leather case that contained his field notebooks and the engineering reports of the Boca Grande mine. He placed the case exactly in the center of the bureau out of his finicky instinct for order. He found the case closed, but it was not just where it had been left. Winslow moved very quickly and quietly to the door of his clothes closet and jerked it open. The closet was empty except for his travel-stained trench coat.

WHEN he opened the leather case, his notebooks, his papers, were all there, but the Boca Grande report was on top. It just happened that he was literal about such matters, and he recalled distinctly that the Boca Grande report had been at the bottom. There was nothing of any importance in his leather case; it was simply the general idea that disturbed him—that someone had been furiously watching him and that someone had known when his room was empty.

He was sure that if he were to ring for the room boy that either the boy would know nothing, or else he would have been bribed to be quiet.

Señor Lopez had asked him to call his room that night, room 410, and the room would be about twenty paces down the hall.

"I wonder," Winslow whispered to himself, and he knelt and loosened the straps of his bedding roll, and pushed his arm inside.

His .45 revolver was safe in its holster, wrapped in his spare clothing. He put on his raincoat and thrust the revolver into the right side pocket, and opened his room door softly. The corridor outside had that dreamy look peculiar to all hotels in the middle of the night.

The room boy was in his little cubby-hole near the elevator shaft with his head pillowed in his arms on a table in front of him, sound asleep, and above the table, hanging from a nail, was the pass key to the rooms. It was new in Winslow's experience, but it was very simple to take the key from the nail, and walk quietly down the hall.

ALAS! A lack in his meals!



Food seem flat? Appetite slugs? Something missing? Ask for A the savory thick sauce that p taste appeal in every meal.

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A-1 SAUCE

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2. Genuine leather strop—semi-automatic—life of these already long-life blades.
3. Your choice, barber type or brush type. Specify type wanted. Both a Durham Duplex blade.
4. In serviceable case with shaving brush—\$2.50 postpaid—Money-back Special—Only \$2 if sent to me Service. Mail orders only—include 5¢.

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Also makers of Enders Shave

Give your Hair a "Cared-for" look

ACE combs

he was inside Señor Lopez's the glass transom above the bright with electric light, and listened, he could hear the someone stirring. Winslow put hand in his coat pocket and pass key noiselessly with his door of 410 opened in an in- electric light from the ceiling ng, and so were the lights by nd bureau. A man who had d in a chair by the window ed a paper-covered novel to nd was on his feet. He must ed the instant the key was he lock.

a minute," Winslow said.

re." saw at once what the man e was reaching toward an au- tol which was lying on the bed, and his hand, with deli- ng fingers, was just a foot n Winslow spoke. In an in- low recognized him. It was z in his shirt sleeves with his rt open at the neck. Señor dr his hand back slowly and eth flashed in a most engag-

it you, is it?" he said. "Excuse ive gesture. Good evening,

no Lopez expected him to be d, e was mistaken, and Wins- move his hand from his

he didn't get you," Winslow t thought it wasn't you. I don't youble, but you mind your s, Lopez, and I'll attend to mine." Lopez was still smiling, and lauded.

se, Señor Greene," he answered. d vnted trouble, I should have mu quicker. I stopped at once say it was you, who unlocked r and did not knock, but you are everything I have is yours." Lopez's words were engagingly nd merry, but Winslow Greene tche him.

ut a hour ago they shot some- o we, your hat," he said. "That ws t you, is it?"

yes, Señor Lopez moved his n a sarming gesture of panto- He sept an imaginary hat from ad ed bowed. "That deadly ul sobero. I left it at the res- Caless of me, wasn't it?" it?" Winslow asked him.

r Lopez sat down and picked up

the paper-covered novel he had been reading, and tapped his finger gently on the gaudy colored cover.

"Señor Greene," he said, "you are no- body's fool, my friend. No, it was not entirely careless of me. I had a little idea that I might be happier if I left without that hat. So many useless fel- lows were hanging about on the side- walk by the restaurant. I thought someone might take the hat and that I might observe what happened."

Señor Lopez paused and sighed, and his dark twinkling eyes met Winslow's frankly as though he had explained ev- erything, but Winslow still gazed at him coldly.

"What did you want in my room?" he asked.

"In your room?" Señor Lopez re- peated. "My friend! Was your room searched?"

"I guess you know it was," Winslow said. "Why did you want to look at the mine report?"

Señor Lopez raised his dark eyebrows. "So that is what they wanted." He raised his hands protestingly. "But, my dear friend, you are mistaken. I was not in your room. Believe me, I am a gentleman."

WINSLOW gazed at the lithe delicate figure of Señor Lopez in his shirt sleeves, at his smooth shiny black hair, at his handsome aquiline face.

"I don't know what you are," Wins- low said slowly, "or who you are. I just want to mind my own business and for you to mind yours. You said this morn- ing you were from the police. I asked about you in the bar this afternoon. My friends said they had never heard of you, and they know a lot about Santa Rosa."

"But, my dear Señor Greene," Señor Lopez shrugged his shoulders eloquently and patiently, "of course they do not know me. I am from the President's own private bureau, and this is a delicate affair that cannot go on any record. I cannot show you my papers because I do not travel with them, but my word of honor—my word of honor as a gentleman—"

But Winslow was not impressed. He had a number of ideas as he stood there gazing thoughtfully at Señor Lopez.

"That would sound better," he said, "if you hadn't offered me that hat your- self this morning. How do you answer that one, Lopez?"

(To be continued next week)



"You're all mine now, darling"

DAVID B. HUFFINE

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VICEROY

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2 DROPS CLEAR.
SOOTHE IN SECONDS!



"Kings, tycoons, dopes. They're all the same to me. Not that I've worked on any kings or tycoons yet"

GARDNER REA

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 18

FORT SILL, Okla. Whither he was being transferred was a very closely guarded secret, but one soldier here decided he'd try to find out anyway. For three days he made frantic but unproductive inquiries; then, resigned to fate, the frustrated fighter climbed into a truck with his buddies and nonchalantly lighted a cigarette. "MacArthur, here I come," said he. Three minutes later the truck stopped and the driver announced the termination of the transfer. With his cigarette still burning, the soldier hopped out and joined his new organization in the same general area where he got his basic training.

CAMP BLANDING, Fla. It's getting hot again and the boys who have been doing their stints in the heavy sands around this neck of the country have a fellow feeling for the Negro soldier who sat down the other day after a long drill session and remarked: "I sho wish dese shoes had fans in 'em."

AWARE that German subs off the Atlantic Coast comb the air for information about the weather, smart guys at Blanding are wondering if they couldn't befuddle the enemy by broadcasting roll calls from the Quartermaster outfit. In the pay-roll section alone are Snow, Fogg and Haile; furthermore, there's Dew in the Medical Department and Rain at Camp Headquarters.

AS SOON as Congress acted favorably upon the measure to increase Army pay, amateur sleuths at Blanding undertook to find out what the lads intended to do with the extra dough. Consensus was, some of it would go toward War Stamps and larger money orders home-ward bound, but mainly the boys who were carrying \$2,000 and \$3,000 insurance policies planned to jump them to the \$10,000 limit. Reminds us of the World War story about the officer who was assigned to address a regiment on the subject of investing in government insurance. He climbed onto a platform and made his spiel and waited for the men to react. The apathy was colossal. The officer cleared his throat and made one more stab. "Do you men think," asked he, "that Uncle Sam would send you into the front-line trenches after he had insured your lives for \$10,000?" The rush that followed almost battered down the platform, and when the splinters stopped flying, every man in the outfit had signed up.

CAMP CROFT, S. C. So much has been said about the headaches of buck privates during their training period that officers at this post, where 60,000 rookies a year learn their basic infantry tricks, compared notes the other day and decided they probably have more trials and tribulations than the buck privates. Public Relations Officer Capt. Robert G. Stephens, Jr., presents two briefs in the case for the officers.

1. So many of the new gents in a company of the 39th Training Bn. were having trouble getting their mail a diagram was drawn on a blackboard at a company lecture one morning showing the correct way of addressing an envelope, thus:

*Private John Doe
Company B, 39th Training Battalion
Camp Croft, S. C.*

In less than a week the company mail clerk was staring at two letters addressed to Private John Doe. He knew there was none in the outfit, but when he yelled the name at mail call one of the soldiers stepped up. "Your name's not Joe Doe," said the mail clerk sourly. The soldier's defense was unquestionable. "I know," he said, "but that's the way you told us to have our letters addressed."

2. Over in the 37th Bn. a gang was being lectured on military etiquette. If a private wanted to speak to the battalion commander it would be necessary for him to first communicate with his company commander, etc. etc. Next day, a rookie stepped into his commanding officer's quarters, saluted smartly and said he'd like to secure a permit. "What kind of permit?" asked the C.O., impatiently ruffling a pile of papers on his desk. "Sir," implored the private, "I'd like permission to speak to my top sergeant."

FORT BENNING, Ga. En route to a horse show in Atlanta, one Pvt. Tharpe of Richmond, Ind., and two buddies stopped to ask directions of a colored maid who was sweeping the front porch of a large farm house. The boys swear that after they got the directions the following dialogue took place: "Who lives here?" "The kunnel, but he ain't at home." "Is he an Army colonel?" "No, suh; indeed no. He is a natchel bawn kunnel."

IT'S THE "V" PEOPLE SAY

NEW
SUGAR and SPICE


IN PRINTED FIGURES

"Everything that's nice in
Fabric by STEHLI

\$1

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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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DU PONT
Cooling System
CLEANSER

illerymen's song has been into so many microphones of we'd better say a few words with Corps Area Commander William Bryden, who, being an efficient officer, had a birth of The Caissons Gung. When Lieutenant (he Bill Bryden was sent to the from West Point he toted long and when evening mess and there was no duty the ers at Fort Stotenberg, just anila, used to gather around Bill's accompaniment. One Lt. E. L. (Snitz) Gruber—gadier general when he died last Memorial Day—who y Bryden's guitar and who original songs, using barber-for his fellow officers. That

ys General Bryden, "worked sons idea, and we were sing- barracks one day when the deder in. He liked the tune Gruber to do some more it with the bandmaster. As a t, we all worked on it. We harbershop chords and gave tie swing. But Snitz wrote it ad it copyrighted, and de- credit."

the first World War, John ou added some dash to the song and made it into a ng march; but General Bry- recall that it was created pines and he hopes it will n in the Philippines as the lling along—over the Nips.

GENERAL

we're going to have Our Fight- n, seems as if. Beginning plications for enrollment Des Moines, Iowa, Officers School of the Women's Army, Os were being accepted by ny cruiting stations through- ury. Candidates must be 21 ad 45, married or unmar- wit at least a high school edu-

itia adre of about 450 women e a 9 day course, at the end of e neral enrollment will be- an timate army of perhaps wome to replace and release bat ety enlisted men who are forming noncombatant service. A.A. will be under military e, w uniforms and insignia, uarte, food, and medical and reatnt provided by the gov-. Don't write to Washington er information. The War De- t has put the job in the hands Arm recruiting stations.

MISS PEGGY LAMM of Richmond Heights, Mo., knows how to make socks last longer and thinks soldiers who have to darn their own might like to hear the secret. "Put hose over a mender," Miss Lamm postcards, "and rub paraffin wax on toes, heels and other parts where wear occurs each time socks are laundered. It saves a lot of mending."

THE new chevrons hatched up some weeks ago for noncom technicians pleased the boys at first. The block letter T under the stripes looked swell. Then the lads at one post began to call the wearers Model-T corporals, etc. Besides, the T at first glance resembles the insignia worn by chaplains. The other day a rookie eased up to a Model-T sergeant and began: "Chaplain, sir, would you be kind enough to—" When he was interrupted by a string of words usually denoted in general publications by a row of dashes, the rookie almost went into what first-aiders know as severe shock.



THE above, as you'll recall seeing in this column for May 23d, is a line of soldiers named Herbie, created and christened by Typewriter Doodler Jacquelyn Richardson, of Fort Bragg's office of the Senior Hospital Chaplain.

Without thought of discrediting Miss Richardson's originality and ingenuity, we present two reactions.

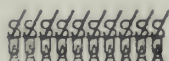
"Herbie," writes Miss Lillian H. Carter, of Columbia, La., "is an old friend of mine. I was introduced to him during the last war by my big sister. However, he was then known as Oscar the Yank. Here are some groups, both side and back views."



Paul E. Rohrbaugh, York, Pa., shows Herbie at Port Arms, but declines credit for originating it:



And, remaining modestly anonymous, "Another Typist" writes that the letters used by Miss Richardson are very appropriate, being N O W; but submits a line of Herbies made up of the letters U S A:



JUST goes to show an army is made up of all types. G. W.



STEINBERG

FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;

Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.

Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.



A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The modern thing to do.

"Although you neither rub nor scrub
Your teeth will 'look like new';

"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."



Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add a
little POLIDENT Powder
to half a glass of water.
Stir. Put in plate or bridge.
10 to 15 minutes. Rinse,
and it's ready
to use.



Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;

His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
His bank account is growing.

The lesson? POLIDENT can keep
Your plates clean, sweet and glowing!

CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
POLIDENT
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

IN SELECTIVE
SERVICE
FOR 50 YEARS

Rated I-A with the
man in uniform and
A-1 with the man
at home.

BUY MORE
BONDS



UNDERWEAR

One name in underwear
it's a comfort to remember.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N.Y.



How To
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for
"Extras"!

WANT extra money for new clothes, for doctor's bills, for vacation, for War Stamps to help Uncle Sam to Victory—or just extra money of your own to spend as you please? Then, try our profitable plan for increasing your income as a Community Subscription Representative for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier Magazines.

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Ristlite





Why Fight Ourselves?

AMERICAN industry has been criticized as a laggard in war. Yet American factories are not only our first line of defense but actually our only line of defense if we are to triumph in this Second World War. Without the matchless organizing skill of industrial managers, without the technical competence of American engineers and scientists, without the zeal, energy and inventiveness of hundreds of thousands of American workers, our soldiers and sailors, our fliers and fighters, would be as helpless as the brave Chinese before the Japanese war machine or the well-drilled Frenchmen against the German blitz.

In peace, large-scale industry made practicable the incomparably high standard of American living. In war, large-scale industry is forging the weapons through which we mean to win the war in behalf of our liberty and our lives.

Thurman Arnold and the trust-busting politicians in Washington know this. They seem, however, to act on the assumption that large American corporations are so immensely productive that it is perfectly safe to continue their baiting campaigns even in the dark and anxious hours of this worst of all wars.

The fact is that the basic principles under which we as a people have developed have been distorted or ignored by Mr. Arnold and the Congressional committees before which he has attacked numerous large corporations that are helping magnificently to forge the weapons requisite for winning this war. Mr. Arnold without ever saying it plainly has implicitly

assumed the immorality of patents as giving rise to monopolies.

Of course patents create monopolies. That's their purpose. Section 8, paragraph 8 of Article 1 of the Constitution gives Congress the power "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries."

The purpose was to promote the progress of science and so to make it possible for people to live better. The section of the basic law, adopted at the very start of our national life, has been immensely fertile.

American corporations, large and small, make discoveries and seek to patent their inventions. American corporations and American individuals seek to buy the rights to use foreign inventions and to sell the rights to the foreign use of American discoveries.

Why not? No nation and no people do all the thinking and make all the useful discoveries and inventions. It is definitely to our national interest at any time to acquire interests in foreign discoveries. To acquire these interests we have to make contracts. Until war intervenes honorable men and corporations keep their contracts. Governments and not private individuals or corporations have the authority to suspend contracts because of war.

Thurman Arnold knows these things. So do the politicians in the Senate. Yet they do not hesitate to brand as base and even treasonable the sale and purchase of patents between American and German corporations under

agreements made long before Con- ss or ag
other responsible group anticipate var.

Actually American interests v e served
through the purchase by an Ameri oth
pany of German patents covering t naman
ture of artificial rubber. American life
promoted by the purchase of otl German
discoveries by other American cor ations.

Once we have won this war, we n't have
to use discoveries made by Germ s or
other people unless we choose so do
shall live worse if we don't. We s have
do without products as useful as turn, the
sulfa drugs that have saved so ny lives.
salvarsan, the medicine so potent ast sym-

We can do without such things i e choice.
We can refrain from exchanging is s or pat
ents with all other people. But unt re devel
as a national policy to live for and ourselv
alone, there is neither point nor de by to imp
putting improper motives to those porations
that buy the right to use foreign nches
the United States.

Corporations, large and small, a obviously
subject to all American laws. Vi tions can
be prosecuted. The politicians try to
build reputations for themselves contr
ing the old sport of corporation b ng, re
less of the consequences upon the oduct
of goods required to win this war, a poor
faithless servants of our republic.

For the moment surely we hav enough
do to fight the enemy. We don't h to win
our energies by fighting ourselves

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JUNE 27, 1942

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WHY WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH

BY CLAUDE R. WICKARD, SECRETARY OF A

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CONTINENTAL

Pratt & Whitney Engines

★
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★
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10great manufacturers
team up with
UNITED AIRCRAFT

Engines, propellers and airplanes are among the items of equipment most vitally needed by our armed forces. The faster they can be made, the sooner this war can be won.

United Aircraft recognized this fact as far back as the summer of 1940, and started enlisting other manufacturers as emergency production sources. Under this program ten great manufacturers, whose names are household words, have teamed up to build several billion dollars worth of Pratt & Whitney engines, Hamilton Standard propellers and Vought-Sikorsky airplanes *per year*. This emergency production will be without profit to United Aircraft, which has gladly contributed its proven designs, technical experience and manufacturing "know-how."

This foresight is bringing results today. Precious months have been saved. A number of these manufacturers are already shipping engines and propellers in quantity, and the others are rapidly gearing up for production.

All this is in addition to United Aircraft's own vastly expanded production, which has increased many fold since 1940.

This teamwork typifies the cooperative spirit of American industry in this emergency, about which the *New York Times* says:

"The whole manufacturing picture with regard to aircraft is an encouraging example of American industrial spirit rising to meet an emergency, with full cooperation and interchange of design, personnel and equipment between previously competitive elements within the aircraft industry and the automobile industry, and between the two great industries themselves."

In enlisting the full-out efforts of these ten organizations, United Aircraft has helped to create what is probably the greatest manufacturing team the world has ever known.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

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AirplanesHamilton Standard
Propellers

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NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL

-Only 23¢



DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream with the same blade you were complaining about! No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. That's how sure we are that this different shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM
Brushless and Lather

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ANY WEEK

WE HAVE just dropped in on friends of ours to see how their new baby was getting along. The kid is as lusty as a new born llama, which is to say healthy. And nobody on this reeling globe could be much lustier than its mother. But the father is still low in body and mind. He told us about it. They live in—well, let's call it the suburbs of Brooklyn. You've got to be durable in the suburbs of Brooklyn. But his story is that without much warning the child began to get itself born. He piled his wife into his car, started for the hospital—in Brooklyn. Taking the shortest route he arrived at one of the many bridges only to find that there had been a nasty motorcar accident thereon and that the police had closed it to traffic. Our friend detoured. This roundabout way was ten miles longer and packed with paving hazards. The car hit a break in the road, going fifty-five miles an hour, plunged, swerved, remained upright. But his head hit the top of the car, carving a nasty gash in his scalp and incidentally doing his wife no good. Dazed, he arrived at the hospital, where his wife was carried into the maternity section, and where he fainted. His scalp was sewed up and, still dazed, he was driven back home. What with his minor concussion and the heavy sedative they gave him he went to sleep immediately. He awoke the next morning, still groggy. In his blurred way he tried to remember what had happened. After some mental groping he recalled enough to telephone the hospital, got the nurse on the phone. "How's my wife?" he yelled. "What about the baby?" Of course he couldn't see the nurse but he tells us that he could hear her yawn. "Listen, Dodger," she replied. "We're okay on this end. Where've you been? How did our Beautiful Bums make out yesterday?"



WE'VE been going over the war situation with one of those practical psychologists, a Pullman conductor. As we get it, as long as the government will permit you to travel at all, rail transportation is becoming pleasanter. This is due, our conductor explained, to the duration disappearance of the club-car-compartment raconteur, the all-wise passenger who introduces himself, tells you what a hurricane he is in his own line, inquires into your business connections and proceeds to

tell you how to run your affairs. Our conductor assures us that the fellow has been silenced. He still exists, but he has been badly discouraged. The latest one our conductor noticed broke the grim silence in a club car not long ago by introducing himself to his neighbor; he demanded his neighbor's name and "line" (which he didn't get) and then, ignoring the snub, proceeded to outline in considerable detail how the Philippines could have been saved, how to destroy Japan, what really happened in the Coral Sea, the lowdown on Russia, what's going to happen after the war and so on. This took him all of a half-hour and when he stopped, a terrible silence greeted him. This lasted a long frigid minute. Then a fellow halfway up the car said, "Brother, why don't you be a good fellow and take a contract to win the war." Our conductor told us that it is not that the traveling public is tiring of club-car wise guys but is merely tired of talk in all forms. "Everybody," said he, "is sure that the guy sitting next to him is an enemy agent. In fact everybody hopes that his neighbor suspects him of being an enemy agent—either that or a G-man or a military intelligence man. War makes men romantic."



FROM Omaha we learn through Mrs. Aimee Bienstock that an elderly and wealthy masher went a-hunting not long ago. His luck was merely so-so until in the lobby of a hotel a lovely young woman smiled at him. He pursued her into the street and presently caught up with her. When he spoke to her, she became quite indignant. She called him by his name and reminded him that his reputation was none too wholesome—that he had been reported several times for accosting innocent young women. Recognizing the truth, he was about to take it on the lam, pretty well alarmed. But she grabbed his arm: "Oh, no you don't. I am about to give you your choice between hearing me call a policeman and buying a nice one thousand dollar War Bond, thus aiding a most worthy cause. Will you come quietly to bond headquarters or in any way you like to police headquarters?" We hope this story is not true, feeling that it would mortify our soldiers, sailors and marines beyond words to know that money for

(Continued on page 31)

Collier

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THIS WEEK

JUNE

SHORT STORIES

VEREEN BELL

The Night Horse has one last fling

LUTHER DAVIS

The Defense of Fen's militia chafes the Japs.

JOHN WELD

Fly Away Home to the strangest places.

THE SHORT STORY

Potluck, by Kyle

SERIAL STORIES

JOHN P. MARO

It's Loaded, Mr. eight parts.

JAMES ALDRIDGE

Flight to the Sun parts.

ARTICLES

KATE HOLLIDAY

Farmer's Daughter zles about Donna

CLAUDE R. WICKARD

Why We'll Have Your government you from going

HOWARD HARRY

All Hands on Deck turns out able chant Marine.

JIM MARSHALL

Hurry-Up Joe. well, who has business in Burn

THERÈSE BONNI

Roses from France tures the unqu France.

ARCH MURRAY

Red Flag in B George Magerku Flatbush.

OUR FIGHTING

HANNAH LEES

Good and Marrie pily married—fo

J. BRYAN III

Castle in the thrills on the bo

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS

Radio Fights Back

Rationing and R

White Feather a

COVER

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FRUITS Every part of the body needs vitamin C. Oranges, grapefruit and tomatoes—fresh—
are rich in this vitamin. Nutritious menus
include one or more of these, or their juices, every
day. Tomatoes may be added to soups, stews and gra-
vies. Save one other fruit daily—fresh fruits in season,
canned fruits or cooked dried fruits. Canned and quick-
frozen fruits retain their vitamins.



VEGETABLES Plan your menus to include
one or more servings daily
of potatoes and two servings of other vegetables—a leafy,
green one frequently. It is suggested that some vegetables
be served raw—as appetizers or in salads, for instance.
Others advise cooking all vegetables in small amounts of
oil, covered vessels, and only until tender. Use the
refrigerator. Store fresh vegetables in the refrigerator.
Canned and quick-frozen vegetables retain their vitamins.



MILK The best source of calcium is milk. Calcium
is the mineral most used by nature in build-
ing our bodies. Use milk, fresh, evaporated, dried, or in
the form of cheese and ice cream. Five ounces of Ameri-
can cheese equal a quart of milk in food value. Adults
require the equivalent of a pint of milk daily, children
half a quart. In figuring your family's quota, count the milk
used in cooking, too.

How to serve better meals—and help Uncle Sam

ONE OF the most effective ways to
co-operate with the wartime nu-
trition program is to increase your use
of fruits, vegetables, milk and its
products.

Governmental and private health
agencies have two good reasons for
wanting every family to eat more of
these foods in addition to the meats,
breads, cereals and other elements
which should continue to be a substan-
tial part of a good American diet.

First, *your health*. Fruits, vegetables,
and milk, important in times of peace,
are even more vital to the health and
efficiency of our nation in times of war.
They contain an abundance of the ele-
ments which help to protect us from
disease, and also to attain that robust
good health which enables us to do our
work more effectively.

Second, *our war effort*. Responsible
officials tell us that using more fresh
fruits, vegetables and milk, especially
those produced locally, will release
shipping facilities. It will also help pro-
vide larger reserves of easily trans-
ported foods such as meats and various
dehydrated foods, for shipment to our
armed forces and to our allies.

Even though you think that your

family is already well fed, it will pay
you to *make sure* that they are eating
enough fruits, vegetables and milk,
along with the other essential foods.
There are some suggestions on this
page for getting more of them into
your family's diet. Metropolitan will
send you a free booklet, "Three Meals
a Day." It contains much information
about planning nutritious meals.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 72-C,
"Three Meals a Day."

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*An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE
PUDDING—" has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United
States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education.
See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

This advertisement is published in the interest of the National Nutrition Pro-
gram of the Federal Security Administration



"My hair stays good-looking since I checked dry scalp!"

Dousing didn't work!

I used to douse and soak my hair because it was dry. But instead of helping, it made things worse! My hair looked limp and plastered—down half of the time—dry and mussed up the rest of the time! Then I discovered that dousing wasn't necessary—not with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! And boy, what a difference that made in the looks of my hair!



How's this for a change?

When I comb my hair now, I just put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb. Sometimes I put a little on my fingers and apply it directly to my scalp. This checks dry scalp because it supplements the natural scalp oils. What's more it makes my hair easier to comb, and gives it a natural, healthy appearance. Of course, I ought to mention that I give my scalp a thorough massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before I wash my hair—and rub a little on my scalp after the shampoo. That helps to check loose dandruff scales, keeps both my hair and scalp in better condition.



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

40¢ and 70¢

● FOR DOUBLE CARE...

BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The largest rubber tires ever made for actual use are those on the giant excavation trucks employed on dam projects. They are 9½ feet in height, of 34-ply construction, weigh 3,487 pounds and take a 186-pound tube. Costing \$6,073, including tube and taxes, to change them requires a special derrick and the work of three men for five hours.

In Egyptian hieroglyphics, the character representing the sum of 1,000,000 is a picture of a man with his arms upraised in an attitude of astonishment.—By Oscar Shumsky, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

India's second ranking monarch, the famous Maharaja of Mysore, would greatly humiliate his chef if he made the man eat, drink or smoke with him. The chef belongs to a higher caste and, therefore, cannot degrade himself by engaging in social activity with an inferior.—By Dorothy Swift, Madison, Wisconsin.

After being "dry" for several decades, Granite Falls, Minnesota, the home town of Andrew J. Volstead of national prohibition fame, is now not only "wet," but one of the few municipalities in the United States today that own and operate their own saloons.—By Fred Hamann, Pekin, Illinois.

The world's smallest mammal is the American pygmy shrew, *cryptotis parva*, which is an inch and a half in length and weighs one seventh of an ounce. Although resembling a mouse, it is not a rodent, but an insectivore; and its litters contain from five to seven young, each about the size of a pea. Incidentally, this animal twitches its snout so rapidly that photographs of it, even when taken at 1-200th of a second, are blurred.

Saccharin, which is five hundred times sweeter than sugar, but which is neither a sugar nor a food, is still permitted in the manufacturing of foods and drinks in Great Britain and many other countries. Between 1917 and 1919, Europe consumed enough of this artificial sweetening agent to replace 300,000 tons of sugar.

London authorities estimated that, even when being bombed heavily, the odds are 2 to 1 against a bomb landing within a distance of 150 feet of any individual.—By Je Washington, D. C.

The slang expression "eyes," when applied to a person, is literally alcohol progressively muscles that draw toward and, consequently, gradually converge and actually does become

Canada's Hudson Bay, but an inland sea, is not a fox, but a bone is not a bone, wormwood is not a herb; and the white whale, but a sturgeon.

Carbon dioxide seen in many places around the world, and, when not caught by the wind, forms about the ground, most animals that happen to enter it. Among traps are a ravine in Park, a valley in Java near Naples.

The "Messengers of England, the men who carry documents between London embassies and consuls, wear a badge called the Silver which gives them authority to demand and have placed a motorcar, airplane or even a battleship of peace, in any part of the Empire.—By T. Burt Wood City, Pennsylvania

All persons in the U. S. Army must use the official superior when addressing one exception to this warrant officer, who is simply as "Mister."—By Frank Storm, Washington, D. C.

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These can often be the Saddest Words in the World

All their lives they had saved for it . . . a little home of their own with red tulips in the front garden. . . .

Now, two years after the last payment was made, a tragic sign was posted in the yard: *For Sale*.

It happened suddenly as an earthquake. A darting car . . . too late, the screech of frantic brakes . . . minutes of court proceedings. The judgment was for \$7,000. To meet it, the house must be sold. All because a man thought it good a driver ever to have an accident. It is happening every day. It can happen to you if your car is not insured.

How to Safeguard Your Future Security

explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board

There is no reason for jeopardizing the security of your family by driving your car without adequate insurance.

Back in 1922 we founded State Farm Mutual

Automobile Insurance Company to make insurance protection so reasonable in cost that no automobile owner could truthfully say he couldn't afford it.

"So sound was our plan that State Farm Mutual has become the largest auto casualty company in the world. More than a million drivers have enjoyed the security of State Farm protection!

"By pioneering many economies, State Farm Mutual has been able to offer more auto insurance for your money . . . broader protection and better service.

"For instance, we save you money by not reissuing a new policy every year. We renew it instead, so long as the risk remains the same. Hence you pay the acquisition cost of your policy once a lifetime instead of once a year.

"Altogether, economies like this have saved State Farm policyholders in excess of \$50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance. We do business today in 40 states through 7,000 licensed representatives.

"Whether your car is now insured in another company or whether you carry no insurance, you should get the facts about State Farm's *More Protection for Your Money Plan*. Just mail the coupon."

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B 25



WING TALK

B 26



The North American B-25 and the Martin B-26 medium bombers carry heavy bomb loads, hit hard, get away fast

AVIATION people who have examined the salvaged Zero fighters that have been shipped back here are willing to bury the long-accepted myth that the Japs are a bunch of parrots who imitate accurately but are unable to create anything. They say it is a good airplane, with good workmanship and good performance.

The Zero is much lighter in weight than our fighters. It grosses about 5,000 pounds (whereas ours run from seven to thirteen thousand), has an air-cooled radial engine of 900 horsepower that is not a copy of any well-known model. It carries two 20mm. cannon and two machine guns. It has a high rate of climb and excellent maneuverability, due to low weight and low wing loading.

Protective armor and leakproof tanks were notably absent on the Jap fighters. That is why they are such meat for our fighters and bomber gunners. American combat planes are protected with heavy armor plate, bullet-proof glass and self-sealing fuel tanks. This runs up the wing loading and takes a bite out of performance, but it saves priceless American airmen for the next fight.

ANY small American boy instantly can tell the difference as they flash by in the sky, though most of us have to stop and figure out whether it's a

B-25 or B-26, both of which the Army Air Forces' medium bombers. The North American B-25 is named after General Billy Mitchell, and the Martin B-26 is named after Major General William B. Martin. Both are characterized by their sweep-back wings, a designation by the Army Air Forces.

The B-25 Mitchell and the B-26 are both four-engine bombers. The B-25 is a four-engine Flying Fortress, and the B-26 is a four-engine medium bomber. Both are capable of carrying heavy bomb loads and have excellent performance.

To tell them apart in the air, look for the twin rudders on the B-25, or the single rudder on the B-26. Both have engines extending far out from the leading edges of the sweep-back wings. The B-25 has a wing spread of about 100 feet, and the B-26 has a wing spread of about 80 feet. Both have tricycle landing gear and a high-wing configuration.

(Continued on page 47)



Wonder in the night

IS LIGHT AT A HIDDEN AIRFIELD.

The hangar doors open, and a huge bomber
leaves the earth. A shadowy figure signals, and the
plane glides down the dark runway. Hours later
it returns and circles above the field. Not a light
is seen—yet its wheels unerringly find the run-
way. How can men fly like this? How can they take off
in darkness, accurately bomb their objectives, return
to an unmarked field, land safely without lights at
hundreds of miles an hour?

The answer, of course, is *instruments*—precise,
reliable dials and indicators that are the eyes
of our fighting forces.

In the cockpit of every American bomber are
more than 200 of these instruments. In ships,
submarines, tanks, in every type of artillery,
instruments perform a thousand essential tasks.
This, truly, is a war of instruments.

If we are to have planes and tanks and fighting
ships by the thousands, we must have instru-
ments by the millions. Yet building precision
instruments is a delicate, painstaking process.

Manufacturing tolerances are frequently so small
that machining and fitting of tiny parts must be
done by hand, under powerful microscopes.

Before the war, America had no facilities for
making electrical instruments on such a tre-
mendous scale—yet *today*, America is getting
the instruments it needs. And Westinghouse is
proud to be contributing to this vital war effort.

In Westinghouse plants
long devoted to instrument
manufacture, and in others now
converted to that task, precise,
careful hand workmanship has
been put on a mass-produc-
tion basis—the job men used
to say could never be done.

Westinghouse is doing this
job *24 hours every day*.

**Again it's Westinghouse
"know how"**

Wherever American troops go
into action, Westinghouse
"know how" is on the job.

What is this "know how"? It is the ability to
get things done in the best possible way. It is a
combination of pride of craftsmanship, untiring
research, industrial ingenuity, and a world of
experience.

Today, Westinghouse "know how" has a single
task and a single aim: to provide the weapons
that will keep this nation free.

Westinghouse



**Every Westinghouse plant is producing equipment for the
Army, Navy, or Merchant Marine. Here are some examples:**

Blackout Plant Air-Conditioning Equipment	Aircraft Instruments Binoculars	Fluorescent Lighting
Naval Ordnance	Mercury Vapor Lamps	Ship Searchlights
Field Hospital X-Ray Equipment	Military Radio	Water Coolers
Army Camp Refrigerators	Marine Turbines and Gears	Ignitron Rectifiers
Instruments for Battleships		Motors and Controls
		Electronic Tubes

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere



A Message of Confidence

The war has brought many changes to the Bell System. The nation needed telephone facilities in new places. It needed more facilities in the usual places. It needed all facilities in a hurry.

Shortages of essential materials brought new problems and new achievements in research and in manufacturing. Telephone calls increased about ten million a day.

Yet all this has been done without great change in your telephone service. Millions of subscribers

have felt no difference. The record as a whole has been good. That is the way it should be and the Bell System aims to keep it that way.

But when war needs delay your call, when you can't get just the service or equipment you need, when you put the blame right where it belongs — on the war —

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Service to the Nation in Peace and War

The Night Horse

by Green Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Healy was not up when
made his last run.
Healy was over the bor-
in land where there are
fences too high to carry

UTSIDE the door, the superin-
tendent said to the new doctor,
"Now in here is John Healy.
He's a sportsman, I understand, until
most of his money—
for a man to survive falls
into a field and finally go
into trouble. He's very little
of a fellow, not bad at all."
There were old hunting prints
on the wall. The room was bright, with
gay curtains moving in the
wind and green drapes, flowers on
a white-mahogany table in a green
and a white-mahogany bed
room. John Healy. His face was
somewhat red, and his hair was
on the way to whiteness, and in his
eye there was a look that re-
flected of the gay curtains.

He talked quite rationally as, of
course, he often did, and he seemed at-
tracted to the new doctor. He asked
him, "Ever been in Ireland,
doctor?" and seemed disappointed
the doctor had not been there.
"Anyway, it's a fine, fine country."
"Yes, say, it was a fine country."
"Still is, war or not. I think

the superintendent had gone out now
they were alone. Healy moved
into the bed, as if he were too warm.
His legs protruded from the bed-
clothes, the dark green pajamas pushed
up to his knee, exposing his gaunt
leg. The doctor noticed that there
was no hair growing on the in-
ner calf of his leg, from much riding,
he knew why John Healy had
come from Ireland.

NIEBRANDON waited for his
father, Matt, and then Matt's
Florence to finish the paper. First
he read his spectacles with the broken
hinge loosely on his small nose.
Florence came in and took the chair
and the rosene lamp, and while she
went out on the porch and
listened to the mockingbird, the first he
heard singing in the catalpa tree.
Tired Creek, the hounds of
Redman and his sons were chasing
spring they had treed one
hundred and thirty beyond the back field,



The horse jumped as if the switch had been a hot wire, knocking two men down. The man holding him put his weight on the rope, crying, "Don't hit him with that switch no more"



Big Boy came charging, ears laid flat as a cat's. Matt stumbled over the fence, crawled weakly home

in a black gum tree. Lennie thought of the back field, *his* field; it was only half broken with planting time almost here.

When he went back inside, Flora had finished the paper, but she made no move to let him sit by the light. Squinting, he read the news about happenings on the other side of the world. Some of it he read aloud, in indignation.

"Don't git all worked up," Matt said sarcastically, "you'll be into it before long."

"In town they said I might not be drafted," Lennie said in disappointment, "on account of being a farmer."

"A farmer!" Matt said, and Flora sniffed. "Here it's March and your land ain't even broke."

Lennie wondered what Matt thought he could have done to prevent the death of his mule when even the veterinarian couldn't prevent it, but he said nothing. He had long since quit wrangling with Matt. When their father died, the two brothers had tried farming together, but that had been far from satisfactory. So Matt had taken the sixty acres and the branch head woods, and Lennie had taken the forty and the pasture. Now Matt coveted the forty acres, for he had seen that the land was better than his, and he intimated that Lennie had tricked him although he himself had suggested the terms of the division.

"Tomorrow is Tuesday," Lennie said, "the day of the mule auction. I'm going in to buy me a mule."

"You better git Matt to go with you," Flora said. "You'll end up with one that's spavined or got the hollow-tail."

"I don't want to be no trouble to Matt," Lennie answered. So next day he walked to town alone. When he got to the livery stable, he said to the stable-

man, "I'm in a right smart of a fix. With my ground half broke and planting time nigh, my mule up and died."

"We got plenty of mules and work horses, Lennie."

"I just got through buying my fertilizer and seed. Didn't leave me a whole heap of money. About sixty dollars."

"That won't buy much of a mule, Lennie, sixty dollars. But we got all kinds. If a good working horse comes up, he might do better than a mule for what you got to pay. You be on the lookout."

The auctioneer, in his pulpit, began the selling, calling the bids in a rattling drone and occasionally thumping the pulpit with a piece of bicycle tire in synthetic enthusiasm. The mules and horses were trotted back and forth in front of the buyers, while stable hands twitched at their rumps to show how active they were. Most of the buyers were professional mule traders, leaning upon their canes and bidding by winks and nods; there were farmers, like Lennie, trying to buy a good strong animal cheap, somewhat bewildered by the noise and the swiftness of the selling, and there was a man from the Florida quarters of the big circus, buying old ten-dollar mules to slaughter for the show beasts.

The stableman found something about each mule or horse to brag on. "Now here's a mule that's sound, made a crop last year, he's a little frosty about the head but he'll still work, single or double," and about the next one: "Now here's a mule that's what you want, boys, good mouth, good short teeth, them rough places on his hide ain't nothing, they'll go away..."

Lennie kept watching, but with waning hope. He didn't want a thirty- or

forty-dollar mule, that might turn out to be stringhalted or might drop dead in the furrow. The kind of mule he wanted sold for a hundred dollars or more.

Now a lull came in the selling as a new animal was brought out. This one was a horse, a great ugly creature that needed clipping. They looked at him curiously, trying to decide what manner of horse this might be, for although he was tall as a Percheron he was not built like a draft horse. His head was big, and his withers quite high, making him look somewhat swayback, and his croup was incredibly wide, so that you could have almost hung your hat on his hipbones.

THE horse was calm, phlegmatic until the hostler touched his rump with the willow switch. Then he jumped, as if the switch had been a hot wire, wheeling on the woven grass halter and knocking two men down. The man holding him put his weight on the halter rope, crying, "Whoa, whoa! Don't hit him with that switch no more!"

The horse became quiet again. The stableman said, "Who's selling this horse?"

"Me. It's one the old man had sent down just before he went off his head. I don't know nothing about that horse, just that the lawyers said sell the farm and stock and everything. Once the old man sent a pair of Belgians down and I figured this'n's another one of them kind."

"Will he work?" the stableman asked.

"You know as much about him as me. We was going to hitch him up and try him, but then everything happened like it did."

"Can he be rid?"

"I tell you I don't know nothing about him. Let your nigger git up on his feet and see."

The Negro said, uneasily, "Don't believe I better, Cap'm. He too big for me."

The stableman said, "All right, here he is. A good sound horse. Lennie looked at his teeth. 'He's got a little age on him, but not too much. I bid?'"

Nobody made a bid. The buyers were not interested in a horse, they wouldn't for certain wear a coat, one of them confided that he had a horse had a floating eye, which would understood to mean that he was erous.

"All right, I start it off with fifty dollars," the stableman said, "waste time on him."

Lennie got interested in the horse. He walked around the horse. The flat thighs attracted his eye. He realized the strength of the hindquarters. The horse could moldboard plow by himself, he would. Lennie wondered if he could gamble on him.

The auctioneer was singing a fifty-dollar bid; he vainly looked for a buyer trying to catch his eye. The stableman observed Lennie's interest and shouted, "For all I know, Lennie, the blue-ribbon champion plow horse wherever he come from. Go on, him. If he don't suit you by bringing him back."

Lennie said, "I'll give fifty dollars for him."

Now, leading the big horse, Lennie was troubled by his foolish thing he had done, buying a plow horse.

(Continued on page 12)

llywood offers had to
it until Donna Reed
mpled her secretarial
urse That's how lightly
as movie business

Farmer's Daughter

By Kate Holliday

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

VEE once in a while, a kid turns up in Hollywood to whom the studios he big names and the phony making motion pictures mean nothing. The Grade A producer is merely a business proposition. It's only the frosting of a cake, or may not be edible. A ne result of a strange whim the American people, plus the service of thousands of unheralded workers who have focused the cameras on her, shot from the proper angles, on her over make-up, and played plim tary games with lights.

hen Hollywood runs into a young- who views it in this fashion, it is plete nonplused. For the town s its much too seriously to be- that it is a laughing matter to the of the world.

onse- ently, as I say, it is baffled. bs it bald pate in wonderment. It its at tummy bewilderedly. It up y handing the neophyte in ction contract which would choke onto irus.

nd, t's, after a snatch of philos- y, we come to Donna Reed.

onna apply for her bank account, sses l of the astounding aloofness hich spoke. The result is that she e Fa haired Girl of M-G-M. She mad- ight pictures in only a little a yr. She has played opposite o office octopi as Mickey ey, William Powell and Ronald nan. he's the dame they dream it in e back room.

Al from the Prairies

he arger to all this is the fact that Reed is a gal from the prairies. got h training for Hollywood when was a pinafore. With the excep- that the scene changed a bit, her d fusions precisely as it did in her hoo-

onna was born and raised on a farm n mi from Denison, Iowa, a town out e thousand in the middle of corn and hog belt. (The publicity rtme would have you believe she ver saw a sow, but pay no ation. Her father is an Irishman ed Mllinger, whose ancestors vad the peat provinces generations Her mother is of Scotch, Irish and ish cent, far removed. Both are sort of people one calls "native ricar-

onna grew up surrounded by one dred ad forty acres of excellent ng fan land, some hogs, cattle, es, chickens, and two brothers and ter. When she was a child, it was job to feed the egg-laying charac- gath their output, milk the cows n evening, and generally make her- usef. She went to the country ols, larned her fractions and how and Basil on a map, and beamed at boys the class when the teacher
(Continued on page 56)


red e an Iowa farm, the ly a levelheaded Donna d have healthy disrespect Hollywood's foolishness



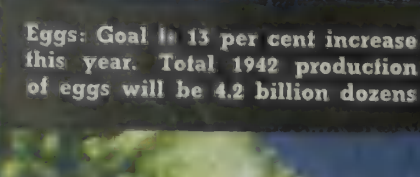


Why We'll Have Enough to Eat

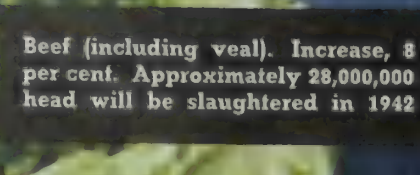
By **Claude R. Wickard**
SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE



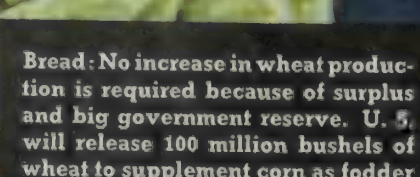
Garden produce (beans, peas, carrots, etc.): 1942 goal, 5,460,000 farm and home gardens as against, 4,431,000 in 1941. Estimated increase in food for consumption at source is 30 per cent. Commercial gardeners will produce 10 per cent more




Eggs: Goal is 13 per cent increase this year. Total 1942 production of eggs will be 4.2 billion dozens




Beef (including veal). Increase, 8 per cent. Approximately 28,000,000 head will be slaughtered in 1942



Bread: No increase in wheat production is required because of surplus and big government reserve. U. S. will release 100 million bushels of wheat to supplement corn as fodder



Corn: Increase, 8 per cent. From 92½ to 95 million acres planted in 1942; 87.2 million acres in 1941. Victory gardens will supply great amounts of corn for family tables



Milk (and butter): 125 billion lbs. of milk in 1942, against 116½ billion lbs. in 1941. Production of evaporated and dried milk and cheese will be at full capacity in 1942

Canning Tomatoes: 18 per cent increase. Other increases for 1942 are as follows: Hogs, 14%; peanuts, 155%; soybeans, 54%; canning peas, 32%; dry beans, 13%; dry peas, 73%; potatoes, 10%; rice, 6%

In a special article for *Collier's* the Secretary of Agriculture explains how more than 6,000,000 farmers, operating the finest food-producing plant in the world, are building impregnable defenses against hunger

BECAUSE some housewives can't believe there's going to be enough food to go around, they are having extra shelves put in pantries on which to place hoarded food. Fortunately, all housewives aren't buying more than they need. If they were, not even the record high production expected in 1942 could provide food for consumption and for the hoarders too.

In our society, when a government hoards—for example, to fill up our Ever-Normal Granary, it makes sense; whereas when an individual hoards, it makes trouble. Our hoarding housewives don't know their own strength. Last year, for example, as *Collier's* has pointed out in a recent article, they appear to have whisked about a million tons of sugar off the grocers' shelves and into cupboards and cellars all over the land.

So let me hasten to assure uneasy housewives that the answer is yes, there will be enough food. It's still yes, despite some selfish and unpatriotic hoarding—not only by consumers, but by processors and middlemen all down the line—which, if continued, is likely to cause temporary shortages, to hasten the necessity of rationing, and to complicate the problem of price control. It's yes because our six and a half million farmers own and operate the most productive agricultural plant in the world. They'll do the job, but there must be no waste of land, labor, or materials; moreover, they'll need the understanding and co-operation of all of us, from the housewife in her kitchen and the clerk in the corner grocery to the nutritionist in his laboratory and the country Triple-A committeemen working nights to make sure that farmers reach their 1942 production goals. Perhaps it will help to promote this mutual understanding if I try to describe how the machinery of our planned agricultural production operates. It is relatively new. Like most working farmers, I remember well its beginnings and why it was necessary.

During the twenties I was out in Carroll County, Indiana, raising corn and hogs. I had good land, good hogs, and poor markets. Like other farmers, I bought high and sold low. I've seen the time when it was cheaper to knock pigs in the head than it was to try to market them. Farmers and farm land took a lot of punishment and by 1931 both were pretty well worn out.

Consumers were worn out, too, if you remember. True, food was cheap when the average housewife had anything to use for money, but too often she had little or nothing. Most consumers didn't realize it, but one reason they were broke in that depression year of 1932 was that during World War I, instead of planning our agricultural production, we ran wild through a disastrous cycle of boom and bust.

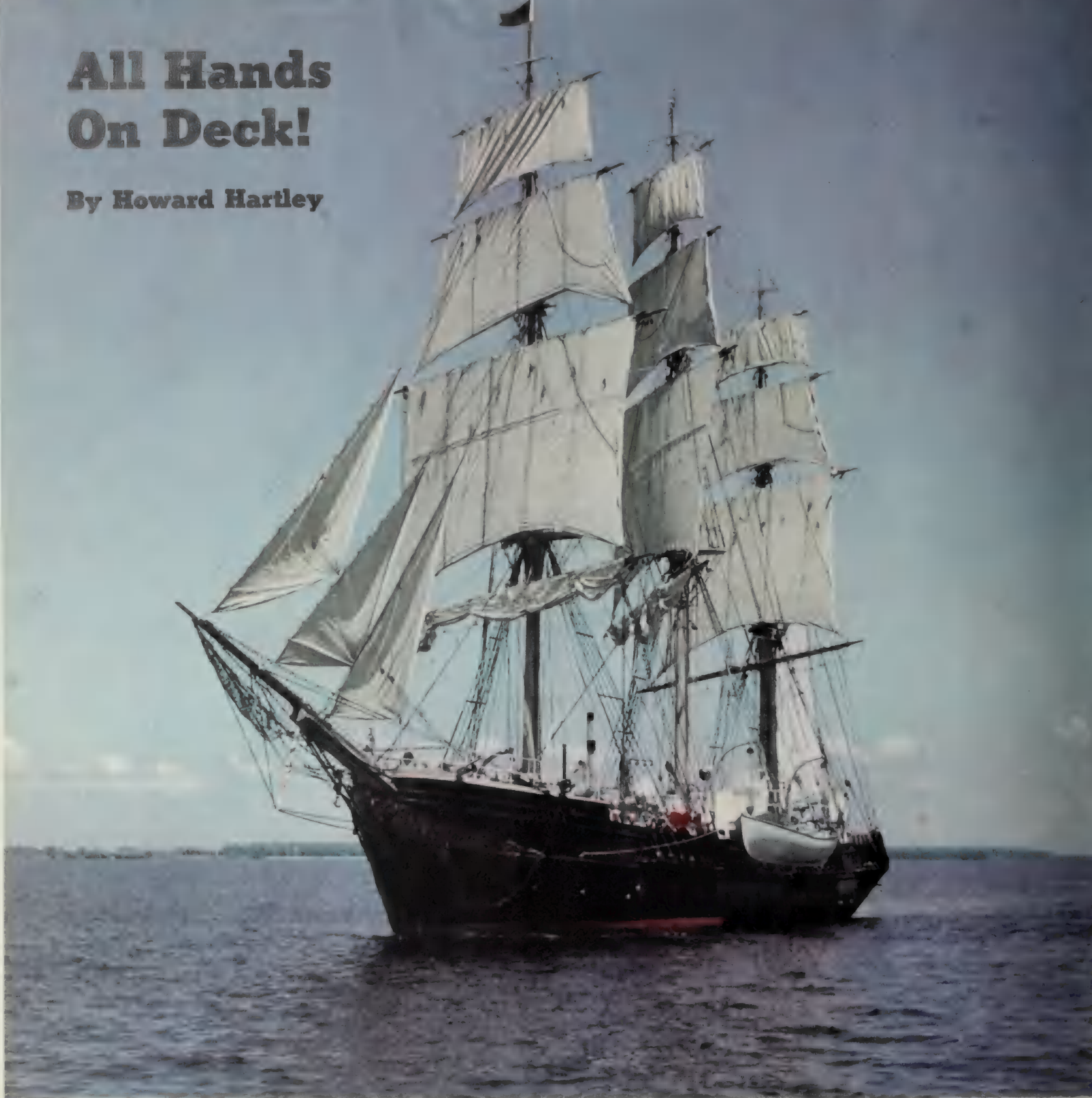
We shan't do that again in this war. We don't have to. We have our national farm programs, wrought out of bitter experience and now firmly rooted in the conviction and practice of American farmers.

Originally our farm programs concentrated on cutting down surpluses. That was the immediate job in the middle 1930s. But as time passed, the programs put more and more emphasis on

(Continued on page 40)

All Hands On Deck!

By Howard Hartley



To man our ever-growing merchant fleet we need thousands of seamen and engineers—and in a hurry. Training them is the job of the Maritime Commission's schools now operating at full speed

THE white sails of a ketch, beating across the St. Petersburg harbor, hung limp. On the parade ground of the Maritime Commission's new million-dollar training school for apprentice seamen, the sixteen youngsters of Platoon Four, spotless in white jumpers and flaring bell-bottoms, stood rigidly at attention under the burning Florida sun.

The platoon's right guide was Trainee Wallace Wade, a tall, raw-boned youngster from Mountain View, Arkansas (Pop. 1,500). Six months ago, this 19-

year-old son of an Ozark farmer had never seen navigable water, unless you count the spring floods of the Arkansas lowland meadows. Tomorrow Trainee Wade and his fifteen shipmates of Platoon Four would receive their graduation certificates. They had been assembled to hear a baccalaureate sermon from Chief Bos'n William Joseph Donegan, facing the formation in resplendent dress blues, with the four gold hash marks on the sleeve denoting sixteen years' service in the United States Coast Guard.

Flanking the east side of the parade ground were the eight white concrete-and-steel barracks and the hospital and administration buildings that house the staff and the 400 trainees. Behind the platoon were the long wharves, where the historic sailing ships—the old Joseph Conrad and the equally ancient Tusitala—tugged gently at the mooring cables. Both ships had been saved from the graveyard to serve as floating barracks.

The Joseph Conrad is one of the last of the square-riggers and a relic of the

days when American clipper ships ruled the seven seas. In the afternoon sun that flashed from her brightwork she seemed a sedate grandmother. Just down the wharf were some of the Coast Guard's sleek, gray cutters and swift patrol boats.

For six months the boys of Platoon Four had been plastic lumps in the hands of Coast Guard sculptors, with the molding beginning on the day Trainee Wade and his fellow recruits arrived from the Maritime Commission's far-flung enrolling offices. That was the day Trainee Wade met Chief Bos'n Donegan, and for two hectic months the Coast Guard veteran had been the platoon's Simon Legree or kindly godfather, depending on how the recruits took to the Donegan brand of discipline.

Whether they loved or hated him made no difference to Mr. Donegan. His job was to help train the 20,000 new seamen and 5,000 new officers our fast-expanding merchant fleet must have by December 31, 1943.

This is the biggest mass-production

One of the last of the riggers, the Joseph Conrad is floating barracks for trainees at the St. Petersburg

training project in maritime history. It is costing around \$8,000,000, which isn't much when you remember what we're spending for new ships. It is one of the most important and publicized phases of our national effort. Ships are not robots. They must be manned, from engine room to deck, and engineer officers and stewards, cooks and oilers, erators and wipers called into from the farms and shops and cities. The program is important to our merchant fleet, when the war will be the biggest and finest in our history. It will number between 2,500 and 3,000 ships, from the smallest freight tanker up to fast passenger liners. When the war ends, this gigantic

(Continued on page 5)



On the training ship American Seaman working around davit winches. The boys learn that all equipment must be kept in first-class condition

John Noble, Maritime Service (left), explains to Seamen the whys and wherefores of the maze of halyards



Furling sail high on the foremast of the training ship Joseph Conrad. The boys are taught the elements of sailing early in their schooling

All apprentices must learn how to handle lifeboats and other small boats. In the background is the American Seaman, since camouflaged and armed





A flying knife knocked the gun out of Smeeren's hand. Within a second he was covered all over by nearly a ton of busy Balinese

The Defense of Frederick

By Luther Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Frustration on the Isle of Bali. The Japanese staff overlooked the peculiar quality of the native defenses

MRS. VAN CLERCQ gave a little scream and almost dropped her gin sling. "Look!" she said anxiously. "Something terrible's the matter!"

She pointed down the road toward an enormously fat Dutchman approaching by bicycle. Clad in acres of gleaming tropical whites, he looked like a blimp on roller skates, but Mrs. Van Clercq and her companions on the porch of the Bali Hotel were not amused.

Mrs. Van Clercq's husband, the manager of the hotel, glanced at his watch, noting that it was exactly nine-

teen minutes before ten. "Nearly twenty minutes early this morning!" he said in a hushed voice. "Perhaps an air raid!"

Frederick Smeeren, the perspiring object of all this, was a towheaded pink man in his fifties and his personal achievements were two. First, he was chief of police of the slightly malarial town of Den Pasaar, Bali, Netherlands East Indies. Second, for twenty-five years he had managed to cycle past the Bali Hotel at precisely ten A. M.—fair, monsoon or typhoon.

On this humid morning in January, 1942, no one could think of a reason for his lapse from routine—except disaster. By the time he reached the porch, most of the town's thirteen resident whites, who had gathered there as usual for gossip and a drink, were on their feet. A few of the ladies seemed about to faint.

Van Clercq hurried toward him. "What the devil is it, Smeeren?"

Waving a loaf of a hand in a signal for him to follow, Smeeren went directly into the manager's office. "Hah!" he said, closing the door behind them. "Tell no one, but we're dead! All of us goners, may heaven help the Queen!"

"The Japs have attacked Bali?" Van Clercq said in a tired voice.

"Worse! Just now I got orders to arm the natives!"

"So?"

Smeeren stared at him in horror. "As soon as they get guns they'll—why, they'll slit our throats!" he said wildly.

"Nonsense! They might straighten you out, though I don't think they'll bother. As for harming the rest of us—we're their friends."

It was an established fact that, alone among the Europeans there, Smeeren didn't like the Balinese. The natives returned the compliment and it was just as well that Frederick never bothered to look at any of their world-famous carv-

ing. Much of it featured the ponderous white man astride bicycle. All were caricature definitely vulgar.

"Natives aren't any whi friend," Smeeren told Van Clercq. "They're yellow. All of 'em. to boot."

Van Clercq stared at the moment and then shook his head. "You're a fool. I don't like never have."

"Fine thing to say! And wh here to ask you to keep my testament in your safe!"

"Leave it on the desk!" V turned on his heel and left the Alone, Frederick sank into chair, leaned far back, and be—wetly, but very quietly. Af he sniffed back his tears at document from his pocket. It a hotel envelope on which

(Continued on page 18)

Worry-Up Joe

by John Marshall

General Joseph W. Stilwell, a man with a mission—in Burma and he intends to waste no time in fulfilling it, either

“DON’T run out of Burma, and it is humiliating as hell!” said the old gentleman with the bristling gray hair. The scene was New Delhi, India, and the speaker was Lieutenant General Joseph Warren Stilwell. He had just finished a difficult 140-mile cross-jungle trek from Burma, where he had been Chief of Staff to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, in command of the Fifth and Sixth Chinese Armies.

“These Japs aren’t supermen,” he said. “I’ve got to go back properly prepared and properly equipped we can win this out!”

When Stilwell reads in the papers about heroic retreats, stubborn retreats to prepared positions and brilliant rearguard actions, his eyes snap, his chin juts out and he barks, as he did to his men recently, “Our objective is to put on an intelligent fight, not just a bloody fight. We’re not looking for easy good losers. The country wants to win, and, in order to do it, there must be a let-up.”

When the general says he likes tough fighters, he means fighters who are as tough as nails physically, fighters who think realistically and who can’t fight a 1942 war with their heads. The thousands of selectees got their training under Stilwell on the Coast, before he went to the Philippines, all remember with awe the way he got his way through to be smart, gritty fighting men they

at Fort Ord on Monterey Bay, where Uncle Joe whipped a group of an-of-the-mine selectees into the Seventh Division, a visiting group looked over a headquarters which training schedules were set for next week,” he remarked to the general’s aide, with a

he gulped: “Next week! Heck, I’m alive, that’s the schedule for



EMMETT D. GRIGGS

Deceptively mild in looks, Gen. Stilwell believes attack and not defense is our formula for victory

In the Army, Uncle Joe is known as the greatest argument against the jeep. On the level, he can travel almost as fast as one, and in rough territory he easily strides ahead. During Army maneuvers in the West last summer, the usual reply to “Where’s the general?” was “Probably half a mile ahead of the advance skirmish line.” And the lad is fifty-nine years old, remember. Wears specs, too.

Stilwell was born in Florida, where his parents had gone for a vacation from their home in Yonkers, New York. They were Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Stilwell. The boy, brought up north, got his early schooling in Yonkers and wanted to go to Yale.

But a background of twenty-four Stilwells who served as officers in the War of the Revolution changed that. Old Dr. Stilwell took young Warren—as he was called then—to visit West

Point, and the Army bug in the boy’s blood did the rest.

Just as West Point changed the name of another soldier—a man named Grant—so it changed J. Warren Stilwell into Joseph W. A cadet officer did that, probably as a whim, but it stuck. At least, it stuck until the inevitable nicknames started to attach themselves. The most pungent of these is “Vinegar Joe,” which the general attained for being impatient about stupidity.

After graduating as a lieutenant from the Point in 1904, Stilwell went to the Philippines with an infantry outfit; came back to the Academy as an instructor in '06; went back to the Islands in '10, and returned two years later for a three-year hitch at the Presidio of Monterey in California. He still has a home near there—“Llanfair”—to which he looks forward to retiring after he and his men have out-toughed and out-

smarted the Japs, something about which Uncle Joe has no doubts whatever.

He went to France early in the other war and was assigned to a British outfit at Noyon, serving for some months. Then he went to the A.E.F. Military Intelligence at General Headquarters and had a lot to do with planning the great Saint-Mihiel offensive. He never believed in defensive warfare at all. For this work, he got the Distinguished Service Medal and a citation:

“For exceptional merit and distinguished service during the Saint-Mihiel offensive and later during operations near Verdun . . . Great energy and zeal . . . excellent performance.”

After the Armistice he went into Germany with the Army of Occupation and got back home in the fall of '19. Being idle wasn’t in his book, so he went to (Continued on page 53)

Roses from France

By Thérèse Bone

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE UTM

These are Dufy's Roses, the first important flower artist has ever done, and well be considered a those who work silently

Ascot, 1935 (below), a photograph of the races at Ascot is the outstanding example of Dufy's versatile talent in painting racing and





Dufy in his prime was engaged on what was to be his greatest work—the great triptych ordered by the French government for the Trocadero. The invasion caused him to abandon it



Dufy in his prime was engaged on what was to be his greatest work—the great triptych ordered by the French government for the Trocadero. The invasion caused him to abandon it

YOI agreed that the young man from
clav painted very odd canvases. "Ex-
agan and improbable," people said,
at his beach scenes. But the next time
y saw something there they had
The dance of light and color, the
design that young Raoul Dufy
were not imaginary: you could see
—if you had enough understanding.
was ty years ago, and Raoul Dufy
on howing people things they have
e. His subjects were various—im-
stre scenes, figures, flowers, seascapes,
ees, attas, rarely a portrait. It made
ence the same lighthearted humor
in them all. He recorded the impres-
he inant and lifted it out of time; he
esses, untouched by age or trouble.
ntior came to him as a master of French
em. His captive essences danced, not
il and water color but also in silk, ceram-
n the strations for books. He created
or Bouvais tapestries and vivid fabrics
et Bianchini. He worked ceaselessly
mend's gusto and he lived in Paris, the
oved d which today he misses so much.
e kn Dufy for twenty years. Six
ago went to look for him in France. I
wou not be in Paris. With difficulty
him in small town in the south. I photo-
him. The man Dufy was changed. But
Duf was the same or greater. At sixty-
me more aged than Maillol, France's
living sculptor, who is in his eighties.
had dly any materials. He was using
can s) a newspaper for a palette. He
ed a tortured by arthritis, supposedly
ed of bed. But he had begun to
d once more he was dealing with
untched by his country's misfortunes.
ght ten of his paintings, ten pic-
roses One of them is reproduced here.
en we colors, fragile refugees of war,
of the spirit of France, as though
lightly touched them with her
spirit of France that is both un-
quenchably gay. ★★★



panied by his doctor and his wife,
on the first day he was able to spend
y out of bed, visited the revered Mail-
ance's greatest living sculptor, at the
home at Banyuls, in southern France



"You no know me. I no know you either." He laughed, feeling good. "I like you. I give you job. You come cook for me"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. BEA

Fly Away Home

By John Weld

Their break came when they least expected it. And it was engineered by their hearts, not by their heads

THE white roadside shack had HAMBURGER in large black letters across its façade. Inside, a woman sat on a stool behind the counter picking her teeth with a wooden pick and reading the green front page of a Los Angeles newspaper. She was about thirty-five and her Spanish skin was the color of olives, her hair black and shiny. She wore a pretty apron over her dress.

Someone went by singing Home on the Range. A car passed, headed south, toward San Diego, its bearings knocking. She looked up as the screen door opened. A man came in. He wore faded blue jeans and shirt, an old sweat-soaked felt hat. The neck of his shirt

was open at the throat. He had a swarthy skin, dark, furtive, frightened eyes and a shy, obsequious manner.

The woman got up. "Good evenin'," she said pleasantly and came down the counter. There was about her smile and her voice a sincerity, a warmth that was not commercial—a real friendliness.

The man's "Ello," was spoken with a strong Mexican accent. He smiled timidly and sat down on one of the stools.

"Nice evenin'," she said, and looked out, her hands on the counter, waiting.

"I take hamburger," he said, and pushed his hat back on his head.

The woman turned and lit the gas stove with a kitchen match, brushed the black, grease-encrusted grill with butter leavings. She opened the icebox and brought forth a meat patty on a piece of waxed paper. The meat was ground up and there was a lot of fat and suet in it. She slapped it on the grill, mashed it flatter with a spatula, opened a roll

and flopped it face down beside the meat. "With or without?" She turned to look at his face.

He nodded. "Sure. Everything," he said.

She sliced a great Bermuda onion, wiped the knife on her apron. "What to drink?" she asked, and looked up at the sign above her—glass tubing full of liquid fire: Acme. "How about a bottle of beer?" she asked. "It's ice cold."

"Sure," he said, and then looked at her hopefully. "You drink one with me, eh?"

Her eyes looked at him quickly, startled; then away again.

"I pay," he said.

"Okay," she said, smiling, and brought forth two bottles. "Much oblige." The bottles hissed as the caps came off.

She wiped the bottle on her apron and set it before him. She emptied the other one into her own glass. The amber fluid foamed up. Then she clicked her glass against his. "Salud."

"Salud."

They drank. She set the glass down and turned to the stove, flipped the meat over. "You work around here," she asked, after a little while.

He nodded. "Rancho Vincen," he said. "How long you been working here?"

"Five week."

"Thought I hadn't seen you. Where's your home?"

"I born in Rosario, Baja Ca."

The soft Mexican words came from his mouth like music. "You know Rosario?"

She shook her head. "I never been down there," she said. She but browned roll, put the meat on the halves, added the slice of onion and the relish, scooped it on a chipped plate, set it before him. She took the lid off the hamburger, spread mustard with a wooden paddle on a little salt, put the lid back on.

(Continued on page 28)

Red Flag in Brooklyn

Arch Murray

lead to a little fuss and then, but the c Magerkurth right in there, call- as he sees 'em during no man— on a Dodger fan

HE game hush had fallen over the Sunday crowd at Ebbets Field as the three men in blue came to the dugout. At first, there were customary brrrrppps that alarmed the umpires. Then suddenly, as the customers recognized the red-faced giant carrying the mallets, they came to their feet and the trickle of jeers became a roar of abuse.

The Public Enemy Number One came home. George Magerkurth, making his first Sunday appearance of the 1942 season at Ebbets Field, the crowd was merely giving him the reception due the man who has been called the most colorful human being in Flatbush. The sight of him was like a red flag to the bulls of Brooklyn.

The Maje gave off a customary snarl about his business. His big frame just bristled a bit more as he cried "Play Ball." This was new for the Maje. For years he has been a target of scorn. A battling, belligerent man with thunder in both his eyes on calling 'em as he sees the devil take his critics. The tant bazoos from the stands dugouts are old stuff to him. He has been parboiling in scalding water he quit a timekeeper's job in London mask and protector just

twenty summers ago. He has weathered more arguments than a henpecked husband. And he keeps on giving National Leaguers the thumb whenever he thinks it necessary, which is so often that there's a saying around the circuit that you're not really a National Leaguer until you've been thrown out by the Maje.

The Maje himself is a kind of dual personality. Off the field, he's a mild-mannered, peace-loving citizen whose favorite pastime is playing hearts at the Elks Club back home in Moline, Illinois. Soft-spoken, easy-going, he's a good neighbor and a fond father and husband. He laughs easily and heartily. An occasional beer is his only dissipation.

Put him on a ball field, though, and you wouldn't recognize the man. Once his spiked shoes bite into the baseball lawns, he takes on a three-ply coating of pugnacity. His lips set in hard lines; the mellow smile fades, and his eyes become twin fangs of fire. His shoulders go back and up, and he takes on the mien of a top sergeant drilling a band of raw rookies. He snorts confidence and his voice rings out with all the power of a bellowing bull. That "Stee-Rock-Ohhh Thrrrecccc" which sends a batter trundling back to the dugout in horrible shame can be heard in the farthest corner of the bleachers. The fellow oozes authority from every inch of his ponderous frame.

Perhaps it goes back to the fact that he was a fighting man in his youth. Like the usually amiable Jack Dempsey, he turned killer the second he slipped through the ropes. The resemblance to Dempsey ends there. The Maje had nothing more than two murderous fists, which were potent enough to flatten 42 unfortunate foemen. But he never fought for anything more than pin money around the docks and barges and small clubs along the banks of the Mississippi. He loved to fight, and today,



Storm center of baseball controversy, the pugnacious Magerkurth strides onto the diamond. When he umpires a game, he's boss, and takes back talk from no one

Angry Dodger fan takes it out on the Maje over an adverse decision. Three cops and two umpires were needed to pry the boys apart



thirty years later, he will still square off at the drop of the slightest slur.

The real answer probably lies in his beliefs. There's nothing fancy about him or them. But he throws that great big heart into everything he does, and his main precept is that the whole game of baseball is founded on the rock of the umpire's integrity.

"It's simple enough," he says. "I don't give a hang what a Brooklyn fan thinks of me today or a Giant fan tomorrow. All I care about is that I'm doing a good job and an honest one. The umpire must be the complete boss out there on the field. Once his authority begins to wane, then baseball's on the way out."

"I'll tell you right now that the biggest thrill I've ever had was when I read in the paper how Billy Phelps of Yale had gotten up at the baseball writers' dinner last February and pointed out that in all baseball history, there'd never been a scandal in which an umpire was involved. That's answer enough for me."

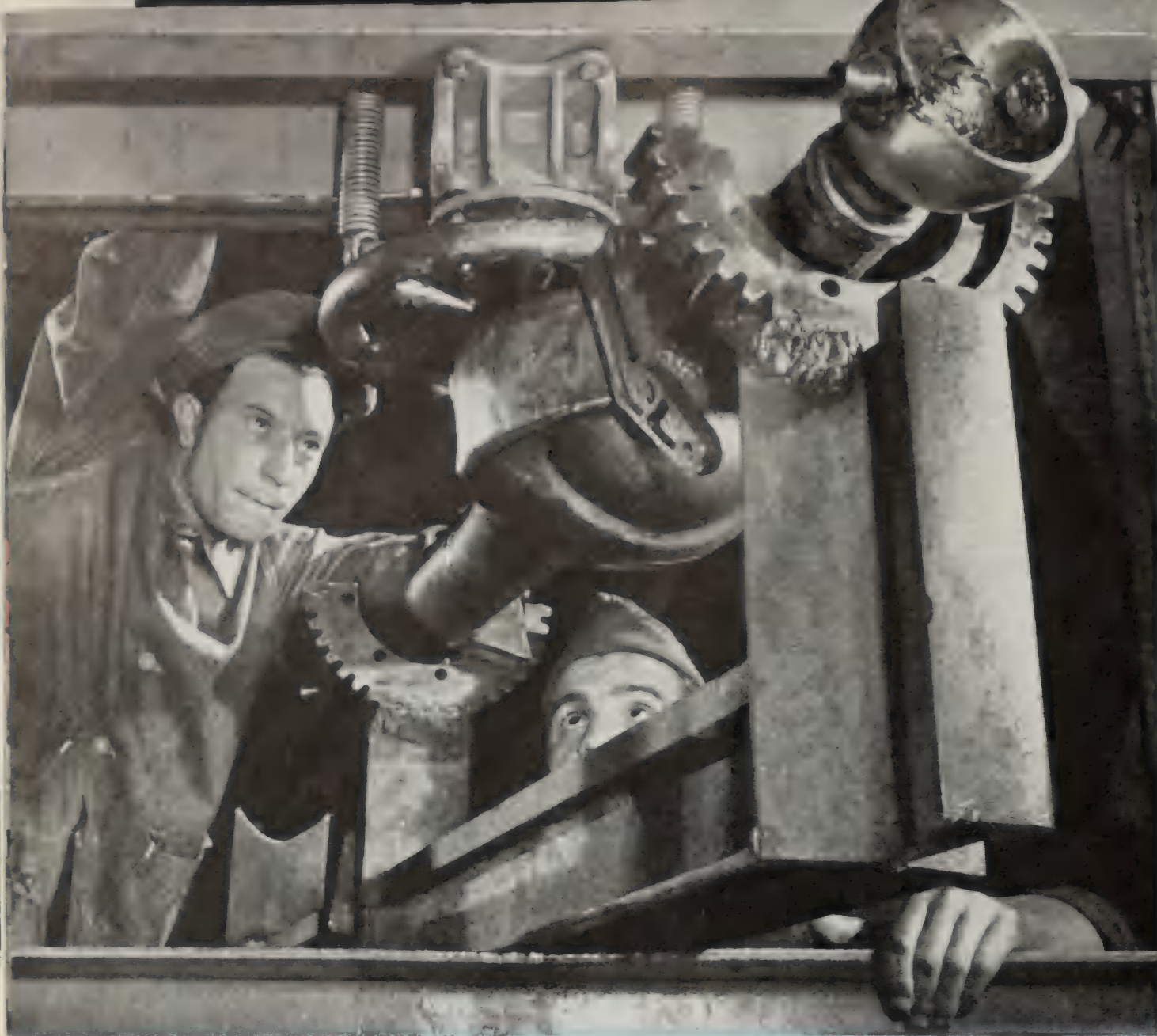
His jaw jutted out like the prow of a Viking vessel as he spoke, and the memory came back of other days when that jaw had reaped the harvest of disfavor that now hangs so heavily over his shoulders. Three times in the last three

years it has thrust itself and the tomato-red countenance above it into the midst of the National League pennant scramble. Each time he could have saved himself a lot of woe by backing down without losing face before the situation had boiled all over the sports pages. But that isn't the Magerkurth way. He wouldn't take a back step from the Twentieth Century moving on him at top speed if he were convinced that he was right and the Limited wrong.

High tide came last summer at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field. A September sun was dipping into the west, and the Dodgers were leading the Pirates by a run in the last half of the eighth inning of the final game of as dramatic a swing through the Western badlands as any ball club ever made. Vince DiMaggio danced off third with the tying run, and two dead ducks had gone back to the Pirate bench.

Hugh Casey, the portly curve-balling Brooklyn relief artist, eyed the fleet DiMag nervously as he prepared to pitch to Al Lopez. He brought his arms up, then suddenly brought them down. It was a glaring balk. Even Leo Durocher's protest was comparatively feeble as Maje waved DiMag home with

(Continued on page 51)



Blanding's Heavy Motor Maintenance Shop is equipped with machinery and tools made from scrap. The compressed-air-driven axle straightener shown above consists of welded sections of a railroad rail and two halves of a worm gear



Our Fighting Men



FORT BRAGG, N.

Call! The first time

—as a baffled, uneasy

you wonder that it wo

yet in its inimitably slow

works exceedingly well, and

forth an attentiveness any

would give his right arm to

About fifteen minutes before

at the end of the day's work,

gin to poke tentatively around

ners. "Is that it?" No, not y

Higgins appears with a mag

blows his whistle. "Is that it?"

man!" That's the last you se

Higgins, submerged under a

mailees. Somehow, though,

man-for-a-day manages to

handful of letters from the po

"Barkley?" yells Higgins.

"Here! Hot dog!" yells Ba

"Hagan?"

"Yo!"

"Spulanski?"

"He's playin' ball."

"Henderson?"

"Here. Is it air mail?"

question. By custom, all lette

air mail, and all colored

addressed in fancy colored ink

talizingly held until the last.

itism at Mail Call.

"Leeducks?"

"Leeducks? Hey—you m

doo?" demands Pvt. Leedou

"I mean Leeducks. What's a th

I am—a schoolteacher? . . .

"Gee—swell! The first letter

for Pete's sake—my own writ

dressed it wrong."

Along with the letters cor

Betsy, the motorized one al
in motor pool (left), as o
thing up to a six-ton m
crane was made of sc
rails, as was the gri
to keep Betsy's front v

MOTOR MAINT

When a truck in a y of

18 Army and Air rce

stallations in Florid

Georgia folds up r n

overhauling, it g s to

Tenth District He y M

Maintenance Sho u C

Blanding for th m

Typical of simi sh

throughout the bun

this one at Bladin

capable of savin and

storing almost yit

A smithy (right) and
temper tools and str
materials requiring
are made from axle
cranes are fashioned
bumpers, even glass

pers. Then packages. All are
back, hand over shoulder, hand
shoulder. Somehow they get to the
ht r.
Throughout the day an infantry com-
ny artillery battery learns to be a
ghtly hit fighting team, but with Mail
all it momentarily breaks apart again
to who it really is—the United States
minire. Mail Call is magic.

ROAD, B. W. I. The tropical
evergs aren't all mosquitoes at this
ribb n base. Not only has the Air
ined the USO three flying show-
uch wing into port with a mili-
n-dor cargo of Hollywood talent,
t th boys have been sent portable
leting equipment, recording machines
transcriptions, and a flock of
at jive records.
There's no local draft board in Trini-
he registration and induction
U. S. men employed at defense bases.
e received from local boards
ates where men have previ-
ly istered, and they're called up
ot. Saves a lot of transporta-
an expense.

CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral
ells, Tex. While Technician
urth Grade Earl R. Hamant,
o presides over the locator in-
office's master files, was try-
t a call through to Mineral
oung lieutenant stuck his head
or to ask, "Is this the informa-
n off?" At this point Pvt. Hamant
the operator and said, "Outside,
ase. The officer, thinking this was
ant r him, muttered an apology
d has y retreated. This is the end of
ste, or anyway Pvt. Hamant
es i.

ATE gadget to attract the Army's
ntent is a miniature mortar range
vised y Lt. William J. Garlow, of
lter Co. B, 56th Bn. Complete out-
lges a screen which simulates a
end which the mortar is set up
roteed position. On the other side,
to 100 inches from the mortar, is a

painted panoramic background studded
with targets. The range shows trainees
a mortar may be accurately sighted on a
target they can't see, and it teaches them
the hows of operating the gun. So sim-
ple it can be knocked together in two
hours and its operation learned in thirty
minutes, the device will be shown in in-
fantry camps all over.

CAMP WALLACE, Hitchcock, Tex.
Most of the men in Btry. A, 31st Bn.,
have each kicked in a nickel to Pvt. Paul
Fulmer and supplied him with their
names and probable postwar addresses.
Six months after the war ends, Secre-
tary Fulmer will mail each guy a double
postcard, so the recipient can give an
account of what he's doing and how
many Nips he nipped. For instance:
"Wounded in the capture of Tokyo, re-
ceived Congressional Medal; now work-
ing as night watchman for the Eskimo
Icebox Co., Reykjavik, Iceland. Present
address, 101 F. D. Roosevelt Ave.,
Reykjavik. Married Susie Belle Per-
kins." Fulmer will compile the infor-
mation and send a mimeographed copy
to each man in the outfit who paid his
dues. It ought to be worth a nickel.

THE fact that the VIII Army Corps is
in the Eighth Corps Area causes con-
siderable confusion in the Southwest.
Army Corps headquarters used to issue
a neat mimeographed letter to Texas
newspapers explaining the difference
between VIII Army Corps (a tactical
unit) and the Eighth Corps Area (a
hunk of geography), but they finally
tossed in the towel. The public just
wouldn't be educated along these lines.
Purists at Army Corps headquarters at
Brownwood have been known to say,
"Vee-three-one" so that there'd be no
(Continued on page 46)

Only equipment purchased was
the high-pressure steam outfit
(lower right) used to clean grease
and dirt from motor parts. Vehicles
get overhaul every 12,000 miles



Every month, about 17,000 square yards of torn or otherwise damaged tent canvas is converted into truck tops with the rebuilt sewing machine shown above





Good and Married

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY REA IRVIN

It takes brains to make a modern marriage work. Sometimes it takes expert advice as well. That's what marriage counseling is for—to make marriage work and to see that it keeps on being fun

A SECRETARY held a trembling telegraph form under her boss' nose. "Could I have tomorrow off, please?" she said. The boss looked at the telegram. "Kelly Field," it read. "Flying home tonight on leave. Let's get married tomorrow. Love, Dick."

A boy was talking to a girl on her front doorstep. He was a clerk in a grocery store. She helped her father with his delicatessen shop. "Listen, Ida," the boy was saying, "my number's been called. I don't want to get out of it, but look, can't we get married before I go? You could keep on living at home and I'd get leave sometimes, and . . ." He stopped but he didn't need to go on. "Sure, we can, Jakey," said Ida.

A man was talking to a woman in a restaurant. He was an engineer. She was doing social service work. They had been engaged for five years, one of those engagements too comfortable to disturb by marriage. Now he was saying, "We've been crazy, Polly, wasting all these years. My reserve unit may be called out any day now. Let's not waste even a week more." "I'll marry you tomorrow, Ted," said Polly.

Six people rushing off to get married because of the war, six people who because of economics or uncertainty or lack of dominant urge might not have got married for a long time if at all. Multiply those six by many hundreds and you have a pretty good idea of

what is going on all over the country every day now. War marriages, added to all the other marriages.

Last year nearly a million and a half young Americans issued official notice of their desire to spend their lives together, by twos, as families . . . official notice in the form of marriage licenses. This year, sociologists suspect, the marriage rate may go up from five to ten per cent because of the emotional pressure on all the Dicks and Marys, the Jakeys and Idas, the Teds and Pollys, to take their happiness today because there may not be time tomorrow. And they may be right about the happiness, but that doesn't mean there won't be a tomorrow. Sociologists and astronomers alike agree that there almost certainly will be.

Last year some quarter of a million people of assorted ages issued official notice that their attempt to spend their lives together as families had failed . . . official notice in the form of divorces. A quarter of a million people who either never should have paired up as they did, or should have been better prepared to cope with all the things that a life of teamwork involves. It's a good many. It's about one divorce to every six marriages.

Next year the divorce rate will probably be a little lower because the excitement and emotional pressure of war make every personal conflict temporarily

Job-holding wives who come too tired to cook are a headache to marriage counselors as well as to Hubby-with-the-apron-on

more bearable. But in a few years after the war is over, say somewhere around 1949 or '50, marriages will probably fall to pieces faster than they ever have before. The divorce rate has been rising steadily for some years. And all these sudden unthinking marriages of today . . . a lot of them aren't going to stand up to ordinary life. About 1950 there may easily be one divorce to every four marriages unless something is done about it.

Well, something is being done, not specifically as a bulwark against reckless war marriages, but as a work around marriage in general. Something has been growing up the country in the past ten or twelve years from the belief that the American family is the most important institution in our free American democracy, and that you can't hold any amount of free people together without some amount of legislation unless the marriage counseling and its singleness in the world is to help families to develop strong roots.

(Continued on page 64)

Check Your Car for Gas Waste!"

It's just good "Horse Sense" to see your Mobilgas Dealer. He can help your car last —give more miles per gallon of gasoline.

THERE ARE 10 proved ways your Mobilgas Dealer can help you keep your car running efficiently.

You'll not only get a longer-lasting car—but extra gasoline-mileage, too! Stop and see your Mobilgas Dealer right away.

He is ready to...

Check your tire pressures every week. Helps you save both rubber and precious gasoline.

Switch your tires every 5,000 miles. Evens tire wear...makes the tire set last longer.

Change your oil every 1,000 miles. Refill with clean, tough Mobiloil—world's largest-selling motor oil.

Check battery every 2 weeks.

5 Mobilubricate your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!

6 Adjust your carburetor for thrifty summer mileage...or recommend a competent man to do it.

7 Condition your radiator water against clogging rust and scale.

8 Protect your gears—with the right Mobiloil Gear Oil.

9 Clean spark plugs every 5,000 miles. May save 10% of your gas.

10 Clean your air-filter every 2,000 miles—helps save gasoline. Change your oil-filter every 8,000 miles—helps save wear!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., Inc.,
and Affiliates:

Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.



Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM



*For Most Miles
per Gallon—*

GET MOBILGAS DEALER SERVICE

LIGHT TONES are RIGHT TONES FOR SUMMER!

For vacation days, play-time and business wear too, you'll want one or more smart, new belts in White, Sand or Sun-tan. You can be sure of fine selected leathers, authentic style and dependable quality when you ask at your favorite mens wear counter to see the new

PIONEER Sport Belts

FOR MEN WHO CARE
WHAT THEY WEAR



SPORTS BELTS
FROM \$1 UP



PIONEER
ACCESSORIES FOR MEN SINCE 1877
12th & WOOD STS. PHILA., PA.

took a huge bite. Chewing appreciatively, he looked around. "This your place?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Belongs to my brother. Him and my sister-in-law—they gone over to Santa Ana to a party."

"It's nice," he said.

"Oh, it's all right," she said. "Trouble is: there ain't enough business. He just barely makes ■ livin'." She watched him drain the bottle into his glass and turned to the icebox again.

"I pay," he said, as she brought forth another bottle of beer.

She shook her head. "This one's on the house," she said, and uncapped it.

"Gracias," he said as she set the bottle down before him. He looked at her glass: it was half full. "You have another one, too," he said in Mexican.

She shook her head, smiling, and replied in his native tongue, "I'll skip this round." Her Mexican was as good as her American.

"Where you come from?" the man asked, still speaking Mexican.

"I was born here," she said. "Back over the other side of the railroad tracks. But I been livin' in Los Angeles for the past ten years. I just come back a couple of months ago. I'm lookin' for a job on a ranch."

He stuffed the last of the roll into his mouth, drank. "I take another one," he said, pointing to the plate, and smiled. "Good," he said.

She put on another patty and roll to cook. He drank his beer, watching her. "It's hard to get a job on a ranch without a man," she said. "They always want a man."

"You no like the city?" he asked.

She turned to look at him, the warm smile on her face. "Gimme the country for mine."

He did not say anything for ■ while, but sat watching her back. "I go home pretty quick," he said, finally.

"You mean Rosario?"

He nodded. "I get land, raise grape for wine."

"That's the life," she said.

"I save my money—already I got five hundred dollar. Pretty quick I go—get land from government, build house, raise grape. Go hunting every day. Good hunting at Rosario."

"How far's it down there?"

"About two hundred mile below the border."

She shook her head and laughed. "That's a long way from anywhere."

"Pretty down there," he said rapturously. "You never see something so pretty. You got sea, mountain." He drank again. "You have beer now?"

She shook her head, and dished up the second hamburger.

"I pay," he said anxiously, pleading.

SHE put the hamburger down before him, looked at her empty glass, then out through the screen at the lights in the liquor store across the street. She opened the icebox. "What're you tryin' to do—get me drunk?" she asked, smiling.

"I no see Mexican lady for a long time."

She uncapped the bottle. "Where you been keepin' yourself?"

"Oh, I go all over," he said expansively, "Canada, Wyoming, Utah."

"How long since you been home?"

"Oh, long time. Fifteen—sixteen year."

She watched the beer foam up in the glass. "My, that is a long time!"

He nodded. "Pretty quick I go back."

"You never been to Capistrano before?"

Fly Away Home

Continued from page 22

He shook his head, chewing.

"You never seen the mission then?"

His "No," was muffled by the food.

"It's nice. You ought to see it sometime. It's where the swallows come back to every year," she said, and waited for the foam to settle before pouring any more beer into the glass. "You know the swallows?"

He shook his head slowly. "No," he said.

"The birds," she said, "that fly away in the fall and come back in the spring—always on the same days. You never heard of the swallows?" she asked, incredulous.

"No," he said apologetically.

She took a nickel from the cash register and went over to the juke box. It was constructed of red, blue and yellow plastics and had electric lights inside. It began playing When The Swallows Come Back to Capistrano. The record had been played so much the needle scratched badly.

The woman came back and stood leaning on the counter, listening, glass in hand. Presently a male voice came from the box singing the lyrics. The man listened attentively, without understanding the words very well. When the record was finished the woman said, "There—ain't that pretty?"

He nodded. "It's nice . . . How about another beer?"

"Sure."

And as she went toward the icebox, he said, "You, too," hopefully. Her glass still had beer in it.

"Oh, no," she said, and laughed. "Not me. I've had enough."

"I pay. I pay. I got money." He put a bill on the counter.

"I'd get drunk."

"I no see Mexican lady for long time. You celebrate with me."

"Well," she said hesitantly, and laughed. She took two more bottles from the icebox. "If I get drunk it'll be your fault."

He laughed quietly. She wiped a bottle and set it before him. He smiled timidly, looking into her face. "What you name?"

"Pepa Merino."

"Pepa Merino," the man repeated softly. Then he said, "Me—Jo Gar-

And having thus exchanged they both suddenly were shy. their relationship had been more impersonal; now, suddenly, it most intimate. An old wheezy clock on a counter ticked loudly a period of silence; a car whirled by outside.

"How you like come work for the man asked, after a little while you like come cook for me rancho, eh?"

"Me?"

He nodded.

"You mean—down in Rosario?"

"Sure." He was beginning good now. Some of his servile left him. "We live good. I tr nice."

"You kiddin'?" she asked.

"No, no," he said earnestly. "You and me—we go to Rosario. We get one—two hundred ac start nice rancho." He unbuttoned of his two shirt pockets, drew a bankbook, slapped it on the counter. "We got money—five hundred doll make good start."

HE WAITED, watching her breathe anxiously. And seeing her situation, he said, "You no know me, I know you either, but I like you laughed, feeling good, a little else go get job I no know the boss. know me." He shrugged. "I take head was full of logic, but he felt not expressing himself. "I like give you job. You come cook for me."

"I never figured on goin' so far away," she said, treading for time.

"I work one month more," he cited. "Next payday I go. You with, eh?"

"But what'll people say about us—about you and me livin' in the house and us not married? I ple'd talk."

That possibility had not occurred him. It quickly doused his spirits.

"That's right," he said, his forehead furrowed.

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"They ain't either, 'big dirty paws'!"

"You ain't married, are you?" she asked.

"No, no married."

She took his plate away, put it in the sink, and looked at the water hard, so that she made a lot of noise. She didn't say anything. It wasn't her place to.

"I like to get married," José said. "I'm married."

"Right if you get the right person," she said. "I was married. It didn't work. She laughed nervously, suddenly. While she was wiping the said, "It's hard to tell. Even now a person a long time, you're chance. Sometimes it don't no matter how long you know."

"You wouldn't want to marry me?" he asked, doubtfully.

He looked at him, frowned, and then her face cleared abruptly and she started laughing. "Why, what're you laughing about?—I never heard nothing like that in all my life!" she said. "You walked in here off the street, you know me from a nanny goat?"

"I know you," he said, embarrassed. "You think I'm a nanny goat?"

"You think I'm a nanny goat?" she asked, laughing again. "You think I'm a nanny goat?"

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"You think I'm a nanny goat?" she asked, laughing again. "You think I'm a nanny goat?"

Baja California for, I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "Of all the God-forsaken places—"

"That's where José comes from; that's his home."

"There ain't nothin' down there but desert and salt."

"He says it's nice."

Concha put a clothes pin in her mouth and shook out a man's shirt. "Money couldn't get me to go down there," she said.

The hound's deep, warning bark—old and wise and weary—came to them, and then the sound of the knocker on the front door. Pepa said "I'll go," and skirted the fig tree and went into the house.

José was standing before the deep-set front door, hat in hand. He looked troubled and nervous. Pepa opened the screen door and said, "Why, hello there!" surprise and delight in her voice.

"You busy?" he asked hurriedly in Mexican. "I want to see you."

"Come in."

The room was in semidarkness: the blinds were drawn over the windows and the only light came through the front door. At one end of the room was a coal stove with a pipe which went out through the thick wall, at the other a bulky dining table and four chairs. Pepa pulled out one of the chairs for José and he sat down on its edge.

"What're you doin' around here this time of day?" she asked, and sat down on the cot, facing him.

HE SAID, "I got to go away from here quick," excitedly.

Pepa looked startled. "Why? What's the matter?"

"You know when I leave you Saturday night?" She nodded, frowning anxiously. "I am drunk. I not know how drunk I am," he said. "I am very drunk. I go about a mile on my way back to the ranch," he said, turning his hat nervously in his hand, "when two policemen drive up in car and arrest me."

"Arrest you?"

He nodded. "They say I drunk on highway—I make bad accident. They take me to Santa Ana and put me in county jail—for forty-eight hours—until just now. Just now they turn me loose."

"In jail?"

He nodded. "I am coming back to see you yesterday, but I am in jail."

"I thought you'd forgotten," she said.

"Now, I got to go," he said, and patted the shirt pocket where he kept his bank-book. "I go quick as I get money."

"But what's your hurry?" she asked.

"Did they fire you at the ranch?"

He shook his head. "No, no," he said. "I go there now. First I come see you."

"You can tell them you were sick," she said.

"I no care about that," he said, sorely troubled. "I no care about the rancho."

"Then what is it?—what's the matter?"

He hung his head. "They take my fingerprints. They send them to Washington. Pretty quick they find out I wanted in Canada."

Pepa's face paled. "What do they want you in Canada for? What've you done?"

He looked at her pleadingly for a long moment. She was withdrawn a little. "I no want to tell you," he said finally.

"But you got to."

He sat, turning the hat in his hands and looking at it. At last he said, "Long time ago—sixteen year ago—I kill a man."

Pepa's knuckles whitened as her hands gripped the edge of the cot. "You killed a man?"

He nodded dejectedly, not looking at her.

"What for?"

And then slowly, painfully, haltingly

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



Babs: Alice is a swell girl, Mom, but something's missing. I just can't get a date for her. Maybe we ought to send her to your beauty shop—you know, glamour her up a bit.

Mrs. Brown: Glamour, my grandma! All that roommate of yours needs is a little get-up-and-go! A little whoosh. A little zip. A little pep appeal! Let me talk to her.



Alice: But what can I do, Mrs. Brown? If a girl hasn't got it, she hasn't got it.

Mrs. Brown: That's a lot of foolishness. I'll bet you haven't been eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And you can't expect to have pep unless you do! Come on, we'll make a start right now.



Mrs. Brown: See? This is KELLOGG'S PEP, a wonderful cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. It contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D.

Alice: That's fine about the vitamins, Mrs. Brown—but why didn't you tell me PEP tastes so good? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell cereal—I may have to get a date-book after all!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

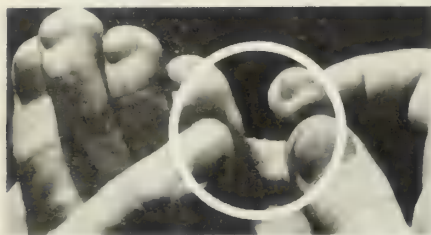
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Wartime's **EXTRA** walking
soaks feet in perspiration—



Walk more—perspire more! Athlete's Foot fungi breed on excessive perspiration, grow twice as fast. When the skin cracks they get in and invade living tissue. Pain when you walk, severe itching, inflamed toes, flaking skin—all tell you Athlete's Foot has struck!



Cracks Warn First

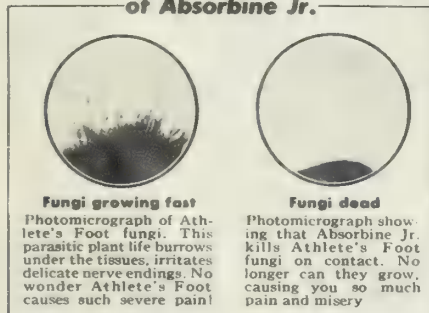
Spread your toes apart tonight! At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength.



Repeat daily night and morning. Remember, Absorbine Jr. is the national favorite in relieving painful Athlete's Foot.

1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Athlete's Foot Fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.



Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!

Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing you so much pain and misery.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. \$1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

ALSO QUICK RELIEF FOR: Sore, aching muscles—Tired, burning feet, Sunburn—Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

he told her that, as a young man seeking adventure, he had gone to Canada with two other Mexican youths, friends of his, and of their having found work on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. And he told her that, while working near Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, a gringo had cursed him and that he had struck him on the head with a shovel. The gringo had died and José had been sent to a penitentiary for life. And he told her that for fifteen years he had worked to escape and of how, finally, the year before, he had managed to get away and across the border into the United States. He had worked his way south—through Montana, Wyoming and Utah into California—on his way home to Rosario.

When he had finished he raised his head slowly and looked at her beseechingly. "They catch me now they send me back," he said, not moving, hardly breathing.

Pepa got up presently and went over and stood in the doorway looking out upon the familiar scene. Some hens were pecking around the front step.

"He call me greasy Mexican bad name," he said pleadingly. "I hit him before I have chance to think."

She did not look at him. "You should've told me before," she said.

"I no mean to kill him," the man said hopefully.

A period of silence passed. Finally, Pepa turned back into the room. "I don't know what to say," she said slowly.

"I have learn my lesson," he said. "I never do nothing like that again."

"I never knew nobody what killed a man before," she said.

He did not say anything, but kept watching her and turning his hat in his hands, an expression of anguish on his face.

"You say you done fifteen years," she said. "How many more you gotta do?"

"In Canada—life, she is life. They take me back, I have to stay there till I die."

"How did you get away?"

"I dig. For fifteen year I dig."

"You mean you dug your way out?"

He nodded, looking at his hat.

They heard the back screen door slam shut and the Concha's voice: "Pepa—"

Pepa went to the door leading into the back room. "Yeah?"

"Who is it?"

"My friend."

Concha came through the kitchen and into the front room. "Ain't it about time you was gittin' over to help Jamie?" she asked, and looked curiously at José.

"I'm going right now," Pepa said.

"Meet Mister Garcia," she said to José, "Mrs. Merino."

José got up. "Glad to meet you," he said, turning his hat in his hands.

"I been hearin' about you," Concha said. "You're the feller what wants to go down to Baja California, ain't you?"

He nodded. "Si."

She laughed. "You must be crazy," she said, and turned back toward the kitchen. She stopped in the doorway and spoke to Pepa: "It's gittin' late."

Speaking to José, Pepa said, "I gotta go to the rest'rant," and went over to the front door. He followed her out into the yard.

They went out through the gate and along the sidewalkless street to the corner. They stood on the corner, about to part. A woman came out of the Rios house with a pair of scissors; she waved to Pepa.

José said, "I got five hundred dollar," timidly, speaking English again.

"It ain't that," Pepa said.

"I treat you nice. I make you good house."

"I thought you was gonna gimme some time."

"I no can help. I gotta go . . . I gotta go to rancho and get my stuff."

A boy rode by on a bicycle; he had his right trousers leg in a clip. Pepa watched him. "Well—" she said reluctantly. José opened his mouth to speak, closed it again without uttering a word, swallowed hard. "—I think I'll stick around here. I got a job comin' up over at Toro."

José didn't say anything.

She put out a hand. "Good luck to you," she said.

He took it and would have held it, but she drew it away, embarrassed. She turned quickly and started across the railroad tracks, going up toward the highway.

PEPA was in the sandwich shack the next morning when the eleven-forty-eight for San Diego highballed through town. The sound of its anguished whistle had hardly died before she said, "Well, I guess that's that."

Her brother said, "What made you change your mind?"

"Oh, I don't know. Concha sorta talked me out of it. She said the country down there ain't fit for nothin' but lizards and Gila monsters."

"It ain't every day a woman your age gits a offer of marriage."

Pepa did not say anything. She watched a freight truck drive up to the curbing. Two men got out and came into the shack. They were typical truck drivers: a little sweaty and nice. They ordered hamburgers and beer. Pepa put the meat and rolls on the grill, stood looking out the window. Another bus lumbered through town without stopping. The twelve o'clock whistle at the packing plant blew. A car stopped and a man, a woman and a sailor got out and came in, followed by some of the fruit packers. Pepa was busy and did not see the motorcycle policeman ride by, then turn and come back. He left his machine in the street and came into the shack. He had on leather puttees and carried a big pistol in a leather holster on his hip. He carried an envelope in his hand.

"Anybody here named Pepa Merino?" he asked, reading from the envelope.

She said, "That's me."

"Could I see you a minute?"

She nodded. "Sure." She came around the counter. The policeman stepped outside, held the door open for her. Everyone was watching them.

Standing in the sunshine, the police-

man said, "You know a guy named José Garcia?"

She nodded, her mouth open. "Yeah."

"He sent you this." He held the envelope. "He's in jail Ana."

She looked at it. It had her name on it. "In jail," she said, a little

The policeman nodded. The young fellow with eyebrows across the bridge of his nose wanted in Canada. We picked in a bank this morning. Holding extradition."

"In a bank?"

"Unhuh." The policeman took the cap and put it back on his head. He asked me to bring you that. He indicated the envelope, shifted his hand and went over to the motorcycle. "Sorry for him," the policeman kicked over the motor. "Well,

She watched him speed a weight a little on one side of the. Then she tore open the envelope. The side were five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Hey, Pepa!" Jamie called to her.

"Yeah, I'm comin'—"

THE turnkey unlocked the door, and Pepa entered the door. She looked at the turnkey, her black eyes wide and apprehensive, her handbag in hands. She had on her best dress, her hair was neatly arranged and wearing lipstick. The turnkey, with a paunch, hollered, "José and someone else, evidently hollered, "José Garcia!" as if And presently José came and the other side of the thick sc was in prison uniform of denim and shirt.

"The cop brought me the money, not knowing how to begi-

His head was down; he did at her. He said, "I want you to I got no use for it now."

"I hired you a lawyer," she said.

He looked up quickly. "What he asked. "Lawyer can't do me I had a lawyer in Canada. He

money. I went to jail just the same."

"I got you a good lawyer," he said.

"He says they got no right to take you back. He says it was only hours the first place and that fifteen

more than enough time to serve."

He shook his head despondently.

"I told him if he gets you out,



"I thought maybe with the aircraft detector division—or maybe in the espionage..."

five hundred. If he don't, he ing. He'll be over here first morning to see you." do no good," he said. do any harm to try," she said. othin' to lose." e spoke for a little while, but ither side of the screen, their ved as if in prayer. Finally said "I can't tell you how sorry I " He raised his head and stfully through the screen at "I'm sorry I said I wouldn't go with went on. blame you," he said. opin' all mornin' you'd come if I'd changed my mind." d've been nice," he said. "We ad such a nice life, you and s going to build you a nice e wiped a hand across his ll, it don't make no difference they come to catch you?" she

now I got money in bank. y for me." How they know?" hey arrest me for being drunk y me list of everything on me— bar look." He shrugged. "They me fore I can run. I never have and You wouldn't hurt nobody," she said. ed his head again to look at "Y trust me now?" he asked. he added. "You're a good man, t," said. ears elled in his eyes, commenced am down his cheeks. "Pepa—" Yes! I nev see somebody like you." ome e upstairs was singing, "If I the ngs of an angel—" If y ever get free," she said, sob- a life, "I'll go with you—"

PA is sitting in front of the house n the sunshine drying her abun- t bla hair when the car drove up. ader head down and was comb-

ing her hair forward, over her face, but at the sound of the car stopping she parted the tresses to see who was there. Because of the government emblem on the car and the two uniformed immigration officers, she did not see José until he opened the door to get out. He cried her name and came bursting through the gate. She tossed her hair back over her head and got up.

"I no gotta go back!" he cried. "I no gotta go back to Canada!" He came up to her, grasped one of her hands and kissed it. "The lawyer—he get me off! He set me free!" He was almost tearful with joy. He turned and pointed to the officers in the car. "They take me home!" he cried. "They take me home to Mexico! They turn me loose!"

"You mean the governor won't let them take you back to Canada?"

He nodded excitedly. "They take me home!"

SHE caught him and pulled him to her, held him there against herself, her face raised; and she whispered something prayerfully.

"You come, too, Pepa!" he asked eagerly. "You come, too, eh?"

"When? Right now?"

He nodded excitedly. "We go now—to Tia Juana."

"But I'm not ready. I'm not dressed," she said.

"Please, Pepa."

She looked at the officers in the car. "Will they let me?" she asked, and went down to the fence. "Can I come, too?" she asked. "Can I come with him to Tia Juana?"

The officers looked at each other. They wore stiff-brimmed hats. One, the driver, was a young man; the other was middle-aged and had a small neat, thin blond mustache.

The younger one said, "It's against the law," but without finality.

The other one said, "I guess it won't do any harm—if you'll make it snappy."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

ir suort was being got by such rly uthical means.

R wtical associate, Gurney Wil- ns, informs us that many of the car- nists who add to the numerous sons y it is worse than foolish to go along without this magazine, and at readers requesting the or- als our cartoons send with their uests ve-dollar checks made out to Redross. A nice idea. But Car- nist Charles Cartwright reports that en he lked a clergyman for five dol- in retn for one of his originals the d m promptly sent the check, call- Mr. Cartwright's bet, and raised him int of lood.

IS w moves so fast that we're hav- some trouble catching up with the aspe. All we can do is to report of sh intelligence as they come us fn our readers. We've just rd fr Mr. Bob Schmidt of Pitts- gh, Pennsylvania. Mr. Schmidt was inter- ed observer recently of the ang a long line of troops through well-manned city and noticed in ticals a jeep bearing two privates a colonel. The colonel dismounted, nt back to a corner to ask a policeman out dctions. A moment after he out, e of the privates got out too d let e air out of one of the tires. e col- l returned, observed the de- ted ti gave the lads instructions out re- ing the damage and re-em-

barked in another jeep. Whereupon the privates ran their jeep to a near-by filling station, inflated the tire and headed back alone in the direction from which they'd come. As they departed, Mr. Schmidt heard one of the lads say to the other: "Was it the fifth or sixth block back we saw her wave?"

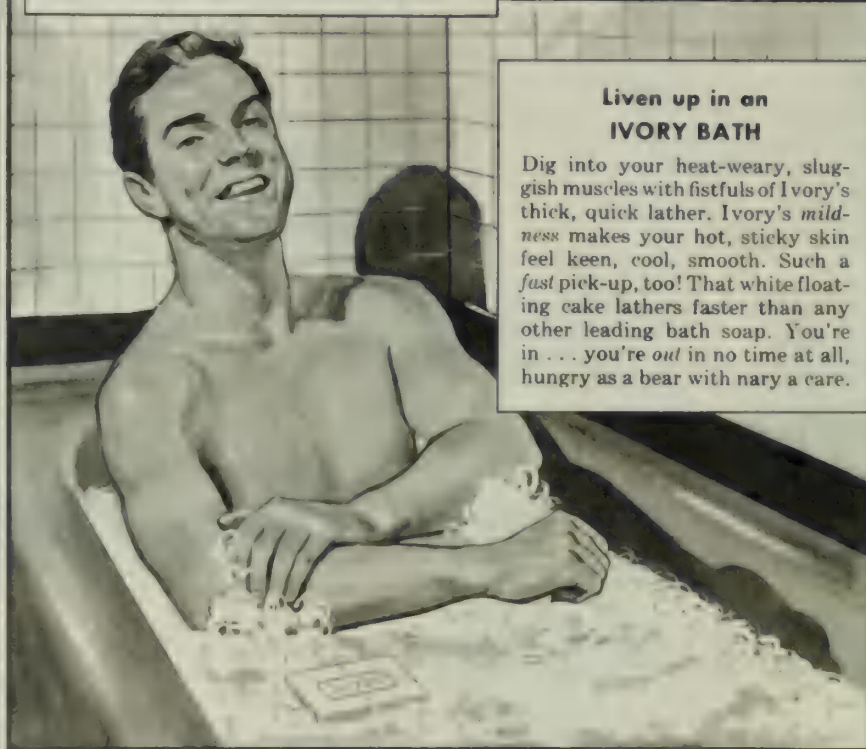
AND Mr. John J. Murtaugh of Pasadena, California, informs us that he has just listened to a hardhearted judge sentence a fellow to two years in prison merely for smuggling into our country two hundred dollars' worth of opium. Listening to the prisoner's explanation of the opium reduced Mr. Murtaugh to tears. It seems that the fellow had been drinking. In short, he had got pretty drunk without, as he told the judge, knowing it. A friend told him that opium taken in proper quantities would relieve his hang-over. So, after shopping around at home for a bit of opium and finding none, he motored over into Lower California where a most sympathetic Mexican sold him two hundred dollars' worth but warned him to be very careful with it and not take too much. Promising to follow directions to the letter, he told the judge, he wrapped up his opium and motored back into California where the authorities at once took him in charge. . . . When he gets out of jail, Mr. Murtaugh thinks, some publisher ought to grab him. "A liar who can make me cry like this guy did belongs to literature." W. D.

Remember ME? I'm your WIFE!



Buried in the paper again

You've come home too hot and tired even to talk, much less have fun! But, man, you can make evenings the Best Part of the Day if . . . just before dinner . . . you take a dip in the tub with a cake of Ivory Soap!



Liven up in an IVORY BATH

Dig into your heat-weary, sluggish muscles with fistfuls of Ivory's thick, quick lather. Ivory's mildness makes your hot, sticky skin feel keen, cool, smooth. Such a fast pick-up, too! That white floating cake lathers faster than any other leading bath soap. You're in . . . you're out in no time at all, hungry as a bear with nary a care.



Fresh Start for the Day's Best Hours

You're as full of bounce as a coil spring after your Ivory Bath . . . good for hours of fun. Half the secret's that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell that makes you . . . better company. The other half's that more luxurious Ivory lather that makes an Ivory Bath specially refreshing. Get a Fresh Start every evening in an Ivory Bath!

99 1/2% PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH



It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WINSLOW GREENE, a young American geologist, leaves the Boca Grande mine, where he is employed, and goes to the coast town of Santa Rosa.

At the hotel he meets Milton Bird, a metallurgist from Boca Grande. Bird, a handsome, self-assured fellow, is drinking heavily; he says that he has made the acquaintance of two friendly drinking men, Martinez and Gruber; and he laughs when Greene points out that Gruber is a German—and possibly dangerous.

An American girl, Henrietta Simpson, is expected on the boat due from New York in a short time. She is to work in the office of Jim Walters, the manager of the Boca Grande mine; and Walters has asked Greene to meet her. On the way to the customs docks, Greene is approached by a stranger who introduces himself as Eduardo Lopez of the secret police. Lopez intimates that two men—Martinez and Gruber—may try to get some information out of Greene about his mining operations; he warns Greene to be careful; and he offers his hat, a fine Panama which Greene admires, to the American—who does not accept the hat.

At the ship, Greene meets Miss Simpson, a beautiful blonde, and escorts her to his hotel, where she takes a room.

That evening they dine together. While they are chatting, Milton Bird comes in with two men—Gruber and Martinez—whom he intro-

duces. Gruber announces, in no uncertain terms, that he hates Nazis.

A short time later, Greene and the girl leave the restaurant. Suddenly four shots ring out in the darkness ahead of them, and a man (who is wearing a Panama hat—Lopez's Panama hat) falls to the ground. A crowd gathers, and Greene and the girl hurry on to the hotel. There—in the girl's room—Greene obeys a sudden impulse and kisses Miss Simpson! After which, he goes to his own room, where he finds that someone has been looking through his records.

Seizing his revolver, Greene goes to Lopez's room, enters. Lopez is there, and Greene accuses him of snooping into his affairs. Lopez, astonished, professes to be the American's friend. Greene listens; then: "That would sound better," he says quietly, "if you hadn't offered me that hat this morning. How do you answer that one, Lopez?"

III

SEÑOR LOPEZ looked as though the idea were entirely new to him. He sat silent for a moment, looking at the floor.

"I can see," he said, very sadly, "I can see why you cannot like me."

"That's bright of you," Winslow said.

"No," Señor Lopez answered, "not at

all. It is you who have used your mind, very admirably, Mr. Greene. You came into this room and you did not think it was I who had been shot. I fear the others also know it. I only came back a few moments before, after those events outside, yet in the few moments you have been here your mind has worked, you have formed a natural conclusion, that I have been prying into your affairs. I can only tell you that I have not. I can only add that it was late this afternoon that I found out something, only a very little something, that made me what you Americans call 'hot.' I knew I was 'hot' when I saw that poor fellow killed tonight. I am so hot that I shall leave this hotel in a few minutes and arrange to go where I hope certain persons cannot find me. But I did not search your room. I wish you would believe me."

Señor Lopez ended his speech almost pleadingly, and his eyes looked wide and hurt.

"Maybe you can tell me who did, then," Winslow said.

Señor Lopez nodded slowly.

"You have every right to ask. I think it was either a gentleman named Mr. Gruber or another one named Martinez. It was either Mr. Gruber or Mr. Martinez who tried to wait for me tonight. Ah, now I see you are interested. What did they say to you in the restaurant? Remember, I said you would see them."

"You were thinking of taking the coat at me, weren't you?" Lopez laughed. "I was thinking, Winslow said, 'if you'd drop the gun I'd like to break your neck.'"

Winslow hesitated. It occurred to him that Señor Lopez had not said much.

"Why do you want to know?"

"It is difficult, you see," Señor Lopez said. "For the last two days the two gentlemen have suddenly become very interested in gold bars from Boca Grande; yet neither of them is a bandit. They are not that type. That is why their interest is peculiar to me, for I have been concerned for an entirely different reason. They ask you when the gold is being shipped?"

Winslow nodded.

"Did you tell them?"

Winslow shook his head, and Señor Lopez's teeth flashed in another smile.

"You have been more helpful than you think, Mr. Greene. Believing means very much—much more than I am free to explain. It may be something which is internal. I have fought in the Loyalist army. I was in Madrid before. I do not like the Fascists, and

THE LONG SHADOW OF WASTE

Can Postpone the Day of Victory

IT HAS BEEN SAID that America wastes enough food to feed all of Europe! That through neglect of our cars, we waste more mileage than Europe owns! That we throw more metal into our scrap piles than many nations possess!

That is a tragic indictment—even in peace times. Wastefulness is akin to treason!

For every ounce of food wasted—the clock that ticks too slowly toward victory is momentarily stopped!

But food is only *one* of the essentials on which we move forward to success... and peace.

All *materials* are vital! And with metals as with food, the battle against waste must be waged in every hour.

This is your moment—take time to do this: Look at your car—your refrigerator—your range, washing machine, electric iron. Everything made of metal!

Ownership of these luxuries is a privilege reserved for Americans. In other countries at war, they are long since prohibited—turned into ships, tanks, planes, tanks, shells. And the world demand for metals and rubber—for food and fuel and wool has become greater than the available supply.

Do you value your life? Then declare war against waste! Against neglect of the things you already own. Against needless wear and replacement.

Do you want peace? Remember that a car contains more of these precious materials than anything else the average family owns—and translate repair parts for your car into metal stolen from our fighting men! Into guns without triggers—unfinished shells—ships uncompleted on the ways—planes that don't come thru in time!

Do you really want peace? Then translate neglected adjustments or a little cheating on mileage between lubrications into freight cars loaded with repair parts instead of guns and shells! Into production time that could be used to turn out plane parts or machine guns!

Do you want victory? Then as you read this, resolve to guard your car's life as never before. Unimportant, you say? The life of just one car? That's the attitude that *loses* wars. In ordinary times, America wastes half the mileage in its cars thru neglect. Today such neglect is criminal. The mileage in every car today is part of our strength—essential to our victory. The extra miles that care can bring us will help speed victory and peace—for you and for America.

I PLEDGE . . .

To buy only what I really need—and to put the rest of my earnings into U. S. War Bonds.

To hoard nothing. And to put a stop to all waste.

To scrupulously guard and preserve everything in my home made of metals and rubber.

To use less paper of all kinds and to save—not burn—all waste paper.

To repeat no word of rumor or gossip. To accept sacrifice and privation without complaint. To devote myself to the one task of winning this war.

A BIG THING YOU CAN DO TO HELP WIN THIS WAR

Your car is a part of America's fighting strength. Guard it as a soldier guards his gun. Whether you prefer Alemite or some other lubricants, *get them regularly!* This is no time to risk car life by cheating on the distance you drive between lubrications. Use top-quality motor oil and change it regularly. Old, dirty oil can damage the parts it is supposed to protect. And repair parts not only use up vital materials—but getting them to you wastes desperately needed shipping space!

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

ALEMITE
LUBRICATION

SOUTH WIND
HEATERS



STEWART-WARNER
INSTRUMENTS

DUAL-TEMP
REFRIGERATORS

STEWART
DIE CASTINGS

MAGIC DIAL
RADIOS

BASSICK
CASTERS

SCOTCH MAID
ELECTRIC RANGES

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THIS MESSAGE is published by Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Ill., solely in the interest of speeding American victory. We have no ax to grind... our machines have been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production. We hope that we may soon serve civilian needs again. But until this war is won, those needs must wait. There's a bigger job to be done.



**Clean
Oil
SAVES GAS
AND OIL**

**You may not believe it...but
it's true. And here's why—**

**Dirty oil clogs the slots in
piston rings. Then piston
rings and cylinder walls
wear faster. When that
happens, oil economy goes
out the exhaust pipe. And
so does gas economy.**

AC Oil Filters Get that Dirt

**Watch the color of your oil! In-
stall a new AC Oil Filter Element
whenever the oil gets black.**

Get THIS FREE OIL TEST



**When you want
your oil checked
in the usual
way, stop in
where you see
the AC sign
(shown below).
Have the at-**

**tendant wipe your oil level gauge
stick on an AC Oil Test Pad. The
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**NOTE: Follow the recommendation of your
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**AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation**



high in our government likes them even less. Shall we let it go at that?"

When Señor Lopez waved his hands, he seemed to be twisting the neck of a Fascist. He went on talking:

"Yes, we shall let it go at that. You shall like me if we live to know each other better. You shall call me Eduardo and we shall have wine and I shall play the guitar and sing. But not now. We must wait until a happier moment. This place is too 'hot' for me. By the way—I like your coat."

Winslow was a little taken aback by the swift flow of Señor Lopez's speech and by his sudden jumps from one subject to another.

"It isn't much of a coat," he said, "but I happen to need it myself."

"But useful," Señor Lopez answered. "It has a protective color and anybody wearing it will look like a gringo. I must borrow it tonight."

THEN Señor Lopez moved. He moved like a streak of light, and his co-ordination was beautiful. Before Winslow was aware of it, Señor Lopez had snatched up the pistol from the bed where it was lying, and Winslow was blinking into its muzzle. But Señor Lopez was still smiling.

"You see, I move fast," he said. "You must believe now that I was well-intentioned. I only want your coat, Señor Greene, without any argument. I only want your coat because it may save my life when I leave this place. Take it off quickly, please, and do not touch the pocket."

Winslow unbuttoned his trench coat. "You're right," he said, "I wouldn't have given it to you. It's the only one I've got. I need it where I'm going."

"Exactly," Señor Lopez's voice was soothing, "and that is why I am rude. Toss it on the bed sideways." And he laughed. "You were thinking of throwing it at me, weren't you, Mr. Greene?"

"I was thinking," Winslow said, "that if you'd drop that gun I'd like to break your neck."

Señor Lopez laughed again, and Winslow tossed the coat sideways on the bed. Señor Lopez edged toward it carefully, reached in the pocket and extracted Winslow's revolver, dropped it on the floor and slid it beneath the bed with his foot. Then he put the coat around his shoulders.

"I am only borrowing it," he said. "If nothing happens to me it will be waiting for you at the plane in the morning. I am sorry to be so rude." And he slid past Winslow to the door.

"Put up your gun," Winslow said suddenly. "You can handle them better than I can. You're welcome to take the coat."

They looked at each other for a moment, and then Señor Lopez dropped his gun into his pocket.

"You're a nice fellow, Mr. Greene. You and I are gentlemen. Good night and all my compliments."

A second later Winslow Greene was staring at the softly closing door. It may have been because he was past feeling astonished that he felt no resentment. He raised his hand and pushed his glasses more firmly on his nose, and then he scratched the back of his head. It had been an evening such as he had never known—quite an evening.

"I can't understand it," he said softly to himself. "I really rather like him."

THE next morning at the first streak of dawn, the southbound clipper was just gliding out of the sky as Winslow arrived at the airport. It rolled slowly up to the neat passenger building with its motors idling. Almost before it stopped, the mechanics had run to it and had begun working beneath its wings.

Then the attendants were rolling up

the gangway. A bell rang and out came the pilot and copilot, and the passengers stepped out for a breath of air. There were businessmen from New York and well-dressed tourists who stared incuriously at the dull landscape, and in ten minutes they were aboard again. The huge plane taxied across the field and turned to face the early morning wind, and each of the motors roared in turn, and all of them roared in unison. Then the clipper was in the air gliding toward the south. Although Winslow had seen the sight many times before, it gave him the feeling which he had experienced as a child on his grandfather's farm when he stood by the railroad and watched the trains go by. It was the same half-restless, half-homesick feeling.

He was not thinking of Señor Lopez at all, but of Henrietta Simpson. In a few minutes his own plane would be coming in. In a few minutes that smaller plane would carry him off, across the Andes, and he would be as inevitably and completely separated from her as though she had never crossed his horizon. It was all like the Berkeley philosophical theory which he had studied long ago—you could only be sure of the existence around you, of the objects which came into the narrow circle of your sight and hearing. He already was beginning to wonder whether Henrietta Simpson really existed and whether everything that had passed between them was not a part of his imagination, when one of the airport attendants touched his arm.

"Your baggage is weighed, and your tickets are ready," he said, "and here is a package for you, Mr. Greene."

He was holding a bundle wrapped in rough brown paper. It was Winslow's trench coat, and pinned to it was an envelope which bore his name. The script was written in elaborate flourishes with broad and fine pen strokes, reminiscent of copybooks back at home in the days when penmanship was an art.

"Thank you so much for the coat, my dear friend," Winslow read. "It is in the same condition in which you left it, and I beg that you excuse my rudeness which took it from you. I beg of you to remember me, but to forget if you can the circumstances of our meeting. Should you wish to communicate with

me again when you return from your journey, I am stopping in a place, the address of which shall give you—North Plaza 28, the rear apartment on the Third short knocks, a pause two. If I am not there, son tell you where to find me. I shall be busy for a while studying of Mr. Gruber and Mr. Martin. Someday I hope to tell you more about the meanwhile, all my most respectful compliments and felicitations with them goes my heart and all that I have is yours. Respectfully and obediently, your servant, Señor Lopez."

The attendant touched his arm. "Mr. Greene, your plane is coming in."

IN THE afternoon only three planes stood on the last high ground looking a mysterious sea of vegetation and marshy land for thousands of miles of unmapped which stretched to the Atlantic. He had reached one of the frontiers of the world and it was filled with a sort of majesty. When Winslow reached the clearing and the camp tents, thatched buildings, the city of San Rosa and the Boca Grande mission were years away. By the time he had eaten supper at the mess shack, he had been at the base camp all day and his mind had already turned to plans for pushing out alone, when John Swan, one of the young engineers called to him.

"We're going to talk to Boca Grande," he said. "You'd better tell me where you're here."

Although it seemed years away in time and in space on the other side of the Andes, you could talk by radio as easily as though Boca Grande were only a mile away. The radio was set up on some crates in the goods in the supply shack. It was burned beside it because it was too hot to touch at o'clock and dark. John Swan was of the instrument smoking his pipe and twiddling the dials and looking at his wrist watch.

"Hello," he called in Spanish. "The base camp at Zamorra is coming back."



**"Just be patient, Alfred—everyone must await his turn!
You can sing Love Dreams at next Sunday's concert!"**

... calling Boca Grande. . . .
 Hurned toward Winslow. "They're
 slow at answering tonight, but
 come through."
 Winslow could never get over the
 eness of it. There was an awful
 of mysterious powers as you sat
 that boxlike thing with its knobs
 and waited for it to speak.
 Swan was not impressed by it.
 He just the knobs and swore, and
 there was a hissing sound, and then,
 enough, the voice came, blurred
 istent:

"Hello, calling the base camp at Za-
 non."
 "Where is it," John Swan said, and he
 dial another twist. "We've got
 Hello, Boca Grande."
 Winslow hitched himself nearer the
 nt.

"Hello," the voice was clearer. It was
 alters, the boss of Boca Grande,
 ng as clearly as though he were in
 m. His voice had the familiar
 sound and the familiar brisk
 uthy.

"Hello, Jim," Winslow said. "I got in
 his terno.".

"What sort of a trip did you have?"
 "A right."

"When are you starting out?"

"Tomorrow, if I can make it. The In-
 dian are here," Winslow replied.

"Hello. Goodbye. Gook luck."

ALTHOUGH he was cut off from
 anything—a single white man in a
 canoe with three Indians pad-
 ling down a river, stopping at strange
 places, speaking a strange language
 with halting tongue—he could not lose
 the memory of Henrietta Simpson.

That night before they turned back,
 when he sat writing his last report in his
 notebook, and the mosquitoes droned in
 clouds above the smoke of the fire, he
 felt happy, even though the rumors of
 gold, the stream beds had been exag-
 gerated. It seemed to him in the days
 when they worked back up that river,
 that there was always growing nearer. And
 one evening, weeks later, when they were
 out of the level land, climbing the trail
 along the slope and when he saw the
 light of the base camp ahead of him, he
 had the most ridiculous thought that she
 might be there. When he was half a
 mile off, he fired a shot to tell them he
 was coming, and he walked into the
 camp about sunset.

He had forgotten all the comforts of
 the base camp, and the sounds and the
 smell of the life he had left were unfam-
 ilar to him. His clothing was patched
 and thin; he was thinner but he had suf-
 fered no illness and he was in good con-
 dition. As the people gathered around
 him, shaking his hand and asking ques-
 tions, their faces looked too well fed and
 their hands were too soft. It was always
 so on a trip like that. It would take
 him days to get used to the food and a
 bed.

At the base camp, they treated him
 with respect with which he was not fam-
 ilar anywhere else. They treated him
 so because they all understood what was
 implied by such a trip as he had taken.
 They gathered about the table in the
 mess hall, asking questions and look-
 ing at his map.

"It's the same story," he told them.
 "Of course there's gold. It's like the
 other places—there's gold in every
 stream, but not enough to make it worth
 while to try to get it."

Then he returned to his favorite the-
 ory about the gold of the old Inca em-
 pire, those stories from the Spanish
 Conquest, of gold in the temples, of im-
 mense accumulations of the precious
 metal, were surely not exaggerated.
 Nevertheless, this might not necessarily
 mean that there was some secret gold
 deposit which no one had discovered.
 Today if you could send a hundred thou-

sand Indians to wash the gold from the
 streams on the eastern slope, and if
 some central authority could take the
 gold and pay them nothing, you could
 pave a street with it.

There were a number of places he had
 examined where one of those huge
 placer operations such as existed in
 Alaska would be profitable—but how
 could you bring the machines to such a
 country? The gold must wait until there
 were roads, and would there ever be
 roads down there? Personally he hoped
 that there would never be, for when
 there were roads, no one would ever
 send him on another trip such as the one
 he had taken.

"You see," he said, "I like it out there.
 It's the only thing I'm good at, boys."

And then he had asked how every-
 thing had been going. It was character-
 istic of such a place as that, that they
 mentioned all the tribulations of the
 base camp first. Everything had been
 going all right there. There was enough
 gas for the motor that drove the electric
 generator, and they had been in touch
 with Boca Grande every day. In fact,
 in the next five minutes, Boca Grande
 would be calling.

"Jim Walters has been asking for you
 lately," John Swan said. "He's been
 anxious for you to get in."

It was ridiculous that Winslow should
 have thought of Henrietta Simpson, but
 she came immediately to his mind.

"He didn't say what he wanted me
 for?" he asked.

"No," John Swan told him. "He just
 wanted you. You can talk to him right
 now. Boca Grande will be calling."

They were back again, seated before
 the short-wave radio, and once again
 Winslow Greene was adjusting himself
 to the altered values of time and space.
 There were all those strange blurred
 noises, and then came Jim Walters'
 voice and again Winslow was calling to
 him across the Andes.

"Yes," Winslow was saying; "I got
 through all right. No, there was nothing
 there. . . . How's everything at Boca
 Grande?"

"Everything's fine down here. When
 can you get out? I want you to meet me
 at Pinas."

"What's the matter?" Winslow asked.

"Why do you want me in such a hurry?"

"Keep your shirt on. You're not sick,
 are you?"

"No. Everything's fine."

"THAT'S the boy," Winslow recog-
 nized the altered tone in Jim Walters'
 voice. It was the tone he used when he
 was going to make you do something
 that you might not like. "Get cleaned
 up and get a good night's sleep, and
 break out of there tomorrow morning.
 I want you down at the mine. I'll meet
 you at Pinas—the Villa Schwarz."

"What's the matter?" Winslow asked.

"I tell you," Jim Walters said, "nothing
 is the matter, and even if so, I
 wouldn't tell you over the air, would
 I, so all the Western Hemisphere could
 hear me? Get to that landing field, and
 get the plane to Pinas. Don't argue over
 the air. Get out first thing in the morn-
 ing."

"Jim." There was something else
 Winslow wanted to say, but he found
 himself hesitating and stammering. "If
 you should happen to see Miss Simpson
 —I mean, don't make a point of it—but
 if you should happen to see her tonight,
 you might tell her I'm back, and give
 her my regards."

"Give her what?"

Winslow squirmed uncomfortably.
 Jim Walters would not be alone by the
 radio. There would be others in the
 office listening.

"It isn't anything important, Jim.
 Just give her my regards."

Then he heard Jim Walters laugh.

"Son, I wouldn't worry. She's pretty

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...if your tobacco meets the

INDOOR TEST

What a difference, mister! So
 delightfully aromatic the ladies
 cheer!

And mild? Just compare it to
 the finest custom blend! Smooth.
 Sweet-smoking. Bite-free. More-
 over—it doesn't lose its flavor.

BOND STREET contains a rare
aromatic tobacco never before
used in any popular priced mix-
ture. Notice particularly — it
 leaves no stale pipe odors in the
 room. Make this Indoor Test
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Most discriminating pipe
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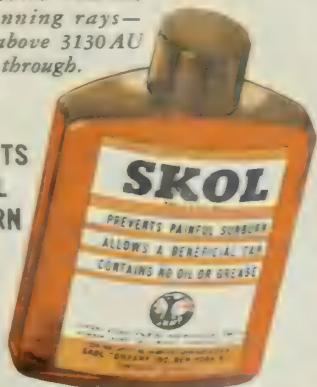
This marvelous scientific product, SKOL, actually filters out those rays of the sun that cause blisters and ugly redness. SKOL lets the tanning rays pass through.*

SKOL contains an exclusive, patented form of tannic acid. A quick-drying liquid, it doesn't pick up sand, doesn't make you messy, doesn't show. SKOL is not greasy, not oily. Be sure to apply before going into the sun. Use after each swim.

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PREVENTS
PAINFUL
SUNBURN



SKOL IS THE LARGEST SELLING NON-OILY
SUNTAN LOTION IN THE WORLD

busy now. Get out of there tomorrow morning, will you?"

Winslow removed his eyeglasses, blinked at them, and wiped the lenses carefully. The right-hand bow had broken when he was crossing a stream in the Oriente and he had mended it, not very successfully, with a piece of adhesive tape.

The plane was losing altitude and the landing field of Pinas was beneath them. When he saw the brown tracks of the runway, Winslow told himself, as he had a dozen times before, that he preferred two weeks on muleback to the two hours in the air above the Andes.

Out on the landing field, the wind blew at the skirts of his trench coat, and snatched at the brim of his battered felt hat.

Mr. Valdez, the company's agent, was there to meet him, wearing a red Indian poncho, and a neat brown Homburg hat with a bit of feather in it.

"This is your baggage?" Mr. Valdez asked. "You travel very light, Señor Greene."

"How else can I travel," Winslow said, "back there?"

"True," Mr. Valdez answered, "but with the new spirit which is coming over South America, it will all be different soon. The government will be building highways to the Oriente. In no time, this country will be very modern."

The driver of a battered touring car picked up Winslow's bedding roll and placed it in the front seat, and Winslow and Mr. Valdez got in behind.

"Tell him to drive slowly," Winslow said.

The driver placed his left hand on the horn. He held the wheel superciliously with his right hand.

"Soon," Mr. Valdez said, "this road will be improved and there will doubtless be electric lights along it. Ah, before long Pinas will be a metropolis."

"Tell him to drive slowly. He scares me," Winslow said, but Mr. Valdez only smiled.

"There is a room reserved for you at the Villa Schwarz. The plumbing in the Villa has been much improved in the last two months. There is another bathroom and a new means of heating water. Señor Walters is waiting for you."

"I know," Winslow said, "he sent for me," and he would have liked to ask Mr. Valdez why, but it would not have been discreet.

JUDGING from the appearance of the road, it had been market day in Pinas. The barefooted Indians who had drifted down that morning from the mountains to buy and sell in the plaza were heading back for home, moving up the road wrapped in their brightly dyed ponchos. Their copper-colored faces, broad and smiling, were vaguely reminiscent of the faces in the Mayan sculpture of Yucatan—the same broad noses, heavy lips, deep-set eyes. Their flat bare feet pattered tirelessly through the dust; men and women were bending under burdens looped in cloth across their shoulders.

The car moved slowly through the crowded plaza, past the little booths where a few baskets and brown sugar cakes were still being sold, and where wool was being weighed, and there was the familiar plaza smell of dust and wool and cattle and vegetables.

"Business is very good," Mr. Valdez said. "The Germans are defeating the Russians. There are three new chairs in the Educational Department of Municipal Hall—very comfortable with soft, plush seats."

They were through the town by then. The atmosphere of the plaza, so like a hill town in Spain, and so different from the frosted-cake façades of Santa Rosa on the coast had disappeared like a



"You forget, Paul! We're married!"

LEONARD

memory. Now, instead of being in Spain, they were in one of those queer self-contained communities not uncommon in South America—a suburb of Pinas which had been known for years as the German colony. The street had become broad and very straight. Villas stood on each side, German villas, pink and blue and white, like the designs of houses which once came with boxes of blocks, fresh from an older Germany. The houses stood behind low walls, each in a garden of carefully spaced fruit trees with whitewashed trunks, each with a freshly brushed path leading up to its front door.

He might as well have been in another land, across another ocean. The car stopped by a soft pink stucco wall that was divided in its exact center by two gate posts, each with a brightly polished plaque marked, "Villa Schwarz." A straight path bordered by stock and mignonette led to the villa door.

Yes, he might not have been in South America at all, except for the Indian woman wrapped in a faded poncho, who sat resting by the gate posts with a great bundle of brushwood beside her, gazing at him with deep, expressionless eyes. Herr Knopp, the proprietor, was hurrying down the path to meet him, a short, nervous innkeeper with a perspiring pink, bald head.

"Welcome, Mr. Greene," Herr Knopp was saying. "Mr. Walters is in the garden. You share with him room number 7, the suite which looks on the kitchen garden. Hans, the gentleman's bag."

Winslow got slowly out of the car, feeling tired and dirty. A small German boy was already shouldering his bedding roll, and the long Indian blowgun which he was bringing back—purchased from one of the natives on his prospecting trip.

"I'll see Mr. Walters first," Winslow said. "Yes, I know the room."

The hall of the villa was cool and shady, its bare boards waxed and spotless. The door of a bedroom to the left was open, giving Winslow a view of a huge Teutonic feather bed and dark red draperies and maroon wallpaper. On the bed was a sailor's duffel bag. It was hard to realize that only a few miles away in the valley of the mountains that surrounded them, llamas were grazing and the Indians were sitting in front of

huts that looked like haystacks, playing plaintive tunes on reed pipes.

German men and women who dwelt in the villa were seated near the fireplace outside the dining-room door. They were speaking German, and their voices grew hushed as Winslow followed Herr Knopp along the hall. Their faces, because he had stopped there often, were familiar to Winslow, all except one, and a stranger who was always conspicuous in a place like this. This stranger was a large man with closely clipped blond hair. He was sitting very straight holding a coffee cup, and when he saw Winslow he set it down, and their eyes met for a moment.

THE memory of the face stayed with Winslow as he followed Herr Knopp through the rear door to the garden. The eyes had been gray and steady; the face very deeply tanned. The hand which had held the coffee cup looked very strong.

"Who is the large man, Herr Knopp?" Winslow asked. "He's new here, isn't he?"

"The large man?" Herr Knopp shook his head. "Oh, no, he has been here a long ways. He owns a hacienda in the west valley. He is Herr Bauer. He is in cattle."

"He looks more like a sailor," Winslow said.

"Oh, no," Herr Knopp answered more quickly than was necessary, "he is not a sailor. Where would he be in the Andes?" And Herr Knopp laughed at his little joke. "Mr. Walters is in the summerhouse. I shall send out good English whisky, not ersatz. And he laughed again at his second little joke.

The back garden with its wall of closely clipped hedges and its pruned fruit trees was a relief to Winslow after the swamps and virid thicket through which he had been traveling. The flower beds were in squares and circles and crescents, so neatly edged that they looked as though they had been cut out of dough with a cookie knife.

"You like it?" Herr Knopp asked. "It is like a bit of the Fatherland. We Germans are like the tortoise. We carry our shells and customs with us." He pointed to the end of the garden.

is Mr. Walters in the summer-
ow did not feel entirely at ease.
the jungle, on the eastern slope,
always necessary to be watchful
in one's sleep, and that instinct
entirely gone. As he walked
that garden, he remembered how
es had dropped in the hall. He
scious of an impersonal sort of
neither friendly nor unfriendly.
Walters was sitting in a canvas
air, in the open summerhouse,
a typewritten report.
are you sitting outdoors for?"
said. "It's cold."

an was already beginning to drop
d the highest mountain peaks
both the garden and the valley
ed with long shadows, but Jim
never minded heat and cold. He
e with sheets of typed paper ly-
nd his chair. His pipe was on e
and his tobacco was running
is pouch.
ow picked up the papers and
he tobacco pouch. Jim Walters
him without a line of his leath-
d face changing.
do you feel better?"

Winslow answered. "There's
having everything strewn

"G! Lord!" Jim Walters said. "I
n't e how the Indians stand you.
Why n't you sit down? Or do you
ant dust the chair off first?"

Winslow brushed at the folds of his
coat and sat down. "If you get a
ld at this altitude, Jim, you'll
robably get pneumonia."

"Di you bring your hot-water bottle
ack ith you, son?" Jim Walters

Winslow nodded, but he did not

"Le go inside," he said. "I don't
ant get a chill."

But the older man did not move. The
at the corners of his eyes and
deepened as his gaze, half
and half puzzled, fixed itself on
Greene's shambling figure and
his antern-jawed, nearsighted face.

"So," Jim Walters said gently. "you're
afraid you'll get a chill. No wonder they
think in the States—" He checked him-
self and began again. "Why, if I didn't
know you—" His glance traveled from
Winslow to the paths between the geo-
metrical beds in the formal gardens. An
aged, barefooted Indian with his greasy
hair in a long braid was trimming one
of the borders. From beyond the wall
came a surge of voices and laughter—
that odd Quechua language of the Andes
natives that could not have changed
much since Inca times.

"Afraid you'll get a chill, and I've
seen your groggy from malaria, carrying
through in wet clothes for a month when
no one else could walk."

Winslow's bony shoulders moved
slightly.

"There's no use taking a chance with
anything when it isn't necessary, Jim."

"There you go," Jim Walters said.
"No wonder the directors of the com-
pany—but never mind it now. I like it
out here because there are too many
people inside—too many Germans—or
maybe your mind was on metamorphic
rocks and you didn't notice."

It was hard for Winslow to remember
that he was at the Villa Schwarz now,
where one's life did not depend so much
on being careful. Nevertheless, a head
cold contracted at a high altitude was
always dangerous, but Winslow let the
matter drop.

"There's a man in there I've never
seen before—he's quite big and hand-
some. Do you know him?" he asked.

Jim Walters glanced toward the
house. "Maybe that's why I'm out here
in the cold. Things are getting worse all
the time between the States and Ger-
many, and we're a lot nearer war than
when you left. Maybe we ought to stop
staying at this place, when we come up
from the mine."

"Knopp said his name was Bauer,"
Winslow went on, "and that he's got a
hacienda in the west valley. You re-
member, we were up there once looking
at an outcrop of andesite. It was there
in the country rock—I never heard of
anyone named Bauer."

(To be continued next week)

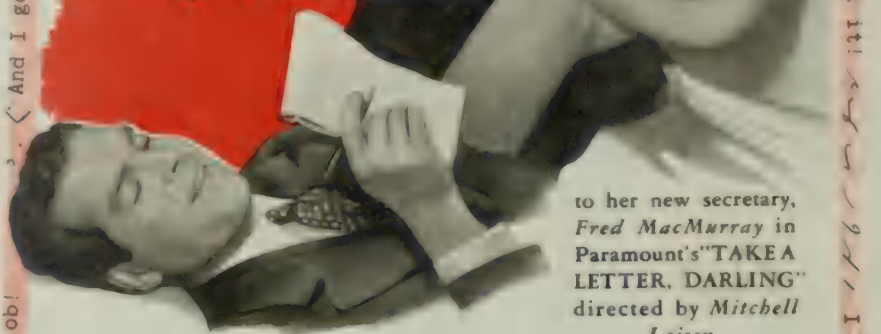


"But can't we start on the budget after our honeymoon?"

MARTIN GARRITY

"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING"

with ROSALIND RUSSELL



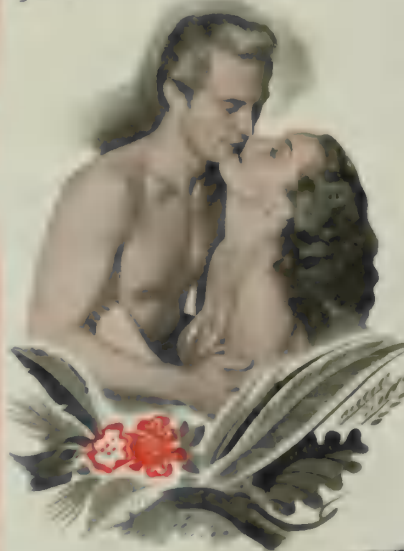
to her new secretary,
Fred MacMurray in
Paramount's "TAKE A
LETTER, DARLING"
directed by Mitchell
Leisen.

"He can't type . . . can't take dictation . . . but what a
secretary! He's tall . . . handsome . . . what a decoy for my
clients' wives! It's a good thing I want to make deals . . .
not love—but I feel myself slipping!"

"That's the spot I'm in, in my new
Paramount picture 'TAKE A LETTER,
DARLING.' And who can blame me,
especially when my secretary's Fred
MacMurray. That's when a boss wants
her private secretary really private."

Producer-Director Mitchell Leisen adds
another hit to his long list of hits in
"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING." And
girls, here's something that'll do your
heart good: his name—Macdonald
Carey. Keep an eye out for him!

Roz loves me!!!



A wild elephant crushes a na-
tive village . . . languid lovers
kiss in jungle paradise while
savage beasts stand guard. Yes,
exciting, exotic thrills await you
with Dorothy Lamour and her
new jungle mate, Richard
Denning, in "BEYOND THE
BLUE HORIZON." For a
round-trip ticket to a carefree
world of pagan hearts and
primitive love, mark down
"BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON"
near the top of your movie list.

Paramount
Star Parade

Coming!
Cecil B. DeMille's
"REAP THE
WILD WIND"

in Technicolor
The Thrill Spectacle
everyone's waiting
to see!

Castle in the Air

By J. Bryan III

Hubert Castle is a fugitive from an accident ward. Twice a day he risks his neck on a bounding wire to thrill you and the kiddies

THE reason Hubert Castle is sore at the Encyclopedia Britannica is this: The EB says that in 1861 a guy named Blondin turned somersaults on stilts while performing on a rope stretched across the inside of the Crystal Palace, in London. Mr. Castle says this isn't so, that nobody ever did that and nobody ever will. He's probably right, at that, because his reputation in the amusement world is that of the best wire walker ever.

High above an arena, on a slim cable, Mr. Castle can—and does—perform backward somersaults through a twenty-five-inch hoop, thrilling swoops and swings on a unicycle and various other feats. But that fabled somersault on stilts!

"Hush, Hal! Your blood pressure," rebukes Mrs. Mary Castle, when he starts talking about it.

This is good advice, because you have to be pretty cool and concentrate thoroughly up there on the wire, in the glare of the lights, with the drums rolling—and a split second or half an inch between you and a hospital bed. Before he attained this coolness and concentration Mr. Castle broke his left arm twice, fractured a collarbone, half his ribs, a leg, a wrist, an elbow and a shoulder. He dislocated a knee once and his ankles and thumbs several times. And once, in a circus battle at Ponca City, Oklahoma, somebody kayoed him with a tent stake and he did a fast forward somersault into a hospital.

As every sawdusty circus fan knows, there are four kinds of wire acts. There is the novelty slack, with the wire so loose that when the performer balances on its center his head's level with each end; the Jap slack, about half as loose. Then there's the tight wire, with hardly any give in it. The fourth is the bounding wire, which is Castle's specialty. This wire is held firmly at one end, but the other end has a spring attached; it will give about ten inches under the wire man's weight, about two feet under his bound.

The bounding wire is the trickiest of the lot. Come down on it at the wrong angle and you're shot out into space, like an arrow from a bow. Leap from it a trifle sidewise and it will vibrate so fast you can't see it, your feet miss it, and, at best, you get a pair of scorched shins.

But—broken bones, scorched shins and all—it's worth it, Castle says. Hasn't it let him visit all the states, all the Canadian provinces, most of Mexico and half of South America? "Me—just a country kid out of Enid, Oklahoma. . . . And besides, when I step on my kid's roller skates in the dark, I know how to spill."

Although he was born in 1912, Castle dawdled away the first few years of his life and didn't get around to choosing a career until he was seven. On September 13, 1919, the kid watched Bird Millman pirouetting on the wire when the Ringling show played Enid. He was Hal Smith in those days.

There was a wire clothesline in the Smith back yard. He learned to walk its length in half an hour that evening. A week later he could balance a chair on the wire and sit in it. Two months later he could juggle Indian clubs while he was seated. Five years later he and his

partner, Bunny Dryden, a year older, were getting their act at smokers, school festivals and Legion

When a child walks the wire at the age of seven got not only a preoccupied mother, but a phenomenal sense of balance. What else? Excellent. Castle says that "feel" is only one tenth of the Eyes are all the rest. When he comes out of a somersault, for example, there is only a split instant between the time when he first catches sight of the and the time when his feet must hit it squarely. Then, his chest has obscured it. Afterward, he is

He never looks at the wire, except when he is looking. The rest of the time he is looking at its imaginary longation. When he runs or dances, his eyes are on object he has lined up across the tent. When he for his back somersault, he is not waiting until the ance is firm, but until a picture of the wire behind him is clearly visualized.

If the wire that broke during his feet-and-hand had damaged one of his eyes, it would have been conclusive as if it had crippled both his legs.

Wire Artistes Extraordinary

The boys got their first long-term contract summer of 1926, with Orton Brothers' Show, touring braska, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma and Texas. The work only in the summer, because they were still school. For \$60 a week, they did five acts twice

"Smith & Dryden, Wire Artistes Extraordinary," formed on the tight wire. "Dryden & Smith" slack-wire exhibition. "Dryden & Adair" had a h tal-bar act. "The Smith Bros.—Not of Cougl Fame" were tumbling acrobats. And "Dryden & pany" were strong men.

The "& Company" was then fourteen. His str to stand on a platform at the "front door" during "come-in" and do a "grind"—blow up an inn until it exploded.

"There was no gimmick to it," Castle says. a legitimate act and plenty tough. The secret was you didn't blow with your lungs. You took deep breath, then contracted your chest muscles so v that the air was squeezed out. You wouldn't believe it, but some of those tubes swelled eight feet high before they busted."

The summer of 1928, the team signed up with how which Smith, Sr., had bought—the Monarch. Ha four brothers were in it, too, as tumbling clowns. Ha own repertory now included a foot slide down a fil foot rope and—as the blow-off—a running dive over our roll ing car. He was supposed to light on a pad and do ing somersault, but one day—it was his birthda—the pad slipped. He broke his left arm at the elb and pulled all its muscles loose. As if that weren't ough, the show failed, and his father lost his money, hi 000-acre ranch and even his household furniture.

Hal finished out the season with the John S Silver Circus and came back to Enid with a new nar bor-rowed from the owner. "Smith" was too nondesc t for the future King of the Wire. "Silver" not or was sumptuous, but required no change of initial. He ayed "Hal Silver" until Ringling told him he was bein filled as an English act, and rechristened him "Hubert tle," as having a vaguely House-of-Lords sound.

He thinks of his Hal Silver (Continued on p 55)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAXWELL COPLAN

One of the most spectacular stunts ever performed on a wire—the back somersault through a hoop. You can't blame the circus fans for swallowing their gum when Castle does this one





Wine and a favorite old yarn—recipe for friendship

Wine helps an evening along—helps people to relax a moderate way, and enjoy themselves

When friends stop in at your house, set out for each a glass of wine. Maybe a tray with some appetizers. You'll find it will lead to a discovery.

As people sip wine together, it becomes plain how wine says "welcome." Not just warm, flashing color and interesting bouquet. Wine says welcome a deeper way. You discover wine is made on purpose for

the kind of relaxation most of us want—the moderate kind. Made to help us let up from the day's pressure. Made to give us a chance at the comfort and help that friendship brings. This is the reason more and more Americans now prefer wine.

If you would like a new booklet on wine serving (and on wine cookery) write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The board represents all the wine growers in California.

What about California wines? Judges rate them excellent by any standard in the world. Sound, well-developed and true to type. Ask your wine dealer to help you select from these good wines of our own land.



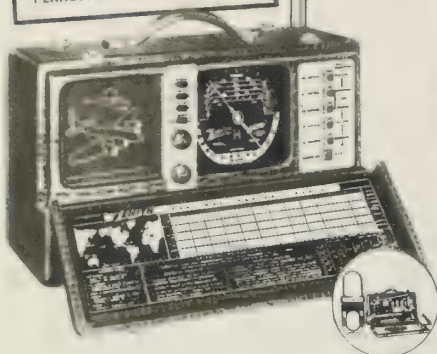
This is Muscatel—which tastes invitingly of Muscat grapes. You serve Muscatel as a dessert or refreshment wine. For enjoyment at mealtime you select a different type of wine—a white table variety like Sauterne (with fish or chicken), or rich red Burgundy or Claret (with roast or steak)

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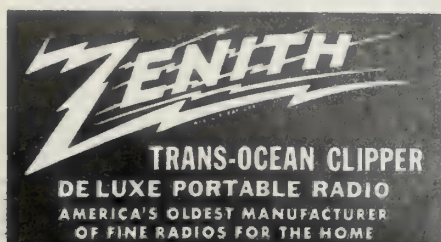
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soil conservation, the Ever-Normal Granary, and other things needed for a well-rounded program of agriculture.

The Ever-Normal Granary is a plan based on lessons of the past; on the memory of times of plenty and times of famine that have succeeded each other like night and day. In 1934 this country had a real drought and the experience was repeated in 1936. Out in the great corn and wheat belts, weeks went by without rain. These droughts burned up about two billion bushels of corn, not to mention other feed grains. There is a corn belt saying: a hog is only corn on the hoof. Cut the production of corn and you cut the production of meat. After the drought years, up went the price of meat until consumers rebelled. Few consumers understood the reason for the high cost of meat. They didn't see the connection between a drought one year and high meat prices the next. Yet one was cause, the other effect.

Henry Wallace was Secretary of Agriculture at the time. The Vice-President knows his Bible. Joseph stored up food in the seven fat years for use during the seven lean years. Why not store up some of our own surpluses to be used when there would be need for them?

So we accumulated big surpluses of grain and cotton—and sure enough the need came. France fell, and within a year, to help keep England in the war, we found ourselves obliged to provide about a quarter of her protein food requirements. Plenty of corn and other feeds were in the granary, ready to be transformed into meat, eggs, and milk.

Agriculture Jumps the Gun

We were prepared in other ways, too. We had the machinery of the Agricultural Marketing Administration, which in addition to its purchases for school lunches and other direct food distribution, had been buying for the Red Cross, and was geared for rapid expansion as soon as the Lend-Lease Bill was passed. And we had the food—in part because we had jumped the starting gun on our Food for Freedom program a little. In 1940, with the export market cut off, the farmers' chief worry was surpluses; hogs were selling at \$5.00 a hundred, which is less than the cost of production. Yet in December of that year the Department asked the farmers to farrow more sows so that we might have more little pigs in 1941. There were protests when that release went out, but by and large the farmers took our word for it and went ahead. But if they are to produce, farmers need to be not only patriotic; they must also be solvent. So in the spring of 1941 a \$9 floor was placed under hogs, and price support was also given to poultry and dairy products. The result was the all-time high agricultural production of 1941—13 per cent higher than the average annual production in the 1935-39 period. With plenty for ourselves, we had enough left over to send Britain, from the end of April, 1941, through last February, over 1,800,000 tons of American food.

You can thank our Ever-Normal Granary for that. If we hadn't had plenty of corn in storage, we'd never have been able to expand our production of corn-on-the-hoof so rapidly. But there were other factors. A lot of soil fertility has been restored since 1932. And agriculture is organized as never before. Today, in almost every rural county there are farmer committeemen and a county agent. Within a week we can get in touch with every one of the six and a half million farmers of the nation.

Why We'll Have Enough to Eat

Continued from page 15

After Pearl Harbor we used that machinery to sound the call for all-out production of practically everything except wheat, cotton, corn and tobacco, of which we still had huge surpluses. The 1942 production goals—set in Washington and then broken down state by state, county by county, and farm by farm—call for an over-all production 5 per cent greater than that of the record year of 1941. For some crops the increases asked for are much greater. The war has cut us off from sources that formerly supplied us with more than a billion pounds of fats and oils yearly. But our home-grown peanuts, soybeans and flaxseed are excellent sources of oils. Accordingly, we have asked our farmers to grow over 150 per cent more peanuts than in 1941, 54 per cent more soybeans, 34 per cent more flaxseed. We've also asked for more lard—500 million pounds more than in 1941. We'll need every ounce of this production both for ourselves, and for Britain and Russia, who are also cut off from their usual sources of supply.

Some of the other 1942 quotas also represent sharp increases over 1941, as for example: eggs 13 per cent, dry field peas 73 per cent, canning peas 32 per cent, canning tomatoes 27 per cent, dry beans 13 per cent. As for sugar, we have urged all-out production of cane and of sugar beets, up to the capacity of the processors. Loss of the annual Philippine shipments that usually ran to nearly a million tons, the increased requirements of war industry for sugar-derived alcohol, and the increased needs of our allies, especially Russia, all contribute to the domestic shortage. But by a happy circumstance this shortage has its very real compensations. During the past half century we have increased our per capita consumption of sugar tremendously. We may well find that eating less sugar will not only slim our waists but improve our health generally. Bending our backs to our own vegetables may also benefit many of us, as it has the British. We've asked for a 20 per cent increase of home gardens this year over last. But don't waste seed and equipment on poor soil, improperly cultivated, with inadequate supervision.

It is one thing to set production goals, another to get them planted, fertilized, cultivated, sprayed and harvested. Let's not fool ourselves. 1942 is going to be a year of sweat and toil for the American farmer. He's going to have to get more done than ever before, and he'll have less to do it with. The draft has taken many of our farm boys, and war industry, which offers bigger pay and shorter hours, has taken many others. Farming is a skilled trade. We're not going to replace those skills

overnight, even if we increase should and must, the attractive agricultural employment with to wages, housing, and working conditions. We're going to have to land by enlisting everybody as high-school boys, older people, and temporarily unemployed. The Department is working with the United States Employment Service to develop the machinery to utilize available farm labor. Connecticut, New York, and Oregon have already necessary to call on students.

Ordinarily when a farmer is out of labor, he buys a new machine. When we have labor shortages and machinery shortages coming together, we would have gone into machine production. The War Production Board has limited the manufacture of new farm machinery—except for needed items like peanut pickers, 8 per cent of the 1940 level. But machinery reserves, and plenty

The Repair Machinery Campaign

The "Repair Machinery Not Campaign, started last fall, is already showing good results. The shock troops of this campaign are the Department of Agriculture War Boards, vocational agriculture teachers, extension people, and the managers of repair shops of the Soil Conservation Service, the Forest Service, and other federal agencies. They are the machine shops of our 10,000 high schools as repair headquarters, they are helping the crossroad man and the village blacksmith anything that's fixable. In October they've set up a "machinery bank" pool spare parts and "surplus" bling points. The farmers can get for anything from spare parts as long as they last. In county War Boards are organizing schools in machinery repair, in ation with vocational agriculturalers and implement dealers.

I'm not so worried about farm machinery as I am about labor, transportation, and a number of other things. We must face some inevitable of fertilizers, due to the stop imports and the competition of industry. When the nitrates are up I'm bound to think that for agriculture is very important think that their use in making powder is almighty important.

One of the things that worried a fear lest conservation farming be considered a luxury which should be "shelved for the duration." On trary, we can best make our progress goals if we continue sound conservation



Letter Box

prices. These not only save soil; increase the yield per acre.

The hope of the world is that America emerge from this war both more powerful and stronger than when she entered it. Make no mistake about it, the domination of national power is top priority. We must not forget that during the last century we have lost irrecoverable hundred million acres of our topsoil; if we had continued to lose at the rate we were losing it during the last war, the scars of which are still to be seen in our mid-continent and elsewhere, another hundred million would have seen the destruction of our potential as a major power. Sound farming will enable us to produce the maximum amount of food fiber and to do this without exhausting our soil fertility.

One of the most brilliant and valuable achievements of this war is that the nutritionists who are seeing to it that the farmer's labor in growing food is not lost through unscientific processing, unbalanced diets, and the perpetuation of bad food habits. Production of dehydrated foods is increasing tremendously, with the Army being a leading buyer. In part this development reflects the shortage of tin and shipping. But in compensating for these shortages the nutritionists and technicians who are working for the Army and other government services are likely to transform the nation's food habits. Vitaminized and dehydrated foods, "pemmican biscuit," balanced condensed mixtures in which milk proteins are blended with whole grains and legumes, dehydrated up and vegetable mixes—these and many other new and valuable additions to our diet are either already in the hands of consumers or soon will be. We've heard a great deal about what the scientists did back in 1935 to revolutionize the diet of the German people. Let me assure you that we're matching Nazi performance on that point, as we're building better bomb plants. Our food processors have proved themselves no less resourceful and dynamic than the engineering wizards who have suddenly waved tanks and munition factories into being where there was only empty prairie. When lack of refrigerated shipping became a bottleneck, the packers, in collaboration with government experts, solved the problem by shipping fresh meat cargoes inside a triple wall of frozen lard. When the British demand for canned pork assumed huge proportions, the processors multiplied their production elevenfold in the brief space of eight months. It is such demonstrations of inventiveiveness and energy, all in a line from the farmer to the consumer, that fortify my confidence that there will be enough food.

The Consumer's Role in Wartime

The consumer too will have her part to play. The average housewife won't have to say this summer and fall. She, like the farmer, will face some extraordinary shortages and handicaps. I don't think she'll mind; not when she remembers how much more the boys on the ship and in our A.E.F.s around the world are giving and suffering. What I do expect is that American housewives will pick up the ball almost as soon as it can be passed to them by the government agencies charged with holding the civilian nutritional front. We have to see neighbors getting together, their pioneer grandmothers leading them to organize and operate community canning kitchens. We still hunt for all those zinc and iron that women used to mislay and throw away. We hope to see scrupulous use of the fats that used to clog the

drainpipe. We hope to see simplicity and frugality displace carelessness and waste. I'm sure we'll see all this. We'll see—in fact we're already seeing—a steady application of modern nutritional science to the kitchen practice of American women so that to bear the increasing tension of the war effort, we'll have the improved health and morale that comes from eating properly cooked and balanced meals.

It is true that during the past year retail food prices have risen steeply. Yet the cost of food is still about 10 per cent less than it was in 1929. At the same time, wages and employment have increased so that the average worker spends a smaller percentage of his income for food than at any other time we know about. It should sober us to remember how much better off we are than the people in the occupied countries of Europe. Greeks and Poles are starving by thousands. In France, total food consumption has been cut in half. Every time an American has a good steak dinner, he eats the equivalent of a Frenchman's meat ration for two weeks. The average American schoolboy eats more eggs in a week than a Polish family gets in six months.

Food Prices Can Remain Stable

Unless the continuance of hoarding endangers the whole price structure, retail food prices and farm prices may come to rest not far from their present levels. What counts finally is production: our ability to raise enough of the crops we need. If we do that we'll be able to handle the food price situation. But will we be able to produce those all-out 1942 food quotas?

I have before me two reports that between them tell a good deal about how the war is going on the food front. One is from the office of Foreign Agricultural Relations, and the picture it draws doesn't look good for either Hirohito or Hitler. It seems the Japs haven't digested Manchukuo; they are having difficulty in inducing their subject peoples to grow food only to be robbed of it by their conquerors. The Nazis are having similar difficulties. Hunger choked the fight out of Germany once before, and it could happen again. As for unhappy Italy, it is evident that the average Italian would gladly swap Mussolini and Fascism for a square meal.

The other report is from our Crop Reporting Board on agricultural plantings for 1942. The new wheat crop appears to be a good one, which will mean that when it is added to our present big surplus, we will have storage troubles. Canada and other exporting countries all have big surpluses. The prospect for milk is only fair, though milk production has been increasing rapidly despite drought in some of the principal dairy areas. Pork looks better. This year we are raising 10 million more hogs than we have ever produced in any similar period. We'll have good supplies of other kinds of meat too. The ranges are in good condition, and cattle and sheep numbers have been increasing faster than marketings. Chickens and eggs will also hit a new high this year. Oils? Peanuts and flaxseed are slightly short of the quota, but to balance this, soybeans are well ahead.

In general, the report tells me what I'd been hoping to hear. The farmers have planted their quotas or better. They're planning great increases in the crops which the nation needs; they are carrying out in a single year sweeping changes in operations which ordinarily would require several years. They're doing it short-handed, with many handicaps, but they're doing it.

Yes, on the food front it looks as though we're winning.

THE END



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The Messerschmitts were coming down. Quayle was silent. He could feel and see and know now what was going to happen

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE fighting in Greece, John Quayle, a Royal Air Force flight lieutenant, meets and falls in love with an attractive Greek girl: Helen Stangou. They part in Athens, where Helen works in a first-aid post; then, when both are transferred to the town of Ioannina, they have a happy reunion.

Fighting almost constantly as a member of Squadron 80, led by Commander Hickey, Quayle sees a number of his friends shot down. Then—while helping to escort a Greek flier named Nitralaxis on a reconnaissance flight—he, too, crashes.

Falling behind the Italian lines, he is delighted to find Nitralaxis—the Greek (a splendid fellow), who had also crashed; and the two, with a young Greek peasant who knows the country well, succeed in working their way to a Greek outpost. Unfortunately, however, just before they reach safety, Quayle's two companions are killed.

The Greeks give Quayle a warm reception; and two of them—"the little Greek" and "the corporal"—escort him to Ioannina, where he finds Helen (who had thought he was dead) hard at work in the hospital. By this time, it is evident that the British must soon leave the country. So—reluctantly, because she is a capable nurse, and badly needed—Helen promises to accompany Quayle to Athens and marry him there.

But how to get to Athens? With the Italians and Germans driving in—bombing, strafing the roads, and no planes or automobiles to be had—the problem is a difficult one. Fortunately, it is solved by a Greek captain—Mellass—who makes it possible for Quayle to steal an old automobile; and, late one night, Quayle, the girl he loves, the little Greek, the corporal and Tap Finchley (a member of Squadron 80 who, unaware that Quayle really cares for Helen Stangou, is extremely atten-

Flight to the Sun

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

tive to her) all pile into the automobile and slip out of Ioannina.

The old wreck roars along in the night. There is some desultory conversation. Finally Tap remarks, "I'm sick of this bloody country." Helen, listening, tenses. "That," she says, "is very unfortunate." Tap glances at her. "I'm sorry, Helen," he says gently. "I don't really mean it."

VI

HELEN did not reply. She was sleepy and not conscious enough to think things out about Tap. She watched the road coming up at them as they climbed in great curves. Sometimes she could see the high range of Metsavo in the white cloud ahead and wondered if they would get over it in time. The high roar of the car straining in climb made her drop off into an uncomfortable sleep, and she could dream only of the smell of hospital on herself and John Quayle and Tap. . . .

Quayle was following a straight road, and the heat of the engine was warming him thoroughly so that he felt the evenness of his body again, and the steady high sound of the engine was like the warmth. The road was uneven in places and sometimes he had to slow down but he kept a good pace most of the way.

"If the Germans were around, they'd be up this road," he said to Tap.

"Maybe. Ask the Greek where this place is," Tap said.

"Where do you think Kalabaka is?" Quayle asked the corporal.

"Where the rocks rise from the plains. You can see it in the distance now."

Quayle bent low and lifted his foot slightly, so that they slowed down. He could see the high gray rock on the uneven roundness of plain before them and the road straightening toward it.

He leaned back and put his foot down hard again. The engine coughed. He lifted his foot slightly. The engine choked abruptly and stopped, then started. The momentum carried the car forward.

"What now?" Tap said.

The car stopped as the engine died, and Quayle eased in to the brakes.

"I don't know," he answered, looking at the dashboard. The instruments were all dead. He tried the starter. The whine came, and when he pushed the accelerator, not a sound but the whine.

"Did you put that extra petrol in?" Quayle asked.

"No. It's still in the back," Tap said.

"Pull it out. We've run out of petrol."

The little Greek and Tap lifted the petrol cans from the floor. Quayle unscrewed the tank cap. He got a screwdriver from the pocket of his uniform and plugged a small hole in the top of the can.

"Feel that sun," Tap said. "This is fine."

"Yes. You know these two towns are last up about fifty miles. We may get to Trikkala."

"Maybe we can get some petrol here."

"I doubt it."

(Continued on page 42)

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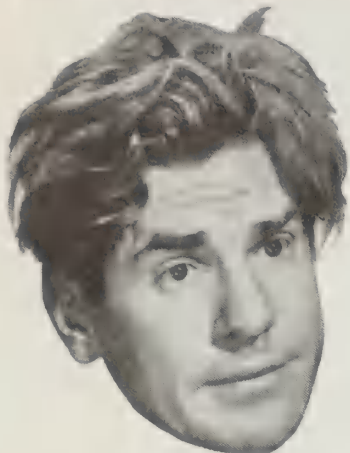


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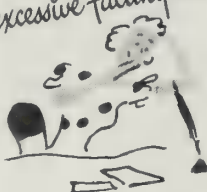
*When swimming leaves your hair a frazzle
Girls like me you'll never dazzle!
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*With hair a wind-tossed, dusty tangle
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Try KREML! Leaves hair smooth—not greasy!*



*Poor sunbaked pate! I don't know whether
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But KREML massage and proper care
Helps check excessive falling hair.*



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Will keep our romance in the groove!
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Once you've used it--no other will do!*



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Hair-Care Combination: Use Kreml Hair Tonic and gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. Get BOTH at your drugstore.

The Night Horse

Continued from page 12

horse that might not plow. Of course, he could return the horse if it was not satisfactory, but meantime it might have kicked the plow stock to pieces and broken all the harness.

Also it was an affront to his pride that a young man like himself should be walking while leading behind him a horse big enough to carry three men. Suddenly he stopped resolutely. The horse, which had been looking at the countryside interestedly, lowered his great head and smelled Lennie's clothes.

Lennie walked around and touched the lean withers with his hand. The horse did not move, nor lay his ears back. Lennie took a deep breath and jumped upon the horse. The horse walked calmly off, with no bridle or rein except the woven halter and the halter rope.

"Yes, sir," Lennie said, finally, "you've been rode plenty."

This should have been a comforting thought, but it wasn't. For if he was a riding horse, more than likely he was not a plowing horse. Well, Lennie would soon know about that.

As he expected, Matt and Flora were disgusted with the horse. Especially when they saw the amount of corn he could eat.

"Well, you've brought you home a fine something-another," Matt said.

Lennie said nothing, and next day put the harness on the horse, which he called Big Boy. It was at once apparent that harness was something Big Boy was not used to. The jingling chains and metal and dangling leathers caused him to tremble and dance about in fright. Lennie finally tied him up, with the harness still on, and let him stand and get used to it. Next day he let him pull a fence post around, and Big Boy caught on to this at once.

On Tuesday, the last day for the return of the horse, Lennie and Big Boy were breaking ground in the back field. That night Lennie came from the barn whistling, in spite of his weariness. Big Boy had pulled the plow all day without unduly tiring.

Matt and Flora didn't share Lennie's enthusiasm for the big horse, and often spoke of how much he ate. But the grain was Lennie's, and he told Matt that what the horse did was no skin off his nose. This seemed true enough until Sunday, when Big Boy was found in Flora's vegetable garden after having eaten a row of lettuce and a row of sweet corn.

AS THE days went on, Lennie found himself growing attached to Big Boy. The horse would nuzzle him and sometimes lick his hand like a dog. You could crawl under him, or stand on his back, or do almost anything to him. Lennie never led him—he just told him to come on and Big Boy would follow.

Big Boy wasn't so gentle with Matt's two mules. He seemed to like to pick on them, biting them or driving them before him. In spite of his size he was too quick for their kicks. One or the other of the mules was always coming out with a bite mark on its croup, and of course, Matt raised a ruckus about it.

One night Lennie couldn't sleep for thinking about the war. He got up, went outside in the moonlight, and ended up down at the lot with Big Boy as he usually did when he felt restless. The horse came to the fence where Lennie sat, and nosed at him gently.

Then Big Boy's head and ears went up, as if he had heard or seen something. Lennie listened and finally he heard the baying of Bob Redman's fox hounds,

afar off. Suddenly Big Boy neighed and galloped to the far end of the lot the sound of the hounds. He stopped and listened again, and then he trotted back and forth, a fence.

He stayed until the music of the hounds faded and disappeared.

THE doctor came to John Healy's door, relieved to have finished the daily unreasonableness, a roseness, and stupidity, and violence. As he came in John Healy was "Then on, then on, down a half field, where a shiplike plow driver-keeled, with a bay horse and a white horse leading, and a man "zook" and the red earth bleeding.

The doctor sat down beside Healy's eyes were bright, and "A fine run yesterday. We had a half couple hounds, and came at Bailey's Farm, into the barn of the pond. They found in a house and the fox took them down High Pike. Then there was a turn south was made down through big corn stubble. A fine sight! I sin had been under me—"

"Who is Khamsin?"

"As good a hunter as ever I've seen, strong honest horse with a heart going and never a hunting wall can daunt him. Khamsin was my shooting place in Georgia where said I must rest. There we were quietly, watching the wire for the stump holes, and we were Khamsin and I. But then they sent me here instead. Tomorrow I'll see for him, for I'll soon be leaving place." Healy looked at the doctor tioningly.

"Perhaps you will," the doctor said.

THE coming of the big horse in Lennie's life had made changes. Lennie was sure the horse had made worn a plow collar before, but such a strong and willing work that the forty acres were easily and planted, and Lennie even had adjoining broom-sedge field of corn. The crops burst from the earth a healthy dark green, and long it was apparent that Lennie of the farm was going to outdo Matt's. This served to increase the tility of Matt and Flora.

On a Saturday night Lennie from town and went to the house to eat his supper alone, for Matt and Flora were still in town. Afterward he went to the barn and climbed the fence. Big Boy came to him and the trousers of his town clothing languid interest.

For a time Lennie simply stopped paying no attention to the horse he said, "They come a trailer town today, Big Boy, and played a machine in it, playing records one them loud-speaker to-dos; you hear it near-bout all over town fellers in uniforms had it in charge they were there to get more fellers join up. I said to one of the tired waiting for the draft to hit I'd join right up with them if I was pretty sure I'd be sent to where could git in a lick or two squinch-eyes, and this feller I won't be so terrible long before leaving."

Lennie had not been gone more than two days before Matt found him exercise his dislike of Big Boy caught the horse pestering him.

and he ran into the lot shouting
rowing stones. For the next few
att took pleasure in the way Big
ould gallop away in frightened
whenever he raised his arm.
me a morning when he turned
enching a mule to see Big Boy
toward him, ears laid flat as a
att stumbled over the fence and
weakly into the house, certain
had narrowly missed death—it
occurring to him that the mule
ave been the object of Big Boy's

never threw stones at the horse
in fact, he tried to make friends,
ng peace offerings of carrots.
Boy had not forgotten the
and he would wait until Matt
carrots on the fence post be-
roaching. Matt interpreted this
as deep hatred rather than
d he told Flora that he was
the horse was some day going to
He never turned his back to
g B.

Lennie left, Matt had intended
use of Big Boy's capabilities in
fie, but now his only thought was
ut of this menace to his life.
ora tongue had spread the word that
nni horse was vicious, however,
d nody would buy him.

As a last resort they turned the horse
of the road, loose, and sent him
in gallop, hoping never to see him
ain. But before sundown Big Boy
s bk, had somehow got past the
nt e, and was in Flora's garden.
reat nervously, Matt shoed him
ek to the lot and shut the latch.

HE horse heard the first burst from
the hounds; the night was little more
an hway done and a rising moon
new adow dapples on the sandy lot,
d no rmal insects whirled in the red
k. F had just come from the trough,
d v wallowing with gargantuan
unts and noises when the first note
the him. He rolled over and sat up,
at, listening. Far away, the lead
und lear bugling became more posi-
e, the rest of the pack joined in.
he se rose, front end first, and
otted long strides to the fence, and
ighe

Gradually the faint baying of the
ounds grew. Head and ears up,
he ot trotted back and forth at the
uth of the lot fence.

Now the chorus of hound voices
ellect the fox had reached the branch
vampad was coming around the bot-
m. he baying rolled and echoed
om the swamp. The big horse stood
otions, his nostrils high as if there
was sc to go with the sound. Down in
the cherry tree, the chickens awoke
d closed uneasily.

Suddenly a small, fleet, gray thing
ipped cross the moonlit field by the
t fence. Down in the branchhead, there
as a tmentary break in the unanim-
y of the hound voices, quickly fol-
owed by a hot outpouring that grew
a volume as the hounds came uphill
d tough the farmyard, white-
arked wraiths. The horse trembled.
he p streamed by. As they passed,
he ot broke into an abrupt gallop,
ollowing them inside the five-foot bar-
er. At the end of the lot he effortlessly
uarded the fence.

The hounds, fired by the hot fox smell
a their nostrils, paid no attention to the
uge but that now thundered behind
hem. the far end of the field was an
ld spl rail fence, and beyond it a wide
itch tough which their quarry had
um hide his scent. The hounds
prang, er and splashed through. The
horse reached the rails, then fluidly took
off and cleared fence and ditch. There
was a click, and while the hounds milled
around ying to straighten out the scent,
the ot ate at the green leaves of a

willow. The hounds cast about anx-
iously, with tentative yelps and whim-
pers, sometimes running between his
legs.

A fresh cry broke, and the other
hounds took it up and sped away. The
horse threw his head and whirled in pur-
suit. They cut across the swamp, mak-
ing it a bedlam of bays and echoes. Here
he bogged to his hocks, and plunged in
sudden fright. Once free, he stopped
and listened, blowing; they had crossed
the swamp and were going into the next
field. The horse snorted, jumped the
creek, and took after them, smashing
heedlessly at the thicket. Bleeding, he
got through and leveled off in a dead run
across the field.

There was a fire on the top of the rise,
and men silhouetted, shouting:

"Look yonder, Bob! There's a bull or
something chasing your dogs!"

The gray fox ran in a wide circle,
coursing the edges of the fields when
it could, turning into the swamp when
the hounds got too close. Once the
hounds trailed swiftly through a pine
woods; and behind them the horse came
with hoofs muffled in the deep wire-
grass, swerving between the trees. He
stepped in a hidden hole, left by the rot-
ting away of a stump and fell in a great
heap. But quickly he was up, listening
momentarily, and then galloping off
again.

For an hour the fox ran, always cir-
cling. Finally he tired of the game and
treed. The hounds swept down the cot-
tonfield with their cries high in excite-
ment upon the hot fox smell. They
threaded through the top of a fallen tree
that the fox had used, and emerged be-
yond.

The horse reached the fallen pine and,
not bothering to swerve, soared over the
brush of it like a flying thing. The cry
was tumultuous. Down the flat field the
horse raced. Ahead, several hounds
yipped in astonished pain, having run
into a wire fence, invisible in the night.
The horse saw it too late; as he rose to
jump, his forefoot struck the top barbed-
wire strand, and hung, and he was
thrown. He fell with his broken neck
twisted under him, his great hindquar-
ters thrashing in the dry leaves.

"THE thing about Ireland," John
Healy said, "is the sunlessness of it,
but also the unending greenness. There
I rode with the Ward's Union Stag-
hounds, upon a time, and broke two
hats that wild day, flying like a mad-
man across the banks and drains of that
green place. One of the times I landed
at the bottom of the drain, and the horse
in his struggling came close to kicking
me into another world, a world, I under-
stand, which is also sunless but very
green and lovely and no doubt accepta-
ble hunting country."

"Was that Khamsin?" asked the doc-
tor.

"He was a good horse," Healy said,
"but he was not Khamsin."

"I'd like to see that one."

"But Ireland is where I found him,
where the fox kennels 'on a shelf of
grass in a thick of gorse, that would
bleed a hound and blind a horse.' He was
a colt then, and gentle as your mother,
and we rode in Ireland and then in
Maryland and Virginia, for fifteen years.
Still quite a man he is, and so am I; but
when I listen to the voices that talk to
me I know that there is more hunting
country that we shall ride together."

"Where would that be?"

"Country that neither you nor I have
seen."

"What other things are said by the
voices that talk to you?" asked the doc-
tor interestedly.

"Secret things," Healy said. He closed
his eyes, and presently he slept, breath-
ing deeply and peacefully.

THE END



Why the Neighbors Love Mr. Tabors

The odd Mr. Tabors is actually glad there aren't enough Schick Injector Razors to supply the demand this year. He's been lonesome for three decades. Now half the men on the block drop in every day—to use his Schick Injector Razor.

There's really nothing we can promise Mr. Tabors' neighbors. While there will *not* be a shortage of Schick Blades, war metal limitations now permit us to make only enough Schick Injector Razors for military demands. Our only suggestion is that those who haven't been able to get a Schick Injector Razor remain as contented as possible until the war is won.

If you *have* a Schick Injector Razor consider yourself a lucky man. *Take good care of it.* You've got the "comfort shave" razor. The only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 40 years are contained in the Schick Injector Razor.

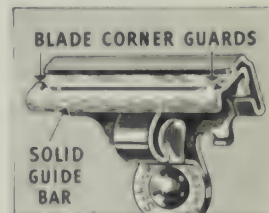
SHAVING IMPROVEMENTS EVERY MAN CAN HAVE AFTER THE WAR IS WON



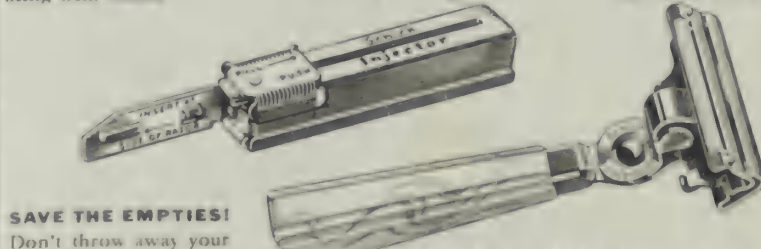
Automatic blade change shoots out the old blade like a machine gun and slides in a new one instantly! Just a pull and push does it! No take-apart or fumbling with blades.



The double-thick Schick Blades measure twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than paper-thin ones. Plenty of backbone for steady vibration-free shaving.



The solid guide bar stretches and flattens skin ahead of blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shaves. Blade corner guards prevent skin nicks and scratches.



SAVE THE EMPTIES!
Don't throw away your empty Schick Injector Blade Cartridges. Give them to the Boy Scouts who are collecting them.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 25

mistaking the Roman numerals of the Army Corps. Is it all clear now? If so (or if not) let's pass along to Utah.



FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. Eighteen-year-old Werner George Goering, former errand boy at a local radio station, hopes to drop an egg on his Nazi relative's fat neck. Werner is a nephew or a cousin—he isn't sure which—of Barrelhouse Hermann, Germany's air chief; and, as a prospective cadet, prays that his future relationship with Hermann will be closer than in the past. Just once.

FORT DOUGLAS RECEPTION CENTER. "Since the Constitution guarantees every citizen the right of trial by a jury of his equals, how come in an Army court-martial the jury is composed of superior officers of the man on trial?" That's one of the lules Col. H. P. Kayser, Reception Center C. O., pops at draftees to acquaint them with the Articles of War. He has discovered most new soldiers lack a proper conception of military rules and justice, basic tenet of which is "to obey strictly and to execute promptly the lawful orders of their superiors." He has found, too, that if newcomers get off on the wrong foot in their first encounter with military discipline they may become habitual recalcitrants.

Col. Kayser likes to compare situations in civil and military life, pointing out that all military rules are designed to protect the efficiency of the Army. Answering that first question he explains that the Constitution also says that the Congress shall have power "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

Other civil life-military life comparisons: Quitting your job is your affair; in the Army it's AWOL if you're temporarily absent, and desertion if you scam for good. It's a civilian's own tough luck if he rips his suit; a soldier who wrecks his uniform needlessly is destroying Uncle Sam's property. In civil life a guy can get pie-eyed and at worst land in the clink; in the Army he must avoid "all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the military service." In civil life the boss can call an employee anything he wants and the employee can't reply in kind and keep his job; in the Army "no person shall use reproachful or provoking speeches or gestures toward another." A private may prefer charges against a colonel. If a corporal sees a captain in "conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman" he can have him put in the pokey, but the corporal better be sure of his ground first. A soldier can't shoot off his mouth and use insulting and contemptuous language about superiors, city, state or national officials. The broad 96th Article covers "all disorders and neglects to prejudice of good order and military discipline."

Orders are orders in the Army. Special efforts are made here to have Army vehicles driven in a manner that commands respect. The speed limit is 30 m.p.h. regardless of the civil limit. For doing something that in traffic court would have drawn a small fine, a corporal was busted, grounded, fined and punished.

Most draftees wind up impressed that a man's rights are more zealously guarded in the Army than in civil life. There are some fine points, as for instance: a soldier can't thumb a ride, but he can accept one. This, incidentally, leads to the new situation in the hitchhiking industry. Used to be that cars



"Dammit, man—next time don't wait until the last second!"

PVT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

whizzed by the tired soldier hoofing along the macadam, trying to get home, or back to camp. Now, between the Salt Lake Air Base and Salt Lake City, careless motorists wearily waggle their thumbs at rolling Army trucks.

NEW YORK. First issue (200,000 copies) of Yank, the Army newspaper published exclusively for men overseas, was bundled off to unrevealed outposts last Saturday to be dispensed at a nickel a throw. In the ad-less, 24-page tabloid are pictures (50% of the contents), cartoons and departments covering everything from poker to poetry.

Yank is an enlisted man's paper, with no emphasis on brass hat management. Four officers (three more to come) roam the great open spaces of the New York offices but 35 enlisted men are grinding out the stuff. Among them are Cartoonist-Pvt. Douglas Borgstedt (see top of page) and Pvt. Lloyd Shearer, former Our Fighting Men correspondent at Fort Bragg. Plan now is to keep the reportorial staff on a revolving basis; men will work in the office for a while, then go out in the field, making way for new men. Couple of weeks ago, when the first issue was under construction, the Yank offices were a mess, but now that the weekly paper is under way, the place is probably a shambles. Newspaper offices are no fun to work in otherwise.



SCOTT FIELD, Ill. Alaska and Iceland, which have long winter evenings, have furnished some of the best and fastest-learning students of the Air Forces Institute, the correspondence school housed at this post. Enrollment passed the 25,000 mark last month, and up to 1,000 letters and pamphlets move in each direction every day. A civilian staff gives the mail-order instructions. There have been more than 5,500 graduates. Enrollment is voluntary, and not all who sign up finish the difficult technical courses. One soldier in Honolulu, deciding to drop his lessons, wrote the Institute to never mind sending him any more stuff. Before his letter arrived he

sent a telegram which is now on the wall by Maj. Robert H. Orr's desk. It reads: "Disregard cancellation order." It's dated Dec. 8, 1941.

The Institute's correspondence lessons, by the way, still bear the name Air Corps Institute, but the new Army Air Forces designation will go on all future papers. Idea of the general change was that "Forces" is a bigger name than "Corps," which has rather a limited and local sound. The Signal Corps hasn't yet but it may soon make the change, too.

ALASKAN DEFENSE COMMAND.

Best gag so far reported from the Arctic country is credited to Pvt. Andrew Kemak, who, digging into mother earth with a group of other pickers and shovelers, came up with three, shiny gold nuggets. "Looke, Looke," cried Kemak. "Gold! Gold!" The word spread with the rapidity of a rumor and the boys stopped working and went to work. After all, gold is where you find it. Trouble here was that nobody could find any more.

Hours later an ordinary buck private wised up. Seems Pvt. Kemak in civilian life had worked as a gold miner for the U. S. Smelting Co., and the nuggets were souvenirs he had palmed when he went out with the pick-and-shovel detail. His buddies didn't get any appreciable number of laughs out of the stunt, but they hope you will.

GENERAL

THE Army has a sweet tooth. Daily consumption of jams, jellies and marmalades is 20 carloads, or about a third of the output of the nation's professional preservers. The stuff costs the Army \$80,000 a day and puts an average of 7½ pounds on a soldier.

SOME of the boys have a heck of a time getting into the fight.

Exhibit A. "If you contemplate having a contest for the Army's unluckiest soldier," writes Pvt. John C. Holland, Sheppard Field, Texas, "I present Pvt. David A. Miller, of the 401st Tech.

School Squadron. Miller fought two years in Spain with the famous ham Lincoln Brigade of the government army, rose to the infantry captain, fought in most of the major battles, and was twice wounded. After Pearl Harbor he enlisted and asked for immediate action. They sent him here but a clerk sent him to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., also another man named Miller. He went without pay for four months. His record finally turned up at a Field, Wash., whence it was retyped. He received three months' pay then it was discovered his service record would have to return the money, to have previous endorsements erased and initialed. Since Sheppard Field is a replacement post, he isn't permanently attached to the ratings, so Miller is still a buck. He still instructs recruits in close drill and privately wonders what hell it's all about. On his own initiative he started to give instruction in principles, taking cover from an advancing under fire, identifying aircraft by sound and silhouette. Time was had by all until headquarters stopped it on the ground that drill periods should be devoted to the soldier and close order drill. He gets attached to a permanent unit. Miller can't even get corporal's rank. Only silver lining is that even so he doesn't mind taking orders and driving from him."

EXHIBIT B. "Although I have been flying for a year," writes Robert Felle from the Naval Air Base at Norfolk, Va., "I couldn't get into the Navy Air Forces for the lack of educational requirements, so I gave up and went to Canada to enlist in the R.C.A.F. Turned down because of physical defect, I came home, enlisted in the Army and got as far as Fort N. J., where a medico said I was unfit. Next I went to the local draft board and got classified as 4-F; then I wrote a letter to President Roosevelt. He replied I was sympathetic, but the government couldn't help me out. Well, I finally stopped in at my local Navy recruiting station in New Brunswick, N. J., and was sent to New York and an specialist. Yes, you've guessed it, I'm in the Navy—have been for nine months—and I like it."

EXHIBIT C. Corp. Chas. R. Brummett, of an Infantry Company in Texas City, was "a graduate engineer" and was placed in the infantry when drafted (probably the only Army engineer that has no use for engineering training). Shortly after, I was accepted for training as an engineer in the Army Flying Cadets," his letter continued "and while I was waiting for direct commissions to metallurgical engineers. I immediately wrote the chief of the Air Forces in Washington requesting release from my cadetment. This release arrived within days, so I submitted the Naval application. Recently, I checked at headquarters and found a call to duty with the flying cadets, an indication of the Naval commission a day, then, I was an infantry flying cadet, and an ensign in the Reserve; and at the time I was posted as an active private of the 1st Infantry Division. Laugh that off."

YOU can't laugh off a one-man Army and Navy and Air Force.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

weights of around 27,000 pounds. The mission of the medium bomber is to carry a heavy bomb load for a long distance (compared with the four-engine fighters), hit hard and get away. Both ships are very speedy and maneuverable.

The fact became public that Doolittle had led the Army airmen on the Tokyo air raid. His friends passed the word of his greatest confidence. Universal said that's Doolittle for you. Not a word. It was typically Doolittle. As it was typically Doolittle, he took leave from the Army and went to America fifteen years ago to make an American single-engine fighter.

Before the formal demonstration to the government of Chile, he was on a Santiago balcony and ankles. But he wouldn't let the announced demonstration. He jumped into the cockpit, ankles in, and took off.

German acrobatic expert, with a man after which he also was trying to show a golden opportunity to show the American plane and pilot. So he went after Doolittle. Jim's was no difference in his precision with or without broken ankles, he drove the German out of the sky. The German landed he had a gash in his wing, made, he said, by Jim's knife. He dived on him and pulled him down. "That man is crazy," he exclaimed.

"Nonsense," said Jim, when told of the charge. "I didn't come within six inches of him."

IN THE old, old days of flying, the master airmen had one procedure for landing their flimsy crates which distinguished them from amateurs: They would always come in with a dead engine. No matter from what altitude they were going to start a glide for landing, they'd cut the switch. They knew they were burning their last bridge behind them and that they had nothing in reserve to help them over the edge of the field if they undershot, and no power to draw upon if they overshot.

This little bit of lore is dug up because, in connection with a new program for training glider pilots, the Army is going to indulge in that same landing procedure of 30 years ago. The idea is to start them out in light planes and teach them to land with power completely cut off. Then they can step into gliders or sailplanes where they don't have a handy engine to help out when they guess wrong.

The course is for men from 18 to 35 who have had training as civilian pilots but who are ineligible for aviation-cadet training in the Army and Navy. These pilots, with training emphasized on dead-stick landings, will develop superior ability as forced-landing experts. With their glider and soaring training superimposed on that background, our strictly power-plant pilots can expect stiff competition in the civilian field at a happier and later date.

F. R. N.



"It's really about the only time I have to myself"

JOHN GORDON

"We're saving her looks as well as her tires!"



"Lizzie must last," said the Little Woman grimly and handed me a pint of Johnson's Carnu. That was a cue to drop my putter. True, I know the facts of car life—road scum, squashed bugs and dirt destroy the finest automobile enamel—but it looked like work. I started cleaning.

Clean as a whistle—bright as a dime—describes how our bus looked after that first Carnu shampoo! And so easy—you could have knocked me over with a birdie. Carnu cleans and polishes in one application and in half the time. All I did was rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen the dirt—let it dry—wipe clean. Brother, it sparkled!



Life with Mother is easier now—and I've learned to hold off car enamel deterioration! Johnson's Carnu removes the damaging dirt—yes, and an occasional coat of Johnson's Auto Wax will make your Carnu polish last longer... save car washings. Auto supply stores, service stations and regular wax dealers have Johnson's Carnu and Auto Wax. If you can't get Johnson's Auto Wax, regular Johnson's Wax will do a good job. All Johnson's Wax Polishes provide positive protection.

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly
—Tuesday nights—NBC

Your car looks like new —when you use CARNU!

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

The Defense of Frederick

Continued from page 18

To Be Opened Only in Case of Frederick Smeeren's Assassination. (Also Natural Causes.)

WHILE Smeeren wept about his own death there were other, grimmer men working very hard to hasten the same event.

Notably there was a certain Mr. Tanisawa whose preparations were all but completed, for his deadline was that same night. He took his orders from Tokyo and it had been made clear to him that he must not fail, for his task related to the great end of the whole war—the capture of Java, richest island in the world.

Only fourteen miles of gentle sea separate Bali from the eastern tip of Java; a weak, almost undefendable island, it has the bad luck to flank Java. Also it has the even worse luck to possess an emergency landing field less than a hundred air-line miles from the key Dutch naval base at Surabaya.

And this airfield lies in Smeeren's bailiwick.

So, for weeks Tanisawa had been busy watching both the airfield of Den Pasaar and the defender of the field. He knew what time Smeeren rose in the morning and what time the great man lay down to sleep. He had a plan of the chief's little cottage on the outskirts of Den Pasaar and a carefully annotated treatise on how he could most easily be liquidated without muss or fuss.

Tanisawa's base was a jungle camp on Bali's great uninhabited plateau which the natives refuse to visit, calling it simply "the place where tigers hide." There Tanisawa had been landed by parachute weeks before Pearl Harbor and from there, thanks to the island's efficiently interlocking dirt roads, he could reconnoiter all Bali. In the space of a single night his collapsible bicycle could take him all the way to Bulelang—where the garrison was. From there he could ride to Den Pasaar, at least four hours from Bulelang and aid, where there was nothing but Smeeren.

THE day he got orders to arm the natives, Frederick went about the business of obeying. In the cool of the late afternoon he marched his sixteen barefooted Balinese policemen to the edge of the dusty landing field and presented each with an American Springfield rifle of 1917 vintage. But he was careful to issue no ammunition.

"Port—ARMS! Simulate—LOAD! Ready—aim—FIRE!"—followed by the dry clicks of firing pins in empty chambers.

Although they flinched noticeably at each bellow, the natives were so delighted to have white man's weapons in their hands that they grinned and laughed almost continually. Every time they pulled the triggers, Likas, Smeeren's number one deputy, happily shouted "BOOM!" and the whole group screamed and giggled childishly.

Likas, a handsome white-toothed Romeo in his early twenties, was one of the most annoying thorns in Smeeren's official toe. For instance, less than an hour of "BOOM!" was enough for him. He calmly broke ranks and sauntered over to Smeeren. "Tabay, Tuan!" he said cheerily. "Ready for bullets now." Smeeren gulped and glared. "You'll get bullets when I'm good and ready," he growled.

Likas' response was a faintly pitying smile which convinced Smeeren that the natives knew just why he was withholding their ammunition. As he went back to his place in line, Likas said some-

thing to his comrades in Balinese—a language which Smeeren had always refused to learn.

What the boy said in that verbless tongue was, "Maybe Jap men be good and ready before Tuan Smeeren."

A FLASH of gray as a night-camouflaged parachute descended—and Tanisawa was welcoming his superior officer. A man named Marule, he brought with him, in addition to a war kit identical with Tanisawa's, some complicated orders, two twenty-five-caliber automatic rifles with hundred-shot magazines, and a quantity of explosives.

Tanisawa wrapped the dynamite in a tarpaulin, handed over his sketches of strategic spots, and studied the orders for the night.

Marule let him finish reading. "According to your sketches," he said ques-

tle bikes and attached wicker baskets to the handle bars. Into the baskets went dynamite; over that, a layer of wild hibiscus flowers. To the rear of the saddles they tied their automatic rifles concealed in the cores of Balinese wedding drums.

Nearing Den Pasaar they paid Smeeren the compliment of by-passing the town and going instead to the sea and along the smooth white beach of Koeta. Down that they pedaled, sudsy breakers on the right and a wall of jungle on the left; past deserted establishments that had once been hotels for European and American tourists; past the house Tanisawa—an "art collector" then—had inhabited for almost a year. Finally, they were at the Temple of the Sea.

Near that, they dismounted and carried their bikes into the deep under-

ground, they could create an effective road block.

When the time came, Tanisawa would hide where he could see to set the mine just as the maximum number of enemies were on top of it. By the expedient the first parachute would be sure of the few seconds necessary to consolidate hasty position. The murder of Smeeren was intended to be the same thing, and there supposed to be no troops in the district—nevertheless Jap policy was to take nothing to chance. The four would take troops to arrive from the long—assuming dive-bombing planes full of heavily armed troops who could make the field impenetrable.

"Perfect!" said Marule, and Tanisawa scuffed his feet like an embarrassed schoolboy.

Mr. T. was just about to crawl into the culvert when there was a shout from the airfield. "Matay!" he called. In Malayan this means, literally, "dead" and is the East Indian version of "Who goes there?"

Messrs. T. and M. hit the ground promptly and drew their weapons. Silhouetted in the moonlight were the uniformed figures of Likas and Jongal, brandishing rifles fiercely in all directions. Finally they relaxed and Likas laughed. "Wild pigs," he said distinctly and the two of them disappeared back into the fringe of the jungle.

THERE, snoozing contentedly in the laps of big vines, was the whole group that had come to keep them company. Likas prepared to go back to sleep himself. However, Jongal tapped his shoulder and nodded toward a camp a few yards away. "Jongal no sleep," he whispered when they got there. "Jongal worry."

Likas squatted on his heels, placed his rifle between his knees, and pursed his lips thoughtfully.

On the Japanese front there was also a great deal of worry. Not until Tanisawa's wrist watch had ticked off precisely sixty-one minutes did they permit themselves to move again. Then, cautiously, Tanisawa wriggled in the culvert. He arranged the explosion in a neat package in the center, and the detonating wires out to his fingers. Backing out, he made quite a race of it, neither of them heard Likas and approaching.

Leaping forward, Likas stuffed the muzzle of his rifle into Tanisawa's back while Jongal performed the same service for Marule. Four Jap hands went slowly, tentatively, into the air. Likas told them in Malayan to start walking "toward Den Pasaar."

Grudgingly they obeyed, but Tanisawa managed to lag behind a little in so doing, came almost abreast of Jongal. Looking out of the corner of his eye, he saw the muzzle of the field pointed at his superior's spine. His eye followed the barrel over his shoulder, past the sight leaf, and then—he almost gave himself away by falling dead in his tracks—he saw the bolt of Jongal's rifle was wide open, revealing an obviously bulletless chamber.

There was a long open stretch of road, and then they moved into the shadows of some tall trees. Tanisawa grabbed at Jongal's gun, and, as so, Likas hit him a glancing blow back of the head.

The two Balinese began to scale the tops of their lungs and were going back toward the jungle. By the time the Japs got hold of their au-



tioningly, "there is no guard at the airfield?"

Tanisawa grinned slyly. "They have not bothered," he said.

He was wrong. At the end of rifle practice that afternoon, a sweaty Smeeren had called Likas to him. "Pick out one man," he said, "to join you in special duty."

Likas—as Smeeren knew he would—asked for his side-kick, a high-caste lad named Jongal. "Both of you spend the night here," Smeeren told them. "Only one of you sleeps at a time. If possible, neither. Should something happen, come and tell me."

He called the rest of the detail to attention and marched them off down the road leaving Likas and Jongal, surprised and lonely, leaning on their unloaded rifles.

They were alone only a short while. Their compatriots passed the word along and within an hour Likas and Jongal were being royally entertained by a delegation from the nearest compound. The delegates brought straw to sleep on, some rice patties served on cool, green leaves, and enough Chinese-made cigarettes to last the night.

It was all very, very peaceful.

Just after midnight Tanisawa and Marule, Inc., hauled out their dandy lit-

brush. It was dark under the palm crowns and they had to use flashlights while they detached the baskets and guns. Holding these burdens on their backs with their right hands, they crawled along on their knees and left hands.

After a few hundred yards Tanisawa pulled aside a screen of brambles, and the airfield stretched out before them. In the light of the moon it looked as white as a fall of new snow, and had about it the same kind of hushed noiselessness.

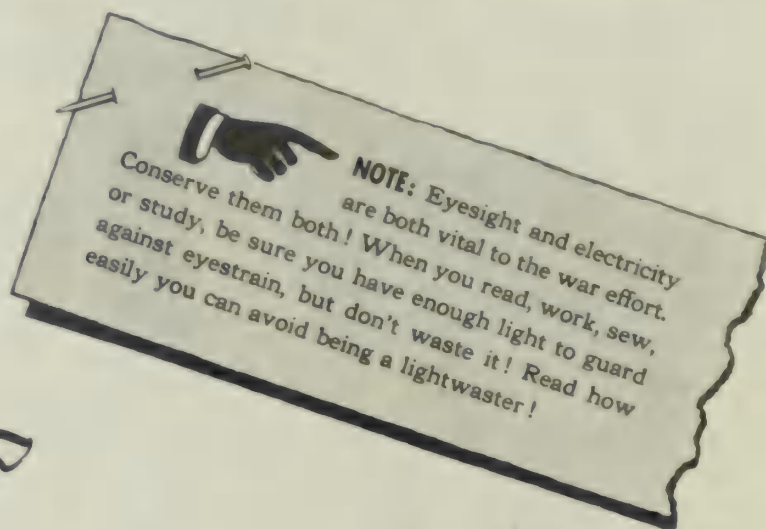
THEY slithered out onto the cruel stubble of the field and listened carefully for a full minute.

"Deserted," said Mr. Tanisawa, getting up. Suddenly Marule gave a warning hiss and Tanisawa quickly fell to the ground again.

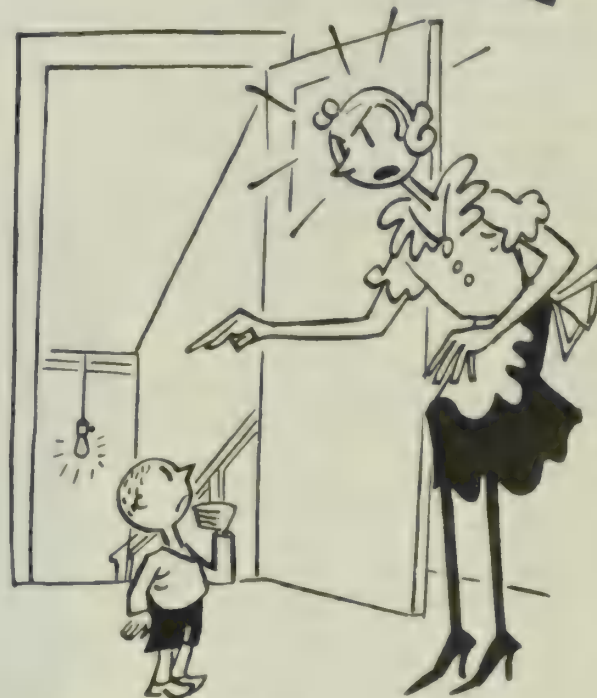
Silence.

The noise—Marule wasn't sure he hadn't imagined it—was not repeated. They got to their feet and walked confidently toward the corner of the field where the road emptied into it. A hundred yards down the road, which was raised a good three feet above the level of the soggy soil, was a culvert. Here they stopped and Mr. Tanisawa explained how, by putting dynamite both in the culvert and twenty feet farther

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G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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rifles, the countryside was alive with running, screaming natives, who seemed to appear from nowhere. Young girls, old women, middle-aged men, a few children—all went sizzling off in different directions.

When the two invaders finally decided at which target to aim, there was not a living soul in sight.

WRAPPED in the folds of a cotton nightgown, Smeeren slept in a great double bed shrouded in mosquito netting that hung from above like the canopy of a royal couch. His sleep was deep that night and he didn't awaken for several seconds after the lights were suddenly switched on.

Blurring through the fine mesh of the mosquito netting, everything in the room seemed to him misty and unreal. It was like a scene from his most haunting nightmare and for a while he didn't realize it wasn't.

There were Likas and Jongal in badly dirtied uniforms; almost a dozen of the other deputies. All stared at him with silent malevolence and all brandished creeses—long, serpentine knives with swordlike handles.

The hot rush of his pulse made Frederick giddy for a second, but he forced himself to slide his hand stealthily under the pillow for his automatic. With that encouraging instrument in his grasp, he jumped out of bed and crashed through the mosquito netting with such violence that the whole mess came tumbling down behind him.

The Balinese backed away, startled, and Smeeren took the moment's advantage. "Drop those knives!" he said in a quavering voice. He swept the gun impartially around at everyone as if it were a garden hose.

No one moved or spoke, and not a soul dropped his creese. Trembling a little, Smeeren extended his arm and aimed the gun directly at Likas' head. "When I count three, I will kill Likas," he said. "One—"

From the far side of the room there was a flash of steel and a flying knife knocked the gun out of Smeeren's hand. Within a second he was covered all over by nearly a ton of busy Balinese, and a linty gag was shoved into his mouth. He gurgled, gasped, kicked, but they managed to drag him to the big easy chair in the corner of the room and sit him in it.

Bound thoroughly with stout Sumatra hemp, he finally relaxed and fell to mumbling meaninglessly into the gag. Likas slipped a cold hand under Frederick's nightgown, grabbed the bunch of keys that hung around his neck, broke them off their string, and gave a shout of triumph. It was the signal for the whole group to high-tail out of there.

Alone and breathing hard, Smeeren had a moment of foolish exasperation that no one had remembered to close the screen door. Then he began to consider the situation. It seemed to him that it was his solemn duty to rouse the whites somehow before they were beyond all rousing, but he could think of no way.

He reflected hopefully that the key to the arsenal stuck a little, but then guessed they'd find out how to make it work. He sighed and wondered if they were leaving him for last or if they planned one great massacre of all the whites at once. That thought made him suddenly furious and he began to throw his two hundred and sixty pounds back and forth. On the sixth try he succeeded in toppling himself and the chair over, cracking his skull neatly against the hard floor.

There was no way for him to tell how long he'd been unconscious, but as soon as he came to he began to move painfully forward. By dint of arching his

neck and pushing with his toes, he was able to progress through the door and out to the road.

His head was both bowed and bloody, but he persisted, looking like some obese tortoise that had outgrown its shell. About twenty feet of this and he was at a tiny wooden bridge which was only a few feet above a shallow, rocky creek. There, straining every muscle, he got to an almost standing position and launched himself backward over the side of the bridge.

The chair cushioned the shock for him but broke up on the rocks as he had intended. Some more thrashing and swearing completed the job so that his burden was reduced to a pair of arms, an assortment of springs, wet upholstery and splintered wood. He could stand straight.

From there it was comparatively easy. Hopping along like a child on a pogo stick, he reached the chicken yard of the nearest compound. There, by scraping his bonds against the edge of an ax, he contrived to free his hands.

way of disposing of their quarry. Every time one of them stuck his head above the top of the wall there was a rain of automatic rifle fire. And if anyone ventured onto the beach he received the same treatment. It began to look as though the hunters had been thoroughly treed.

Squatting in the midst of his command, Likas thought and thought and finally brightened up. He rose happily to his feet and gave his orders in ringing tones. The entire group was to filter out by the jungle side of the temple and completely encircle the enemy. He realized that this meant his men might very well shoot one another, so, figuring that their aim would be bad anyway, he ordered them to fire into the air.

THEY scampered off into the underbrush with a great deal of boyish shouting. Then, as they separated one from the other, they became hunters and there was silence.

Just after sunup, there came a loud shout from the jungle. "Hooooaaa!" Tan-

"Who," Smeeren kept sayi
taught them to shoot so straig

Van Clercq wore nothing but shorts, having been roused from his bed and told that mutiny had broken out while Smeeren had on the same costume in which he'd made his escape. They felt silly, and both, despite the fear, found enough extra bluntness to bluish.

"The Dutch should make cars," Smeeren said suddenly.

Not daring to turn his head, Van Clercq stared through the bullet windshield and firmly resolved he would not, come what might, miss Smeeren's cue.

Finally Frederick went on. "The reason is," he said, "that automobiles would be solid. You just duck down and nothing would hurt us."

They were surprised by "Hullo!" from the jungle. Mistakenly, Tanisawa called, "Your position is worse than you realize. Underneath you is enough dynamite to destroy you. I can set it off if I want you to think about that."

Smeeren was more shocked than he had been by anything that night. "It's Japs!" he said softly. "What let them in?"

Van Clercq smiled an "I told you so" smile. "Where's your mutiny, Frederick?"

"Hah!" said Smeeren. "More creatures must have sold out to the enemy!"

"Now, Mr. Smeeren, listen carefully," came Tanisawa's voice. "You are surrounded. Granted. But you order your men to let us through to the beach and I have enough wire to still fire the charge from a long way off. Only if you let us escape will I be any deceit, and I blow you up."

Smeeren had never been a quick-witted man. "We have the situation rounded!" he said inanely. "What's the trick?"

"Give the orders!" Tanisawa bellowed. Smeeren answered in his drill-field bellow. "Blow us up!" said, "and you are still surrounded. Go on! Blow us up!"

Van Clercq turned gray. "Bravely aren't you?" he hissed.

There came a wild cry from the jungle and both white men recognized Likas' voice ordering a charge. The sound of a long burst of automatic fire, scattered rifle shots, that told of mortal agony, came again.

Two rifle shots, evenly spaced, still afraid to move, Smeeren and Van Clercq sat sweating with anxiety. Finally, from the woods, came the swarthy forms of Balinese. They were Likas, carrying Jongal.

He came to the side of the body held the body up to Smeeren. He said softly.

"Jap men?" Smeeren asked. "Also matay," Likas said. He aged a thin smile. "Two for one. We good and ready for bullets."

PRECISELY at the bong of morning Smeeren came into the porch sitters of the B. He rode his bicycle with assurance, chest out and knees both sides of him marched a little of honor—Likas and five fr shouldering rifles at the correct angle. Across their chests were cartridge belts, and these they badges of authority, thumb under them to show them off.

Mrs. Van Clercq gave a squint and dropped her gin sling. "My!" she said happily, "aren't the Japs going to be surprised!"

THE END



"So far I have buried five people"

PERRY BARLOW

As he ungagged himself, his relief was immense and he would have shouted for joy had he not heard, at that moment, the distant crackle of rifle fire.

THE Temple of the Sea was surrounded by a brick wall ten feet high. Behind this, Likas and his little troop had taken their stand, and, in the jungle in front of them were Tanisawa and Marule.

The Japs had run there to get their bicycles and been cut off by what they assumed to be a large and heavily armed force. Actually it had been only members of the sentry-warming delegation acting on Likas' instructions to follow the Japs wherever they went. Their stealthy creepings and whisperings had been construed as signs of a considerable foe—Tanisawa and Marule thought themselves surrounded. They could hardly have guessed that it was a detachment composed exclusively of young girls and old women, so they stayed put, on the classic military theory that the enemy would eventually reveal his weakness.

Thanks to this, Likas et al had had time to capture Smeeren, raid his arsenal, and return. Now all sixteen deputies held the fort. Strong on courage but weak on tactics, they could think of no

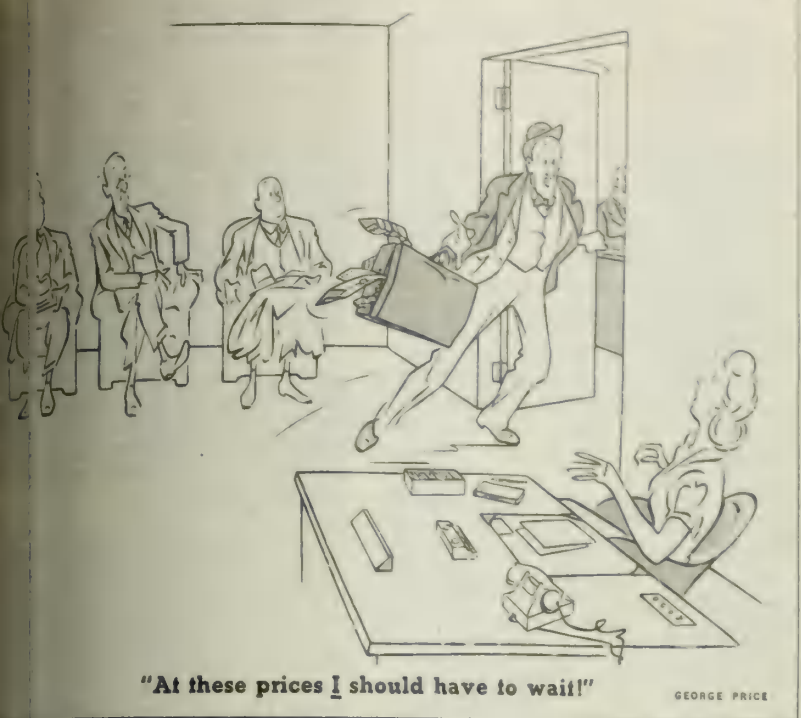
isawa called. The temptation to join in this attack on the common enemy—the silence—was almost irresistible and Likas was proud that his men knew enough not to answer. All was still once more.

Suddenly the Jap automatic rifles could be heard. They were firing in short bursts as though being carefully aimed.

They were. On the airfield side of Likas' little theater of operations, Frederick Smeeren and Mr. Van Clercq were in a most uncomfortable position. Bucketing down the road in Van Clercq's little English roadster, they had slowed as they approached the field. Their intention had been to be extremely cautious, but they overdid it.

So slowly had they been going when they were over the newly laid land mine, that the Japs had been able to halt them with two short bursts. The gas tank was punctured and two tires were flat. There they sat in that open car, being shot at by those who they still assumed were their erstwhile servitors, and with no place to go.

The automatic rifle fire made itself extremely clear. They were not to move. Every time either of them so much as raised his hand, there was another rain of bullets into the back of the seat.



Red Flag in Brooklyn

Continued from page 23

cost-knotting marker. But suddenly, explicitly, after getting two strikes over on Lopez, Casey added his smoldering wrath. Three times he hurled the ball high over the fence. Owen's upstretched arms couldn't have reached those heights with a stepladder.

The last two times, the Maje said nothing. But on the third ball he pulled off his mask and thundered out toward the mound, leaving a trail of dust behind him. Durocher bounced the ball dugout as if on a pogo stick. The crowd flickered and flared. The Maje's dumb went up and Durocher

at once. "Who could I do?" roars the Maje. "I couldn't let Casey get away with stuff like that. Nobody's going to make a mockery of a game I'm umpiring. It isn't my fault that Casey walked Lopez on the next pitch and that Alf Anderson tripped him home with the winning run. Sure, I know Brooklyn is a high place in a tough race and that the fans were all on edge. But you can't let any team make a travesty of a ball game."

Brooklyn fandom can never forgive Magerkurth for that. It might well have been the Bums the pennant they'd been waiting for 21 years. It didn't matter to them that Boston's Manny Salvo would lead the Cards with six hits that afternoon, enabling the Dodgers to remain the wafer-thin one-game edge.

But Maje had already been in hot water in Brooklyn because of a reversed decision that had killed the Dodgers' last hope of catching the Reds in 1940. He had equally have sidestepped that by saying his back had been turned. At last, footwork has never been one of the Maje's strong points.

The Dodgers were playing the Reds that day. The visiting Redlegs had men in first and second. The batter hit a double-play ball to Hudson at short. Hudson fielded it cleanly, flipped it to the Coscarart. Bill Stewart, the second baseman, wheeled with Coscarart to catch the play at first. He didn't see the ball and called Ival Goodman, the lead runner, out. Bill McKeech's plaintive screeching persuaded Stewart to ask Maje what had happened.

"Who could I say?" asks Maje with

his usual terrifying honesty. "Pete had dropped it. Goodman was definitely safe." The rallying Reds went on from there to win, 2-1, and that should have been that. But up in the stands, a Brooklyn fan brooded on the injustice of it all as only the Dodger breed can. That was the summer, you remember, when a man was shot and killed in a Brooklyn bar for slighting the hometown heroes.

This time, the fan in the stands, convinced that his Beloved Bums had been robbed, had murder in his heart but no gun. Descending on Magerkurth in full cry after the game, he steamed alongside of him screaming, "Burglar, robber, cheat!" Finally he could stand inactivity no longer. He tripped the Maje, wrestled him to the ground and started punching. It took two umpires and three cops to pry them apart. Later it was discovered he was out on parole. He had to go back to jail.

Downfall of the Giants

The summer before, Maje had been in on the downfall of the Giants. On July 15th the Terrymen were very much in the race—in second place only five and a half games back of Cincinnati. Going into the eighth inning against the same Reds, Harry Gumbert had them on the hip, 4-2. Then, with a man aboard, Harry Craft slammed a long one into the left field stands. To this day most of that afternoon's Polo Grounds inmates insist it was foul. But Ziggy Sears, the plate umpire, said no. So did Lee Ballanfant, umpiring at third.

The Giants, headed by Harry Danning and Bill Jurgens, blew a mental gasket. "Everybody," claims the Maje, blithely ignoring the fact that things had just about quieted down when he stuck his lobster-tinted neck out, "blames me. But actually I had nothing to do with the decision. As for what happened afterward when Jurgens and I mixed it up, well . . . that was as much my fault as his. I said so in my report to the National League office."

Both Jurgens and Magerkurth were fined and suspended for ten days. This didn't hurt the Maje except for his pride. But it just about killed the Giants. Lou Chiozza, Jurgens' sub, broke his leg in two places the next day in a



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FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

collision with Joe Moore, and the Giants
started a mad descent toward the loop's
lower levels.

Shake these three colorful episodes
together and you have the Maje im-
mersed to his eyebrows in misery. It
was even hinted last winter that he was
on his way out. But his record over the
years was too good. And, according to
at least three big-league managers, he
also happens to be the best man in the
business on balls and strikes.

"Tough," says Eddie Brannick, genial
secretary of the Giants, who has seen
them all come and go since the turn of
the century, "sure, he's tough. But he's
a fine umpire, too. He's square—shows
no favors—and he's smart, too."

That sounds strange, coming from
Brannick. For Eddie not only grieved
long and loudly over the exile of Jorges,
but he was in the stands the day that
Maje broke into the big time in typical
Magerkurth manner. That was the
April afternoon in 1929 when he tossed
John McGraw right out of his own Polo
Grounds.

The day before, at Boston, McGraw
had been giving the Maje one of his bet-
ter verbal roastings. McGraw always
could ride 'em. His words had a sting
that would have made even Caspar
Milquetoast come up swinging. The
Maje, as we know, is no Milquetoast. A
mere two innings had gone by before he
stormed toward the Giant bench.

"One more crack out of you," he
barked, "and you're through for the
day."

"You can't beat up everybody in this
league," taunted the veteran pilot. "You
may toss me out of here but wait until
I get you in the Polo Grounds."

"I'll be down tomorrow afternoon,"
snapped the beleaguered law.

They kept the date. McGraw proved
to be in great voice. This time, the
rookie umpire didn't wait two innings.

"Out you go," he boomed.

"You don't dare," retorted McGraw.
"I'll have your job by June."

Two minutes later, John McGraw was
on his way to the dressing room and
Magerkurth's tempestuous career was
in full tide. Thirteen years later, he is
still very much on the job.

"You bet he is," Brannick agreed,
"and the funny part of it is Mr. McGraw
was one of the first to go to bat for him.
Just a few days before he retired we
were having a sandwich under the
stands when Maje came by. 'There goes
one of the best umpires I ever looked
at,' he said. 'He's the absolute boss out
there. Nothing halfway about him. He
has good judgment, and he's so honest
it scares you.'"

Baseball Always His First Love

All in all, Maje has no cause for re-
grets, either. He's come a long way and
he's had a grand time doing it. Base-
ball was always his first love, though
he was a better football player. He was
a crack guard on the Moline Indians
who won the Illinois state champion-
ship of 1916. Among the fellows he
mussed up along the way was George
Halas, whose Staley Starchworks team
was the forerunner of the mighty Chi-
cago Bears. But he was in his own
words "never any better than a Class D
catcher" in baseball.

As a matter of fact, he had quit the
game forever, long before he ever
thought of umpiring. "I had given up
the game and taken a good job in a Mo-
line plant when the postwar depression
of 1922 threw me right back into it. After
I'd lost my job, Mike Sexton, president
of the Mississippi Valley League, called
me up and asked me how I'd like to um-
pire. 'No,' I told him. 'I'm not cut out
for that.' But the money finally broke
him down. 'You can't feed five kids on
air,' he added.

He had a few tiffs that first summer,
including a locker-room argument with
Iron Man Joe McGinnity, who was man-
aging Dubuque at the time. "I told him
he was too old to fight and took on his
first baseman in his place," Maje
chuckles. "Afterward, Joe and I became
close friends. He was the first guy to
predict that I'd hit the big time. 'You're
a big-league ump, Maje,' he used to say.
And later when I did get up there, he
used to come around to the Polo
Grounds and say I told you so."

That fall, Maje was sold to the Inter-
national League for \$500—from Class
D to Double A in one year. He had his
high spots there, including four riots in
four days at Newark, "when Fred
Brainerd kept telling me how to run a
ball game."

"The toughest afternoon I ever had,
though," he insists, "was at Baltimore
in 1923. The Orioles had Lefty Grove,
George Earnshaw, Max Bishop and Joe
Boley and a lot of other fellows who
were going to make history for Connie
Mack in Philadelphia. They were the
Yankees of that loop, the best minor-
league team of all time."

"One day they were playing Buffalo
and beating them as usual. The Bisons
didn't like one of my decisions. After
the game Jimmy Webb, Bill Kelly and
a few others were waiting for me under
the stands. One of them hit me in the
puss with a bag of balls. Another
jumped me from the rear; and a third
around the knees. There were about
six of 'em altogether and it was a whale
of a scrap. I gave 'em as good as I got,
too. I threw one of them clear through
the clubhouse door."

The next stop was the American As-
sociation, and from there he would
probably have gone to the American
League but for the fact that Ban John-
son and Thomas J. Hickey, president of
the A.A. weren't speaking, and Hickey
wouldn't let him take Johnson's offer.
That really burned him.

"I was spoiling for a fight when the
'27 season opened," he admits, "and I
got it—with Ivy Griffin of Milwaukee.
Hickey fired me and fined me every
cent of my salary. I went to Judge
Landis and he fixed things up so that I
could accept Harry Williams' bid of a

job in the Coast League. I'll
be grateful to the Judge for
that." Baseball was pretty rou-
tine in the late twen-
ties. But it didn't take Maje long to
fire out. After he had thr-
Vitt, then Hollywood manag-
both games of a double-hea-
the largest crowd in Coast
29,000—and had been backed
league heads for doing it, it w-
that the umpire was back to s-
didn't have any trouble after
added.

Two years later, he was ca-
majors, threw McGraw out
turbulence, now in its 21st sea-
rolled into high gear. For al-
cosity, the moment he recalls
pleasant one. Strangely enou-
that few recall.

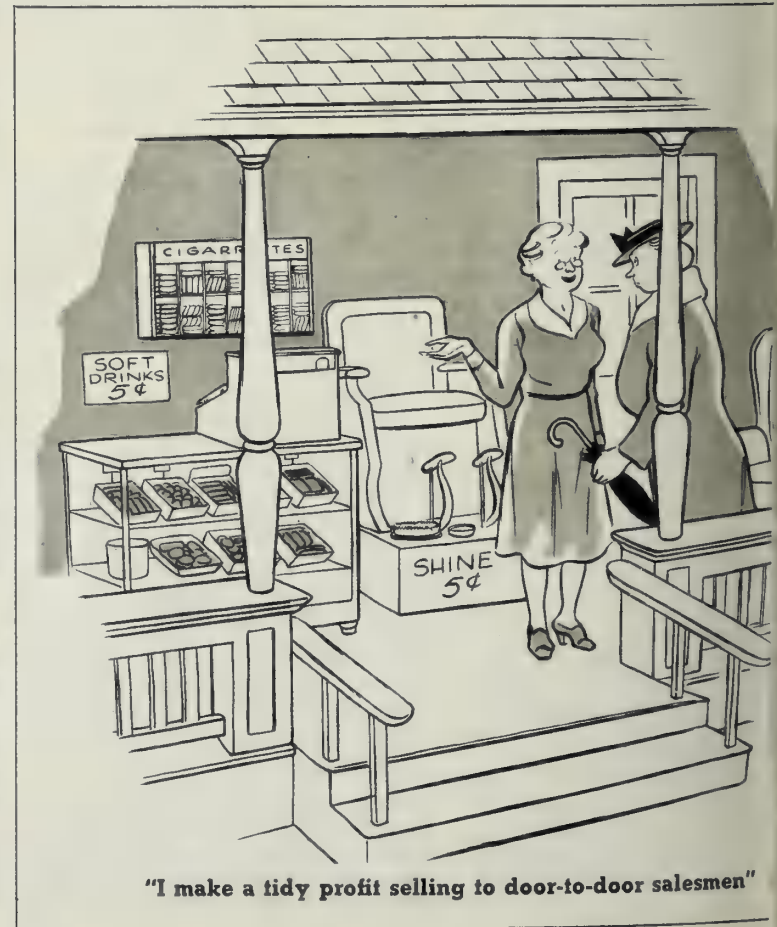
The Babe Strikes O

"The time at bat," he recal-
Babe Ruth hit the most fan-
run of his career—the one c-
Root of the Cubs in the 19-
Series at Wrigley Field on
called the turn—he struck ou-
the third one on him. The Bat-
as if to protest. 'Right down
Babe,' I snapped before he c-
ed. He looked at me, chu-
started toward the dugout. 'I-
truth,' he grinned as he thre-
away."

The Maje paused, his ey-
ing.

"Yes, it's been a great life-
on. 'I wouldn't change it if I c-
we make mistakes every now
—especially when we're ba-
plate. The average ball gan-
pitches, and there isn't a gu-
dead who can call every one
Maybe, I've gotten a little
times, too. But it wouldn't i-
I didn't."

No, it wouldn't. And base-
be the loser, too. He may no-
fectionist like Dolly Stark or
but he's the Maje—fifty-th-
young; the Maje with a chi-
shoulder and a heart as big as
THE END



"I make a tidy profit selling to door-to-door salesmen"

Hurry-Up Joe

Continued from page 19

the University of California at Berkeley learning Chinese. Thus he went out to the Orient to attend to the American embassy in Peking.

One day and another, he had learned about civil engineering, and the government lent him to the Chinese government to build an eighty-mile highway in mountain country near the border in Shansi Province. Uncle Joe considers this as quite a job. He had 100 coolies working, speaking varying dialects and knowing about road building. The country was thick with grave mounds, and he had to go around every one to avoid its ancestral spirit, showing its grave, should cause calamity to bust loose.

Uncle Joe's reputation for pithy remarks on the trials of Army life dates from his stretch of highway.

His mental tour ended in '23; he went back to the Infantry School at Benning, Georgia, finished that and came to the Command and General Staff schools. Then he went to France, to serve with the famous First Infantry—the "Can Do" regiment—in Tientsin. A few months of peace went up again to become staff for American Army forces in China.

At that period he grew to know Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and other Chinese leaders and so became a "natural" when he needed a good man in the Orient in the year.

In '29 he was back at Benning teaching infantry tactics; six years later, he was back again. During this service he learned several definite ideas about the Japanese, who were shoving their noses off the sidewalks wherever they could get away with it. Mrs. Stilwell's husband was threatened by a dagger-wielding Japanese soldier—something she remembers very frequently.

Uncle Joe came to America in '39, Stilwell sent him to Houston, Texas, to command the Third Infantry Brigade. In the year of that year, he was made a brigadier general. In October, 1940, he went again to major general and took over command of the Seventh Division at Fort Ord on Monterey Bay, and later the 7th Army Corps. He got his rank of lieutenant general at—Cairo, Egypt, early in 1942.

Officers Who Disappeared

At Fort Ord job with the Seventh Division brought out Stilwell's genius for picking raw recruits into hard, fast fighting units. He didn't spare himself or his officers. If the officers failed to live up to his exacting physical and mental standards, they just disappeared on easy-going outfits. During field maneuvers he spent his nights in a sleeping bag more often than not and usually passed up the officers' mess for a bowl with his men.

Uncle Joe summed up his creed in a talk to the Seventh: "We don't expect you to be more than you're capable of," he said, and added with a grin, "but we expect you to try it!" He rewarded initiative and inventiveness, and officers had a tendency to drift along on the methods of past wars came to know that Stilwell was sometimes known as a general.

Mrs. Stilwell was Miss Winifred Stilwell, a belle of Syracuse, New York. She accompanied her husband on most of his Oriental tours of duty and together they became impressed with the

Chinese philosophy of the importance of the family unit. Two of their children were born in China: Ben, now thirteen, in Tientsin; and Alison, also in her teens, in Peking.

The other three children are Nancy, now Mrs. E. F. Easterbrook and the wife of an Army captain; Winifred; and Captain J. W. Stilwell, Jr., who is with the Seventh Division. Both Nancy and Joe, Jr., have sons of their own.

All the Stilwells speak Mandarin, and Ol' Pappy, in addition, knows several Chinese dialects. When they were all together at Llanfair before we got into the war, they often staged playlets for schools and clubs around Carmel, appearing in Chinese costumes they'd brought from the Orient.

Alison and Winifred both are proficient in Chinese art and music. The grandchildren—John Edmond Easterbrook and Joseph Warren Stilwell III—both seem to be headed for West Point.

During peacetimes, the Stilwell family is a closely knit unit. The custom for years was to designate one member to prepare and deliver a talk on some interesting subject, at dinner one evening each week. The rest of the family quizzed the talker afterward, and thus all of them became well versed in widely varied subjects.

His Philosophy of Attack

Uncle Joe has a dry humor, but seldom laughs out loud. His face is lined and tanned, and his specs give him a mild, schoolteacherish appearance. His men say he's "common as an old shoe"—and they respect him for it and his lack of pose. His feats of pedestrianism are famous.

Down at Fort Ord, the colored boys of the Quartermaster Corps used to threaten to "put General Stilwell's shoes on yo' lazy feet" to stir up recalcitrant mules.

Uncle Joe's main objective in training troops is to "develop an army that can think for itself." The result, at his training station, was a group of mobile, highly trained units that could work well singly or in any combination. Test after test turned a mob of civilians into one of the world's best fighting forces. In maneuvers simulating warfare, the Seventh's units were always turning up, embarrassingly, where they weren't expected, paying little attention to slightly antiquated "rules of warfare."

According to war dispatches, Vinegar Joe was breaking rules out in Burma not long ago, leading Chinese troops, in shirt sleeves, on the Irrawaddy and Sittoung River fronts. Americans out there were predicting he'd have more medals to hang alongside the French Medal of Honor and his World War medal with three citations.

His grim determination, his insistence on fighting a 1942 war with 1942—or maybe 1943—methods, and his philosophy of attack instead of defense, are his strongest assets—and probably ours—in his present job. Waiting for the other guy to hit you and then warding off the blow is something Uncle Joe doesn't believe in.

"We mean business," Uncle Joe says briefly. "We won't be satisfied until we see American and Chinese troops marching together through Tokyo."

When they do, it's a safe bet Uncle Joe with his little stick will be way out in front, and the boys in khaki will have to double-time every once in a while to catch up.

THE END

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All Hands on Deck!

Continued from page 16

control most, if not all, of the world trade routes once dominated by Great Britain. Whether the peacemakers will try to hand these routes back to Britain is a matter of conjecture. But there isn't any guesswork about what the policy of our Maritime Commission will be.

According to some of the best-informed practical minds in Washington, it will fight to the last congressman any idealistic attempt to re-enact the tragedy that followed Versailles. There may be a lot of forgiving and forgetting, but it will not be at the expense of our merchant marine, the Washington prophets declare, amid a chorus of "Amen" from American ship operators.

In order to give you a long view of the Commission's training program and why 15,000 youngsters are enrolled at the Commission's six schools, we must see what happened to our old merchant fleet back in the early 1930's. We built about 2,300 steel, wood and concrete ships during the World War and about 800 of these had been sold to private operators prior to 1920. The shipping board, that year, pointed out that of the 1,502 ships then under the board's control 479 were laid up. By the end of 1920, however, the shipping industry was hit by a world-wide depression. Every wooden freighter flying our flag and 750 steel ships, 5,000,000 deadweight tons of steel, were idle at the docks. Only 485 ships remained under the board's control.

Atop this, the equipment was becoming obsolete. The life of a ship is twenty years. The bulk of our merchant fleet was headed for the dismantling yards when Congress, in 1936, decided to do something. It set up the United States Maritime Commission, and the fiery Joseph P. Kennedy, who later became our Ambassador to Great Britain, was made its first chairman.

Digging for Evidence

Chairman Kennedy and investigators spent a year in taking the merchant marine apart to find why it wouldn't tick. Among other things, including subsidies and the wide variance between American and foreign ship construction and operating costs, the survey dug into the whys and wherefores of a plague of water-front strikes. Some of the evidence, especially that portion dealing with the activities of racketeers and agitators within the maritime unions, is revolting.

Conditions in the merchant marine were bad. After the Morro Castle fire horror, the Coast Guard reported that "leadership and direction of the crew were conspicuous by their absence. There had been no regular fire drills..." The mutiny of the crew of the *Algic* in the harbor at Montevideo was another danger signal. In spite of these things, Labor Secretary Frances Perkins calmly told a congressional committee that "the time is not ripe for special maritime labor legislation."

Kennedy made public the whole grisly story of conditions aboard passenger ships, including thousands of bitter complaints from travelers—which showed Congress why passengers were boycotting American vessels. He produced letters from women protesting against being awakened in the state-rooms by union stewards with a cheery, "Hi, Babe, get up!" Other stewards, the file showed, had conducted escort bureaus for lonely women and had molested girls in dark corridors.

The Kennedy revelations were equally frank concerning conditions un-

der which some ship operators forced their crews to exist at sea—cold, crowded, dirty forecastles, lack of bathing facilities, poor food.

Using the Kennedy report as his Bible and adding his own ideas, Admiral Emory S. Land, who is Chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission, had gone a long way toward putting our anemic merchant marine back on its feet when Hitler sent his legions into Czechoslovakia. Through generous construction subsidies, scores of worn-out ships had been replaced by new, fast freighters. Ship designs, such as the popular C-2's—Diesel-driven speedsters ranging from 6,000 to 10,000 tons—were standardized. A lot of old equipment was sold and the proceeds were turned back into the building program.

When Congress passed the Neutrality Act that barred American ships from the war zones, the admiral and our heavily subsidized operators had built up a fleet of around 1,500 vessels. Out of these, 350 were engaged in foreign trade when the Act forced the transfer

Gallup's Island, near Boston. In addition, the Commission operates two schools for officers—one at New London, Connecticut, hard by the Coast Guard Academy, and the other at Government Island in San Francisco Bay. It also contributes to the upkeep of state schools for merchant-fleet cadets operated by New York, California and Pennsylvania.

"You'll find boys here from every state," explains Commandant William Kenner, of the St. Petersburg training school. "Sixty per cent of them are Irish and very few—not more than ten per cent—have ever been to sea. We like them that way. The greener they are, in most cases, the better sailors they make."

To get into the Commission's apprentice-seamen schools, the applicant must be a citizen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three and be able to pass a pretty stiff physical examination. Youngsters under twenty-one must get the consent of parents or guardians. Once a trainee graduates and joins the

Master sailmakers showed the usual of the marlinspike and have been spent in launching lifeboat wharfside davits. They had lived of the eight big steel-and-concrete racks, each man with a comfortable locker for his gear.

Our entry into the war found Commission trainees already instruction from Navy and Coast Guard officers had begun in both anti-aircraft guns and caliber weapons for use against submarines weeks before Japanese struck Pearl Harbor. Today instruction at all Maritime Commission training stations goes forward with doubled intensity.

"We are confident," said an officer at the St. Petersburg station, "that young seamen will be able to hold their own against the best forces can throw against them. They will be able to point, load and fire a piece of the ship's armament, and they're just itching for the chance to go into action against the enemy."

Trainees Choose Their Service

Trainee Wade and the rest of the class had gained an average of ten pounds per man, thanks to the fine mess you'll find at any of our military or naval establishments. They could choose one of four branches of service—deck, engine room, stateroom or radio communications—before they had completed their first period and were transferred to the 10,000-ton freighter, *American*, which the Coast Guard has converted into a seagoing school.

Once aboard the *American*, the trainees were assigned to the departments of their choice. Young Wade had picked the deck. His sights were on an able seaman's ticket. For four glorious months, Trainee Wade had cruised the Caribbean, had stood watch in fair weather and howling gale. From the rigging of the bridge, Trainee Wade had taken signalers on passing ships, the semaphore and Aldis lamp. He had helped launch lifeboats with the can Seamen steaming full-speed—a maneuver that requires split-second timing. He had returned to St. Petersburg a better seaman than he had been in our old merchant marine, and he was sent to the Maritime Commission "pool" at Gallup's Island, from which are dipped the crews for our merchant fleet.

In the early days of the training program, the unions sat in judgment of most of the Commission's activities. Once the embryo mariner received his able seaman's ticket, steamboat inspectors, he found himself of three roads—membership in the L. or C. I. O. union or an open-shop or company-union joined either the A. F. of L. or was compelled to take his chances on the long waiting list. Waterfront jammed with the unions' union. How many were on the beach, knows. Union officials, testifying before congressional committees in battle to block the establishment of a Maritime Commission school, total at 15,000.

Union spokesmen didn't tell the committee, though, that most of the jobless sailors were physically dangerous agitators and had f



of 80 to new routes. Meanwhile, Axis submarines, bombers and surface raiders were taking a terrific toll from Great Britain's merchant armada that had dominated the seas. Route after route, once served exclusively by British merchantmen, slipped quietly into the hands of American operators. And all this meant increased demand for new American-built ships, aside from Britain's frantic call for anything that could float.

Consequently, Congress voted \$3,000,000,000 for new ship construction, which means a postwar American merchant fleet of more than 2,500 ships.

Speeding Up the Ship Program

By midsummer, 1941, two new ships were sliding down the ways every day and they're coming off now at an ever-increasing rate. So we're getting the ships and the men to run them, too, because the Maritime Commission's shipbuilding and personnel training programs are operating like parallel assembly lines. For every new ship, there's a crew waiting.

This brings us back to the parade ground at St. Petersburg. There are counterparts of the St. Petersburg school at Hoffman Island, in New York harbor; Fort Hueneme, just up the California coast from Los Angeles, and

fleet, he is classified as a worker vital to defense. Draft exemption ceases the moment the trainee is washed out. However, less than two per cent ask for a discharge and few are sent home for misconduct.

Once a boy feels the urge to go to sea with the merchant fleet, just as Trainee Wade got the idea from reading *Moby Dick* and other briny tales, he writes the nearest Coast Guard or Maritime Commission recruiting station for an application blank. If he doesn't know the address, any postmaster will tell him.

"Within a week, he will be notified to report to one of our schools," explained Commandant Kenner. "He must pay his way here and, if he fails to pass the physical examination, he must pay his way home. Our tests are not unusually severe. Once the applicant is okayed by the doctors, he takes the oath and goes right on the pay roll at \$21 a month. He must promise to serve one year with the fleet after completing the course."

Trainee Wade and his shipmates had spent their first eight weeks at the station under Chief Bos'n Donegan. He had driven them hard. They had marched miles in close-order drill. They had toiled on the business end of a lifeboat oar until they were bug-eyed from exhaustion. They had been taught the mysteries of twenty kinds of knots.

jobs ashore. They did not tell sorted rackets in union "hiring ow job seekers were moved up ts after paying heavy fees and ed to pay from \$2 to \$50 for the of working.

the Commission figures 40,000 will be needed, of which the ay possibly supply half. There mpetition between C. I. O. and . to corral youngsters into the d as fast as they leave the While in training, the young- t hear a word for or against

ix months to make a seaman, a steward or a radio operator. ad to an officer's ticket at the Commission's schools for li- ersonnel stretches over four s. Age limits are eighteen to e—but the scholastic require- pretty stiff. Candidates must t least sixteen units, divided lgebra, plane geometry, Eng- mistry or general science, d one foreign language.

are two courses of training, engineering. The first two spent at sea with the merchant

fleet, under the supervision of the ship's officers or, when in port, Commission instructors. The third year finds the cadets ashore at one of the academies and the seniors go to sea again.

But Trainee Wade, once he joins the fleet as an able seaman, can win his way to the top, if he studies hard, keeps his discharge book clean of black marks and remembers the lessons taught by Chief Bos'n Donegan. A class of 200 unlicensed seamen last July formed the first class of a special five months' course the Maritime Commission is offering ambitious youngsters who want to become third mates or third assistant engineers. This class was put in school at New London, Connecticut, and another class of 150 men was formed later at Government Island, California.

So the future is strictly up to young Mr. Wade. He can stay with the merchant fleet for the duration and then come back to that farm in the Ozarks. Or he can follow the way to promotion and pay until, one fine day, he'll dazzle the homefolks back in Mountain View with a peek at Third Mate Wallace Wade wearing his first dress blues.

THE END

Castle in the Air

Continued from page 38

rs lily in terms of his employ- Th roll reads like a layer of cir- po rs on a country barn—Seal Wheeler & Sautelle, Shell Seils-Sterling, Tom Mix, Al Sells-Floto, Cole Brothers . . . stle what happened in 1935 t, as o most performers, he has to count back. But put it this at happened when you were h To Mix?" and the answer comes rpt, "That's when I met Mary. ve playing Dallas day-and-date P's Nights, and Mary was one the lner Sisters' singing act."

Mary orks in the "spec" and on the ders nd dresses her husband's act and in his props when he is on the e, ar stands on his shoulders when is one bowling ball. She could pass eighen, but Hal, Jr., is six years old. nnot a milestone in the Hal Silver his separation from Bunny ent was perfectly friendly. They pply icided they could do better rt. isides, Hal was specializing on bowling wire and Bunny on the h wi

How to Make the Front Page

"That scissorbill was the best high- pe rmer that ever lived," Castle s, "b, boy, what a screwball! Re- mber the Sky-Ride at the Chicago r? out 300 feet high, wasn't it? ny n't care. Some way or other, elim d out on the cables and walked und. he cops didn't dare go after n. next morning he was on every nt pe in the city.

It w, tough how his number came He as doing giant swings on the h wi wearing gloves to keep from ting s hands, and one afternoon str on the glove broke and the in ruled up and broke his grip. He e still pinning when he hit the ground. me scorbill, old Bunny . . . "

it Ca e gets killed in his act, he nks i knows how it will happen. ll tu a back somersault too far, d the ire will break either his back his ck. That full gainer he has ded to is act in the past two seasons mak him worry about a possible ident or the first time in five years. He or had a close call in Houston, e used to make his entrance

as a drunk—stagger along the wire, lurch around, and finally take a four- teen-foot fall on the back of his neck in the ring. That night he lit half a de- gree crooked and smacked himself silly. He finished the act by instinct, but his strained neck muscles wouldn't let him sleep for three weeks.

He carries a death or total disability policy for \$10,000, which is the maxi- mum Lloyd's will allow him, and he has saved three quarters of his salary over the years. The sock ought to be bulging by now. Castle is not with Ring- ling this year. He's with Cole Brothers Circus which opened in Louisville, Ky., this spring.

Each season he introduces a new trick. One year it was a "half-twisting jerk"—he stood on his hands on the wire, then sprang back to his feet, facing the other way. Another year it was the back somersault through the hoop. Then he did "rocks" on his unicycle on the wire—swinging it back and forth with one foot on the pedals. He now has three new ones—the full gainer from the bar, the bowling-ball trick, and a somersault to the wire from a knee- hang on the bar.

A new trick will top them all, if he can master it—a forward somer- sault through the hoop. A simple for- ward is no harder than a back, but it's more dangerous. If his feet miss the wire, he hits it with his face. But a forward through the hoop is far harder, as well as riskier. In a back, his feet turn toward the hoop. In a forward, they turn away from it; the hoop has to chase them around.

Castle admits that he has doubts about this trick, but only because he doesn't think the audience will realize how extremely difficult it is. Some- thing that makes him more indignant is reading an "eyewitness" description of a wire trick physically impossible—say, a double somersault, feet to feet.

"Nobody in the world has ever done it," Castle declares, "and nobody ever will! You'd be turning too fast to see the wire, and if you can't see it you can't hit it and stick . . . and that guy Blondin, too—doing his impossible somersaults on stilts, in the encyclo- pedia!"

"Hush, Hal," reminds Mary.

THE END



Here is 1942's

WOMAN OF THE YEAR!

Hats off to the woman of the year! For the duration, she has abandoned her typewriter to volunteer her quick hands and steady nerves where they can speed the biggest job our Uncle Sam ever had.

Mutual Life is tackling its biggest job too. The job of providing Ameri- can families with the immediate pro-

tection so urgently needed in these uncertain times. The job of provid- ing this insurance protection at a price pinched budgets can afford. Ask your local Mutual Life representa- tive about our 4 new policies stream- lined for wartime needs. They offer you a choice of large insurance se- curity for a small cash outlay.

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PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER

wasn't looking. The only problem in her life was the drought, which went on discouragingly year after year like a session of Congress.

She wasn't a very sophisticated kid, at that time. The farm, remember, was seven miles from town and there was always work to be done at home, work which meant rising with the cock and retiring eight-and-a-half minutes after bossy. She only really saw the bright lights of Denison on Saturday night. Then her father loaded the entire tribe into a somewhat exhausted car, put the surplus butter and eggs into the back for the market, and made the pilgrimage to civilization.

Saturday was a big night in Denison. Every farmer for miles around shut up his barn, put his house key under the mat, and gathered kith and kin into some kind of a conveyance. He joined his friends in the metropolis as the lights were lit, and greeted them like long-lost sailors. The stores and the streets became crowded with gossiping housewives, idly chatting men, and children of all ages and sizes. The movie house was packed for both the early and late shows. The soda fountain did a roaring business.

It was there that Donna got her training for Hollywood. For it was on those Saturday nights that the real dirt of Denison was dished. No one was spared. News circulated up and down the main drag, into the theater, through the booths in the drugstore. The housewives buying salt and the men paying a nickel for a chew threw out seines of hearsay and brought in catches of solid information. It was a fascinating three hours. Everybody knew everybody else and everybody's business. On Saturday, after the week's work was finished, the town caught up with current affairs.

That's just like Hollywood: Everybody knows everybody else and everybody's business. The only difference is that the gossiping is not reserved for Saturday night. It goes on, week in and week out, year in and year out, with a reckless abandon that is terrifying. Careers are made and broken by it. Slander and scandal are taken for granted. If one stays in the city long enough, in fact, one begins to forget that the rest of the world exists.

And any newcomer who can skip it all is bound to be a sensation.

Donna was. She knew the technique before she even got her contract. After that, it was a cinch; she just didn't do anything scandalous that people could discuss. It was as simple as that.

College Girl in Hollywood

She didn't come to Hollywood to get into pictures, oddly enough. She came in acceptance of an invitation from her aunt, who offered her a year at Los Angeles City College. Without this parentally approved haven, she would undoubtedly still be in Denison. Anyway, the year lengthened into three and, though she was aware that movies were being made a few miles from her, she didn't pay much attention to them. She was too busy studying drama and learning how to be a passably good secretary. (Iowa is notoriously devoid of millionaires to marry. Donna knew, therefore, that she had to prepare for her own shekel-making.)

Then she was elected Campus Queen of City College. It was great stuff in the school. But a thousand girls get that sort of publicity every year and nothing comes of it. A photography major took a picture of her. That, too, is done with

Farmer's Daughter

Continued from page 13

revolving regularity. A journalism major sent the print to the Los Angeles papers, just to see if he could "plant" something.

"The shot arrived at the Los Angeles Times late one Saturday afternoon," Donna says now. "And the editor evidently didn't have anything to fill in the Sunday editions. So he put it on the front page."

That also has been a Hollywood custom since back in '02. The town's newspaper readers regard a cut of a pretty girl with much the same excitement as a vegetarian holds for a gallon of corn-beef hash.

But, for some reason, this picture and Donna Reed's face were unusual. Perhaps she looked like a farm girl. Perhaps her make-up had not been put on with a trowel and she wasn't swathed in silver fox. At any rate, the following day brought seven telephone calls, three from studios and four from the strange mutations the world calls "agents." All seven wanted a look at her. And, depending on the verdict after the gander, all seven wanted a piece of her future earning power, if possible.

This was when Donna first showed the bright boys that her noggin was still screwed on with Midwestern straightness, that the studios and their henchmen could not impress her.

She talked to the people, yes. Then she talked to some other people who could tell her about the first people. She came out of this series of conferences with the information that one firm of agents, Feldman and Blum, was among the best and biggest in the city. So she went to see them.

They wanted to put her under contract as soon as they heard about the two years of dramatic training she had received at City College. When she read for them, they wanted to get her a test immediately, see that she went to work, collect their ten per cent. Blissfully, they began dreaming up a new handle to substitute for the moniker of

Mullinger. But Donna had other ideas.

"I want to finish the course," she said, very quietly and very firmly, smiling across the desks of Mr. Feldman and Mr. Blum. "You see, I might not be in the movies. Then what would I finish this semester, I shall know how to be a secretary."

"How much longer do they continue?" F. and B. asked.

"Three months," Donna replied.

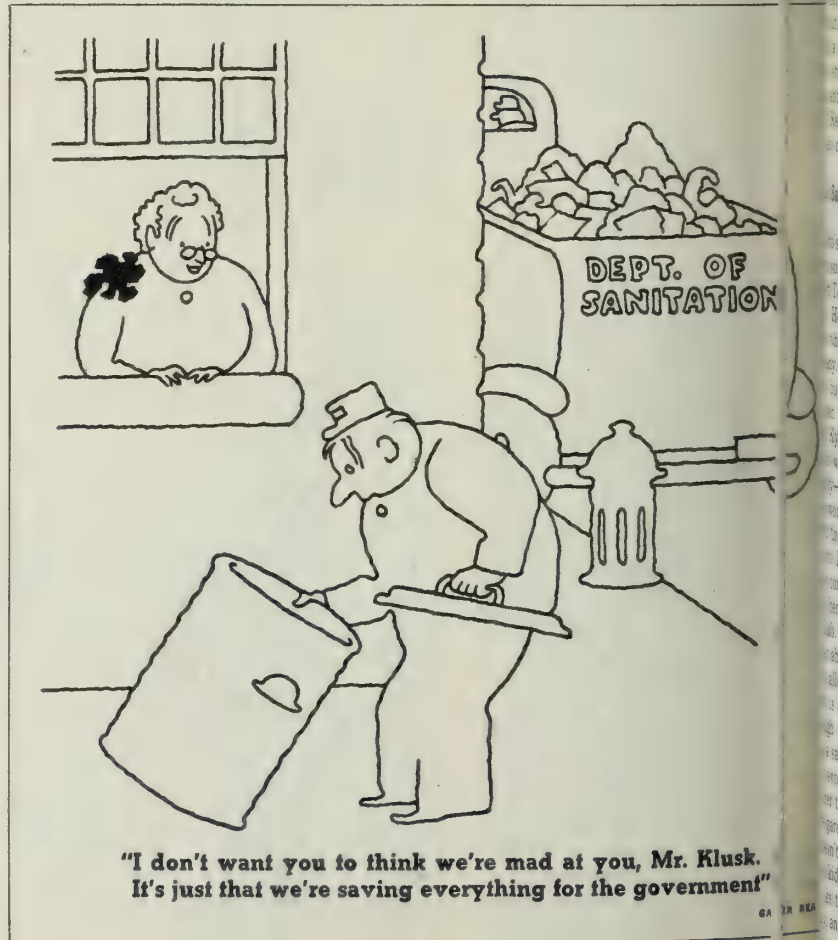
"Three months!" they yelled in a yelting chorus. "But Hollywood have forgotten all about you now?" Donna inquired.

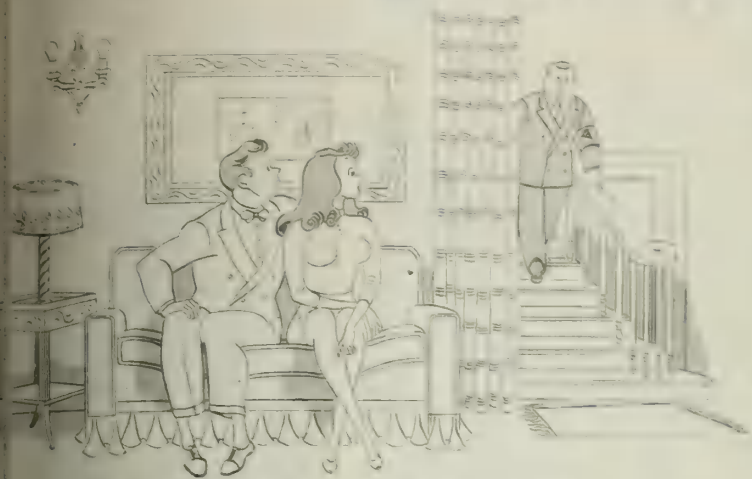
The Heretic Miss Ree

It was heresy. Here was one of the biggest outfits in town, which practically assured her a screen at a major studio and a subsequent contract—and the girl insisted on a secretarial course! Messrs. Feldman and Blum were appalled. They were shaken. But they were also over by her sane, casual view of the picture business in general. They acquiesced. Wagging their heads, they pulled out a forty-page contract, read, "Commencing three months hence..." and Donna signed. She went back to learning to type.

It was a Midwestern way of business. It was the careful way she had learned on a farm. She went ahead, as she had watched her father look ahead in years of drought, protecting herself in case of an unknown field by learning a trade which she could always fall back on.

Three months later, a secretary with finger tips, Donna once more appeared on the hallowed doorstep of Feldman and Blum. She went into the room to become movie material. This time, in the main, of six weeks' coming





"Here comes my dad. You'd better put out the lights if you know what's good for you"

SAID ROTH

and diction and a quick switch to the same department. The boys did things to her appearance, too, but not much. She could stand alone. She had soap-and-water kind of beauty that made her noticeable among the make-slathered maidens already in the picture.

After that, she had a test at M-G-M. They gave her a contract. Then she had another test. They gave her a lead in a picture called *The Getaway*. She was a little nervous about that. She thought the moguls were being a mite lenient. Anyway, as simply as that, she began her career. Ever since, she has been making movies, better and better ones. (M-G-M got her out of the popu-lar class in a hurry.) Her last three were in the shadow of the Thin Man, The Purloined of Andy Hardy, in which she stole scenes from Rooney, and *Random Harvest*. And, brother, that ain't bad for a finer's daughter!

But she continued to astound the naves as much as she had upset the men- balance of Feldman and Blum, Inc. Her wives, for instance, couldn't date her, brier on her door as they would. She was "busy." Which, incidentally, was a trip. Since the fifth of December, 1941, she has not had a day off. She staggered out of bed at five-forty-five A.M., faced a camera all day, came to dinner, studied a script, retired at nine o'clock, and risen with the farm- again. (Reed: "But even on a farm there's an *occasional* holiday!")

Quiet Saturday Night

Instead of Ciro's, on Saturday nights she goes to some quiet spot with a friend named Bert Todd, whom she knew in high school. He's a nice lad, totally unimpressive. He works for a construction company. He isn't glamorous, but he's fun. And he's a good listener. When Donna falls asleep, he reads her a book. "Kay Kyser it has nothing to do with that gentleman's personality—or his. It's just that he has worn her out."

she destroyed the routine, too, when she continued to live where she had been when her contract first made her dependent of her aunt: The Hollywood Radio Club. This, as you may have heard, is an abode for professional artists. Her man is allowed above the first floor. Her rent is comparatively low. And, even though M-G-M has lately granted Donna a salary bonus as a pat reward for excellence, she has not moved any nearer to a swimming pool and a five-acre garden.

ood doesn't get it. The pseudo-
ave tank she's kidding when she says,
rious: "I'd like to win an Academy
ward me day, and then get married.
aybe I'd like to get married first.

though, and have five or six children." She'll do it, too, all of it. They think it's a new kind of gag when she remarks, forthrightly, "I'd like to buy the very best farm in Iowa. Farming's the only thing I know for sure!" The painted fillies are completely boxed up when they hear their escorts muttering about Donna's simple clothes and clean appearance, about how vastly attractive she is, just as she is. "What goes?" they scream, red fingernails reaching for the Reed head. The town can't fathom her sense in buying a dark, conservative coupé for her first car, when she could have purchased a flaming convertible with a top that went up and down automatically.

She's changed very little, really, since she got her contract. She could go back right now to her original plan of becoming a secretary.

She still likes to design her own clothes, but they're usually quiet things of excellent taste. She sits and dreams up superfancy outfits for her friends which she'd be terrified to wear. She goes beautifully and blissfully mad on the subject of shoes, and has four versions of one high-heeled pump with gold nailheads on the soles. But she doesn't truly like getting dressed up like a "movie star."

"It's awful of me, I suppose," she says. "I really get sharp for my one date on Saturday night. The studio—God love it!—would completely approve. But about nine o'clock, off come my hat and my earrings and I put my gloves in my pocket. Then I have fun!"

She still likes to ride horseback, too, but seldom does so any more because her manner of doing same knocks Hollywood into a figure-eight. She learned on a farm, remember.

"There's nothing Central Park about my riding," she reports. "It's bareback and it's wild. I wouldn't know how to stay on a saddle!"

This, in the home of Gene Autry!

The result of all this is that Donna Reed is a very much discussed gal in cinema circles.

In the cocktail lounges and the supper clubs, she's an enigma. For she's never seen in the joints. She's as much a hermit as Garbo, as far as café society is concerned. So they chat about her for hours. And they discuss her, too, in the offices of the gents who cast the pictures. She's up for stardom. They talk of borrowing her now. They talk of her last performance and her next option. They team her with Colman and Rooney. They worship the wench.

And all because she's a kid of twenty-one who learned something that utterly befuddled Hollywood. Normalcy. No, I'm wrong. She didn't learn it. She was born with it—on an Iowa farm!

THE END

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POTLUCK

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

FRED knew he was getting into something when Amy started raving about the Lockwoods. Amy had met Kate Lockwood at First Aid and the friendship had quickened rapidly and now the Mitchells were going over to have dinner with the Lockwoods.

Fred worked in the heavy armament purchasing division of OPM. Harold Lockwood was feature editor of the Gazette and a man of some importance around town. Not everybody was invited to the Lockwoods, said Amy proudly.

Kate Lockwood met them at the door with shouts of joy and they were no sooner in the living room than Harold came forward. This would have been pleasant enough except that Harold was wearing an apron. Harold was the cook.

"Can't wait for the maid's night out," cried Kate, pointing ecstatically at Harold. "They don't fool him with the woman's page recipes; he tries them."

She went out and came back with a tray of glasses and a decanter. Fred perked up. He perked down when he had a taste of what Kate was serving.

"You're going to like this," bubbled Kate. "It's an aperitif. The French always have it before a meal."

Amy cooed in appreciation but what Fred needed then and for the rest of the evening was a succession of slugs that would knock him unconscious. For Fred the meal was a nightmare, with the proper wine for each course, and much talk about condiments, garlic-rubbings, enbrochette, and something called saffron.

Fred was a plain man. He had nothing against fancy cooking except that it didn't agree with him. In fact, all night after the Lockwood meal he tossed in his sleep, and straggled off to his office next morning more dead than alive.

What was worse, the Lockwoods admired the sterling qualities of the Mitchells so greatly that they started dragging them around to strange little restaurants where Harold presided as a connoisseur of fine cooking.

As Fred's misery mounted, Amy's enthusiasm waxed and the ultimate was reached that night when she welcomed him home from work with the triumphant words: "I've landed them! They're coming over Thursday night."

Fred groaned inwardly but said nothing. When he came down for breakfast Thursday morning, Amy was already making tentative dabs in the kitchen. She was also worried about something.

"Your sister would pick this time to send the children over," she said. "They're coming for lunch tomorrow, and I have to be at Red Cross in the morning."

"You invited them to the circus, didn't you?" said Fred.

"Oh, it's all right," said Amy. "I'll cook something ahead for them today, a pot roast or something. . . And, Fred, don't forget the wine."

Fred said ummm and took the list and grunted and departed.

When Fred left the office that afternoon, he decided to drop in at a bar and have a drink before he bought the wine. In fact he had five drinks.

When he got home, Amy was working

furiously in the kitchen. Shortly after the Lockwoods arrived, and Amy went out to meet them. They talked a while and then Fred said, "Well, I guess a little shot of something wouldn't hurt," and went to the kitchen to prepare it.

It was no surprise to Fred that he had something besides wine. He had ordered the liquor very early. He had brandy and bourbon and scotch. He took a cocktail shaker and threw a sizable gob of each into it. Then he shook well and set the shaker on a tray and added glasses.

"Ah," cried Kate, "an aperitif."

"No, it's a little mixture from the Russians," said Fred. "Something like vodka but they call it kabooshka. Bottoms up."

"Kabooshka," said Kate. "What a strange name."

She reached for a glass and also took one. Kate tilted the glass downed it, gulping a bit hard but seemingly enjoying it. She took another. Fred took another. Harold considered the matter for a moment and then on a second. This proved such a notion that they took a third, and . . . All but Amy.

Amy went out to the kitchen and brought back the soup. They took to their places a bit ostentatiously. Fred made a sort of noise with his soup. He gulped. Amy got red in the face.

"Fred," she said hastily. "I think you should get the wine."

FRED got up and went out and was gone a long time. When he came back he had no wine but he had a large plate loaded with four plates, filled with something that looked like a new course. He shoved the plates in front of the guests.

"Fred!" screamed Amy, but Kate and Kate seemed not to hear. They were tasting the food avidly.

"Amy," cried Kate happily. "Did you ever happen to think of this? It's wonderful!"

"Did you ever taste such a thing?" Harold cried loudly.

"Oh, Amy," caroled Kate. "What is it?"

"Pot roast," said Amy icily.

"No, but the way you've fixed it, must tell Harold how you've done it."

"No, no," said Harold, his face rather full. "It isn't sporting another chef's secret."

They were still exclaiming and congratulating Amy and themselves when they left. Fred had said little. His first definite words were the Lockwoods had gone.

"Amy," he said, "what did you do with that?"

"Salt," said Amy furiously. "I know those brats won't eat it unless you put even a pinch of pepper in it. She buried her face in her hand and roared!" she said venomously. "I spent five hours over a hot stovetop cooking Boeuf Bourguignon and Zucchini Milano and—"

"Oh, you know how children are," Fred consoling.

"Don't talk to me about the children or your silly Lockwood friend or anything else," wailed Amy.

"My friends!" exclaimed Fred.

"Yes, you and your drunker friend," cried Amy, and broke into a spasm of patted her shoulder and thought of dinner and of the future. Her future was going to be all right.

Amy met Kate Lockwood at First Aid and the friendship quickened rapidly. Now the Mitchells were asked to dine with the Lockwoods

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 42

"You know, it's funny, John." Tap looked at us. Like a couple of down ducks. I'll bet Hickey could see us if he could only see us. "I wonder where he and the others are. I suppose they're in it somewhere. They've gone back to Egypt." "I don't think so," Quayle said. "What would it make anyway?" "Hickey must have a whole new set of his hands." Quayle laughed and lifted the second can to the tank. "We'll see you," Tap said. "I hope they've got some planes. They've got Hurricanes." "You won't be flying for a while," Tap said. "I'm surprised," Quayle said. "Nothing wrong with me." "Are you still going to marry her?" "Mean."

Quayle looked up suddenly. He tilted the can a little higher. "What do you think?" Again he had the old feeling of experienced back at the hospital. There was the strangeness and the thought about Tap and Helen that was sure about.

Quayle poured the last of the can into the tank and threw the can away. He looked around and said to Tap, "We ought to get some water for the radiator."

Tap walked to the ditch at the side of the road. He told Quayle there was water over there. Quayle threw him a tin and Tap crawled down the ditch to get it filled. He came back with a tin slopping over him. The corporal took the tin from him and poured it into the radiator. Tap was standing by Quayle as he closed the boot of the car.

"Where are you going to do with Helen?" Tap asked. "We have to leave this place?" Tap asked. "Leave Greece," Quayle told him.

"Yes. Take her with me." "In a radiator?"

"Come off it, Tap. There'll be a way. There isn't. . . . Sure, I'll fly her out in a Gladiator."

"What about in Egypt? No wives allowed. They sent the last lot home."

"We'll see when we get there, Tap. We can't be wasting time."

Helen had been walking into the timber and she came back again. John looked at her as she walked eastward. She swung her head back and threw her hair back. She had washed her face. He looked at her quickly, with the warmth of a man possessing him. She smiled at him when she reached him. She put her arm through his and placed her hand in his cut one.

"Your face is not so black now," she said quickly, and smiled.

"It feels all right."

"You could let me change the bandage on your head. I have some in my pocket."

"Late," he said. "How're you feeling?"

"I'm good. One would never believe it around here," she said.

"Tap thinks it's too quiet," he said. "Perhaps. I hope it will be all right."

They were making their fast way along the dirt road. Quayle pulled the car to a quick stop when he thought he

heard planes. He took a quick look out but there were none. They were nearing the high rocks which were close enough to shadow the white road between the poplars. Then Quayle saw the airplanes. They were flying low and in large formation. He stopped the car and everybody got out.

"What are they?" Tap asked him.

"I don't know. Could be Blenheims but we haven't got that many."

"They're heading south."

"Come on. We'll keep going. They won't come near us. That's the first we've seen all day. I hope this petrol lasts till we can get more. There may be some in this town."

They could see the timbered and stone outline of Kalabaka ahead of them and they could see the form of the monasteries high on the rocks. They started again.

As they came into the village they could see it was smashed like Ioannina and there was still the white smoke clinging to the wood that smoldered. There was the nakedness of the shells of the buildings. There was the complete loneliness and the splinters of wood, long and jagged, scattered in confusion, and the cold air that was quiet in the warm sun.

"We won't find anything here. It's been bombed too much," Quayle said when they stopped because the road was blocked by a log. Quayle and the corporal pulled it aside.

"We need some more petrol," Quayle said to the corporal. "Do you know where we can get any?"

"We might look around here," the corporal said.

"Ask the little Greek."

The corporal asked the little Greek about the petrol and the little Greek got out of the car and smiled.

"There should be some somewhere here," he said. "We could look."

"Well," Quayle said when the corporal told him. "We can spread out and look. It would be in cans, I suppose, and not in drums. Five minutes. We haven't got time for more. We'll just have to take a chance. Will you wait here, Helen? Tell them to wander out and look about for drums or tins of petrol."

HELEN told the other two and they all walked along the smashed black road and divided into the ruins along the edges of the small village and looked for the cans.

It was death in the village because there was no one there. . . . no one, and the great silence dominated the place. Then the little Greek became quickly surprised when he saw an old man sitting upon a heap of ruins, wide-eyed and with puzzlement in his face.

"Hullo, Father," the little Greek said.

"Where is everybody?"

The old man was silent, then he looked up blankly. "They have all gone into the hills," he said flatly.

"And they leave you?"

"I am old," he said.

"Shouldn't you go too?"

"I am old," he said again.

"Do you know where there is any gasoline?" the little Greek said.

"I am old," was the blank reply.

The little Greek looked at the old man for a moment, made a loud clicking noise with his tongue and walked away.

Quayle was walking through the ruins of a small house to the back where there were wire chicken runs. He could see the mess of domestic utensils strewn out on the earth and the chairs and



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tables smashed. He walked to the next place, kicking the rubble and looking in the hollows for any signs of cans. From one smashed place to another he walked over the wreckage and when it crumbled under his feet he noticed how the noise made big the quiet of the place. There was nobody about, and he looked up at the monasteries and wondered if there was anyone in them.

Helen, standing near the car, was wondering about the quiet too. She did not like it so quiet when Quayle was not around. It was not an entirely feminine fear, either. There was uncertainty and hopelessness in the quiet, as it had been back at the hospital in the confusion. It was waiting for something. She could see the quiet in the smashed village as she could physically see the quiet in the confused hospital. It was all the same and it was very depressing. The very desertedness of the place was depressing. She was feeling the quietness getting into her when Tap came back.

"Nothing here," he said to her. "Not even food."

"How far will the petrol get us?" she asked.

"To this next place maybe. This village looks as though everybody just up and left it."

The corporal came back, wiping his hand on his trousers.

"If we were only nearer Germany and could do this to their towns," he said to Helen.

"Did you find any fuel?"

"Nothing. I thought I saw a tin but there was a man very squashed." He wiped his hand again.

"Nothing doing," Quayle said when he came up.

Only the little Greek was not back. "Maybe he's left us," the corporal said as he got into the car.

"He will not do that," Helen said. "And please let him be."

The little Greek came, and Helen watched his small face, with its tight eyes over the creased nose and cheeks furrowed like his forehead; and she studied the black stiff hair of his head and beard and the smallness and bentness of his frame. His eyes blinked quietly when he was near her but he said nothing and got into the car. Quayle started the engine and moved off quickly. He did not go fast but he went fast enough, so that too much of the gasoline was not used. They passed the long shadow caused by the rock with the monasteries and they were on the flat road again, passing over the small bridges that were bomb-cratered around. All along the road now there were the fresh-earthed craters from the fifty- and hundred-pound bombs.

THEN it was quietness again. It was flat, and the green rolled quietly on each side of them. There were numbers of small bridges, and Quayle expected them to be blown up but none of them was. The long canal that he could see winding at one side had been hit by light bombs but nothing had been damaged.

There was quietness between them too. Sometimes they crossed railroad tracks that had suddenly appeared, and it was more like a returning to inhabited parts because of the long stretch behind them. They passed peasants and their sheep at the side of the road too. Tap wanted to stop and have Helen ask them about the Germans.

"They might know," Tap said.

"I don't think so, Tap," Quayle said. "We haven't time. We waste petrol anyway."

"I hope it lasts through this next place," Tap said.

"Maybe the Australians are there."

"I think that was part of the Greek front."

"I suppose this will all end in another Dunkirk," Quayle said quietly.

"It's too bad if it does. What could we do, though?"

"I don't know," Quayle said. "There seems to be something wrong."

"Maybe. We just haven't got enough equipment," Tap suggested.

"It's more than that."

"We could do with more men, John. We haven't got a front, either. I get sore every time I think of France caving in like that."

"I don't think it would have made any difference," Quayle said.

"Well," Tap said, "we would have had a front."

"I think we would be badly off even if we had the front."

"Why doesn't somebody do something about it?"

"I don't know," Quayle said. "I don't know."

THEY were crossing the railroad often now, and the trees were definite in the way they lined the road. They passed through the quiet mud of a bombed village.

The village was deserted; Quayle saw a broken poplar for the first time as it flicked by the window and he did not like it. There were definite mountain shapes to the left of them, and more obscure ones to the right, and a river with trees along it.

At high noon Quayle heard the bombers again. He stopped and stood on the running board and looked up. He could see the planes coming straight along the road from the pass toward them. The planes were sure and flying very low.

"Better get out," he said to Helen. "Tell the others."

"Are they to bomb us?" the little Greek asked Helen as the voice of the engines became distinct.

"I don't know," she said. "They surely will not. They probably can't see us."



"Gosh, fellers, I'm sorry!"

GEORGE WOLFE

"Walk away from the car," Tap said to her.

They walked through the d h at th side and into the green w at fiel Quayle was looking at the b bers: sly fc he walked. They were obvi abo matio lowing the road. There w right "They're following the road I right Tap said.

"They're pretty sure of t mselv too, flying so low," Quayle sa

The little Greek was star ing ne Quayle because he was sure o s sal as in his nearness to Quayle. He as and pletely confident of all thing look safety when Quayle laid a h look at the bombers with Quayle.

"Airoplanos," he said to Q yle a smiled. "Inglesi?" He knew ey we not.

"No," Quayle said. He sm d at t little Greek. "Germanos."

The little Greek spat and tted l face again. The planes were a ust ov them now. They were maki stea noise that ran flat along the ech.

"Better get down in case t let o go for luck," Quayle advised.

THEY all sat down in the gr a who and watched as the bomber ame rectly above them at about a ouse feet. The first group of plan passe they could see the straight cr on t fuselage and the wings of ea

"That's hellish good forma h," T said.

"They're good fliers," Quay agre

The second group came r. T corporal was raising his rifle. I sight allowed for deflection and fire Quay

and Tap had been looking at a bom ers and had not noticed him ut th heard the shot behind them.

"Stop that!" Quayle said. What you want to do? Bring them ll do on us? Put that bloody thing wn

The corporal looked at him hen t the rifle down. Quayle wa looking tensely at the bombers now. e cot see the third group come by ad, pr over.

"I'm glad they didn't see at," m muttered.

"They probably did but he m important things to do," Tap s. "T dumb fool."

"What would they have dor" He asked.

"I don't know," Tap said. robal dropped a blast."

"A what?"

"A bomb. They don't like ing fire at by rifles," Quayle said.

"I am sorry, Inglesi," the corpor said. "I feel bad to let ther pass. may

"I know," Quayle said to n. "I just as well they didn't take 7 not of it."

They were walking through e wa high wheat back to the car.

"It is fine wheat," the cor ral s in Greek.

The little Greek said, "It al ne be bread."

"There is plenty of time. will some months before it is to b eape

The corporal was pulling the ing gr blades as he walked.

"Then the Germans will he it," little Greek said.

"Yes," the corporal said.

"You know about wheat?"

"In my youth I was of a la own family. We had wheat like is," corporal replied.

"I have never seen whea to cl before," the little Greek said

"This is fine wheat. It has en g this season."

The little Greek held out l hanc help the corporal over the ch, both of them got into the car.

They were traveling with 1 mor ony of the steady engine roa gain. was warm in the car and the was haste and anxiety to see if e pel

last to Trikkala and beyond, be-
cause the Germans would be almost

They were getting close and they
all feel it. There was the group
of pines and the plane trees—always
a good indication of a village.

"It must be it," Tap said.

"There are the bombers again too."

Quayle could see them through the
clouds. They all got out again and
went to the side of the road. This time
a different group. They passed
the village and went on south.

The fugitives got back into the car
and carefully forward. They were
easily when they came to the
village and went on south.
The fugitives got back into the car
and carefully forward. They were
easily when they came to the
village and went on south.

It came out at the end of the smashed
buildings and it was the only main road,
he guessed it was right. When they
got to the town Quayle could hear
the bombing.

"Come on," he said. "We'd better
get going. They're not bombing that
place or nothing. Whoever's bombing
doesn't look so good for us," he added.
The who was now in the front seat
with a.

"What's the next place?"

"Larissa. I don't know how we're go-
ing to get there," Quayle said quietly.

That afternoon and they were bump-
ing over the rough road, waiting defi-
nitely now for the petrol to run out.
The road was good in some places and
Quayle was nursing the car. They were
content among themselves again, quietly
expectant in the way they sat and
waited. Quayle was getting sleepy be-
cause of the engine heat. He knew he
would stop to fill the radiator with wa-
ter, but he kept going because he was
tired that if they stopped now they
would never start again. They kept
passing the tattered Greeks and the
dilapidated trucks that seemed abstract
things.

They were crossing one river over a
small bridge that had been bombed,
when Quayle thought he could feel a
plut in his engine but it kept going.
"Get going much longer," Tap finally
said.

"We must be a good thirty miles past
that place," Quayle said.

"What are we going to do if it runs
out of gas?"

"We'll probably be all right if we get
to Larissa," Quayle moved his hands
around the steering wheel of the car to
wipe the sweat that had collected. He

half closed his eyes to clear them of the
sun which was making a long shadow
before them of the trees, of the rise in
the ground. They could not be far from
Larissa either. If the petrol would last
a little longer they would be within
reach of it. He refused to think the
Germans were there.

The road seemed to wind unneces-
sarily and it was very empty here.
Quayle was almost counting to himself
from one to ten, then backward, and
making abrupt noises with his mouth.
The pastoral terrain was low and rolling
out on each side until they came to a
narrowing of a sudden rise from the
south. They had been following the
river all the way and now they climbed
a little, crossed the river and kept go-
ing on the high level.

"I remember this when I came up.
I walked here. This is near Larissa,"
Helen told Quayle.

The slight incline was keeping them
in second gear. There were wide turns,
and thick mud surfaced the road, so
that you could almost hear the gaso-
line being swallowed by the cylin-
ders. It was while turning one of these
wide curves that the engine spluttered,
started again, then stopped dead.

"That's that," Tap said. Quayle had
eased the car to the side of the road.
"What do we do now?" the little
Greek asked Helen.

She said she did not know and waited
for Quayle to move. He was sitting
with his hands on the wheel looking at
the road ahead, trying to remember the
map of the Larissa area they had used
when they were stationed here. They
might be able to take a short cut. It
would be too risky, since it might in-
volve walking just off course and over-
stepping the road to Athens.

"It's certainly empty," Tap said. He
had been shaking the car and listening
to see if there was the swish in the tank.

"All right," Quayle said. "We might
as well get going. We'll walk from here."

The others got out and Quayle looked
around to see if there was anything
worth taking with him. There was noth-
ing that would serve a purpose equal to
the drag of its bulk.

He stepped out, slammed the car door
and started out behind the others who
were already walking along the road.
The little Greek was waiting for him
and smiled when he caught up and kept
in step with him as he took long strides
up the incline. Helen looked behind to
see if he was coming and saw the car
tucked in the side of the road. She
thought of it as one of Quayle's delib-
erately careful acts.

Quayle caught up with her and the
three of them walked together. The
corporal and Tap were about twenty

yards ahead of them. In this order they
walked up the incline to the top, keeping
steady pace and not talking much. Once
Quayle called, "Not too fast, Tap.
We've got some ways to go."

"Okay, Johnny," Tap had shouted
back and kept going at the same pace.

Over the incline there was the flat
winding road cut into the slight moun-
tain that had made the incline. They
walked unevenly along the earth road
and felt the warmth of the sun on their
bodies.

"Did we have any food left?" Quayle
asked Helen.

"No."

"I'm pretty hungry too. I could do
with a drink," Tap said.

"How's your arm feeling now, Tap?"
Quayle asked.

"Stiff. How's your head?"

"All right."

"I should change that bandage,"
Helen told him as they walked along a
very muddy stretch.

Quayle was taking his jacket off.
"Later. Wait until we know how we
stand," he said.

"I think I can hear bombing," the
corporal called back to them. He was
walking ahead and Tap was back with
Quayle, the little Greek and Helen.

Quayle lifted one side of his head as
he walked. He could hear the deep ex-
plosions but they did not have enough
krumph in them to be bombs, he was
thinking. It was too flat a sound and
without resonance; it was made up of
separate sounds each time there was an
explosion and was not like the indis-
tinguishable deep-running explosions of
bombing.

QUAYLE knew that it was artillery.
They were walking even atop the
incline now and it would soon go down.
When they turned the wide corner they
could see the stretch of flat leading to
Larissa and the outline of the town
spreading wide across the river, with the
timber in clumps around it and within
it, and the white houses distinguishing
themselves.

"Here we are!" Tap shouted. He was
ahead again.

"I can still hear the bombing," Helen
said.

"I knew we were near," the little
Greek told her. He walked ahead to
catch up with Tap and the corporal.

"They don't seem to be bombing it,"
Tap called back.

"It's artillery," Quayle told him.

"There's a truck on that road," Helen
pointed to the northeast. They could
see the one truck moving steadily to-
ward Larissa, and the white dust it left
behind swirling and disappearing in the
viscous air.

"What about that artillery? Where's
that?" Tap asked.

"Somewhere to the left." That would
be north, Quayle was thinking as he
spoke. That would be in the mountains
too, probably, and he remembered from
the flying that the nearest mountains to
Larissa were those they were in now.
The nearest to the north were some dis-
tance, maybe five miles away.

"I think they're fighting somewhere
near here," Quayle said to Tap.

"Come on, then."

They walked in a group along the
road and they could see the smoke from
the town settling low into the sun. They
had left the incline and were now on
the flat. It seemed farther away than
ever.

"Won't the Germans see us?" Helen
asked Quayle.

"We might as well take a chance."

"We could keep in the fields," Tap
suggested.

"No, we'll walk along the road,"
Quayle decided.

When they passed the first house he
half expected a German patrol to walk

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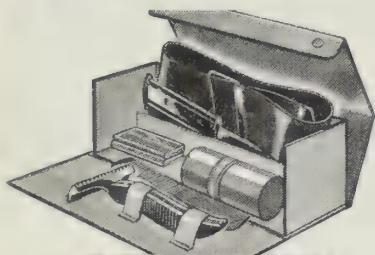
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out. But they passed by the scattered houses on the outskirts and there was only the noise of the artillery now. It was long and wide. There was the black smoke too and that was clearer; they could see the mess of craters along the road. Then Quayle caught sight of the figure at the long bridge they were coming to.

"Do you see what I see?" Tap said to him.

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"I hope it isn't a German."

They walked straight to the bridge. The corporal was in the lead with Quayle. Tap was unsurely walking on the edge of the road. Helen and the little Greek were behind him. They were all trying to make out the shape at the end of the bridge. Then Tap recognized it.

"Look at the hat," he said to Quayle.

They were right at the end of the bridge now. They saw the figure come up to them. He had on the wide-brimmed hat of the Australians.

"What's this?" the Australian said to them. Quayle noticed the MP band on his arm.

"Are we lucky!" Tap was laughing happily now.

"I was ready to drop to death," Helen said.

"It's very lucky. My look at the *Australos*," the corporal said.

The little Greek was quiet.

"What's up?" the Australian asked. He was looking at them. He saw Quayle with the dirty bandage on his head and the black face and the torn jacket and the worn dusty boots and the ripped Irvin jacket on his arm. He saw the girl Helen, with sunburned face and warmth in her wide cheeks, smiling, and looking at him happily. And he saw the tall Greek with the pointed beard and the mist in his eyes and the rifle on his back, and, behind him, the little Greek with the black beard, and Tap, with his blue uniform buttoned, one arm hanging loose and the other obviously bandaged to his chest, and the collar without a tie though it was open.

"We're certainly glad to see you," Tap said to the Australian.

"We have come from Ioannina," Quayle said.

THE Australian was facing them in the middle of the road. He was being careful.

"We're English," Quayle told him and pointed to the wings on his pocket.

"What about the others?"

"They're Greek. They're all right. The girl is a nurse who came with us."

"I'll have to see your papers," the Australian said. He was speaking with a broad A and the "OI" sound for the I; Quayle was thinking it sounded like cockney and remembered Vain. He took out the papers that were wet and the yellow folding pass that was the British-Forces-in-Greece pass. Tap handed him his pass, too. Helen gave him a plain sheet of paper with Greek writing on it. The Greeks handed over their soldier's books.

"We're all right," Quayle said. "We were in Ioannina. We are from Eighty Squadron. I was shot down and he was in the hospital. We got a car some of the way but we ran out of petrol on the mountain back there. What's it like ahead?"

"I suppose you're all right," the Australian said. He looked at Quayle's black-bruised face and was convinced. He gave them back their papers.

"We're just getting out of here," the Australian said.

"Can we get to Athens?"

"There's a signal truck coming through sometime. That's about all that's left."

"How's the war?" Quayle asked him.

"Bloody awful. They've been strafing us all day."

"What's been happening? We don't know what's going on."

"It's a mess. You don't know what's been happening at all?"

"No."

"We evacuated Florina. Then we left Ellasson. We've been getting slaughtered. They got too much stuff in the air and too many tanks. We didn't have a chance. We haven't got anything in the air. The boys held them up a lot but they're outnumbered now."

"What's going on now?"

"I suppose we'll hold the next mountain pass. I've got orders to go back to Pharsala. The sappers are going to blow this bridge when the signal truck comes through. The Germans are a couple of miles away. You can hear the artillery."

"When will this signal truck be along?"

"Any minute. Say, there's those so-and-sos again," the Australian said.

They could hear the high drum of numerous airplane engines again.

"They've been over all day," the Australian added. "You'd better get away from the bridge." He pulled off his big hat and pulled on a tin hat. Then he looked at Helen and offered the tin hat to her, but she smiled at him and shook her head and said, "No, thanks," and walked with him in the soft field away from the bridge.

Quayle was behind her. He could see the outline of Larissa just ahead of them. It was fading now because it was getting late and the sun was below the mountain to the west. He could see the line of poplars and the white plane trees with the clear dust pink in the air caught by the sun. He looked up for the planes. They came from due north over the ridge of mountains.

"I hope we get out of here in time," Tap said.

They walked to where Helen and the Greeks and the Australian were sitting down.

"We haven't much time," the Australian said. "The Germans will be coming down the road soon if that signal truck doesn't turn up. That's why they're bombing Larissa, I suppose."

They could see the planes now. They were in four uneven groups, with a small flying escort above and behind them. As they approached the town, the

first group merely inclined i Larissa, and they could see catching the bombs in clusters dropped from the planes. T planes following did the same others climbed and came another run-up. There was th burst of the string of bombs, black smoke was now straight ening like a train's smoke and through the poplars into the re the sky in flat quiet and still warmth.

The third group of planes f the town and went to the south Quayle watched them diving ally and then the black smoke high.

"They're after the airdro Australian said. "Looks like th too. They had Hurricane fighter "We ought to head for the said to Quayle.

QUAYLE nodded and wat bombers come down again smoke grow black, and he kne a plane or oil dumps on fir walked back to the road.

"Look," Quayle said to the A "If we walk on, will you tell t truck to pick us up? We'll b road. We want to get to the ai "I'll tell them," the Australia ised.

"Is the airdrome off this roa "Yes. Just keep walking thr town. It goes straight throug you get to the other side you'll turn-off place. You can see t If that truck doesn't come soon walking myself. The German coming down that road any mi "Thanks," Tap said.

"It's a bloody mess, isn't Australian said.

"Certainly is," Tap agreed.

"Come on," Quayle told H n.

"S'long," Tap said to the A

The Australian watched th them walking down the road sl with no energy. They're ce bloody mess, too, he was thin bet that signal truck got it in . . . This is certainly like the around Rose Bay. . . . It's funny being here. . . . I wish th truck would hurry up. . . . I'll ait truck would hurry up. . . . I'll ait truck by then I'll take to the



"Just the same, dear, I'd feel better if you had a look into that locomotive"

LARRY REYNOLDS

It certainly a bloody mess, a bloody mess all right. He watched them disappear into the mess of the horizon and the black pall smoke and the poplars. He was alone in the middle of this whole world, in the warmth and the quietness, with the wide flat river and the pleasant greenness and the poplars—and absolutely nothing around him. And soon the Germans would be here. This country is certainly like Rose Bay, I think I get out of here now. And he started to walk down the road.

They could see the Hurricane burning in the field that had been made an airfield. They could see the two high trucks at the end of the field and the two Hurricanes at a short distance from each other. This looks as if they're clearing out, Quayle was thinking. We can probably climb on one of the trucks.

They reached the men loading the trucks with large boxes.

"Is there an officer around?" Tap asked.

"Over there," one of the aircraftmen said. They were all looking at the five of them. Helen waited while Quayle and Tap walked urgently to the group near the burning plane.

"Are you clearing out?" Quayle said to the flight lieutenant who was looking at the plane.

"Well, where did you spring from?" "I came from Ioannina. We'd like to get on your truck."

"We're from Eighty Squadron," Tap said. "You're Seventy-three, aren't you?"

"Yes," the flight lieutenant said. "What have you been doing?"

"This is John Quayle," Tap said to the flight lieutenant.

"Well, for heaven's sake! You're certainly good and alive," the flight lieutenant said. "They all thought you were dead. You're quite a hero. What happened to you?"

"Crashed. What about the truck?" "They're leaving now."

"Can you let HQ know we're coming down?" Tap asked.

"We've no communication now. But I'll tell them. I'm flying back. Those blisters just shot us up. Did you see it?"

"Yes."

"I lost this one. Come on over and I'll tell the sergeant you can go with him."

They walked back to the truck. The flight lieutenant told the sergeant that they were coming with him.

"We've got a couple of Greeks and a Greek girl I'm going to marry," Quayle said. He did not like to say that, but he knew it was better to tell it now and save explanations.

"No doubt about the Greeks. We're pretty well loaded down," the flight lieutenant objected.

"We had better get moving, too," the sergeant said. "Are you taking off now?"

"Yes. Look, take the Greeks, will you, Sergeant? They've brought these officers from Ioannina. Afraid you'll have to give them a lift. Pitch something off if it's too heavy. All right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the others are waiting for me," the flight lieutenant said. "There's a pilot officer in the first truck. That's his Hurricane that's burning. He'll look after you. Give you some food. Look after them, will you, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Long. Glad you're all right, Quayle."

"Long," Quayle said to him and she took his hands. "Thanks for everything!"

"I'll tell them when I get to Athens," the flight lieutenant said as he walked quickly to his plane.

They stood and watched him climb

in. The fitter was there and had already started the engine. He was walking toward them as they watched the flight lieutenant taxi with the others to the end of the field to form a rough V. The Hurricanes had just turned around and were in line when Quayle heard the quiet roar. He looked quickly toward where he had heard it and saw the large flight coming from behind the mountains. He saw immediately their square shorn wings and knew they were Messerschmitts. He wanted to run and warn the Hurricanes but they were already taxiing down to lift and take off.

"Look," Tap shouted. He was pointing to the Messerschmitts coming down in a steep dive from the glide.

The fitter groaned as he came. Quayle was silent. He could feel and see and know now what was going to happen.

"Get down!" Tap shouted. They were all lying flat on the grass, waiting.

Only Quayle stood there. He could see this happening. The Messerschmitts came straight onto the Hurricanes just as their wheels were off the ground and they were lame, with their undercarriages still down.

"You dogs!" Quayle shouted as loud as he could.

The Messerschmitts came in threes, and then there was the burst. He heard the roaring of the Hurricanes and knew they did not know the Messerschmitts were almost on them. There was all roaring and nothing else now. The Hurricanes were nearly above him when the first three Messerschmitts were pulling out of their dive and firing.

There was the quick burst, then the long one and the quick one and the roaring. The Messerschmitts pulled up. Quayle saw the kicking of the machine-gun bullets along the field near him. He stood there and looked at death. The Hurricanes were aware now.

THE second three Messerschmitts came on them—and there was the burst. The Hurricanes were beating it flat and trying to climb but there was the burst from each one and the lick of flame and the tracers and the terrific noise. Quayle was standing up shouting, as the Hurricane in the lead burst into flames and fell in the split fraction of a second, the white flat plump of it exploding into ten thousand pieces. And still the noise of the flying continued, and the other two Hurricanes were loping flat and climbing, and the third three Messerschmitts were coming down. Quayle was still standing there, shouting and watching the Hurricanes because they had got more height. They were good and climbing now and were doing the right thing—weaving and climbing—and Quayle knew they would be all right because the Messerschmitts had used up too much height value in their initial dive and were disappearing over the mountain. And there was the smell of the Hurricane burning.

"It was the flight loot," he heard the fitter say to the sergeant.

"Proper goner, too. The bloody hounds!"

"Come on, we'll take a look."

"It's no use," the sergeant said. "He's a goner."

"The skunks. The filthy skunks, fancy them doing that!"

"What do you expect them to do? Wait for us to ask them?" Tap said.

He was angry, standing next to Quayle and watching the high black smoke that added to the smoke in the air from Larissa and from the other Hurricane that had been shot up on the ground.

Helen walked to Quayle and he looked at her slowly when she touched him. He could see that she was crying without sound.

"It is all terrible!" She said it to the earth and not to the people around her.

(To be continued next week)



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Good and Married

Continued from page 26

Most people don't know what marriage counseling is. Some people, if they've any contact with Joe and Betty College, know that a good many colleges and universities are now giving courses with names like Preparation for Marriage, Marriage and Family Relationships, and so on, but that's all they do know.

Actually marriage counseling is pretty closely tied up with both courts of domestic relations and with Joe and Betty College. Particularly Joe and Betty College, because though sociologists and home economists and psychologists have worried their heads over marriage for a long time, feeling that a relationship that was supposed to last for life was maybe something worth studying, they couldn't make much progress until the boys and girls in college decided the same thing. And they have. Ten years ago there were possibly half a dozen courses in marriage in all the colleges in the United States. Today there are 234, all of them elective, all of them jammed. And in the co-educational colleges a good many of the courses are nearly as crowded with boys as with girls.

Ten years ago there were possibly one or two marriage counsel bureaus in the United States, all of them brand new. Today there are twenty-five busily counseling in twelve different states; not many, considering that divorce rate and how much marriage counseling is needed, but enough, anyway, to show that young people, whether they go to college or not, must be feeling the need of lessons in living together.

Friendly, Expert Guidance

Marriage counsel bureaus are the friendly places where married or about-to-be-married people can discuss privately with an expert all the questions about marriage that they have been unable to answer for themselves, all the problems, usually minor but sometimes frighteningly major, that they have been unable to solve for themselves. They are usually nonprofit organizations, privately run, but almost always with the ardent co-operation of the local colleges, churches and Y.W.C.A.'s. The best known and probably the oldest is the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles under the direction of Paul Popenoe. It runs to four directors, a dozen or so assorted counselors, and a fairly complicated organization. But Marriage Counsel in Philadelphia, another one of the pioneers, which has been at work for ten years under the direction of Mrs. Stuart Mudd, is probably more typical with its three or four trained counselors, a secretary, a lending library and some consulting physicians and psychiatrists.

Marriage counselors are apt to be trained psychologists, social workers, sociologists or doctors, though they don't have to be. What they do have to be is well adjusted to life themselves, with a talent for understanding and interviewing people, and a good deal of specific education in the economics, psychology and physiology of marriage. Usually, since some men would rather talk to a man about their problems, there is a man among the counselors, but most of them are women.

In case you're wondering with a faint dismay who could possibly bring themselves to go to an impersonal organization to discuss anything as personal as their own marriage, here is how it has worked out in something like a thousand cases in Marriage Counsel in

Philadelphia. The clients seem to be pretty evenly divided, half already married and half about to be married. Of the married ones, most have been married less than five years and nearly all have come in before their marriages have reached a definite breaking point. Marriage Counsel thinks this is one of the strongest proofs of how necessary such a service is. At the breaking point these people could go to court or to a psychiatrist. But there is no other organization ready to give help to fairly normal young people with fairly normal problems. And young is the proper adjective: three quarters of all the people coming to Marriage Counsel for help are under thirty. Three quarters are women and a quarter men. Over half

to postmarital clients was much more equal. And by the time you reach the college group the number of people who came for advance advice about their marriages is much greater.

As to how these young people find their way to Marriage Counsel—well, take a young girl who is going to be married. She comes from what is known as a strict home. Her mother is what is known as a good woman. Perhaps it has never occurred to the girl that she could ask her mother any questions about the physical side of marriage. Perhaps—and Marriage Counsel's records are full of such cases—she has asked her mother and has been answered by tears or bitter silence. But this girl, for all her repressed background, is intelligent

the local maternal health center. Perhaps most of all are sent by professors in the schools where marriage courses are taught but still early enough or widely enough. Educators, of course, feel that the very place for education for marriage is home, and the best time the two or so years from birth to marriage. Not many homes so far are wise enough or relaxed enough to graduate boys and girls who need no further marriage counseling.

Now let's get back to the hundred engaged men and women who come in to Marriage Counsel, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, to ask an expert about their marriages. They are the least dramatic group the Counsel sees. They have no broken hearts to mend and no serious mistakes to make up for. But they're the most important group all the same. They're the future of marriage. They're the future of democracy. They're the divorce rate for 1950.

So here they are, a little shy but much in earnest, and here is the expert. She doesn't lecture them. She doesn't wrap up and deliver so many fixed ideas or bits of information. She tries to find out what it is basically that bothered them enough to send them to a stranger for advice. Obviously they couldn't discuss satisfactorily with anyone closer. And what are the

Sex and Marriage

Well, most of them want to know a lot of all about the physical side of marriage they're getting into for the first time. It's rather odd, actually, how carefully the connection between marriage and sex is guarded by society at large. As far as the reading public is concerned, there is a lot closer relationship between sex and college proms than between sex and marriage, and a lot closer relationship between marriage and cooking than between marriage and making love. Which is pretty ridiculous, and for good reason, experts agree, why so many marriages fall to pieces. Because whether you admit it publicly or privately or not at all, the fact remains that a happy marriage is pretty generally dependent on a happy love relationship, and a happy love relationship is as complicated and a lot more important than balancing a budget.

Joe and Betty College are beginning to think so, too. That's why they give these courses in marriage all over the country. And don't think it's salacious interest. You only want to be told the sex when you don't know. Once you know, it becomes part of your education, part of your background. I don't think the ones who have learned what they felt they needed at marriage counseling that come to Marriage Counsel, but the ones who haven't.

So the marriage counselor tries to tell them what they want to know about themselves and each other, again not with a fixed lecture but trying to follow the client's lead and answer his spoken or unspoken questions. She explains pretty specifically that men and women are not only physically different but also emotionally and psychologically, and how important it is for them to make allowances for those differences. Individual men and women are too, in their desires and needs, she explains, but most impulses are shared and ought to be considered so. There is no one correct way of making love, and many couples find that their love grows on subtle change and variety. The



are Protestants, about a third Jewish and about ten per cent are Catholics. The clients pay if they can, but are never refused because they cannot pay. As for education, about a quarter of the clients have been through college and another half through high school.

A recent Marriage Counsel survey is revealing an interesting little tie-up between marriage counseling and education. Almost never, they are discovering, does a person who has no more than grade-school education come in for premarital counseling, though a good many with this type of education have come for help when their marriages were in really serious shape. As people have more education, apparently, they are more and more likely to come to Marriage Counsel for premarital advice. Among these who had been through high school the proportion of premarital

enough to realize that everybody doesn't feel that way about marriage. She may have a friend who has been to Marriage Counsel before her own marriage. Or she may go regularly to the Y.W.C.A. and happen to mention her feeling of inadequacy to one of the leaders there. Marriage Counsel has had any number of clients referred in just those ways.

Or take a young man. His wife cries all the time. No matter what he does or says to try to make her happier she still cries if he so much as mentions the weather or that the meat is a little tough. Perhaps he knows his minister or his doctor well enough to mention casually that his marriage is not all laughter and kisses. The minister or more often the doctor is very apt to send him and his problem along to Marriage Counsel.

Other clients are referred by social-service agencies, by the courts and by

phy behind all her words is that
ess in marriage is an achieve-
not a discovery, and that with a
me and patience a love relation-
usually be worked out which
us to both the man and woman,
ows more rather than less joyous
ars of living together.

Some people often can absorb ideas
reading, which they can't accept
conversation, Marriage Counsel has
variety of sound books on all as-
pects of marriage which the client may
read. It is important for the coun-
selor to lend books which the client will
to accept and absorb, and this is
the most difficult and delicate
of her job. Very occasionally a
client will return a book with horror at
its length, but this is not the fault
of the book, the client or Mar-
riage Counsel. It's the fault of society
and its ostrich attitudes, and
of fault marriage counseling is
trying to make up for. In general
the books are intelligently and appre-
ciatively read.

Not Afraid of Responsibility

Along with information about love
relationships, most engaged couples—
like it or not—want to know about con-
sensus. Marriage Counsel doesn't
and is at all alarming. Only once in
years of existence has it run into
a client who didn't want children at all.
This is a girl who thought, mistak-
enly, that she had a hereditary strain
of insanity and the marriage counselor
was able to convince her that she was
normal. Generally, it is a case of couples
wanting to be a little more economically
secure before they take on anything as
serious as a baby. They aren't
afraid of responsibility, they just want
to be sure they are equal to it. A good
many for instance, want premarital
examinations to see that they are in
shape to undertake both marriage
and children.

Marriage Counsel isn't equipped, of
course, to give physical examinations or
contraceptive help, but the counselor
discusses the problems pretty carefully
with the client and then refers him or
her to a competent doctor. She has to
refer unmarried clients to a doctor
in private practice, regardless of their
economic position, for it is another of
the idiosyncrasies of our society that less than
half a dozen planned parenthood clinics
in the whole United States are able to
give up or information to people when
they are about to be married and need
this help the most.

But physical problems are by no
means the only problems that are

brought to Marriage Counsel. One of
the commonest questions is whether a
girl should keep on working after she is
married. The problem, of course, is
largely whether it will hurt her hus-
band's pride or his standing in the com-
munity. A good many think it will, and
if either the man or woman feels pretty
strongly about this, the counselor is apt
to advise the girl to give up her job even
though it means a much lower standard
of living. But there are two sides of
the problem to consider, for some
women need an outside job to keep
them from being restless and unhappy,
and all the love in the world isn't going
to make up for this need. So if a man
with a sole-protector psychology is en-
gaged to a girl who is basically a career
girl there is almost sure trouble ahead.
Mrs. Mudd, who has done a good deal
of lecturing at various Philadelphia col-
leges and organizations, says she has
run into more intense feeling and emo-
tional conflict over this question of
working wives than over any other
problem.

The next most frequent problem is,
not surprisingly, in-laws. Marriage
Counsel's advice here is, just about al-
ways, Don't. Don't live with your in-
laws. If it means one room and a bare
table, have the room and table for your
own. Marriage Counsel has seen too
many marriages at the breaking point in
the past ten years from the inability of
the wife or husband to change over from
dependence on father or mother to de-
pendence on husband or wife. Be tol-
erant, be polite, be affectionate to your
in-laws, advises Marriage Counsel, but
fight your own fights, solve your own
problems, make your own decisions. Ida
and Jakey back there in the beginning
didn't know they were running into two
of the toughest problems young mar-
ried people can face when they decided
to get married and have Ida live at
home and keep on working.

The married clients who come in are
apt to have much more difficult and
more complicated problems. Often the
question that brings them in is physical
but, and this is both surprising and in-
teresting, it frequently turns out that
the sexual difficulty is an outgrowth of
some psychological or social difficulty.

One woman who came to Marriage
Counsel to discuss her lack of emotional
response to her husband turned out to
be bitterly jealous of his first wife and
to feel miserably inferior to her. When
the counselor made her see this and
helped her understand that a person
could, after all, have two loves in a
lifetime, she was able to return her
husband's love without reservations.

And there are plenty of other kinds of

problems. One bride who had always
thought her parents were blissfully
happy together discovered the day be-
fore her marriage that they had only
stuck it out because of her, and that her
mother personally doubted if marriage
could ever bring anything but misery.
Add to the sense of insecurity this gave
her an abnormal possessiveness on her
mother's part and you have a nice prob-
lem for Marriage Counsel to work on.
It might have failed, too, Mrs. Mudd
admits, if it hadn't been for the draft.
The girl's husband was sent to camp
and wanted his wife to come live near
him. She did, and they now show signs
of living happily ever after.

One young man whose wife was work-
ing so that he could finish an important
course he was taking suddenly decided
because she was always too tired at
night to be entertaining that he and she
had nothing in common. They were on
the verge of separation when the young
wife came to Marriage Counsel. The
counselor saw that the husband was
clearly a little boy who hadn't learned
to take his gingerbread without guilt. She
talked to both of them and then advised
the wife to walk out on her husband for
a while and give him a chance to grow
up. The effect of a few homely truths
and a little solitude on the young man
was remarkable. When his wife re-
turned after a few weeks, she shifted to
a job which was related to his work so
that they had more things to talk about
together and when last seen, by chance
by the counselor, were walking happily
down the aisle of a theater, arm in arm.

The Root of Marriage Difficulties

The counselor tries very hard to find
out the real problem and help the
client to look at it with grown-up eyes.
You are not going to get very far with
the problem of your husband's rudeness
to your parents if the facts are that you
have never broken away from their
domination and your husband is treated
a good deal like an outsider by all of
you, and you don't know these facts.
Often just getting the husband and wife
to see their troubles from the same point
of view is all that is necessary.

But occasionally there are situations
where no amount of discussion is going
to solve the problem: if the husband is
a pathological drunkard, for instance,
and has no desire to get over it. Or if the
wife is so immature and neurotic that
she is unable to cope with even the sim-
ple marriage responsibilities of meals
and laundry. In cases like these, though,
Marriage Counsel feels that divorce is
always like a major operation. It some-
times seems the only solution and the
counselor has to be brave enough to say
so. After all, one of the partners in an
ill-matched marriage of this sort may
be perfectly normal and deserving of a
chance for happiness. Moreover, there
is a good deal of evidence that children
brought up in homes of perpetual con-
flict are more likely to grow up ineffec-
tive citizens than children brought up
by one affectionate parent.

Marriage Counsel in Philadelphia,
like all the other marriage counseling
organizations, wants to help build
stable, intelligent homes that can pro-
duce brave, intelligent citizens for a
world that is going to need them badly.
But it believes that, in war or peace, in
fast time or famine, the only stable
homes are intrinsically happy ones. A
wise columnist remarked in print some
years ago that marriage survived as an
institution not because of the church or
because of children or for any other high
moral or sociological reason, but be-
cause it was more fun than a picnic.
Marriage Counsel, accepting the fact
that the best picnics have spiders and
mosquitoes and sometimes even poison
ivy, thinks this should be true.

THE END

For the
Connoisseur

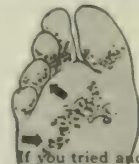
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RADIO FIGHTS BACK

WHEN William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, stood up recently before the House Interstate Commerce Committee and let fly some broadsides at the Federal Communications Commission, we could not forbear to cheer.

Paley wants Congress to limit the FCC strictly to regulating traffic on the air waves by allocating wave lengths to keep stations from interfering with one another.

The FCC's majority members, led by Chairman James L. Fly, have long been angling for power to regulate the character of the programs that the various networks and stations broadcast. These men want to pass on the morality, quality and general desirability of those programs. Thus, they seek a power over radio which no bureaucrats have yet succeeded in gaining over the press in this country, though plenty have tried.

If the FCC should get that power, as Mr. Paley points out, it would get the power to say what should and should not be broadcast—and there would go glimmering a huge piece of the constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech in the United States.

CBS's president puts the matter in these words:

"Great danger exists, whether the commission can censor in advance or whether it is in position to revoke a license or to hand over a wave length to someone else by an ex-post-facto judgment that programs have not been in the public interest. Let the commission once be able to say, 'We do not like the advertising,' or 'There was too much jazz music,' or 'We disapprove of the quality of dramatic programs,' or 'We think the news should be handled differently,' or 'Broadcast Station A should

have taken programs from Network B,' and the broadcaster is bound hand and foot, subject to subservient compliance or the death penalty. One victory for the commission in any such judgment after the fact, and from then on, its whispered wishes will be amplified over all the kilocycles in the land. So, in effect, power of censorship after publication in the hands of a licensing authority in reality can always be power of censorship before publication, which is contrary to the whole theory of freedom of speech and of publication in America."

In other words: Give the FCC power to pass on the character of radio programs, and if the FCC thinks Charlie McCarthy isn't elevating enough, Charlie will have to get off the air, and too bad about the fact that millions of people like to listen to his inspired idiocies; if the FCC doesn't like Raymond Gram Swing's mental processes, Swing will have to fall silent; if the FCC feels that the Metropolitan Opera is a little too good for the common people, the Met will have to drop the broadcasts which have endeared it to some 10,000,000 listeners. And so on.

We hope radio will keep on fighting any and all FCC attempts to regulate any part of radio except the wave lengths, and we hope Congress will prevent any and all such FCC grabs for power to censor radio.

The best censorship for radio is the censorship which has operated on it from the beginning—customer censorship, exercised whenever listeners turn away in mass from a program which has lost their approval. That is the only kind of censorship (aside, of course, from the necessary withholding of military secrets in time of war) that can be consistent with the Bill of Rights.

Rationing and Ro

WE KNOW of no American who is unwilling to endure any privations that may be necessary to help us win the war. Gas rationing, sugar rationing, the rationing of dozens more items by October 1st, as proposed by Leon Henderson—it's all okay if it contributes to the building up of our fighting strength by land, sea or air.

But we dislike intensely, and hate to meet up with anybody who doesn't like intensely, the talk that emanates from our leaders about how the Americans have gone fat and soft and all this rationing going to be good for them.

That is rot. Bataan, Corregidor and the tle of the Coral Sea, not to mention Jim Doolittle & Co.'s bombing of Tokyo, lie to the charge that we're fat and soft. Economics and common sense give the lie to the claim that these restrictions are going to be good for us.

They are not going to be good for us. They are already cutting into our standard of living and will cut much deeper if we are finished with them. They will cut the quality of many manufactured articles, stimulate bootlegging of various kinds, spread resentment, injure business, in a manner of injustices and inequities, and place a lot of people in public jobs from which it will be difficult if not impossible to blast them out after the war.

That is the plain truth about rationing, necessary though it may be. Why not look the truth in the face? Why try to pretty up something that is not pretty, or kid ourselves that an unmitigated curse is a blessing in disguise?

The trouble is that war itself is the chief reason for fighting, and the uttermost in the hope of ending it as soon as possible. Let's take all the mistakes that necessarily go with war, but let's not try to like them. That would be the first step toward falling in love with war—for which the Germans and the Italians are now paying through the nose, and for which the Japanese will pay through the nose in due time.

White Feather and Glass Eye

HERE is as poignant a story as we have seen come out of a war:

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Lieut. Jack Leary, who lost an eye in action, was handed a white feather by a young woman as he walked down the street in civilian clothes. Perry said he dropped his glass eye in the woman's hand.

That writes its own editorial, doesn't it? Indeed, it was all anticipated some time ago, in the Sermon on the Mount: "That ye be not judged."

The incident is a good one to call to mind now and then, in this time of war and strained emotions and suspicion. Hysterical judgments are more dangerous in wartime than at any other time. Give people the benefit of the doubt, now more than ever before; don't jump to conclusions about them.

But we're wandering off into generalities. You'll think for a minute or so about the white feather and the glass eye and the implications thereof, you'll see more than we can tell you what we're driving at.

